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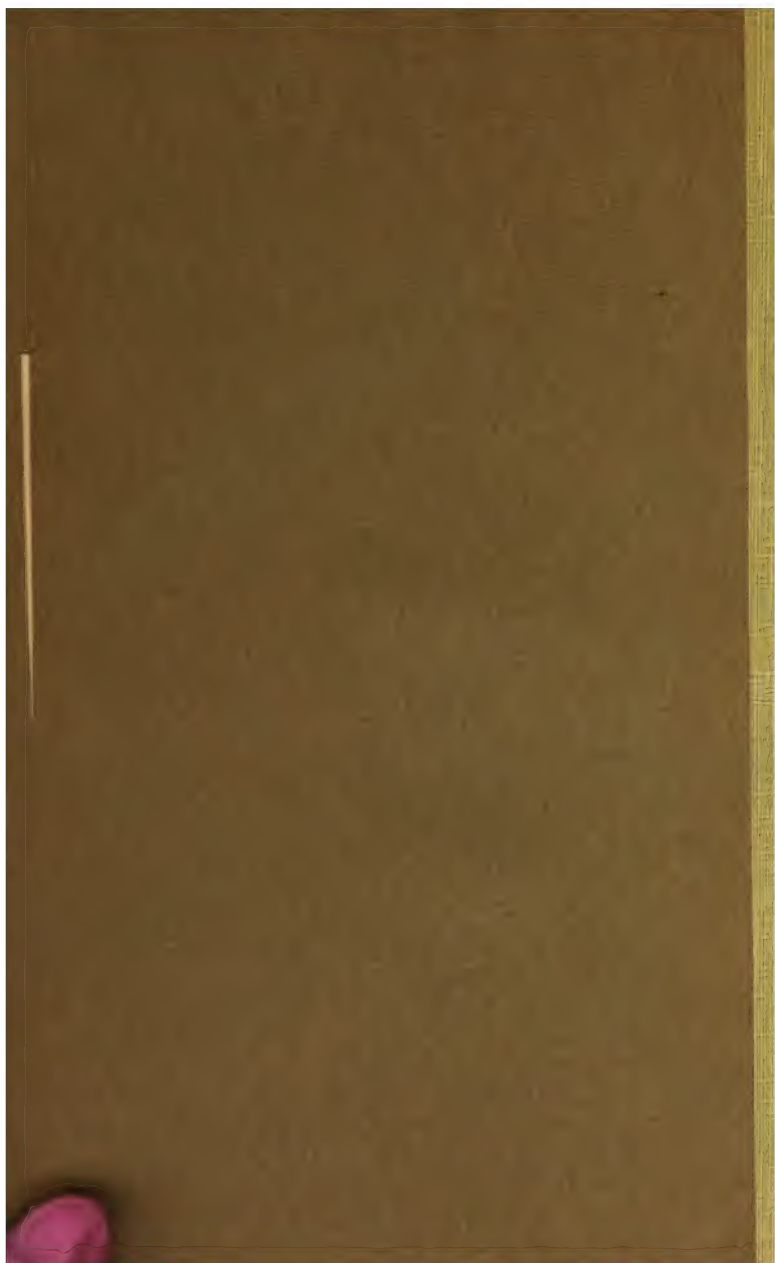
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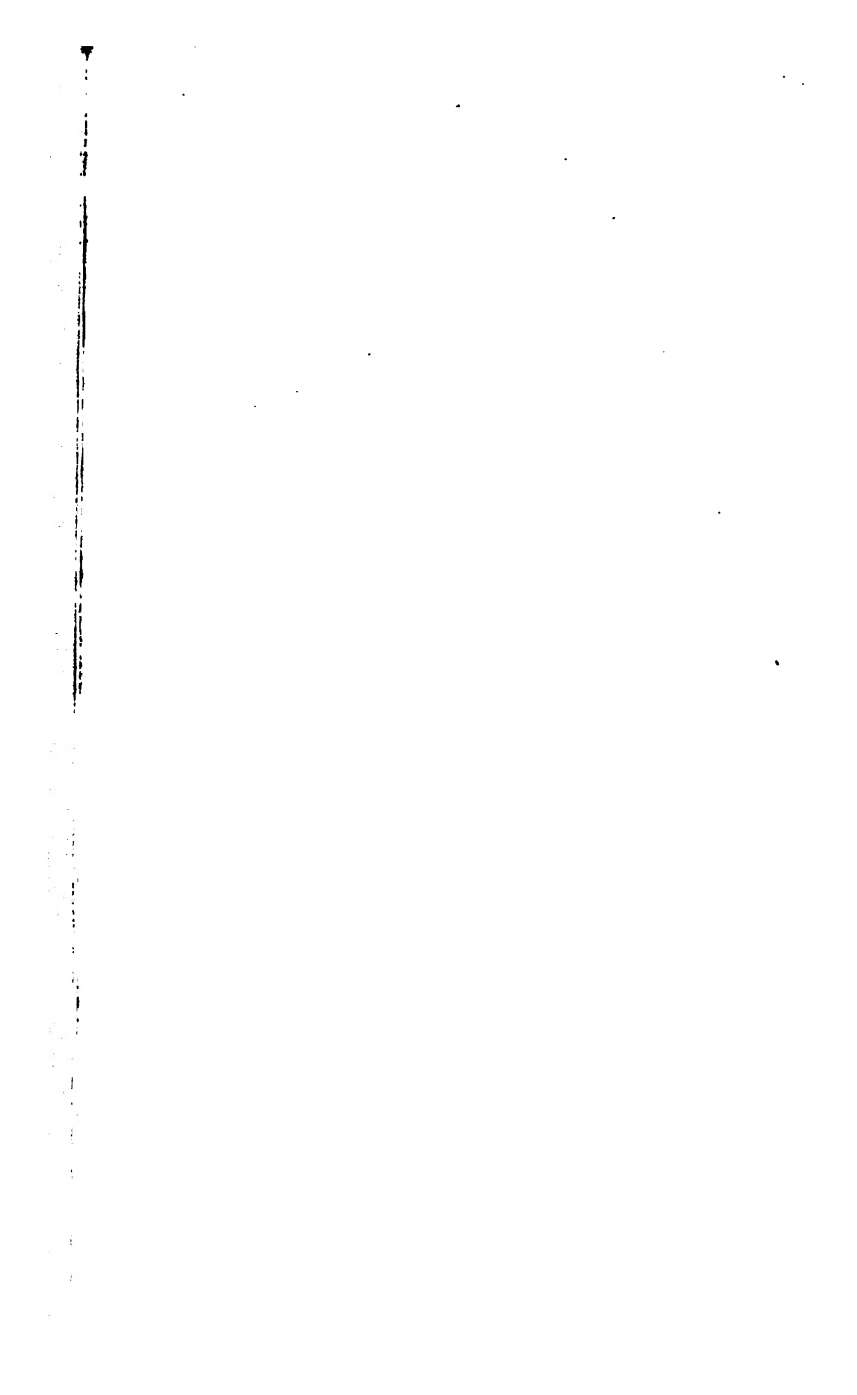


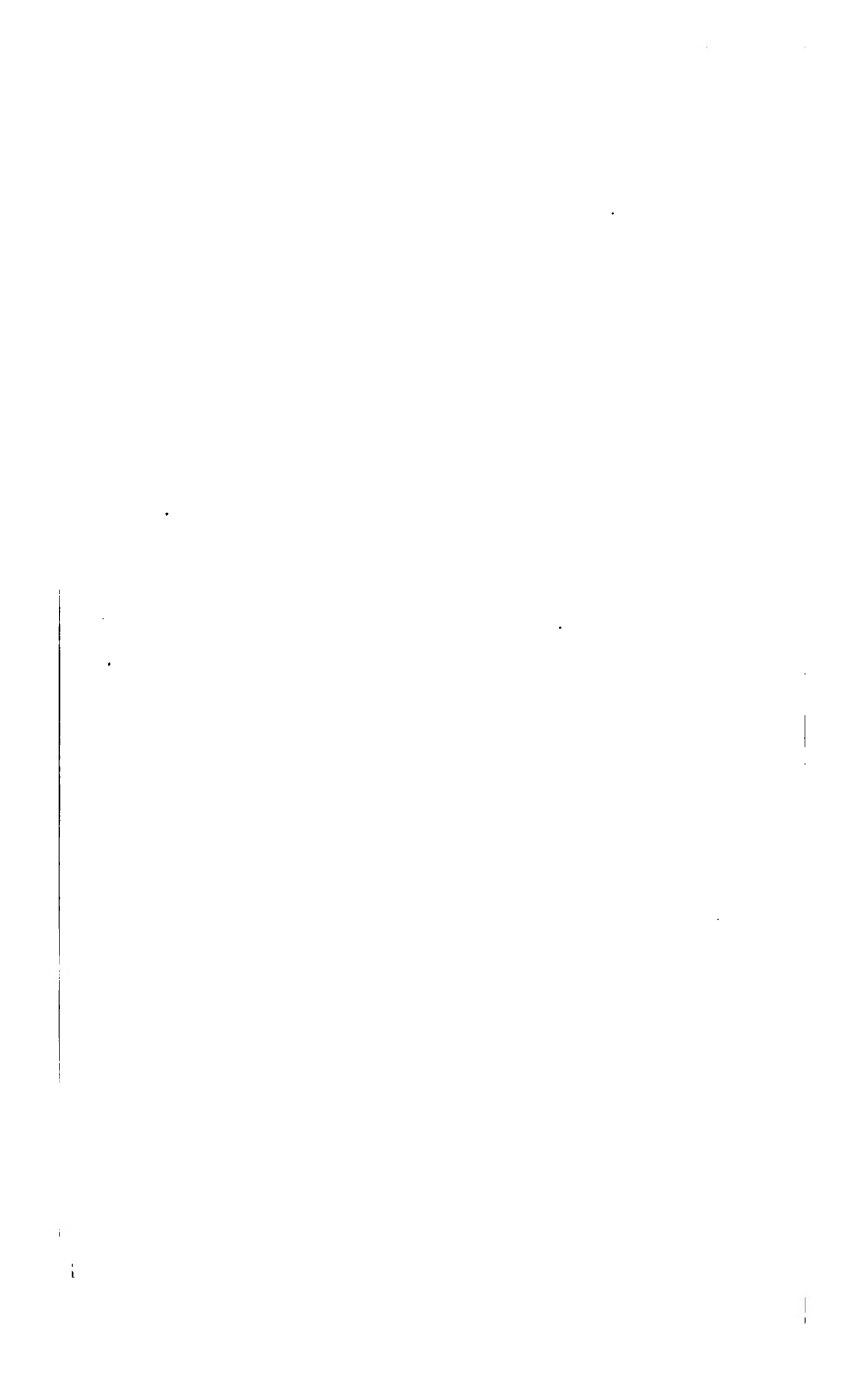
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John B. Noble.



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AN ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY LIFE  
OF  
ADAM CLARKE, LL.D., F.A.S.  
ETC. ETC.

WRITTEN BY ONE  
WHO WAS INTIMATELY ACQUAINTED WITH HIM FROM HIS BOY-  
HOOD TO THE SIXTIETH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

---

EDITED BY THE  
REV. J. B. B. CLARKE, M.A.,  
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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Habuit à natura, genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverit, quod  
erat in reprehendis verbis versutum et solers; sed sæpe stomachosum, non-  
nunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum.

*Χαίρει de Θεού, εγώ δ' εγώ.*

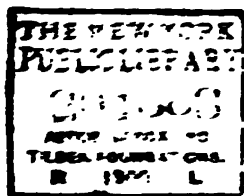
VOLUME I.

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**AUTOBIOGRAPHY**  
**OF**  
**ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.,**

**ETC., ETC., ETC.**

**ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.,**

**(See the Preface.)**

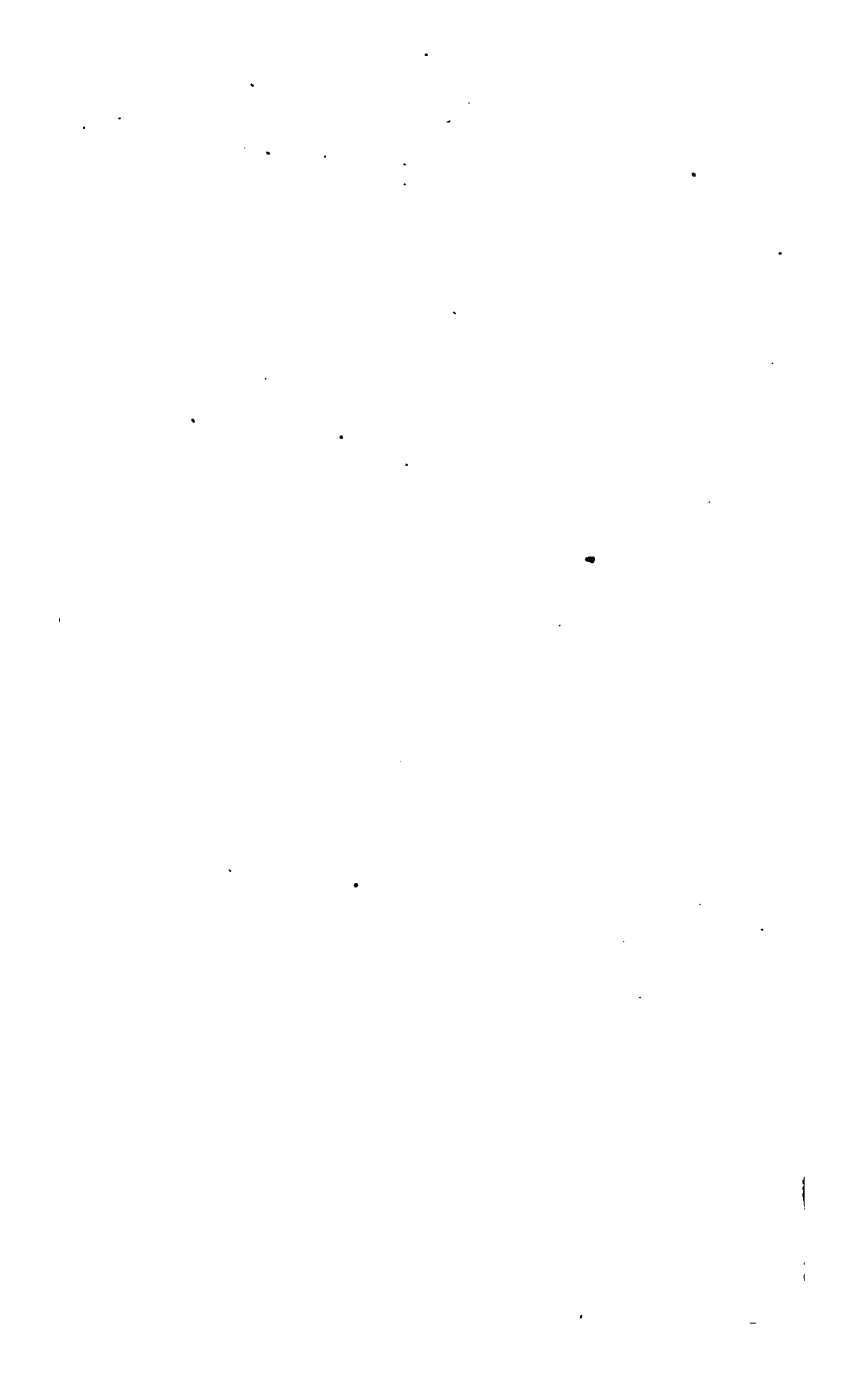
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**6 BROWN-ROODE COLLECTION**

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**PREFACE.**

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## P R E F A C E.

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THERE are some circumstances respecting the succeeding Memoirs which require explanation, and others which need statement.

"If these Memoirs were written by the late Dr. Clarke, how happens it that they speak in the third person, and appear as though composed by an intimate friend?"—The third person was assumed in order to obviate an unpleasant appearance of egotism which Autobiography must always assume, more or less offensive, according to the skill of the Narrator. In this, Dr. Clarke did but follow the example of other great names, and availed himself of a disguise, previously made known to the Readers, that the mere Individual might not be perpetually obtruding himself upon their notice: the attention being fixed upon the passing events and described feelings, the Author temporarily forgotten, the judgment may be thus formed, not from the bias of Dr. Clarke's felt

presence, but from the facts as recorded in the Narrative: — a mask which gives courage but conceals no feature.

Various members of his family, as well as some of his most intimate friends, frequently and urgently pressed Dr. Clarke to publish, or prepare for publication, a Memoir of himself; stating that this would be the only effectual mode of preventing false or weak productions being palmed upon the world as faithful Memoirs. To all representations, however, he remained deaf, till one day a friend came and told him, "he had received sure information of a Life of him being even then in preparation, that all his Conversations had been taken down, all his Letters treasured up, all his Observations noted, with the view of being embodied when the anticipated event should take place to call them into public being; that little discretion would be used in selecting; since, the object being gain, all would be *published* which would *sell*; and that even were some *conscience* shown, still there was no *judgment* to direct; but indiscreet zeal, or the hope of 'ungodly gains,' would slay his fame in the house of his friend."\* Dr. Clarke felt the force of such observations,

\* It is not one of the least remarkable facts connected with the life of Dr. Clarke, that the individual here alluded to died before the Doctor; and was visited by him and his youngest son during a long and tedious illness. There is a farther notice of this affair in the following Letter to his eldest son.

*Liverpool, June 15, 1819.*

MY DEAR JOHN,

SOME time ago, you wrote requesting me to set about writing the history of my Life; this is a task which, while I have contemplated,

and the next morning when he came down to breakfast, he said to his friend, "I have been up long before day

I have feared to attempt; but I have thought *more* of the subject, since you wrote; and have lately been obliged to think deeply on it too, in consequence of receiving credible information, that my *Life* is ready for the greedy eye of the public, so soon as my heart shall be cold!

I came here yesterday evening, and in a private conversation with my friend Mr. —, he most solemnly begged, and charged me to begin the work, because he knew some hackneyed, and hunger-bitten scribes were ready to praise me to death, and to murder me in verse so soon as I ceased to exist among men; and I was led to believe that all the conversations, and anecdotes relative to myself and family for several years past, have been carefully taken down, and as carefully preserved. Mr. Comer took up the same subject, and most earnestly begged me instantly to begin, and defer it no longer. Well, what can I do? the *Commentary* is still hanging on my hands. True, I am free from the *Records*, which gives me a measure of leisure, and saves me from much anxiety; laying all these considerations together, with the *semel calcanda via*, and Mr. Comer being in good earnest, and having provided and laid on his study table ruled paper for the purpose, I sat down yesterday and made a trial! \* \* \* And thus have I brought myself on in my journey through life, to the ninth year of my age: and unless death stop me, I shall not stop in it till this be finished. I have written it in the third person as to the subject, and in the first person as to the narrator. This form may be altered if necessary. I recollect, when Mr. Thorsby wrote his own life, the pronoun *I* occurred so often in it, that the printer was obliged to borrow *I*'s from his brother printers, as his *I*'s had run out. Your father has never been in the habit of speaking much of himself; he has never boasted, nor pretended great things; and it would ill become him, when about to pass the *great deep*, to occupy his time, or that of his Readers, with unreal history, or uncereemonious, and, generally speaking, unwelcome pronouns. Now, suggest to me, my dear John, any thing that strikes you—any thing I should not forget, or any thing on which I should lay particular stress, &c. &c.

July 3. I go on but slowly with the *Life*; and yet I get on. A few pages more might terminate what may be called my initial and religious history, and here I might leave it, for all the purposes of illustrating either God's providence or His grace. My literary life, as it may be called, is another thing; and belongs more to the world, than to the Church of God; and I question if ever I shall attempt it,

and have written several quarto sheets of my very close and small writing as a commencement of the history of my early life." This he continued, at various short intervals, till he brought it down to a period beyond which no inducement or solicitation could persuade him to proceed. "My *early life*," [much in this manner he would speak,] "no one can know; nor can any one describe my feelings and God's dealings with my soul, some of which are the most important circumstances in my life, and are of most consequence to the religious world:—these I have now secured, and placed in their proper light:—what therefore others could neither have known nor described so truly as I, are here prevented from being lost:—my *public life* many have known, and it is before the world; if it be of importance, there will be found some who will transmit its events to posterity; and being passed before the eyes of all men, should there be misrepresentations, there will necessarily be plenty who can correct them:—at any rate, I have done what I feel to be the most important part; for the rest, there are ample materials; and, as the living *will*, in all probability, write of the dead, let my survivors do their part.—*Nothing shall ever induce me to write the history of that portion of my life when I began to acquire fame, and great and learned men saw fit to dignify with their acquaintance, and to bestow honours and distinctions on, a Methodist Preacher.*" In this resolution he never for a moment wavered, and hence there was no more of his Life written by himself than what is contained in the present volume.

When Dr. Clarke was told of the above intention to publish after his death all that he had either written or spoken in the confidence of private friendship, or in the familiar intercourse of occasional conversations, he was very indignant, expressing his abhorrence of such "premeditated treachery," as a man's coming into a family to act the part of a spy,—to record mutilated opinions, hand down disjointed conversations, and to proclaim as the result of deliberate judgment what might have been either a hasty expression of feeling, or a merely casual or unimportant remark:—"In conversation or correspondence I never either spoke or wrote for the public; friendly intercourse was my sole object in the one case, and in the other relaxation from severe thought; after I have been writing and studying from five in the morning till half-past seven at night, it is hardly likely that I should come into the parlour with a disposition or preparation to shine.—I write because it is necessary, and I talk because I am cheerful and happy." The strong feeling of Dr. Clarke on this point is thus recorded, that the Public may not hereafter be deluded upon the subject, as if he had authorized *any* to take down *any* of his conversation on *any* occasion:—he had too much respect for the good sense and regard of mankind ever to come before them with inconsideration; and was the last man in the world ever to be himself a party consenting to the wounding of his hard-earned fame by the publication of unprepared documents. Such conduct he always considered as treacherous in a friend, disgraceful to a man, and shameful to a Chris-



tian. His opinion of the publishing Letters, *because* they were written by a certain individual, he has himself expressed in the following pages. (See page 200.)

The Editor of this volume has had very little trouble in the performance of his office; for the Manuscript was left in so complete a state by Dr. Clarke, that few things needed any alteration. No addition of any kind has been made, not even the insertion of any thing which the Author himself had formerly written, but had not himself introduced: this was judged necessary, that Dr. Clarke might not be rendered accountable for what another had chosen to insert: for this reason some Letters are referred to the end which might otherwise have been included and wrought into the body of the Work.

It may be expedient to add a few words concerning the remaining portion of this Work, which has been written by "A Member of the Family." For this part Dr. Clarke supplied all the materials; he gave up his Journals, his Common-place Book, his private papers, and wrote many of the accounts contained in it with his own hand; and after the whole was digested into a Narrative, up to the year 1830, he looked over it and placed his signature to each sheet as a testimony that the alleged *facts* were *true*, leaving the Author of course accountable for the manner of their expression, as well as for the mode of their combination. Any farther particulars which may be necessary will be mentioned in the Preface to the succeeding volume.

It is highly probable that many, on the perusal of this Work, may be inclined to exclaim, "We have heard strange things to-day;" and others may be excited to purer faith and greater diligence in the ways of godliness. To the latter, may the Author of all good grant an assurance to their faith, and strength and continuance to their working; while to the former, may their hesitancy be overcome, that they may walk in a like path, and the "strange things" be converted into the experienced feelings of their own hearts, and the enjoyed blessings in their own souls.

J. B. B. CLARKE

FROME, November, 1832



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## **INTRODUCTION.**

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## INTRODUCTION.

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It is to be regretted that few persons who have arrived at any degree of eminence or fame, have written *Memorials* of themselves, at least such as have embraced their *private* as well as their *public life*. By themselves or contemporaries their public transactions have been in general amply recorded, with the apparent motives which led them to their particular lines of action, and the objects they aimed at by thus acting: but *how* they became capable of acting such parts; how their minds acquired that impulse which gave them this direction; what part an especial Providence, parental influence, accident, or singular occurrence, and education, had, in forming the man, producing those habits which constitute his manners, and prepared him for his future lot in life, we are rarely told. And without this, we neither can trace the dispensations of Providence, nor the operations of those mental energies by which such effects have been produced. Hence the main benefit of biography is lost,—*emulation* leading to *imitation* has no scope. We cannot *follow* the man because we do not see his previous footsteps: he bursts generally on our sight, like a meteor, and we are dazzled with the view: to us he is *inimitable*

because he is enrobed with all his distinguishing perfections and eminence before we are introduced to his acquaintance. Were it otherwise, we should probably see that those who have reached the highest degrees of elevation beyond those who were born in the same circumstances and line of life, were not indebted so much to anything *extraordinary* in themselves, as to a well-timed and sedulous use of their own powers, and such advantages as their circumstances afforded; and that what occurs to others, as mere accidents, were by *them* seized and pressed into their own service, and shewed them the necessity of attentive observation, that neither occurrence nor moment, should pass by unnoticed or unimproved.

We may rest satisfied that effects, which evidently have nothing in them supernatural, spring from natural causes: that the whole is an orderly procession, and appears astonishing to us, only because we do not see that concatenation of circumstances which, by a steady operation, produced the result.

Few men can be said to have *inimitable* excellencies: let us watch them in their progress from infancy to manhood, and we shall soon be convinced that what they attained was the necessary consequence of the line they pursued, and the means they used. But these things are not known, because we have not the history of their lives in any consecutive order: that of their *infancy*, when life ordinarily gets its direction and colouring, is generally suppressed by them-

selves or narrators; possibly, because it is deemed insignificant; or because men who have risen out of the lower or middle classes of life, to *literary* or *civil* distinction, are unwilling to tell their *small beginnings*; and thus, through false shame, what would really redound to their honour, explain apparent mysteries in the Providence which conducted the affairs of their lives, and would render those lives truly and endlessly useful, by shewing that they were perfectly imitable, is lost to mankind. I say nothing of those things which may not be improperly termed *biographical romances*,—lives which were never lived, and virtues which were never practised.

To exhibit a man through every period of his life, who has obtained some distinction as well in the republic of letters as in religious society; and how he acquired this distinction, is the principal design of the following sheets: and the reason for doing this, is threefold:—1. To manifest the goodness of God to those who trust in Him; and how He causes all things to work together for the good of such persons; that He may have the praise of His own grace: and, 2dly, To prevent the publication of improper accounts, the only object of which is to raise *unholy gains*, by *impositions on the public*. 3dly. To shew to young men, who have not had those advantages which arise from elevated birth and a liberal education, how such defects may be supplied by persevering industry, and the redemption of time. Young Ministers, especially, may learn from these Memoirs a useful lesson. They see what has

been done towards mental improvement, in circumstances generally worse than their own, and that a defect in *talents* frequently arises from a defect in *self cultivation*: and that there is much less room for excuse than is generally supposed: in short, that no quarter should be shewn to those who *while away* time, and permit a sort of religious gossiping to engender in them the disgraceful habits of indolence or sloth. It is hoped, and not unreasonably, that they will see from a perusal of this work, that the divine Providence is never parsimonious in affording all necessary advantages, and if duly improved, neither they, nor the people to whom they minister, will have much cause to complain of a deficiency of gifts through inadequate supplies of Providence, or inefficient influence from grace. Those who consider such cases as that here exhibited without profit, must have an incurable hebitude of disposition, with which it would be in vain to contend, as they have reconciled themselves to its indulgence, and thus have become "such as cannot teach, and will not learn."

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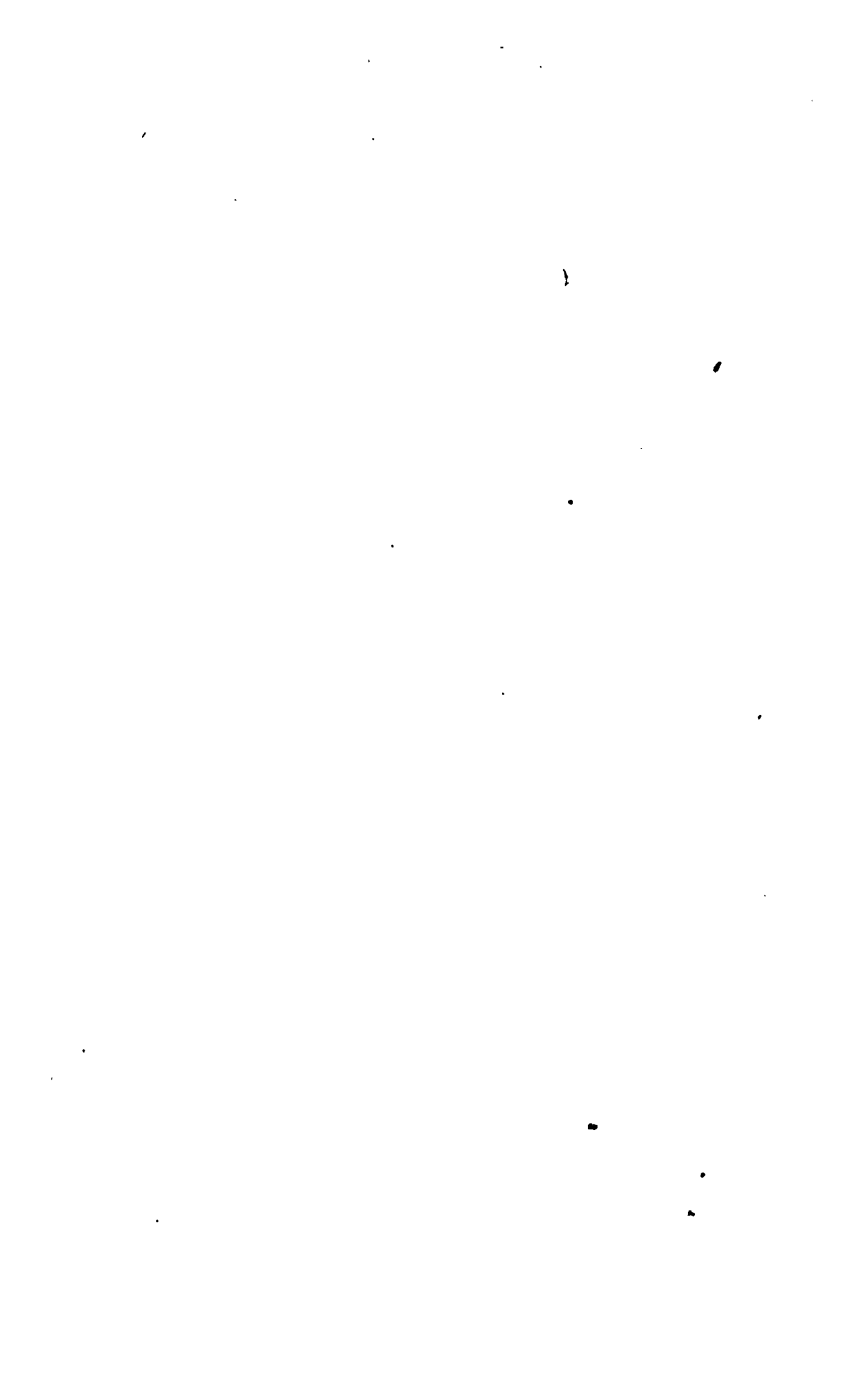
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THE LIFE  
OF  
ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.,  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

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—Mrs. Anna Maria Rowley, the eldest daughter and last surviving child of the famous commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke, has just died at the age of eighty-five years.. *Sept. 12<sup>th</sup> 1876*



# THE LIFE

OF

## ADAM CLARKE, LL.D.,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

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### BOOK I.

MAN may be considered as having a *twofold* origin—*natural*, which is common and the same to all—*patronymic*, which belongs to the various *families* of which the whole human race is composed. This is no arbitrary distinction; it has existed from the commencement of the world; for although God has made of *one blood* all the nations of men to dwell on the face of the whole earth, so that all the inhabitants of the world have sprung from one *original pair*; yet, this family became speedily divided into *branches*, less or more famous or infamous, as the progenitor was good or bad: or, in other words, pious, wise, and useful; or, profligate, oppressive, and cruel.

This distinction existed even in the family of *Adam*, as we may see in the lives of *Cain* and *Seth*: the posterity of the former being uniformly marked as *wicked* and *cruel*, and even apostates from the true God; while the posterity of the latter were equally remarkable for all the social and moral virtues, and were the *preservers*, as well as the *patterns*, of pure and undefiled religion.

This *patronymic* distinction is not less evident in the great *Abrahamic* family,—in the descendants of *Ishmael* and *Isaac*; from the former of whom sprang the various tribes of *Idumeans* and *Arabs*, whose history occupies so large a part of the annals of the human race; and from the latter, all the Jewish tribes, and that singular family continued, by a chain of the most remarkable and miraculous providences, from which came *Jesus* the *Messiah*, the Almighty Saviour of the human race.

To trace this any farther would be foreign to my design; as

it has only been introduced as an apology for the slight notice that shall be taken of the family from which the subject of the present Memoir has derived his origin.

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Whether the family of the *Clarks* were of Norman extraction cannot be easily ascertained. If it even were so, it is pretty evident that it did not come in with William the Conqueror; as no such name exists in any copy of the *Roll of Battle Abbey*, (several of which have been searched for this purpose,) on which roll was entered all the names of the *nobility* and distinguished families that accompanied William in his first expedition; or who afterwards came over and settled in England.

It is well known that *clericus* was originally the name of an *office*, and signified the *clerk* or *learned man*, who in primitive times, was the only person in his district who could *write* and *read*, or had taken pains to cultivate his mind in such literature as the times afforded, and, from his knowledge and skill, could be useful to his fellow citizens; and who, in consequence, did not fail to accumulate respectable *property*, which was maintained and increased in the family; one of the descendants, generally the eldest son, being brought up to *literature*, and thus succeeding to the *office* of his father, and the emolument of that office. This title, in process of time, became the *surname* of the person who bore the office; and *clericus*, *le clerc*, *the clerk*, and afterwards *Clarke*, became the *cognomen*, or *surname*, by which all the descendants of the family were distinguished. As those persons who were designed for ecclesiastical functions generally got an education superior to the rest of the community, hence they were termed *clerici*, clerks; and this is the *legal* title by which every *clergyman* is distinguished to the present day.

It has been intimated that the term *clericus*, the *clerk*, was originally given to the person who was the only one in his district that could *write* and *read*. This may seem a strange insinuation in the nineteenth century, when every child among the millions in England can read; and almost every grown up person can write. But it was not so in ancient times: can the reader believe that that there was a period when some of our own *British kings* could not write their own name! It is nevertheless a fact. About A. D. 700, *Withred* was king of Kent. He issued an ordinance, or *Charter of Liberties*, freeing all the churches under his dominion from tribute and taxation. This charter is found in the Archives of the Cathedral of Canterbury, and is published by *Wilkins* in his *Concilia*, vol. i. p. 63, and concludes in this remarkable manner:—

"*Actum die sexto Aprilis, anno regni nostri octavo: Indictione duodecima, in loco qui appellatur Cilling.*

"*Ego Wythredus, rex Cantia, hæc omnia supra scripta et confirmavi, atque a me dictata; propria manu signum sanctæ crucis, pro ignorantia literarum expressi ✕.*"

"Done the sixth day of April, [A. D. 700,] in the eighth year of our reign: Indiction xii., in the place called Killing.

"I Withred, king of Kent, have confirmed the above liberties, dictated by myself; and because I am *unlearned*, [i. e. cannot write,] I have, with my own hand, signed this with the sign of the holy cross ✕."

This was not only a common case in those times, but in times later by some centuries. Many of the ancient charters are signed with *crosses*, and this was often because those who subscribed *could not write*. It is doubtful whether William the Conqueror, or any of his sons, except *Henry*, could write. The foundation charter of *Battle Abbey* has *thirteen* signatures to it: they are all *crosses*, each different, and all the names are written by the *same scribe*, but each cross is made by the person to whose name it is affixed: through a kind of complaisance, those who could write signed with a cross, to keep the king and nobles in countenance. Of this ignorance it would be easy to multiply instances.

In an ancient record, called the *Boldon Book*, which contains a census and survey of the whole bishoprick and palatinate of Durham, after the manner of *Domesday Book*, made by Bishop *Hugh de Puteaco*, or *Pudsey*, A. D. 1183, we find many proofs of men being distinguished by their offices, trades, &c., and the following instance is remarkable: among many other persons who held lands in the township of *Wolsyngam* in that county, and who performed *certain services* to the lord for the lands they held, according to the ancient feudal system; we find the following entry:—

*Adamus CLERICUS, tenet triginta acras, et reddit unam marcam.* "Adam the CLERK, (or Adam Clarke,) holds thirty acres of land, for which he pays annually one mark."

Others *plough* and *harrow*, that is, employ so many days in ploughing and harrowing the bishop's lands, in the way of boon or annual rent.

That the term is used as the name of an *office* here, is sufficiently evident from the names of office frequently occurring joined to the *Christian* names, to distinguish the persons who held those offices: *e. g.*:—

*Alanus FULLO, tenet unum toftum et croftum pro duobus solidis, et facit quatuor porcaciones autumpno.* "Allen the FULLER, holds one toft and one croft, for two shillings, and makes four porcations in autumn."

*Aldredus FABER, xii. acr. et red. iii. sol.* "Aldred the SMITH, holds twelve acres, for which he pays three shillings."

*Arnaldus PISTOR, habet Cornesheved in excamb. de Frillesden, et red. xxi. sol.* "Arnold the BAKER, has Cornsheved in exchange for Frillesden, and renders twenty-four shillings."

*Walterus MOLENDINARIUS, tenet ii. bov. et red. x. sol. de firm. et ii. sol. pro operat. suis.* "Walter the MILLER, holds two bovates of land, for which he pays ten shillings, and gives two shillings as a compensation for services."

*Hugo PUNDER, reddit pro unam acram xii. d. et unam toft. de vasto.* "Hugh the PINDER, (the man who keeps the pound or pinfold,) holds one acre, for which he gives one shilling: he has also one toft of common."

*Ferrarius* the SMITH; *Carpentarius* the CARPENTER; *Piscarius* the FISHER; *Firmarius* the FARMER; *Gardinarius* the GARDENER, &c. &c.; which were all names of office, became at last the surnames of whole families, throughout all their generations. See *Domesday* and *Boldon Books*, *passim*. The name of the father's office might easily be transferred to all his children, though not employed in the same business; as *Johannes filius Adami Clerici*, "John the son of Adam the Clerk," would in a very few generations be, "John Clarke the son of Adam Clarke," &c. Thus it may be conceived all surnames originally rose which express office, trade, &c. as *Butler*, *Baker*, *Chamberlain*, *Carpenter*, *Carter*, *Cook*, *Smith*, *Merchant*, *Draper*, *Roper*, *Soaper*, *Fisher*, *Fowler*, *Foster*, *Stater*, *Farmer*, *Miller*, *Fuller*, *Taylor*, *Poynder*, &c.: while others derived theirs from the places where they were born, or the estate which they held; as, *Appleton*, *Abingdon*, *Aubigny*, *Castleton*, *Cheshire*, *Cornish*, &c.

Family distinctions were probably, at first, fortuitously acquired: so, the first *Clarke* might have been a *self-taught* genius; his love of literature and the profit he had acquired by it, would naturally excite him to bring up a child in the same way; and *emulation* would induce others of the same name to continue a distinction, by which the family had acquired both honour and profit. Hence we find that this ancient family has been distinguished for many learned men; and by several who have acquired no ordinary fame in all the walks of the republic of literature. While on this subject the reader's indulgence is requested a little longer.

The ancient history of the Romans, will cast some light on this subject of surnames. The Roman names are divided into four kinds. 1. Those of the *Ingenui*, or free-born. 2. Those of the *Liberti*, or freed-men; and those of the *Servi*, or slaves. 3. The names of women. And, 4. the names of adopted persons.

The *Ingenui* had three names. 1. The PRÆNOMEN, which they assumed when they put on the *toga virilis*, or manly gown: this answers to our *Christian name*. These præn-



*nina* were usually signified by initial letters, as is frequently the case among us: thus A. signified *Aulus*: C. *Caius*; D. *Decius*: K. *Cæso*: L. *Lucius*: M. *Marcus*, and *Marcus*: N. *Numerius*: P. *Publius*: Q. *Quintus*: T. *Titus*: &c. Sometimes this was signified by double and treble letters, thus: AP. *Appius*: CN. *Cneius*: SP. *Spurius*: TI. *Tiberius*: MAM. *Mamercus*: SER. *Servius*: SEX. *Sextus*: &c.

2. The *NOMEN*, which immediately followed the *prænomen*, answering to the Grecian *patronymic*, or *family name*, ending mostly in *ius*: as *Julius*, *Tullius*, i. e. of *Julius*, of *Tullius*. Such a person of the *Julian family*, of the *Tullian family*, &c.

3. The *COGNOMEN*, which was added for the distinction of *families*; and was usually derived from some country, accident, or particular occurrence, and this divided the family into *branches*: as *Agrippa*, *Cæsar*, *Cicero*, &c. A fourth name was sometimes added, called *agnomen*, which was given as a title of *honor*: as Cato was termed *Sapiens*, the *wise*; Crassus, *Dives*, the *rich*; and hence came the *Africani*, *Asiatici*, *Macedonici*, &c. But these by some of the best writers are termed *cognomina*, and therefore the distinction is not necessary; *agnomen* and *cognomen* may be considered as implying the same, for they are indifferently used.

The *ingenui* were the same among the Romans as *gentlemen* among us; and they define them thus:—*Qui inter se eodem sunt nomine, ab ingenuis oriundi, quorum majorum nemo servitutem servivit, et qui Capite diminuti non sunt.* “Those who have a certain *family name*, were born of *freemen*, whose ancestors were never in servitude, and who have never been degraded from their kindred or ancient stock.”

Though it has not been found that any branch of the family of the *Clarkes* claimed *nobility*, yet it has always appeared that the character of *gentility*,—*generosi*, or *ingenui*,—has been conceded to them, and to them the Roman definition of *ingenui*, is in every respect applicable. They came from a pure and ancient stock, they had never been in bondage to any man, had never been legally disgraced, and never forfeited their character. In this family I have often heard the innocent boast, *None of our family has ever served the stranger.*

The family was originally English, but from what branch of the family, or from what county in England the subject of this Memoir descended, has not been satisfactorily deduced. The family tradition is, that they went over to Ireland in the 17th century, and had part of what were called the *Debenture Lands*, and settled in the county of *Antrim*, about *Larne*, *Glenarm*, and *Grange*, where they had considerable estates. They became matrimonially connected with the *Higgisons*, *Strawbridges*, *Courtenays*, and *Boys*; the latter of whom deduce their origin in uninterrupted descent from the cele

brated *Boys* of *Kilmarnock* in Scotland: some of the *Boys*, in virtue of the above alliance, still possess a considerable landed property in the above country. Some of the *Mac Auleys* married into this family, but changed their names to *Boyd*, in order to inherit the paternal estates. One of these, the late *Hugh Mac Auley Boyd, Esq.*, sent in 1784, ambassador to the Court of Candy, by Lord Macartney, Governor General of India, (reputed by some as the author of that still celebrated political work, called the *Letters of Junius*,) has left a son, *Hugh Stuart Boyd*, who is equal in elegant accomplishments to his father, and his superior in classic attainments; and especially in his profound knowledge of the Greek language, and the most illustrious writers of antiquity. He possesses a part of these estates, extending to, and comprehending *Red Bay* near *Glenarm*.\*

\* The following two letters from Dr. Clarke, dated Dublin, June 15, and 26, 1823, will throw some more light upon the subject of the Clarke family.

I came in here last night, after a hard journey of several days: from Glasgow to Belfast we were twenty-three hours and a half, in which we encountered a violent storm, and had the wind right a-head the whole passage. I went to see my aunt *M<sup>r</sup> Ready*, which took me one hundred miles out of my way, and at very considerable expense. However, I knew it must be the last opportunity I could ever have of seeing her, and making the inquiries you wished. I found her in comparatively good health, and all her faculties as sound as a bell. I set about the inquiries; and the following is the result.

My father *JOHN CLARKE*, was son to *WILLIAM Clarke*, who was son to *JOHN Clarke*, who was son to *WILLIAM Clarke*. She can go no higher; and this is to my great-great-grandfather. Now for particulars.

1. My great-great-grandfather *WILLIAM Clarke*, was an estated gentleman of *Grange*, in the county of *Antrim*, and was appointed in 1690 to receive the *Prince of Orange*, when he came to *Carrickfergus*. He had received the principles of *George Fox*, and, as he could not uncover his head to any man, before he came near to the prince, he took off his hat and laid it on a stone by the wayside, and walked forward. When he met the prince, he accosted him thus: "William, thou art welcome to this kingdom."—"I thank you, sir," replied the prince; and the interview was so satisfactory to the prince, that he said, "You are, sir, the best bred gentleman I have ever met."

2. *JOHN*, my great-grandfather, the son of *William the Quaker*, married *Miss Anne Horseman*, daughter to — *Horseman*, mayor of *Carrickfergus*, whose son succeeded to the mayoralty thirty years afterwards. Of the year in which *Mr. Horseman*, the father, who married *Miss Anne Clarke*, was mayor, she cannot tell; but this may be easily ascertained by searching the records of that city and fortress. To *JOHN*, my great-grandfather, and *Miss Horseman*, were born EIGHTEEN sons and ONE daughter. The daughter, *Sarah*, was married to a *Mr. Williamson*, of the county *Antrim*;—I suppose an estated gentleman, but she does not recollect to have heard any particulars of him or his family.

**William**, the grandfather of Adam Clarke, married into the Boyd family; he was an intelligent religious man, a *builder* by trade, and the eldest of six brothers, who chiefly settled in the vicinity of *Maghera*, *Magherafelt*, and near the borders of the beautiful lake of *Lough Neagh*. The youngest of these

Of the eighteen sons of John, and Anne Horseman, she remembers only nine. They are the following:

1. **SAMUEL Clarke**, of *Gulladuff*, (his own estate,) who married *Miss M'Peake*, who had issue *John* and *Thomas*, of the same place, and several daughters.

2. **ANTHONY Clarke**, of *Ballyruff*, (his own estate,) who had issue *Anthony*, who had issue.

3. **JOSEPH Clarke**, who chose a *military life*, and was killed with *General Wolfe*, at the battle of *Quebec*; he had issue *John*; farther unknown.

4. **ROBERT Clarke**, of *Ballyruff*, (his own estate,) who had married *Miss Burnet*, and had issue *Alexander*, &c. &c.

5. **WALTER Clarke**, of *Ballyruff*, who had several daughters, of whom I have no particulars.

6. **JOHN Clarke**, a *farmer*, of whom I find nothing.

7. **RICHARD Clarke**, *captain of a ship*, and died in the *Bloody Islands*. Query—which were they?

8. **HORSEMAN Clarke**. He and several others having pursued a mad dog, and killed him, one of the company, in sport, took the dog by the legs and hit some of the others with him, among the rest *Horseman*, against whose neck some of the foam was spattered, and he died of hydrophobia in three days; as he was a young lad, he was not usually counted in the number of the sons, who were called the “seventeen sons,” because so many grew up to man's estate.

9. **WILLIAM Clarke**, my grandfather, who married *Miss Boyd*, and who had issue *John*, my father, *Archibald*, *William*, and *ADAM*, after whom I was named, and who, as I found now on his stone in *Kilchro-naghan church*, “died in August, 1756.” There were two daughters, *Anne*, who married *Mr. Wollock M'Kracken*; and *Mary*, who married *Mr. Alexander M'Ready*.

*Archibald Boyd*, my great great maternal grandfather, was a Presbyterian clergyman, and the first who preached as Protestant, in *Maghera*, after the Revolution in 1688. He married *Miss Catharine Straw-bridge*, a Scotch lady. *Mr. Boyd's* sister, married the *Rev. Mr. Hig-gison*, rector of *Larne*, in whose family that rectory still continues. Of the rest of this family I think you have *Adam Boyd's* own account.

The above are all the particulars I could gain from this interview, and I think all the leading ones that can be obtained; and we were all surprised at the amazing accuracy and precision of my aunt's memory, she did not falter in the least; and still gave the same account in the same words.

*Dublin, June 26, 1823.*

Since I wrote the enclosed letter, which was early this morning, I have received yours of the 19th. From the state of the country you will see that I can make no more excursions; and therefore, I suppose all farther communications from my aunt must be given up. It is well that we have saved so much; I can tell you that “*Gabriel*, or, as

brothers chose a military life, and was slain with his general, the celebrated *Wolfe*, at the battle of Quebec, Oct. 18, A. D. 1759.

*John*, the eldest son of William, and father of Adam, was intended by his father for the Church, and in consequence got a good classical education, which having finished, he studied successively at *Edinburgh* and *Glasgow*, where he proceeded M. A., and afterwards entered as a *Sizer* in Trinity College, *Dublin*; at a time when classical merit alone could gain such an admission. His stay here was but short; a severe fever,

he is called in the family, *Geby Clarke*, was one of our ancestors, and lost the Grange Estates, by the absence of one witness, who was the only one who could attest a certain marriage." This information I had accidentally from a woman in Belfast, who saw me standing at the coach-office door, waiting for the clerk, in order to take my place for Dublin. She came up to me and told me she was one of my relatives, mentioned Samson Clarke of Belfast, who I believe was her father or uncle; and mentioned *Geby*, as being *famous* in the family. I might have had much from this woman, but not knowing her, and it being in the street, I did not encourage her to talk; I know not who she is: but I knew *Samson Clarke* of Belfast, he has been dead only about 10 years. I send you the *minutes* which Mary took while Aunt and I were conversing: there I find *Samuel* marked as the eldest of my granduncles, but whether older than *William* his brother, and my grandfather, I do not know—I always thought my grandfather Clarke the oldest. I believe all the others come in, in the order mentioned by Mary and myself; but I know my aunt expressed herself *uncertain* concerning the *priority* of some of them.

So far as I can find, the estates at *Grange*, were lost to our family, in consequence of the failure of a *proof of marriage*, in *GEBY's* case; from which I am led to think, that *those* estates came by *marriage*, and that they were not *inheritances* of the *Clarke* family: but there were several other estates, besides those, and there are some now, in the hands of some of my granduncles' sons.

If one had about a fortnight or a month to *ride about* the countries I have been in, he might make more out; but every branch of the family, knowing that they are *wrongfully* kept out of their estates, are full of jealousy, when you make any of those inquiries, thinking that you are about to *possess yourself* of their property! On this very ground, I have been very cautious in all my inquiries. I think I have heard of a *Christopher*, I am sure of a *Bartlemy* in the family, and *Gabriel*. I do not recollect to have heard of a *Francis* or *Silvester*, but doubtless my aunt could tell. I will send the questions to cousin *Allie*, and let him get me what information he can, but little can be had *but on the spot*, and I scarcely know how to get a letter direct to him, it is such an *out of the way place*. I asked my aunt particularly, if she knew any one *before* William the Quaker; she said *she did not*, so he is the utmost *a priori*, and she herself is the hindmost *a posteriori*, except our own family. About coming *originally from England*, and receiving some of the *Debenture Lands*, I have heard my father often speak, but I know no circumstances. Tomorrow I begin the Conference, and shall have no moment till it be concluded; and then I must march back.

and afterwards a premature marriage, terminated his studies, and blasted his prospects in the Church: and, although the latter step put him in possession of a woman, who made him one of the best and most affectionate of wives, yet an increase of family, and the uncertainty of any adequate ecclesiastical provision, caused him to adopt the creditable though gainless profession of a public parish schoolmaster; to which he was regularly *licensed*, according to the custom that then prevailed, in order to ensure a *Protestant* education to the youth of the country, and prevent the spread of Popish principles. By virtue of such license, all teachers in the parish had their *nomination* from the *master*; and without such could not legally perform the function of public teachers.

Before I proceed in this narrative, it may be necessary to state that Mrs. Clarke, was a descendant of the *Mac Leans*, of *Mull*; one of the Hebrides, or western isles of Scotland: and her great grandfather Laughlin More Mac Lean, called by others Neil, who was chief of his Clan and Laird of Dewart, lost his life, as did twenty of his nearest relatives and his own son, in a battle with the clan Mac Donald, in September, 1598. But their deaths were shortly after revenged by Eachin, or Hector Oig, his son and successor; who in a pitched battle defeated the Mac Donalds, and thus terminated all feuds between these two clans.\*

Shortly after Mr. John Clarke's marriage, a circumstance occurred which had an embarrassing effect upon himself and family during his life. About the year 1758 or 1759, the rage of emigration to America was very prevalent in Ireland. Heavy taxation, oppressive landlords, and the small encouragement held out either to genius or industry, rendered Ireland, though perhaps on the whole, one of the finest islands in the universe, no eligible place for men of talents of any kind, howsoever directed and applied, to hope for an adequate provision or decent independence for a rising family.

America, ~~then~~ in her population and extensive in her territory, held out promises of easily acquired property, immense gains by commerce, and lures of every description, to induce the ill provided for, and dissatisfied inhabitants of the mother country to carry their persons and property thither, that by their activity and industry they might enrich this rising and even then ambitious state. Mr. Clarke was persuaded among many others to indulge these golden hopes, with the expecta-

\* In the Diary of Robert Birrel, this feud is thus mentioned: "About yis tyme," (between Aug. 3, and Oct. 23, 1598,) "Neil M'Lane slaine, and twentie of hes narrest freindis, and hes awen sone be M'Connel, yai being at ane tryst under trust." That is, they had engaged under a particular penalty to fight this battle. See *Fragments of Scottish History, Edinb. 1798*, 4to. p. 47, of the above mentioned Diary.

tion, if not the promise, of a *Professorship* in one of the nascent, or about to be erected universities in the new world. In an evil hour he broke up his establishment, sold his property, and with his wife and an infant son, went to the port and city of Londonderry, and took their passage in one of those merchant transport vessels then so numerous, bound for the United States.

At that time, and for many years after, this rage for emigration, was so great, that many young men, women, and whole families, artificers and husbandmen, who were not able to defray the expenses of their own passage, were encouraged by the ship-owners to embark, the owners providing them with the most miserable necessities of life for their passage, and throwing them together like slaves in a Guinea ship, on the middle passage; they went *bound*, as it was called,—the captain having the privilege of *selling* them for five or seven years, to the trans-atlantic planters, to repay the expenses of their passage and maintenance! A supine and culpable government, which never sufficiently interested itself for the welfare of this excellent Island, and its hardy and vigorous inhabitants, suffered this counterpart to the execrable West India Slave Trade, to exert its most baneful and degrading influence, among its own children, without reprehension or control; and thus, many of its best and most useful subjects were carried away to people states, which, in consequence, became their rivals, and since that time, their most formidable enemies.

Among these, as we have already seen, Mr. J. Clarke, his wife, and infant son, had embarked, and were on the eve of sailing, when Mr. Clarke's father arrived from the country, went on board, expostulated with his son, and by the influence of tears and entreaties, enforced by no small degree of parental tenderness, and duly tempered with authority, prevailed on him to change his ~~purpose~~ <sup>purpose</sup>, to forfeit his passage, and to return with him to the country.

Whether this, on the whole, was the best thing that could be done in *such circumstances*, is hard to say. What would have been the result had he gone to America, we cannot tell: what was the result of his return, the following pages will in some measure show. The immediate effects were however, nearly ruinous to the family and its prospects.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:  
Omitted; all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

The "*Shallows and Miseries*" in which Mr. Clarke was *bound*, almost through life, proved that he *omitted* to take the *tide at flood*.

We have already observed that, in order to go to the conti-

ment of America, he had broken up his establishment, and converted his property into cash. Much time, and not a little of this property, had been spent in preparations for their voyage, and expected settlement in a strange country: but he found, to his cost, on his return, that it was much easier to *unsettle* than to *establish*. He was undetermined for a considerable time what mode of life was most eligible, for many projects appeared fair at a distance, which, on a nearer approach, eluded the grasp of his expectation; and others, if well-digested and cautiously and perseveringly pursued, promising honor and wealth, resembled the *horizon* which ever appears at the same distance to the traveller, though he have already passed over some thousands of miles in order to reach it. Thus,

“Disappointment laughed at hope’s career,”

till his remaining property was expended, and alternately elated and depressed with *promises* and *disappointments*, he was obliged to begin the world anew, equally destitute of advantages and means. In this state of things, nothing presented itself to him but a choice of difficulties: friends and internal resources, had equally failed; and he went and settled in an obscure village called *Moybeg*, township of Cootinaglugg, in the parish of Kilchronaghan, in the barony of Loughinshallin, in the county of Londonderry. In this obscure district, the names of which almost bid defiance to enunciation, his second son ADAM, the subject of this Memoir, was born, either in the year 1760 or 1762, most probably the former, but neither the year nor the month can be ascertained. He was baptized in the parish church by his uncle, the Rev. John Tracy, the Rector, who had married his mother’s sister. On application to the late worthy incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Bryan, to obtain a copy of the baptismal register, the following answer has been obtained:—“The archives of the church have been carefully searched, but no register during Mr. Tracy’s incumbency has been found; none having been kept during that period; or if kept, since irrecoverably lost.”

As Mr. Tracy died sometime between 1760 and 1762, and Adam Clarke was baptized by him, he must have been born within that period. The *day* and *month* are as uncertain as the *year*, only I have understood it was sometime in the *spring*.

At the request of his grandfather and grandmother Clarke, he was named *Adam*, in memory of a beloved son, who had died of the small pox, when only six years of age; and they engaged that, as soon as he could walk alone, they would take him as their own, and be at the whole charge of his education.

It may not be improper to say a few words here of his brother, who was born about three years before him. He was called *Tracy*, at the instance of his uncle the Rev. J. Tracy, already mentioned; who, having no child, promised to be at the

expense of his education, &c. Such promises are rarely fulfilled; but this pledge would probably have been redeemed, had Mr. Tracy lived, for he had already taken the child to his own house, but dying shortly after, the young lad, already spoiled by indulgence, was restored to his parents.

His father gave him a classical education, and when but a young man, he was appointed and licensed by the Consistorial Court of Derry, a schoolmaster, in a parish contiguous to that in which his father had a similar appointment, (see p. 45.) Getting weary of this mode of life, which held out but faint promises of comfort or emolument, he expressed a strong desire to study medicine, to which he had in some measure already directed his attention. His parents consented, and he was bound apprentice to Mr. Pollock, a surgeon and apothecary in the town of Magherafelt,—a gentleman equalled by few in his profession, for various and sound learning, much skill and deserved eminence in the practice of medicine; and a mind highly cultivated by his classical attainments, and by every solid principle of politeness or good breeding. Having terminated his apprenticeship with credit to himself and his master, he went to Dublin, and studied anatomy under the celebrated Dr. Cleghorne, who was professor of that science in Trinity College.

Having received letters of recommendation to some merchants in Liverpool, whose interest he hoped would obtain him an appointment in the Navy, he sailed for England.

This expectation however failed, and he went out surgeon in a *Guinea ship*, made their voyage, laid in 813 negroes, who were exchanged to them for guns, gunpowder, knives, and trinkets of different kinds, and sold in Tortola to the highest bidder, as sheep or oxen in the open market. He went a second voyage, kept a journal of the way, in which he made entries of all particulars relative to the mode of procuring, treating, and disposing of the slaves; with several other matters of high importance, relative to this inhuman and infernal traffic. The captain noticing this, pretended one day to have lost some *plate*, all the vessel must be searched, the seamen first, then all the officers were requested to give up their keys, with an apology that no suspicion attached to *them*, but merely for form's sake, lest there might be any ground left for the charge of *partiality*, &c. Surgeon Clarke immediately yielded his key, which was restored after some time; but when he next visited his chest he found that his Journal had been rifled, and *every leaf and page* that contained anything relative to the traffic, torn out, or mutilated, so that from this document, not one entry was left, nor could be produced in evidence against this infamous traffic, and the diabolical manner in which it was carried on. This mutilated Journal I have seen and examined; and was informed of se-



veral curious particulars by the Writer, some of which I shall take the liberty to relate.

When at *Bonny* in Africa, Surgeon Clarke had gone a good deal on shore, and travelled some way into the country, and as he was a man of pleasing manners, and amiable carriage, he gained the confidence of the natives, accommodated himself to their mode of living, and thus had the opportunity of making several valuable remarks on their civil and religious customs. From observing the males to be universally *circumcised*, he was led to think that this people might be descendants of the *ten lost Jewish Tribes*. He observed farther, that each of their huts was divided into three apartments; one served to dress their food in, one as a place of repose, and the third was for the *Juju*, the *serpent* god, which was the object of their worship. Thus every hut had its Temple, and every Temple had its Altar and worshippers.

He has informed me that, from the bodies of many of the slaves that were brought from the interior to the coast, he was obliged to extract balls, as they had been wounded in the attempts to deprive them of their liberty; their kidnappers hunting them down like wild beasts, firing upon all they could not suddenly seize, no doubt killing many, and bringing those down to the coast, whose wounds were of such a nature as to promise an easy cure. In his excursions into the country, he has seen the wives of the *chiefs*, king *Peppel*, and king *Norfolk*, as they were called, going out to the plantations to labour, their young children, (*princes* and *princesses*,) on their naked backs, holding themselves on by their hands, grasping the shoulders of their mothers, and when arrived in the field, laid down on the bare ground naked, and when weary of lying on one side, turn on the other, without ever uttering a cry; their mothers giving them the breast at such intervals as they deemed proper. The following instances of inhumanity, from among many others, I shall select for the Reader's reflections. A stout young negress, with an infant at her breast, was brought on board, and presented to the captain by one of the black dealers, who by long trafficking in flesh and blood with the inhuman European slave-dealers, had acquired all their unfeeling brutality. The captain refused to purchase her, saying "He could not be troubled with children aboard." The dealer answered, "Why massa is she no good slave? is she no able work?" "Yes," answered the captain, "she would do well enough, but I cannot receive *children*." "Well massa, would massa buy slave if she no had child?" "Yes," said the captain, "I should have no objection to her." On this the black dealer stepped up to the woman, snatched the child out of her arms, and threw it overboard; on which the captain without expressing the least concern, purchased the mother. I should add, what will per-

haps relieve the Reader's feelings, though it will not remove his honest indignation, that a negro seeing the child thrown overboard, paddled to the place with his canoe, jumped in after it, and brought it up apparently alive, and immediately made towards the shore.

This captain carried brutality and ferocity as far as they could go; even his own interest yielded to his cruelty. During this passage several of the negroes got into what is technically called the *sulks*; i. e. they refused to eat; and foreseeing their misery, chose to starve themselves to death, rather than encounter it: one in particular, could not be induced by any threats or inflicted punishments, to take his food. The captain beat him in the most inhuman manner with a small cutting whip; but without a sigh or a groan he obstinately persisted. Boiled beans were one day brought and they endeavoured to induce him to eat: he closed his teeth in determinate opposition. The captain got a piece of iron, prized open his jaws, and broke several of his teeth in the operation, he then stuffed his mouth full of the aliment, and with the butt end of his whip endeavoured to thrust it down his throat, he was instantly suffocated: and the fiend his murderer, said on perceiving it, "See, d—— them, they can die whenever they please."

He drove the second mate overboard, broke the arm of the cabin boy, with the stroke of an iron ladle, and committed all kinds of barbarous excesses.

One day when companies of the slaves were brought upon deck for the sake of fresh air, and an iron chain was passed through their fetters, and then bolted to the deck; it happened that a negro got his feet out of his fetters, and stealing softly till he got to the bowsprit, then, in order to attract the attention of his tormentors, he set up a wild loud laugh; as soon as he found he was observed, he leaped into the deep, and sunk to rise no more. The captain instantly seized his musket loaded with ball, and fired down in the place in which he sunk, that he might have the pleasure of killing him before he could be drowned. These were but parts of his ways, but I shall forbear to harrow up the blood of the Reader any longer: such cruelties are almost necessarily connected with a traffic cursed of God, and abhorred by man; and although the trade is abolished by our legislature, yet let them not suppose that the blood of it is purged away. As a nation, our reckoning is not yet settled for the wrongs of Africa.

It will not surprise the reader to hear that this captain lost his vessel in returning from the West Indies, and afterwards died in the workhouse in Liverpool.

Filled with horror at this inhuman traffic, Surgeon Clarke abandoned it after this second voyage: he married and established himself at a place called Maghull, about eight miles

from Liverpool, where for many years he had an extensive practice, and was remarkably successful. He died there in 1802, universally respected and regretted, leaving four sons and one daughter behind him. These young men were brought up principally under the direction of their uncle Adam; two embraced the medical profession, one of whom has been surgeon in his Majesty's navy for about twelve years, and has seen the most dangerous service. The oldest, a young man of singular habits, much learning and a comprehensive mind, is author of a work of deep research, entitled *An Exposition of the False Prophet, and the Number of the Apocalyptic Beast*. They are all worthy of their amiable father, and repay the pains taken in their education by their uncle.

But it is now time to return to the principal subject of these Memoirs, whom we have yet seen only on the *threshold of life*.

In the life of an infant there can be little of an interesting nature; yet there were a few things so singular as to be worthy of remark. His brother we have seen, by the manner of his education, was through the indulgence of a fond uncle nearly spoiled: and indeed he was so *softened* by this injudicious treatment, that it produced an unfavourable effect throughout life; being the first-born and a fine child he was the favourite, especially of his mother. Adam, on the other hand, met with little indulgence, was comparatively neglected, nursed with little care, and often left to make the best of his own course. He was no spoiled child, was always corrected when he deserved it; and sometimes when but a small degree of blame attached to his undirected conduct. Through this mode of bringing up, he became uncommonly hardy, was unusually patient of cold, took to his feet at *eight months*; and before he was nine months old, was accustomed to walk without guide or attendant in a field before his father's door! He was remarkably fond of *snow*; when he could little more than lisp he called it his *brother*, saw it fall with rapturous delight; and when he knew that much of it lay upon the ground, would steal out of his bed early in the morning, with nothing on but his shirt, get a little board, go out, and with it dig holes in the snow, call them *rooms*, and when he had finished his frozen apartments, *sit down* naked as he was, and thus most contentedly enjoy the fruit of his own labour!

Though by no means a lusty child, he had uncommon *strength* for his age, and his father often took pleasure in setting him to roll large stones, when neighbours or visitants came to the house.

Many of the relatives of A. C. on both sides the house, were remarkable for vast muscular powers. One of his maternal uncles, the Rev. I. M'Lean, a Clergyman, possessed incredible strength, which he often used, not in the best of causes.

He could bend iron bars with a stroke of his arm; roll up large pewter dishes like a scroll with his fingers; and when travelling through *Bovagh* wood, a place through which his walks frequently lay, he has been known to pull down the top of an oak-sapling, twist it into a *withe* by the mere strength of his arms and fingers, and thus working it down in a spiral form to the earth, leave it with its root in the ground, for the astonishment of all that might pass by.

One day dining at an inn with two officers, who, perhaps, unluckily for themselves, wished to be witty at the *parson's* expense; he said something which had a tendency to lessen their self-confidence. One of them considering his honour touched, said, "Sir, were it not for your *cloth*, I would oblige you to eat the words you have spoken." Mr. M'Lean rose up in a moment, took off his coat, rolled it up in a bundle and threw it under the table, with these fearful words; "Divinity lie thou there, and M'Lean do for thyself!" So saying, he seized the foremost of the heroes by the cuff of the neck and by the waistband of the breeches, and dashed him through the strong sash-window of the apartment, a considerable way on the opposite pavement of the street! Such was the projectile violence, that the poor officer passed through the sash as if it had been a cobweb.

Both extremes met in this family; a sister of this same gentleman, one of A. C.'s maternal aunts, was only *three feet high*, and died about her thirtieth year. Thus Nature was as parsimonious in the one case as she was profuse in the other: yet there was another aunt in the family, who had more muscular power than most common men.

That district might be said to be the land of strong and gigantic men. There was born and bred *Bob Dunbar*, famous for his lawless and brutal strength. In the same barony, if not in the same township, were born of ordinary parents, of the name of *Knight*, two brothers, each of whom stood *seven and a half feet* high. It was a curious sight to see these two young men (who generally went in plain *scarlet* coats) walking through a fair, in Magherafelt, as they generally stood head and shoulders above the thousands there assembled.

In the same township, Moneymore, was the celebrated *Charles Burns* born. He was a young man, and so were the *Knights*, when A. C. was a lad at school. *Charles Burns* was well proportioned, and measured *eight feet six inches*! In short, all the people in that country are among either the tallest, the hardest, or the strongest in Europe.

Adam Clarke has been frequently known to thank God for the hardy manner in which he was brought up; and to say, "My heavenly Father saw that I was likely to meet with many rude blasts in journeying through life, and he prepared me in infancy for the lot his providence destined for me; so that

through his mercy I have been enabled to carry a profitable childhood up to hoary hairs." He would add, "He knew that I must walk *alone* through life, and therefore set me on my feet right early, that I might be prepared by long practice for the work I was appointed to perform."

It has already been observed that his grand parents promised to take him to themselves when he could be safely taken from under a mother's care. This they accordingly did; but little Adam could ill brook confinement in the house by the side of his grandmother. He was accustomed to roam about the walls and hedges; and there being a *draw-well* into which he was particularly fond of looking, when it was left uncovered; his grandmother, fearing that he might some day fall in and be drowned, sent him home to his parents.

He took the small-pox, when he was about five years old, in the natural way; *inoculation* was then scarcely known, and the usual treatment was as follows:—the patient was covered up with a load of clothes in a warm bed, the curtains drawn close to keep off every breath of air, and some spirituous liquors carefully given, in order to *strike the pock out*, as it was termed! It is no wonder that such treatment of an inflammatory disorder carried thousands to an untimely grave. Adam was covered from head to foot with this disease, but no authority or power of parents, or attendants, could confine *him* to his bed. Whenever he found an opportunity he left his bed, and ran out naked into the open air. This he did frequently, in defiance of all custom and authority; he was led to adopt the *cool regimen*, had a merciful termination of the disorder, and escaped without a single mark! He has often been heard to say, "He perfectly remembered this time, and still retained a lively impression of the relief he found in this burning disease, by exposure to the open air, though he suffered much in walking, for even the soles of his feet were covered with pustules."

This early *recollection* need not be wondered at; his memory seems to have been in exercise from his tenderest infancy; for he has been known to relate circumstances to his mother, which he had in recollection, though she knew that they had taken place when probably he was only three years of age!

When he was about six years old, an occurrence took place which deserves to be circumstantially related. At this time his father lived at Maghera, where he kept a public school, both English and classical, and where he was tutor to the son of the Rev. Dr. Barnard, then Dean of Derry, and rector of Maghera, and afterwards successively Bishop of *Kilaloe* and *Limerick*. Near to where Mr. Clarke lived was a very decent orderly family, of the name of *Brooks*, who lived on a small farm. They had *eleven* children, some of whom went regularly to Mr. Clarke's school: one, called *James*, was the

tenth child, a lovely lad, between whom and little Adam there subsisted a most intimate friendship, and strong attachment. One day when walking hand in hand in a field near the house, they sat down on a bank and began to enter into very serious conversation:—they both became much affected, and this was deepened to exquisite distress by the following observations made by little *Brooks*. “O, Addy, Addy,” said he, “what a dreadful thing is *eternity*, and, O, how dreadful to be put into hell fire and to be burnt there for ever and ever!” They both wept bitterly, and, as they could, begged God to forgive their sins; and they made to each other strong promises of amendment. They wept till they were really sick, and departed from each other with full and pensive hearts!

In reviewing this circumstance, Adam has been heard to say:—“I was then truly and deeply convinced that I was a sinner, and that I was liable to eternal punishment; and that nothing but the mercy of God could save me from it: though I was not so conscious of any other sin as that of disobedience to my parents, which at that time affected me most forcibly. When I left my little companion, I went home, told the whole to my mother with a full heart, expressing the hope that I should never more say any bad words, or refuse to do what she or my father might command. She was both surprised and affected, and gave me much encouragement, and prayed heartily for me. With a glad heart she communicated the information to my father, on whom I could see it did not make the same impression; for he had little opinion of pious resolutions in childish minds, though he feared God, and was a serious conscientious churchman. I must own that the way in which he treated it was very discouraging to my mind, and served to mingle impressions with my serious feelings, that were not friendly to their permanence: yet the impression, though it grew *faint*, did not wear away. It was laid deep in the consideration of eternity; and my accountableness to God for my conduct; and the absolute necessity of enjoying his favour, that I might never taste the bitter pains of eternal death. Had I had any person to point out the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, I believe I should then have been found as capable of *repentance* and *faith*, (my youth and circumstances considered,) as I ever was afterwards. But I had no helper, ‘*no messenger, one among a thousand, who could shew man his righteousness.*’”

Though the place was divided between the *Church* and the *Presbyterians*, yet there was little even of the *form* of godliness, and still less of the *power*. Nor indeed, were the people excited to examine the principles of their own creed, till many years after, when the *Methodists* came into that country, “preaching repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.”

As to his little companion, *James Brooks*, there was some-

thing singular in his history. It has already been noted that he was the *tenth* child of his parents, and that the Rector of the parish was the famous Dr. *Barnard*, deservedly celebrated among the literary friends of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Mrs. Brooks having gone to the dean's one morning, to pay her *tithe*, took little James in her hand: when she had laid down her money, she observed:—"Sir, you have annually the tenth of all I possess, except my *children*; it is but justice you should have the *tenth* of *them* also. I have *eleven*, and this is my *tenth* son, whom I have brought to you as the *tithe* of my *children*, as I have brought the *tithe* of my *grain*. I hope, Sir, you will take and provide for him." To this singular address, the dean found it difficult to reply. He could not, at first, suppose the woman to be in earnest: but on her urging her application, and almost insisting on his receiving this *tenth* of her intellectual live stock, both his benevolence and humanity were affected;—he immediately accepted the child, had him clothed, &c., let him lodge with the parents for a time, and sent him to school to Mr. John Clarke. In a short time Mr. C. removed from that part of the country; and what became of the interesting young man is not known. He was always called *Tithe* by the school-boys.

In some children, as well as grown-up persons, certain unaccountable *sympathies* and *antipathies* have been observed. Adam had a singular antipathy to *large fat men*, or *men with big bellies*, as he phrased it.

A gentleman of the name of *Pearce Quinlin*, was his father's nearest neighbour: this man was remarkably corpulent; his eyes stood out with fatness, and his belly was enormously protuberant. With this gentleman Adam was a favorite, yet he ever beheld him with abhorrence; and could hardly be persuaded to receive the little gifts which Mr. Q. brought to obtain his friendship. The following circumstance rendered the dislike more intense.—A dumb man, who pretended to tell fortunes, called there a *spac-man*, came one day to his father's house. Mrs. Clarke, looked upon such persons with a favourable eye, as it was her opinion, that if God in the course of his providence, deprived a man of one of his senses, he compensated this by either rendering the others more *intense* and *accurate*, or by some particular *gift*: and she thought, to most that were *born dumb*, a certain degree of foreknowledge was imparted. She was therefore, ready to entertain persons of this caste: and the man in question was much noted in that country, as having been remarkably fortunate in some of his *guesses*. Adam, who was conning the wizard's face with an eye of remarkable curiosity, was presented to him, to learn what was to be his lot in life. The *artist*, after beholding him for some time, gave signs that he would be *very fond of the bottle*, *grow fat* and *have an enormous belly*! These were pre-

cisely two of the things that he held in most abhorrence. He had often seen persons *drunk*, and he considered them as dangerous madmen, or the most brutish of beasts: and his dislike to the *big belly* has already been stated. He had even then a high opinion of the power and influence of *prayer*. He thought, that the *spae-man* might possibly be correct: but he believed there was no evil awaiting him in futurity which God could not *avert*. He therefore went immediately out into a field, got into a thicket of furze-bushes, and kneeling down he most fervently uttered the following petition:—"O, Lord God, have mercy upon me, and never suffer me to be like Pearce Quinlin!" This he urged, with little variety of language, till he seemed to have a persuasion that the evil would be averted! Strange as it may appear, this prediction left a deep impression upon his mind: and he has hitherto passed through life's pilgrimage, equally dreading the *character* of the *brutal drunkard*, and the *appearance* of the *human porpoise*. Had it not been for this foolish prediction, he had possibly been less careful; and what the effects might have been we cannot calculate, for no man is impeccable.

There was little remarkable in other parts of his childhood, but that he was a very *inapt scholar*, and found it very difficult to acquire the knowledge of the *Alphabet*. For this dulness he was unmercifully censured and unseasonably chastised: and this, so far from eliciting *genius*, rather produced an increase of *hebitude*, so that himself began to despair of ever being able to acquire any knowledge by means of letters. When he was about eight years of age, he was led to entertain hopes of future improvement from the following circumstance. A neighbouring schoolmaster calling at the school where he was then endeavouring to put vowels and consonants together; was desired by the teacher to assist in hearing a few of the lads their lessons: Adam was the last that went up, not a little ashamed of his own deficiency: he however hobbled through his lesson, though in a very indifferent manner: and the teacher apologised to the stranger, and remarked that, *that lad was a grievous dunce*. The assistant, clapping young Clarke on the head, said, *Never fear, Sir, this lad will make a good scholar yet*. This was the first thing that checked his own despair of learning; and gave him hope. How injudicious is the general mode of dealing with those who are called *dull boys*. To every child learning must be a *task*, and as no young person is able to comprehend the maxim that the acquisition of learning will compensate the toil, encouragement and kind words from the teacher, are indispensably necessary to induce the learner to undergo the toil of these gymnastic exercises. *Wilful idleness* and neglect should be reprehended and punished; but where genius has not yet been developed, nor reason acquired its proper seat, the mildest



methods are the most likely to be efficient: and the smallest progress should be watched, and commended, that it may excite to farther attention and diligence. With those who are called *dull boys*, this method rarely fails.

But there are very few teachers who possess the happy art of developing genius. They have not a sufficiency of penetration to find out the bent or characteristic propensity of the minds of their pupils, in order to give them the requisite excitement and direction. In consequence, there have been innumerable native diamonds which have never shone, because they have fallen into such hands as could not distinguish them from common pebbles; and to them neither the hand nor the art of the lapidary, has ever been applied. Many children, not naturally dull, have become so under the influence of the schoolmaster.

As soon as Adam got through the *Reading made easy*, had learnt to spell pretty correctly, and could read with tolerable ease in the New Testament; his father, who wished if possible to make him a scholar, put him into *Lilly's Latin Grammar*. This was new and painful work to little Clarke, and he was stumbled by almost the first sentence which he was ordered to get by heart; not because he could not commit it to memory, but because he could not comprehend—

“In speech be these eight parts following; Noun, Pronoun, Verb, Participle, declined; Adverb, Conjunction, Preposition, Interjection, undeclined.”

He, however, committed this to memory, and repeated it and many of its fellows, without understanding one tittle of the matter; for no pains were taken to enable him to see the reason of those things which he was commanded to get by rote; and as the *understanding* was not instructed, the memory was uselessly burthened.

The *declensions of nouns* were painful, but he overcame them: the *conjugations of the verbs* he got more easily through, because there he perceived a species of *harmony or music*, and they were no burthen to his memory; though each verb was required to be conjugated after the manner of *Hoole*, yet he could pretty readily run through them all, and took delight to puzzle his school-fellows with difficult verbs, especially those which admitted great variety of inflection: e. g. *Lavo, lavas, lavi, atque lavavi; lavare, lavandi, lavando, lavandum; lautum, lautu, lotu, atque lavatum, lavatu; lavans, lauturus, loturus, atque lavaturus*.

*Propria quæ maribus*, he got through with difficulty, at two lines each lesson; which he was to repeat, afterwards construe, and lastly parse. With the *As in præsentii*, of the same ponderous grammar, he was puzzled beyond measure: he could not well understand the *do fit bi, do fit di, mo fit ui, no fit vi, quo fit qui, to fit ti, &c. &c.*, and could by no means pro-

ceed: of the *reason* or probable *utility* of such things, he could form no adequate judgment: and at last this became so intolerable, that he employed two whole days and a part of the third, in fruitless endeavours to commit to memory *two lines*, with their construction, of what appeared to him, useless and incomprehensible jargon. His distress was indescribable, and he watered his book with his tears: at last he laid it by, with a broken heart, and in utter despair of ever being able to make any progress. He took up an English Testament, sneaked into an English class, and rose with them to say a lesson. The master perceiving it, said in a terrific tone, "Sir, what brought you here? where is your Latin grammar?" He burst into tears, and said, with a piteous tone, *I cannot learn it*. He had now reason to expect all the severity of the rod: but the master, getting a little moderate, perhaps moved by his tears, contented himself with saying "Go, Sirrah, and take up your grammar: if you do not speedily get that lesson, I shall pull your ears as long as *Jowler's*, (a great dog belonging to the premises,) and you shall be a *beggar* to the day of your death." These were terrible words, and seemed to express the sentence of a ruthless and unavoidable destiny. He retired and sat down by the side of a young gentleman with whom he had been in class, but who, unable to lag behind with his dulness, requested to be separated, that he might advance by himself. Here he was received with the most bitter taunts, and poignant insults. "What! have you not learned that lesson yet? O what a stupid ass! You and I began together: you are now only in *As in presenti*, and I am in *Syntax*!" and then with cruel mockings, began to repeat the last lesson he had learned. The effect of this was astonishing—young Clarke was roused as from a lethargy; he felt, as he expressed himself, *as if something had broken within him*: his mind in a moment was all light. Though he felt indescribably mortified, he did not feel indignant: *what*, said he to himself, *shall I ever be a dunce*, and the butt of those fellows' insults! He snatched up his book, in a few moments committed the lesson to memory, got the construction speedily; went up and said it, without missing a word!—took up another lesson, acquired it almost immediately, said this also without a blemish, and in the course of that day wearied the master with his so often repeated returns to say lessons; and committed to memory all the Latin verses with their English construction, in which heavy and tedious *Lilly* has described the *four conjugations*, with their rules, exceptions, &c. &c. Nothing like this had ever appeared in the school before—the boys were astonished—admiration took the place of mockings and insult, and from that hour, it may be said from that *moment*, he found his memory at least capable of embracing every subject

that was brought before it, and his own long sorrow was turned into instant joy!

For such a *revolution* in the mind of a child, it will not be easy to account. He was not *idle*, and though playful never wished to indulge this disposition at the expense of instruction—his own *felt* incapacity was a most oppressive burthen; and the anguish of his heart was evidenced by the *tears* which often flowed from his eyes. *Reproof* and *punishment* produced neither *change* nor *good*, for there was nothing to be *corrected* to which they could apply. *Threatenings* were equally unavailing, because there was no *wilful* indisposition to study and application; and the fruitless *desire to learn*, shewed at least the regret of the want of that ability for the acquisition of which, he would have been willing to have made any kind of sacrifices.

At last this ability was strangely acquired, but not by *slow degrees*; there was no *conquest over inaptitude and dulness* by *persevering* and *gradual conflict*; the *power* seemed generated in a moment, and in a moment there was a transition from *darkness* to *light*, from mental imbecility to intellectual vigour, and no means nor excitements were brought into operation but those mentioned above. The reproaches of his school-fellow were the *spark* which fell on the gunpowder and inflamed it instantly. The *inflammable* matter was there before, but the *spark* was wanting. This would be a proper subject for the discussion of those who write on the philosophy of the human mind.

This detail has been made the more particular, because he ever considered it as one of the most important circumstances in his life; and he has often mentioned it as a singular Providence which gave a strong characteristic colouring to his subsequent life. This account may not be unuseful to those who have the care of youth; and it may teach the masters of the *rod* and *ferula*, that these are not the instruments of *instruction*, though extremely proper for the correction of the *obstinate* and *indolent*;—that *motives* exciting to *emulation* and to the prevention of disgrace may be, at least in some cases, more powerful and efficient than any punishment that can be inflicted on the flesh. A thorough study of the philosophy of the human mind and what constitutes *individual character*, seem essentially necessary qualifications for all those to whom the instruction of the rising generation is confided; and if this be so, there are few persons properly qualified to be competent Schoolmasters.

Let not the reader imagine from this detail, that from the time mentioned above, A. C. found no difficulty to cultivate his mind in the acquisition of knowledge; it was not so: he ever found an *initial* difficulty to comprehend any thing; and till he could comprehend in some measure the *reason* of the

thing, he could not acquire the *principle* itself. In this respect there was a great difference between him and his brother; the latter apprehended a subject at *first sight*, and knew as much of it in a short time as ever he knew after: the former was slow in apprehension and proceeded with great caution till he understood and was sure of his principles; he then proceeded with vigour, endeavouring to push those principles to the utmost of their legitimate consequences.

There was one branch of knowledge in which Adam could never make any progress; *viz.* *Arithmetic*. He was put to this when he was very young, before he was capable of comprehending its leading principles; and the elementary books then in common use were not happily conceived for the advantage of learners. *Fisher's Arithmetic*, was that out of which he learned the *five common rules*, and in it the examples in many cases are far from being distinct, and are often not well constructed to shew the principles of the rule which they are intended to illustrate. What can a child make of the following question in *Multiplication*:—"In ninety-eight casks of capers, each 3cwt. 3qrs. 14lbs., how many hundreds?" This was a question with which he was grievously puzzled, and which when he had mastered, he thought he had performed a work of no small magnitude.

The depressed state of this Family has already been referred to, and in such a way as not to leave the Reader any great hope of its emerging and rising to affluence: this was never the case. Still, however, the best provision was made for the education of the two only sons, which the disadvantageous circumstances of the family could afford.

But how true is the saying of an eminent poet:—

*Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat  
Res angusta domi.*—

Slowly they rise whose virtues are oppressed  
By hard distress at home.

Mr. Clarke had always a small *farm*, this was necessary for the support of a large family; his professional labours being inadequately remunerated at best, and often ill repaid by the parents of his pupils. It has no doubt been already perceived that Mr. C.'s school was of a mixed nature. He taught by himself alone, *Reading*, *Writing*, and *Arithmetic*, comprising *Bookkeeping*, *Trigonometry*, and *Navigation*; together with the Greek and Latin classics. The price at which each was taught may be reputed a curiosity:—

*Reading*, 1½d. per week; *Writing*, 2d.; *Writing* and *Accounts*, 4d.; and *Greek* and *Latin* 7s. per quarter. These were the *highest* terms in that country in the latter end of the eighteenth century.

Should it be supposed that the work was proportioned to the wages, it may safely be asserted, it was not. Mr. C. was a good *penman*, few, if any classical scholars superior: he was thoroughly acquainted with arithmetic, and taught it well; and of his classical knowledge, his son Adam, no mean judge in a matter of this nature, has been heard to say, "I have known many of more splendid literary talents than my father, many who could shine more *pro re nata*, in Greek and Latin learning; but a more correct scholar I never knew." Many persons of considerable eminence in all departments of science and literature were educated by Mr. Clarke,—Clergymen, Presbyterian Ministers and Popish Priests; Lawyers, Surgeons, Physicians, and Schoolmasters.

From this statement it will appear, that he required something to help out the deficiencies of his school, for the support of a numerous family: *Agriculture*, as has already been observed, of which he was particularly fond, was that to which he had recourse. On a peculiarly ungrateful soil, which he held for many years, he bestowed much of his own labour both *early* and *late*, this was the only time he had; for both in summer and winter he entered his school precisely at *eight in the morning*, which he continued til. *eight* in the evening in summer, and till near *four* in the depth of winter. From *May till September*, he allowed *one hour* for dinner: during the rest of the year the school was continued without any intermission. He had only two vacations in the year, amounting to *three weeks* in the whole; eight days at *Easter* and a fortnight at *Christmas*. Before and after school hours was the only time in which he could do any thing in his little farm; the rest of the labor, except in those times when several hands must be employed to plant and sow, or gather in the kindly fruits of the earth, was performed, with very little foreign assistance, by his two sons. This cramped their education; but, *Omnia vincit improbus labor*; the two brothers went *day about* to school, and he who had the advantage of the day's instruction gained and remembered all he could, and imparted on his return to him who continued in the farm, all the knowledge that he had acquired in the day. Thus they were alternately *instructors* and *scholars*, and each taught and learned for the other: This was making the best of their circumstances, and such a plan is much more judicious and humane than that which studies to make *one son a scholar*, while the others, equally worthy of attention, are made the *drudges* of the family, whereby jealousies and family feuds are often generated.

Their Father, who was a great admirer of the *Georgics* of VIRGIL,—the finest production of the finest Poet that ever lived,—without particularly calculating that the agricultural rules in that elegant work, were in many respects applicable only to the soil and climate of *Italy*, Lat. 45, applied them in a widely

different climate, to a soil extremely dissimilar, in Lat. 55, N This, in course, was not likely to bring about the most beneficial results. However this was the general plan on which Mr. Clarke carried on his agricultural operations; and it must be confessed, howsoever injudicious this must have been in several respects, his crops were, at least, as good as those of his neighbours.

The *School* in which A. Clarke had his Classical Education, was situated in the *skirt of a wood*, on a gently rising eminence, behind which a hill thickly covered with bushes of different kinds and growth, rose to a considerable height. In front of this little building there was a great variety of prospect, both of *hill* and *dale*, where, in their seasons, all the operations of husbandry might be distinctly seen. The boys who could be trusted, were permitted in the fine weather, to go into the wood, to study their lessons. In this most advantageous situation, Adam read the *Eclogues* and *Georgics* of Virgil, where he had almost every scene described in these poems, exhibited in real life, before his eyes. He has often said, if ever he enjoyed real intellectual happiness, it was in that place, and in that line of study. These living scenes were often finer and more impressive comments on the Roman poet, than all the laboured notes and illustrations of the *Delphin Editors*, and the *Variorum Critics*.

It was in this place, but at an earlier period than that noted above, that he composed a Satire on one of his school fellows, with whom he had fallen out, on no very sufficient grounds. The poem consisted of 175 verses; and was all composed one Saturday afternoon, after the breaking up of school, at a time in which he had not learned to write small hand, so as to be sufficiently intelligible; his brother therefore wrote them down from his mouth; some Fragments only remain, and they may be introduced here as a proof of what Dr. Johnson calls a *precocity of genius* in this way: and although they should not be deemed promissory of any poetic abilities, yet they are at least for a lad of eight or nine years of age, as good as the verses on *Master Duck*, attributed to the almost infancy of the above celebrated writer.

#### THE PARALLEL:—A POEM.

*Or Verses on William W—k—n, of Portglenone, in the County of Antrim, describing the base extraction, high insignificance, and family connexions, of the said William W—k—n, alias Pigmy Will.*

The Isle Egina as it's said,  
Was once depeopled by a plague:  
Nor male nor female then was spared  
Save Eacus, who was its laird.  
Great Jove to Eacus gave birth,  
As good a wight as liv'd on earth;

- And skill'd in magic as it's said,  
He found out means to stop the plague.  
(A) The ants they saw to their surprise,  
The nation fall before their eyes ;  
And earnestly desired then,  
That he would change them into men.  
This was no sooner said than done,  
For straight to conjuring he begun ;  
Then feet and legs might there be seen,  
And bodies moving on the green ;  
With thighs, arms, shoulders, neck, and head,  
Like ghosts arising from the dead.

*Multa desunt.*

When all this tiny race was fram'd,  
There was one of them that was nam'd  
*Ninneus*, he of stature small,  
The merest dwarf among them all ;  
The little *Næthius*, Pluto's client,  
Compared to him was like a giant ;—  
Nor all the race of Fairies dire,  
Nor Salamanders bred in fire,  
Nor Oberon the fairy king,  
Nor all the race of dwarfs living,  
Nor one on earth compared him 'till,  
Except the moth called *Pigmy Will*. (1)

But certes here, you'll think anon,  
This is a rare comparison ;  
That such a lad as *Ninneus* was,  
Should likened be to *Will* the dwarf.

But now, my muse, for to be brief.  
On *Willy's* acts turn o'er a leaf.

The *Pigmy* people did declare,  
With race of *Cranes* a dreadful war ;  
And urg'd them with their winged might  
To meet them on the field to fight.

The *Cranes*, not daunted at this news,  
Ne'er doubting that they'd soon confuse  
This reptile race, void dread or fear,  
Unto the battle they drew near.

Our *Pigmy* with his *little page*, (2)  
A fearful crane did soon engage :  
She tore their face with beak and nail,  
And dealt her blows as thick as hail.  
In minutes three the page was kill'd ;  
And *Will* being well in *running* skill'd,  
Took to his heels t' avoid disgrace,  
And shun the rage of cranish race.  
But fortune's smiles, that wait on th' brave,  
Beam'd not, our hero fleet to save ;  
For soon, alas ! he fell flat down.  
The crane observing him in swoon,  
Clutch'd and lift high up in the air,  
Having fast hold of poor *Will's* hair.

At this unhappy change of place,  
 Will made a haggard rueful face;  
 And earnestly desired to be  
 Rid of his potent enemy.  
 The crane fast sped, now high, now low,  
 With her poor caitiff screaming foe;  
 Till coming o'er *Portnegro* town, (3)  
 She loos'd her fangs, and let him down:  
 And he, poor wight, like old king Log,  
 Came plumb directly to a bog.

*Quæcunque desunt.*

When from *Portnegro* he came home,  
 His friends embrac'd him one by one;  
 But father said, "I'll thrash your back, sir, (4)  
 "Gin ye dinna mend your manners straight, sir!"

*Cætera desunt.*

Like all ancient compositions of famous and learned men, the above wonderful Poem stands in need of Notes and Illustrations.

(A) The transformation of the *ants* into *men* by *Eaous*, in the Island of *Egina*, is taken from OVID's *Metam.* Lib. VII., Fab. xxvi. and xxvii. And the story of the *pigmies* and the *cranes*, may be seen in Homer, Pliny, and Juvenal.

(1) *Pigmy Will*,—the school nick-name of the young man, William W—k—n.

(2) *Little page*,—a poor little serving lad, a sort of playmate of William's when he was at his father's house.

(3) *Portnegro*,—the town of *Portglenone*, on the River *Ban*, near to which this family dwelt.

(4) *I'll thrash your back*,—a very common expression of William's father.

But, it may be asked, how could young Clarke, at this age, get the information which enabled him to make the above classical allusions, for he had not yet read the authors to whom the verses refer? It may be answered, that he was now *learning*, and was particularly fond of classical *history*; and, having procured an old copy of Littleton's Dictionary, he made himself, at a very early age, entire master of all the *proper names*; so that there was neither *person* nor *place* in the classic world, of which he could not give a ready account. This made him of great consideration among his school-fellows; and most of them in all the forms, generally applied to him for information on the *historical* parts of their lessons.

His love of reading was intense and unconquerable. To gratify this passion, and a *passion* it was in him, he would undergo any privations, and submit to any kind of hardship. The *pence* that he and his brother got for *being good boys*, and doing extra work, &c., they carefully preserved, never laying them out on *toys*, *sweetmeats*, &c., as other children did; but



when their savings amounted to a sum for which they could purchase some interesting book, they laid it out in this way. At first they got *penny* and *two-penny histories*, afterwards *six-penny* books, and so on, as their minds were improved and their pence increased.

Their's was a *little* library—but to them exceedingly precious; for their books were their *companions*, and in their company every vacant hour was employed. Before and after labour, were their chief times for reading; and to gain time, the necessary hours of repose were abridged. Childish history, tales, and romances, were the first subjects of their study. The following short list of their books I give as a curiosity; the names of several are, I suppose, no longer known:—

- The *Reading made easy*, and *Dilworth's Spelling-Book*.
- The *famous and delightful History of Tom Thumb*.
- Ditto of *Jack the Giant Killer*.
- Ditto of *Jack Horner*.
- Ditto of *Rosewall and Lilly Ann*.
- Ditto of *Guy Earl of Warwick*.
- Ditto of the *Seven Wise Masters and Mistresses*.
- Ditto of the *Nine Worthies of the World*.
- Ditto of *Thomas Hickathrift*.
- Ditto of *Captain James Hind*.
- Ditto of the *Babes in the Wood*.
- Ditto of the *Seven Champions of Christendom*.
- Ditto of *Sir Francis Drake*.
- Ditto of the *New World*, i. e. *America*.
- Ditto of *Captain Fulkner*.
- Ditto of *Montekion*, or the *Knight of the Oracle*.
- Ditto of *Robinson Crusoe*.
- Ditto of *Valentine and Orson*.
- Ditto of *Parismus and Parismenos*.
- The *Tale of the Three Bonnets*.
- The *Fairy Tales*.
- Peruvian Tales*.
- Tartarian Tales*.
- Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.
- The *Destruction of Troy*.
- Robin Hood's Garland*.
- The *History of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudeasley*.
- The *Life of Sir William Wallace*.
- A *Groat's worth of Wit for a Penny*.
- Chevy Chase*.
- The *Cherry and the Sloe*.
- The *Gentle Shepherd*.
- The *Pilgrim's Progress*.
- Æsop's Fables*, by *L'Estrange*.
- The *Holy War*.—*Cum multis aliis, quæ nunc prescribere longum est.*

Such were the humble materials which served as *semina* for a very large stock of *bibliographical* knowledge, and, as a

foundation, certainly very unpromising, of one of the most select and valuable private libraries in the kingdom.

“From small beginnings mighty fabrics rise.”

According to the present mode of education, most of these articles would be proscribed, as calculated to vitiate the taste and give false impressions; especially books of *enchantment*, *chivalry*, &c. But is it not better to have a deeply rooted belief of the existence of an *eternal world*,—of God, *angels* and *spirits*, though mingled with such *superstition* as naturally cleaves to infant and inexperienced minds, and which maturer judgment, reflection, and experience, will easily correct,—than to be brought up in a general ignorance of God and heaven, of angels, spirits, and spiritual influence; or in *scepticism* concerning the whole? There is a sort of *Sadducean* education now highly in vogue, that is laying the foundation of general irreligion and *Deism*. Although it may not quadrate with certain received maxims, it may be here safely asserted, that it was such reading as the above, that gave A. Clarke his literary taste, and bent his mind to literary, philosophical, and metaphysical pursuits. He himself has been known to observe, “Had I never read those books, it is probable I should never have been a *reader*, or a *scholar*, of any kind: yea, I doubt much, whether I should ever have been a religious man. Books of enchantments, &c., led me to believe in a spiritual world, and that if there were a *devil* to hurt, there was a *God* to help, who never deserted the upright: and, when I came to read the Sacred Writings, I was confirmed by their authority in the belief I had received, and have reason to thank God, that I was not educated under the modern Sadducean system.”

At this early age he read the *Pilgrim's Progress*, as he would read a book of *Chivalry*. CHRISTIAN was the great *Hero*, by whom the most appalling difficulties were surmounted, the most incredible labors performed, powerful enchantments dissolved, giants conquered, and devils quelled. It was not likely that he would see it as a *spiritual allegory*: and therefore it was no wonder that he could not comprehend how *Christian* and *Hopeful* could submit to live several days and nights in the dungeon of *Doubting Castle*, under the torture of *Giant Despair*, while the former “had a *key* in his bosom which could open every lock in that castle.” When he read that part, and found that *Christian* actually had such a *key*, and *did use* it, and thus released both himself and his companion, he called him fifty fools for his pains; and has often since been led to express his surprise that both *John Bunyan* the author, and those who hold his creed, should not have been more aware of these great truths,—that no grace of God can

be at all effectual to the salvation of the soul, unless it be faithfully *used*;—that we may have the *power* to believe to the saving of the soul, and *yet not use that power*, and so continue in darkness and condemnation: for, although *faith* be the *gift of God*, it is only so as to the *grace* of faith, or *power* to believe; but the *act* of faith, or *believing*, is the *act of the soul*, under the aid of that *power* or *grace*; for, although, to believe *without the power*, is as “impossible as to make a world,” yet, when we have that *power*, we may believe and be saved. God no more *believes for us*, than he *repents for us*. We may have the grace of repentance,—a deep *conviction* from his spirit, that we have sinned; but we may harden our hearts against that grace, and so quench the spirit. In like manner, we may have the grace or *power* to believe, and yet *hesitate*, and not cast ourselves on Divine Mercy. *Christian* had the *key of faith* in his bosom, long before he pulled it out to open the doors of his prison house.

In hearing the history of the *Trojan War*; for his father used to recite it to his children as a *Winter Evening's Tale*; Adam was so much struck with the character of *Hector*,—his courage, his calmness, dignified carriage, filial piety, and inflexible love of his country and his family, that he was quite enamoured with it; and when he read *Burton's Nine Worthies of the World*, he longed to see *Hector*, whom he considered the chief of the whole; and as he had heard that in many cases the *departed* have revisited their friends and others; he has gone out into the fields by himself, when a child of seven or eight years old, and with the most ardent desire, invoked the soul of the departed Chief to appear to him; and, thinking that it could hear, has even set it a *time* and place in the fields to meet him.

Can it be supposed that the Romances which he read could be of any real service? The names of the chief of these, the Reader has already seen. With respect to these he has said, when conversing with his friends on the subject,—“I believe I should have been an *arrant coward* had I never read Romances; such was the natural timidity, or if you please, *imbecility* of my mind.” Of his *courage* none could doubt, who have seen him, while offering the salvation of God to a rebel world, surrounded and assailed by a desperate mob, standing alone, when his friends had forsaken him and fled, every man providing for his own safety. Instances of this kind will occur in the course of this Narrative.

As he had heard and read much of *enchantments* and *enchanters*, so he had heard much of *magic* and *magicians*. Whether there were any thing *real* in their pretended science he could not tell: but his curiosity prompted him strongly to inquire. He had heard of the *Occult Philosophy* of *Cornelius Agrippa*, and wonderful tales his school-fellows had told relative to this

book;—"that it was obliged to be *chained to a large block*, else it would fly, or be carried away," &c.

Hearing that a school-master at some miles' distance, had a copy, he begged his father to write a letter to the gentleman, requesting the loan of the book for a few days. Though he knew not the road, and was only about eight years of age, yet he equipped himself for the journey; and when his mother said, "Adam, you must not attempt to go; you will be lost, for you know not the road," he replied, *Never fear, mother, I shall find it well enough.* "But you will be so weary by the time you get there, that you will not have strength to return;" to which he answered, *Never fear, mother, if I can get there and get the book, I hope to get as much out of it, as will bring me home without touching the ground.* The little fellow had actually made up his mind to return to his home on the back of an angel; he was however disappointed; the man refused to lend the book.

This disappointment only served to whet and increase his curiosity: and an occurrence shortly after took place, which in some measure crowned his wishes as to a sight of this book. A family of *travelling tinkers* or *iron foundere*,—makers of small iron pots,—came to the country. It was currently reported of them, that they were all conjurors and possessed some wonderful magical books. Adam got leave from his parents to visit them. He found a man, his wife, and a tall well-made son of about twenty years of age, and several other children, two of whom were dumb, encamped in a forsaken house, where, for the time being, they had erected a *furnace* and were hard at work. Adam's errand was soon known, and the father, a very intelligent man, began to entertain him with strange relations of what might be done by *spells, figures, diagrams, letters, fumigations, &c. &c.* All this he heard with raptures, and inquired into the particulars:—these were sparingly related, and he was told to come the next day. He went accordingly, and was well received, and to his inexpressible joy, a copy of the three books of *Cornelius Agrippa's Occult Philosophy* was produced. He touched it with fear, and read it with trembling, and asked liberty to take some notes, which was conceded. In this way, studying, talking, looking for *simples*, and preparing for *operations*, he spent several days; this eccentric community cheerfully dividing, with this indefatigable student, their morsel of *homely fare*. Every night, however, he returned home; and early in the morning revisited these occult philosophers. At length, when they had supplied all the adjacent place with their manufacture, they removed to another part of the country, entirely out of his reach; and he returned laden with spoils, for such he esteemed them; and having, as he supposed, the bounds of his knowledge considerably enlarged. His instructor, how-

ever, had told him that there was a *fourth book* of the incomparable Cornelius Agrippa, without which, as it contained the *practice* of the art, it would be useless to attempt any operations. This was discouraging; but it could not be remedied, and so he nearly remitted all study of the science, as he was unacquainted with the practical part, till he should be able to meet with this *fourth book*.

The notes which he took at this time were very *imperfect*, as he had not learned to write, so as to make them very intelligible: but his brother copied all fair; and by the help of Adam's descriptions, made those little entries pretty correct.

He was persuaded the whole was innocent, for every thing seemed to be done with a reference to and dependance upon, God. By His *terrible name* all spirits were to be *raised, employed, bound, and loosed*. The science appeared to connect both worlds, and bring about a friendly intercourse between disembodied and embodied spirits: and by it those which were fallen and wicked were to be made the *servants and vassals* of the good and holy.

This view of the subject, tended greatly to impose on his mind; but happening about this time to read an answer in a book entitled *The Athenian Oracle*, to the question,—“Is that magic lawful whose operations are performed in the name of God, and by solemn invocations of his power,” &c. &c.? The answer was, No:—for, concerning such things, our Lord has said: *Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? And in thy name have cast out devils? And in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me ye that work iniquity*, Mat. vii. 22, 23.

This had a proper effect, and made him proceed afterwards with caution in all these occult matters: nor did he ever attempt to use any kind of magical incantations.

This subject has been treated more particularly because many young minds have been led astray by the promises and apparent piety of this science; and have been thereby plunged into sorrows and disappointments. So much of the fear of God had young Clarke all this time, that had he not been convinced that it was consistent with religion, he never would have bent his mind to its study. Many years after this, he investigated this subject still more minutely; and saw all that could be termed the use and abuse of it.

There was, however, one good effect produced, by the report spread in the neighbourhood,—that the young Clarks had such sovereign *magical powers*, and had such *spells* set in their house, garden, and fields, that, “if any person came to plunder or steal, he would be arrested by the power of those spells, and not be able to move from the spot in which he be-

gan his depredations, till sun-rise the next morning:" this secured their property. Previously to this, many things were stolen, particularly *poultry*; but after this, nothing was ever taken; and the family became so secure, that for months together, they neither bolted nor locked their doors; nor indeed was it necessary.

There are three or four articles in the little library mentioned above, on which it may be necessary to say a few words, because of the effects produced by them on A. C's. mind; and because of the influence they had on his future life and studies:—viz. *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *L'Estrange's Fables of Æsop*.

The reading of the first of these gave him that decided taste for *Oriental History* which has been so very useful to him in all his biblical studies. He wished to acquaint himself more particularly with a people whose customs and manners, both *religious* and *civil*, were so strange and curious; he never lost sight of this till divine providence opened his way, and placed the means in his power, to gain some acquaintance with the principal languages of the *East*. This also will be noticed in its due place.

*The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, he read as a *real history*: no true tale was ever better or more naturally told: and none, merely fictitious, was ever told more impressingly. No history, true or feigned, had ever a more direct *moral tendency*. From it, he has often said, he learned more expressly his *duty to God*, to his *parents*, and a firmer belief in *Divine Providence*, than from all he read or heard from books or men during his early years: and as soon as they could read, he took care to put this work into the hands of his own *children*, from the conviction, that in it were combined the finest lessons, and maxims of religion and morality, with every thing interesting and fascinating in historic detail. He has always stated that the good impressions made on his mind by reading this work were never effaced.

With the *Fables of Æsop*, and his *Life by Planudes*, he was always much delighted. It was almost one of the first books that he could read, and it was one of the last of his boyish companions that he relinquished. The little pictures with which it was adorned, were the means of attaching his mind, in the first instance. From the *Countryman, whose Wagon had stuck fast in the mud*, he learned the necessity of strenuous exertion, while expecting the Divine succour. He often applied the words, *Thou fool! whip thy horses and set thy shoulders to the wheels, and call upon Hercules, and he will help thee*, to those who expected God by a miracle to bring them out of their difficulties, while sitting down in indolence, and supine self-despair.

The fable of the *Lark and Young Ones*, taught him the

folly of expecting that help from *neighbours and friends* which a man owed to himself, and which by the exertions of himself and family, he could furnish. From the fable of the *Farmer who wished Rain and Fair Weather in those times which he should judge most proper, and at harvest time had no crop*, he learned the folly of human anxiety concerning the weather, and the necessity of depending on divine providence: The *Braggart* who pretended to have cleared so many yards at one leap in the *Island of Rhodes*, shewed him the vanity of empty boasting; and of pretending to have done some mighty feat in some distant country, which his friends were at liberty not to credit till they had seen him perform the same at home. *The Dog in the Manger*, *The Trumpeter taken prisoner*, *The sick Kite*, *The Daw in borrowed Feathers*, &c. &c. were all to him lessons of instruction; and from them he borrowed some of the chief maxims which governed his life.

It may be proper to give here some account how the peasantry spend their long winter's evenings, in that part of Ireland in which young Clarke was born and educated.

The young people of the different families go night about, to each other's houses, and while the female part are employed in *carding and spinning*, the master and elder males, in *weaving linen* cloth, and some of the smaller children in filling the *lobbins*, called there *quills*, and one holding the lighted wooden candle, a *thin lath*, split from a block of *bog-fir*, called there a *split*;—a grandfather, grandmother, or some other aged person, tells *Tales of other times*; chiefly respecting the exploits of their ancestors, especially of *Fion ma cool* (*Fingal*) and his family; and their wars with the *Danes*. Some of these tales employ two or three hours in the telling. And although this custom prevailed long before any thing was heard of *Macpherson*, and his *Fingal* and *Ossian*, and their heroes; yet similar accounts to his relations, were produced in the *Noctes Hibernicæ* of these people. It is true that in these, there were many wild stories which are not found in *Macpherson*, but the substance was often the same. Perhaps this may plead something in favour of *Macpherson's* general accuracy: he did not make all his stories: but he may have greatly embellished them. As for the existence of *epic poems*, in those times, either in *Ireland*, or in the *Scotch Highlands*, it is a fiction too gross to be credited: nothing like these appear in the best told tales of the most intelligent *Shenachies*; which they tell as having received them from their fathers, and they from their fathers, and so up to an impenetrable antiquity. A. C. has been heard to say:—"The Gaelic tales are of such a nature, and take possession of the heart and memory so forcibly, that they may be related by different persons again and again, without omitting any one material circumstance. I have heard some of these tales, the telling of which took up

*three full hours*, that I could repeat, and have repeated afterwards, in different companies, without the loss of a single sentence. I have, in telling such, done little else than give a *verbal relation*, only mending the language, where it appeared particularly faulty." *But were those tales, to which you refer, told in verse?* "No; they were all in *prose*: but they might have been originally in verse; for the persons who related them, translated them out of their maternal tongue, which was *Irish*, alias *Gaelic*. I asked no questions relative to the *form* in which they existed in the original; because I did not know that any thing depended on it; for of *Macpherson* and his *Ossian*, and the *controversy* on that subject, no man had then heard."

In one of those *tales* which relates to *Fion ma cool*, (*Fingal*,) there is a statement of his conversion by the preaching of St. Patrick. When the chief of Erin presented himself before the Saint, he found him very decrepit, and obliged to support himself on two crutches, while he performed the ceremony of baptism. When about to sprinkle the water upon *Fingal's* head, the Saint was obliged to shift his ground, in order to stand more commodiously by the chief. In doing this he unwittingly placed the pike of his crutch upon *Fion's* foot: the ceremony being ended, when St. Patrick was about to move away, he found the end of his crutch entangled in the foot of the chief, the pike having run through it and pinned it to the ground! Expressing both his surprise and regret, he asked *Fingal*, "Why he had not informed him of the mistake at first?" the noble chief answered, "*I thought, holy father, that this had been a part of the ceremony.*" He who could have acted so must have been truly magnanimous, and sincerely desirous of becoming a Christian!

When work and tales were ended the supper was introduced, which was invariably in the winter evenings, a *basket of potatoes*, boiled, *without being peeled*; and either a *salt herring*, or a *little milk*, mostly *butter-milk*. Immediately after this simple repast all went to bed, and generally arose to work a considerable time before day.

In few parts of the world do the peasantry live a more industrious and harmless life. It should also be stated, that sometimes, instead of *tales*, they employ themselves with *rid-dles*, *puzzles*, and various trials of *wit*. Sometimes in narrative and national songs, among which are accounts of *foreign travels*, *shipwrecks*, the *Battle of the Boyne*, and the *Siege of Londonderry*. They are fond also of blazoning the piety, fortitude, noble descent, and valorous achievements of their forefathers. Feats, requiring either much *strength* or *agility*, were frequent exercises for their young men in these social meetings; such as *lifting weights*; and, in moonlight nights, out of doors, *putting the stone*, and *pitching the bar or iron*



*crow*. *Balancing* was a favorite amusement, but in this very few make much proficiency, because it requires great agility and a very steady eye. Perhaps, few ever carried this to greater perfection than young Clarke; whatever he was able to lift on his chin, *that* he could balance: *iron crows, sledge hammers, ladders, chairs, &c. &c.*, he could in a great variety of combinations balance to great perfection on chin, nose and forehead. In short, whatever he saw done in this way he could do; so that many of the common people thought he performed these feats by a supernatural agency. How much more rational and manly are such amusements than *cards, dice, or degrading games of hazard* of any kind! By *these*, the mind is debased, and the meanest and vilest passions excited, nourished and gratified. By *those, emulation, corporeal strength, agility, &c.* are produced and maintained. The former may make poltroons and assassins, but can never make a *man, a friend, or a hero*.

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Of his *Religious Education*, scarcely any thing has been yet spoken; as it was not judged proper to mix his boyish operations and pursuits with matters of a more severe and spiritual cast.

We have already seen that, at a very early age his mind was deeply impressed with subjects of the greatest importance. This was not a transitory impression:—his mother was a woman *decidedly religious*: she was a *Presbyterian* of the old *Puritanic* school. She had been well catechised in her youth, and had read the Scriptures with great care and to much profit. She ever placed the fear of God before the eyes of her children, caused them to read and reverence the Scriptures, and endeavoured to impress the most interesting parts on their minds. If they did wrong at any time, she had recourse uniformly to the Bible, to strengthen her reproofs and to deepen conviction. In these she was so conversant and ready, that there was scarcely a delinquency, for the condemnation of which she could not easily find a portion. She seemed to find them on the *first opening*, and would generally say, "See what God has guided my eye to in a moment." Her own reproofs her children could in some measure bear, but when she had recourse to the *Bible*, they were terrified out of measure; such an awful sense had they of the truth of God's Word and the Majesty of the Author. One anecdote will serve to shew her manner of reproving, and the impression made by such reproofs.

Adam one day disobeyed his mother, and the disobedience was accompanied with some *look* or *gesture* that indicated an undervaluing of her authority. This was a high affront; she

immediately flew to the Bible, and opened on these words, Prov. xxx. 17, which she read and commented on in a most awful manner:—"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The poor culprit was cut to the heart, believing the words had been sent immediately from heaven: he went out into the field with a troubled spirit, and was musing on this horrible denunciation of Divine displeasure, when the hoarse croak of a raven sounded to his conscience an alarm more terrible than the cry of fire at midnight! He looked up and soon perceived this most ominous bird, and actually supposing it to be the raven of which the text spoke, coming to pick out his eyes, he clapped his hands on them with the utmost speed and trepidation, and ran towards the house as fast as the state of his alarm and perturbation would admit, that he might escape the impending vengeance!

The severe creed of his mother led her more frequently to represent the Supreme Being as a *God of justice*, than as the *God of mercy*: the consequence was, the children *dreaded* God, and obeyed only through *fear*:—perhaps, this was the only impression that could be made, to awaken conscience and keep it awake.

To the religious instructions of his mother, her son ever attributed, under God, that fear of the Divine Majesty, which ever prevented him from taking pleasure in sin. "My mother's reproofs and terrors never left me," said he, "till I sought and found the salvation of God. And sin was generally so burthensome to me, that I was glad to hear of deliverance from it. She taught me such reverence for the Bible, that if I had it in my hand even for the purpose of studying a chapter in order to say it as a lesson, and had been disposed with my class-fellows to sing, whistle a tune, or be facetious, I dared not do either while the book was open in my hands. In such cases I always shut it and laid it down beside me. Who will dare to lay this to the charge of *superstition*!"

We need not say that such a mother taught her children to *pray*. Each night, before they went to bed, they regularly kneeled successively at her knee and said the *Lord's Prayer*; and implored a blessing on father, mother, relatives, and friends: those who were six years old and upwards, said also the *Apostles' Creed*. She had also a *Morning Prayer* and an *Evening Prayer*, which she taught them: these prayers were in verse; who was the author we know not. As they are simple and expressive, and well suited to infant minds, I shall insert them for their *piety*, whatever may be thought of their *poetry*.

## AN EVENING PRAYER, FOR A YOUNG CHILD.

"I go to my bed as to my grave,  
 And pray to God my life to save.  
 But if I die, before I wake,  
 I pray to God my soul to take.  
 Sweet Jesus now, to thee I cry,  
 To grant me mercy before I die!  
 To grant me mercy, and send me grace,  
 That heaven may be my dwelling place!"

## A MORNING PRAYER, FOR A YOUNG CHILD.

"Preserve me, Lord, amidst the crowd,  
 From every thought that's vain and proud;  
 And raise my wandering mind to see,  
 How good it is to trust in THEE!  
 From all the enemies of thy truth,  
 Do thou, O Lord, preserve my youth:  
 And raise my mind from worldly cares,  
 From youthful sins and youthful snares!  
 Lord, tho' my heart's as hard as stone,  
 Let seeds of early grace be sown;  
 Still watered by thy heavenly love,  
 Till they spring up to joys above!"

These she caused them to conclude with the following short *doxology*.

"Give to the FATHER praise,  
 And glory to the SON;  
 And to the SPIRIT of his grace  
 Be equal honour done!"

The xxxiird Psalm in the old Version she also taught them to repeat, and her two sons she caused to learn and repeat Psalm cxxviii.

For the little Prayers above mentioned, Adam ever felt a fond attachment. "They contain," said he, "the first breathings of my mind towards God; and even many years after I had known the power of God to my Salvation, I continued to repeat them, as long as I could with propriety use the term *youth*."

Every Lord's Day was strictly sanctified; no manner of work was done in the family: and the children were taught from their earliest youth to sanctify the Sabbath. On that day she took the opportunity to catechise and instruct her children, would read a chapter, sing a portion of a Psalm, and then go to prayer. While reading, she always accustomed the children who had discernment, to note some particular verse in the reading, and repeat it to her when prayer was over. This engaged all their attention, and was the means of impressing the word on their hearts as well as on their memories. She obliged

them also to get by heart the *Church Catechism*, and the *Shorter Catechism* of the Assembly of Divines.

Thus, the children had the creed of their *father*, who was a *Churchman*, and the creed of their *mother*, who was a *Presbyterian*; though she was far from being a Calvinist. But, although they went occasionally to the Presbyterian meeting, they *all* felt a decided preference for the *Church*.

Though the parents of A. C. belonged to different Christian communities, they never had any animosities on religious subjects. The parish clergyman and the Presbyterian parson, were equally welcome to the house; and the husband and wife most cheerfully permitted each other to go on their own way: nor were any means used by either to determine their children to prefer one community to the other. They were taught to fear God and expect Redemption through the Blood of the Cross, and all other matters were considered by their parents, of comparatively little moment.

As it was fashionable as well as decent for all those who attended divine worship on the Lord's Day to take a part in the *public singing*, (for *choirs* of singers, the bane of this part of religious worship, were not known in those times,) so the youth spent a part of the long winter's evenings in learning what was called *sacred music*. A person less or more skilled in this art, set up a *night school* in some of the most populous villages; and the young people attended him for two or three hours, so many nights in the week. All had books in which the same tunes were pricked; and each tune was at first *sol fa'd*, till it was tolerably well learned, and then sung to some corresponding *words*. Afterwards, each was obliged to give out some verse of his own; and lastly, as trials of skill, one made a line; by the time that was *sung*, another was obliged to find a line that would match in *measure* and *meaning*, a third did the same, and a fourth in the same way concluded the stanza; neither of these knowing any thing previously of the subject on which he should be obliged to compose his verse: these trials of skill often produced much *doggerel*, but there were, not unfrequently, some *happy lines* and *flashes of real wit*. Sometimes this contest lay between two persons, the second of whom had no more than the time in which the previous line was sung, to make that which was to be its correspondent, both in sense and measure.

This method of singing and making *alternate verses*, is certainly very ancient; we may find traces of it among the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*: and in *Homer*, *Theocritus*, and *Virgil*, it is expressly mentioned. The song of *Moses*, of *Deborah* and *Barak*, and the fifth chapter of *Isaiah*, and other portions in the Old Testament, seem to have been composed in the same way. *Homer*, *Theocritus*, and *Virgil*, are direct proofs. A quotation from each will shew that this humble singing of

the aboriginal Irish peasantry, is not without the sanction of an illustrious antiquity.

Ὡς τότε μιν προΐεν ἡμᾶς ἐς ἡλίον καταΐοντα  
Δαίνυντ'· οὐδ' ἐτι θυμός ἐδούετο δαίτης εἴσης,  
Ὅν μιν φορμιγγὸς περικαλλεός, ἦν ἐχ' Ἀπολλών,  
Μουσῶν θ', αἱ αἰδὼν ἀμειβεσθῆναι σπι καλῇ.

ILIAD I. versæ 601.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong  
In feasts ambrosial and celestial song:  
Apollo tun'd the lyre: the Muses round  
With *voice alternate* aid the silver sound.

PORC.

Thus the shepherds, cowherds, and goatherds, in *Theocritus*:—

Ἀλλ' αἶε δὴ, (ζῆνα γὰρ ὁδός, ζῆνα δὲ καὶ αὐτός)  
Βυκολιασδόμεσθα· ταχ' ὥταρος ἄλλον ἐνασσεῖ.

IDYLL. VII. versæ 35

But let us carol the Bucolic lay,  
Since ours one common sun, one common way.  
*Alternate* transport may our joy infuse.

POLWHEEL.

Ἄ' δι μιν παῖδες αἰδὼν, δ' δ' αἰκόλος ἤθελε κρίναι.  
Ἔστα δ' ἀμοιβαῖην ἐπελαμβάνε Δαφνίς αἰδῶν  
Βυκολικῶν· ὅττω δὲ Μενάλκας ἀρξάτο πρῶτος.

IDYLL. VIII. versæ 28.

The goatherd not unwilling to decide,  
As in *alternate* songs the *rivals* vied;  
They hastened with *contending* pipes to play;  
And first Menalceus breathed the rural lay.

POLWHEEL.

*Virgil* mentions the *alternate* singing, and gives a *reason* for it, which he appears to have borrowed from *Homer*:—

*Incipe, Damoeta: tu deinde sequere, Menalce.*  
*Alternis dicetis: amant alterna Camena.*

ECLOG. III. versæ 58.

The challenge to Damoetas shall belong;  
Menalceus shall sustain his tender song;  
Each in his turn, your tuneful numbers bring;  
By turns, the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DRYDEN.

It may be added, that their *sacred tunes* were few, very *flat*, and mostly of *common* and *long measure*; and probably of Scottish extraction. Tunes entitled *French*, *London*, *York*, *Abbey*, *Elgin*, *Dumfries*, *Newton*, *Dublin*, &c., &c., and the *Old Hundredth Psalm*, were some of the chief: and one or other of these tunes might be heard in every church and meeting-house through a whole district or county on the Lord's Day.

The Irish Papists used no singing in that part of the country, in their mass-houses. Their singing was chiefly confined to *funeral occasions*; and seems to be the simple remains of an exceedingly remote antiquity; and to have been of Asiatic extraction; as the manner in which it was performed by the ancient Jews, appears to be precisely the same with that in which it is performed by the present Irish Papists, the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country.

The *Caoinian*, *Irish howl*, or *Irish cry*, as some term it, has been much spoken of, but is little understood. It is a species of the *alternate music* already referred to; and was generally practised among the Papists in Dr. Clarke's youth; and he himself has been often present at it: it was then in a state of less perfection than it had been, and now is falling into entire disuse. The priests having displaced it, by their strong recommendation of the *Gregorian Chant*.

Mr. Beauford, in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, gives a good account of it:—

"The body of the deceased, dressed in grave-clothes, and ornamented with flowers, and odoriferous herbs, was usually placed on a table or elevated place. The relations and the *Caioniers*, i. e. the persons who sung the funeral songs and lamentations, ranged themselves in two divisions, one at the head, and the other at the feet of the corpse.

"The *Bards* and *Croteries*, i. e. those who composed the songs, and related the *genealogy*, &c., of the deceased, having before prepared the funeral *Caionian*, the chief bard of the *head chorus* began, by singing the first stanza, in a *low doleful tune*, which was softly accompanied by the harp; at the conclusion, the *last semi-chorus* began the lamentation, or *ullaloo*, from the final note of the preceding stanza, in which they were answered by the *head semi-chorus*, and then both united in one *general chorus*.

"The *chorus* of the first stanza being ended, the *chief bard* of the first *semi-chorus* sang the second stanza, the *strain* of which was taken from the concluding note of the preceding chorus; which being ended, the *head semi-chorus* began the *gol*, or *lamentations*, in which they were answered by that of the *foot*; and then as before, both united in the general full chorus. And thus *alternately*, were the *song* and *choruses* performed during the night.

"The *genealogy*, rank, possessions, virtues, and vices, of the deceased, were rehearsed; and a number of interrogations were addressed to the *dead person*; as 'Why did he die?' If married, 'Whether his wife was faithful to him: his sons dutiful, and good warriors?' If a *matron*, 'Whether her daughter were fair or chaste?' If a *young man*, 'Whether he had been crossed in love?' or 'If the blue eyed maids of Erin treated him with scorn?' &c., &c.

“Each versicle of the *Caoinian* consisted only of *four feet*, and each foot was commonly of *two syllables*: the *three* first required no correspondence, but the *fourth* was to correspond with the terminations of the other versicles.”

The music-master whose lessons A. C. attended, willing to stand on at least equal ground with all his competitors, and to secure a competent number of *scholars*, proposed that he would divide the usual hours into two parts, teach *singing* in the former part, and *dancing* in the other. This brought him several additional scholars, and his school went on much to his own advantage. At first Adam despised this silly adjunct to what he had always deemed of great importance; and for a considerable time took no part in it; as it appeared little else than a mad *freak*, as long as it lasted. At length, through considerable *persuasion*, his steadfastness was overcome; by long looking, it began to appear harmless;—by and bye graceful, and lastly an elegant accomplishment! It was now, *cast in your lot with us*: he did so; and as it was always a maxim with him to do whatever he did with his might; he bent much of his attention to this, and soon became superior to most of his school-fellows. Formerly he went to the school for the sake of the *singing*,—now he went most for the sake of the *dancing*: leaving his understanding uninfluenced, it took fast hold of his passions. If prevented at any time from going, he felt uneasy, sometimes vexed, and often what is called *cross*: his temper in such cases, being rarely under his own control.

His own opinion of the whole of this business may be best told in his own words. “*Mala Ave*, when about 12 or 13 years of age, I learned to *dance*. I long resisted all solicitations to this employment, but at last I suffered myself to be overcome; and learnt, and profited beyond most of my fellows. I grew passionately fond of it, would scarcely walk but in *measured time*, and was constantly *tripping, moving, and shuffling*, in all times and places. I began now to value myself, which, as far as I can recollect, I had never thought of before; I grew impatient of control, was fond of company, wished to mingle more than I had ever done, with young people; I got also a passion for *better clothing*, than that which fell to my lot in life, was discontented when I found a neighbour’s son *dressed better* than myself. I lost the spirit of *subordination*, did not *love work*, imbibed a spirit of *idleness*, and in short, drunk in all the brain-sickening effluvia of *pleasure*; dancing and company took the place of *reading and study*; and the authority of my parents was feared indeed, but not respected; and few serious impressions could prevail in a mind imbued now with frivolity, and the love of pleasure; yet I entered into no disreputable assembly, and in no one case, ever kept any improper company; I formed no

illegal connection, nor associated with any whose characters were either tarnished or suspicious. Nevertheless, *dancing* was to me a *perverting influence*, an *unmixed moral evil*: for although by the mercy of God, it led me not to depravity of manners, it greatly weakened the *moral principle*, drowned the voice of a well instructed conscience, and was the first cause of impelling me to *seek my happiness in this life*. Every thing yielded to the disposition it had produced, and every thing was absorbed by it. I have it justly in abhorrence for the moral injury it did me; and I can testify, (as far as my own observations have extended, and they have had a pretty wide range,) I have known it to produce the same evil in others that it produced in me. I consider it therefore, as a branch of that *worldly education*, which leads from heaven to earth, from things spiritual to things sensual, and from God to Satan. Let them plead for it who will; I know it to be *evil*, and that *only*. They who bring up their children in this way, or send them to those schools where *dancing* is taught, are consecrating them to the service of Moloch, and cultivating the passions, so as to cause them to bring forth the weeds of a fallen nature, with an additional rankness, deep rooted inveteracy, and inexhaustible fertility. *Nemo sobrius saltat*, 'no man in his senses will dance,' said Cicero, a heathen: shame on those Christians who advocate a cause by which many *sons* have become profligate, and many *daughters* have been ruined." Such was the experience of A. Clarke in *dancing*, and such was his opinion of the practice. Against this branch of fashionable education he, on all proper occasions, lifted up his voice. Many years after this he wrote a paper on the subject, which was inserted in vol. xv. of the *Arminian Magazine*; this was in consequence of an attempt made to bring it into the boarding schools of the Methodists. Under the influence of this depraving practice, A. C. did not long continue: in less than two years it began and terminated with him.

It was now high time to think of casting his lot for life. At first he was designed for the *Ministry*; and he himself wished it, without knowing what he desired. But the circumstances of the family, there being now *seven children*, two sons and five daughters, rendered it impracticable to maintain him at one of the Universities. That scheme therefore was dropped; and his parents next proposed to place him with a Surgeon and Apothecary of their acquaintance: this purpose also miscarried, when just on the eve of completion; and, as his brother had about this time finished his apprenticeship, and gone to sea, the family began to think that it would be best for them to retain at home, this, their *only remaining son*, that he might assist his father in the school, and succeed him when it should please God to render him unfit for the employment. This



was no lure to Adam's mind; he saw plainly that his father had much trouble, with great labour and anxiety, for very small gains. And besides, it was not a line of life for which he had ever felt any predilection. How his lot was afterwards determined will shortly appear.

It may be necessary in this place to mention two accidents, both of which had very nearly proved fatal to young Clarke. Having occasion to bring home a sack of grain from a neighbouring village; it was laid over the bare back of his horse, and to keep it steady, he rode on the top; one end being much heavier than the other, he found it difficult to keep it on: at last it preponderated so much, that it fell, and he under it; his back happened to come in contact with a pointed stone: he was taken up apparently dead; a person attempted to draw some blood from his arm, but in vain, none would flow, and his face, neck, &c. turned quite black. He lay insensible for more than two hours, during the greater part of which time, he was not known even to breathe, so that all said *he is dead*. He was brought near the fire and rubbed with warm cloths; at length a plentiful flow of blood from the orifice in his arm, was the means of promoting that respiration which had been so long obstructed. All had given him over for dead, and even now that he began to breathe, but with an oppressive sense of the acutest pain, few entertained hopes that he could long survive this accident. In about 24 hours it was thought that he might in an easy chair be carried home, which was about a mile distant. He however utterly refused to get into the chair, but while the men carried it, held it with his right hand, and walked by its side, and thus reached his father's house; and in a short time, to the great surprise of all who had witnessed the accident, was completely restored. Had he not been designed for matters of great and high importance, it is not likely in the ordinary course of nature he could have survived this accident.

The second accident had like to have proved completely fatal, because it happened where he could have no succour. At this time his father had removed to the vicinity of Coleraine, in the parish of Agherton, very near that beautiful strand, where the river *Ban* empties itself into the *Deucalionian Sea*. One morning, as was sometimes his custom, he rode a mare of his father's into the sea to bathe her; the sea was comparatively calm, the morning very fine, and he thought he might ride beyond the *breakers*, as the shore in that place was remarkably smooth and flat. The mare went with great reluctance, and plunged several times; he urged her forwards, and at last he got beyond the breakers into the *swells*. A terrible swell coming, from which it was too late to retreat, overwhelmed both the horse and its rider. There was no person in sight, and no help at hand: the description which

he afterwards gave will be best known from his own words.

"In company one day with the late Dr. *Letsom*, of London, the conversation turning on the resuscitation of persons apparently dead from drowning; Dr. L. said, 'Of all that I have seen restored, or questioned afterwards; I never found one who had the smallest recollection of any thing that passed from the moment they went under water, till the time in which they were restored to life and thought.' Dr. Clarke answered, 'Dr. L., I knew a case to the contrary.' 'Did you indeed?' 'Yes, Dr. L., and the case was *my own*: I was once drowned,'—and then I related the circumstances; and added, 'I saw my danger, but thought the mare would swim, and I knew I could ride; when we were both overwhelmed, it appeared to me that I had gone to the bottom with my *eyes open*. At first I thought I saw the bottom clearly, and then felt neither apprehension nor pain;—on the contrary, I felt as if I had been in the most delightful situation: my mind was tranquil, and uncommonly happy; I felt as if in *Paradise*, and yet I do not recollect that I saw any person; the impressions of happiness seemed not to be derived from any thing *around me*, but from the state of my mind; and yet I had a general apprehension of pleasing objects; and I cannot recollect that any thing appeared *defined*, nor did my eye take in any object, only I had a general impression of a *green colour*, such as of fields or gardens; but my happiness did not arise from these, but appeared to consist merely in the tranquil, indescribably tranquil, state of my mind. By and bye I seemed to awake as out of a slumber, and felt *unutterable pain*, and *difficulty of breathing*; and now I found I had been carried by a strong wave, and left in very shallow water upon the shore; and the pain I felt was occasioned by the air once more inflating my lungs, and producing respiration. How long I had been under water I cannot tell: it may however be guessed at by this circumstance:—when restored to the power of reflection, I looked for the mare, and saw her walking leisurely down shore towards home; then about *half a mile distant from the place where we were submerged*. Now I aver, 1. That in being drowned, *I felt no pain*. 2. That I did not for a single moment lose my *consciousness*. 3. I felt indescribably happy, and though dead, as to the total suspension of all the functions of life, yet I felt no pain in dying; and I take for granted from this circumstance, that those who die by drowning, feel no pain; and that probably, it is the easiest of all deaths. 4. That I felt no pain till once more exposed to the action of the atmospheric air; and then I felt great pain and anguish in returning to life; which anguish, had I continued under water, I should have never felt. 5. That animation must have been totally suspended from the

time I must have been under water : which time might be in some measure ascertained by the distance the mare was from the place of my submersion, which was at least half a mile, and she was not, when I first observed her, making any speed. 6. Whether there were any thing preternatural in my escape, I cannot tell : or whether a *ground swell* had not in a merely natural way borne me to the shore, and the retrocession of the tide, (for it was then ebbing,) left me exposed to the open air, I cannot tell. My preservation might have been the effect of *natural* causes ; and yet it appears to be more rational to attribute it to a superior agency. Here then, Dr. L., is a case widely different, it appears, from those you have witnessed : and which argues very little for the modish doctrine of the *materiality of the soul*.' Dr. Letsom appeared puzzled with this relation, but did not attempt to make any remarks on it. Perhaps the subject itself may not be unworthy of the consideration of some of our *minute philosophers*."

I shall relate two other remarkable accidents which occurred in his neighbourhood about this time.

A neighbouring farmer, Mr. David Reed, had the reputation in the country of being extremely rich. Several attempts had been made to rob his house, but they had all failed. At last a servant, who had lately lived with him, and knew the way of the house, plotted with one *Cain*, a cooper, and one *Digny*, a schoolmaster, and a fellow of the name of *M'Henry*, to rob the house on a Sabbath evening. Neither of them lived in that neighbourhood : they rendezvoused in a town called *Garvagh*, about a mile and a half from the place, where they purchased a couple of candles. They left that about eleven o'clock at night, and concealed themselves somewhere in the fields, till about two in the morning. They then came to the house and had a consultation, *which* was the best method of entering.— At first they got a long ladder and reared it against the house, intending to strip off some of the thatch above the kitchen, and enter that way, as there was no flooring above it. This they afterwards gave up as too tedious, and likely to lead to a discovery. They were now about to abandon their design, when *Digny*, a man of desperate courage, upbraided them with cowardice ; and said, " Will you resign an enterprise in which you are likely to acquire so large a booty, because there appear to be some difficulties in the way ?" After a little parley, they came to the resolution to take the house by storm, and *Digny* agreed to enter first, by suddenly dashing the kitchen window to pieces. He stripped off his coat and waistcoat, tied a garter round each arm to confine his shirt, one about each knee to render him more firm, and one round his waist, in which he stuck his *pistols*, and tied a handkerchief over his face, with three holes cut in it, one for his mouth and two for his eyes. He then, in a moment, dashed the window to pieces, passed

through it, and leaped down from the sill, and though he alighted on a spinning-wheel, and broke it in pieces, yet he did not stumble! He flew in a moment to the door, unlocked it, and let two of the gang in, the fourth, *M'Henry*, standing without as sentry. The lock being a very good one, the bolt went back with so loud a noise as to awaken Mr. Reed, who lay in a room off the kitchen, on the same floor. A young man of the name of *Kennedy*, a servant in the family, lay in a room next to that of his master, only separated from it by a narrow passage, which divided two sets of rooms on the right and left.—Cooper *Cain*, and the other accomplice, went immediately to the fire, which being in that country formed of turf was raked up in its own ashes, and began to pull out the coals in order to light their candle. Mr. Reed having been awakened as before related, jumped out of bed, ran up the passage towards the kitchen, and cried out "Who is there?" *Digny*, who was standing ready with his hanger drawn, waiting for the light, which the others were endeavoring to procure, hearing the voice, made a blow at the place whence it came, but did not see that the old man had not yet passed through the door into the kitchen; the hanger caught the bricks above the door head, broke out more than a pound weight off one of them, above the lintel, slid down, and laid Mr. Reed's right cheek open from the eye to the lower jaw. Had he been six inches more advanced the blow would have cleft his head in two. The old man feeling himself wounded, sprang desperately forward and seized the assassin, who immediately dropped his hanger, which he could no longer use, (for Mr. Reed, who was a powerful man, had seized him by both his arms,) closed in and grappled with Mr. R. *Kennedy*, who had been awake even before the window was broken, arose, and while his master and *Digny* were struggling in the passage, got past them, went into the kitchen where a charged gun was hanging on hooks high up on the wall, ascended a large chest, seized the gun, which he not being able to get readily out of the hooks, with a desperate pull brought the hook out of the wall, descended from the chest, squeezed by his master and the assassin, still struggling in the passage, cocked it, and was going to fire, but could not discern his master from the robber. With great presence of mind he delayed till *Cain* and his confederate having succeeded in lighting their candle, (which they found very difficult, not having a match,) he was able to discern between his master and *Digny*. In that moment he fired, and shot the latter through the heart, who instantly fell, and Mr. Reed on the top of him. *Kennedy* having discharged his piece, immediately cried out, "I have shot one of them, hand me the other gun." *Cain* and his accomplice hearing the report, and seeing what was done, immediately extinguished their candle, issued out at the door, and they and *M'Henry* fled for their lives

Though it has taken some time to describe the circumstances of this transaction, yet the Reader must not imagine that much time had elapsed from the forcible entry till the death of *Digny*. All these circumstances were crowded into two or three minutes. *Kennedy* then flew to the door, relocked it, threw chairs, tables, &c. against it and the window, reloaded his gun, into which in his hurry, he put nearly eleven inches of powder and shot, and stood ready to meet another attack.

But who can describe the horrors of this family, expecting every moment a more powerful assault, none daring to go out, or open the door to seek for help, the house being at some distance from the rest of the village! There were in the house, only Mr. Reed, an aged, infirm sister, a little boy, and *Kennedy* the servant man. Mr. Reed, partly with the alarm, partly with the wound and consequent loss of blood, was reduced to great weakness, and his mind became so disturbed that he could scarcely believe the slain assassin who lay on the floor, was not his own servant *Kennedy* who had been shot by the robber.

At length after several hours of the deepest anxiety, daylight returned, and brought assurance and confidence to this distressed family. The issue of this business was, *M<sup>r</sup> Henry* turned king's evidence, and the old servant was taken and hanged; but *Cooper Cain* fled, and was never heard of more. *Digny* was buried like a dog without coffin, &c. in the church-yard, but afterwards had an untimely resurrection. One of A. C.'s school-fellows, who was then apprentice to a surgeon, came with a fellow-apprentice to the grave-yard after night, dug him up, put him in a sack, laid him across a horse, one of them riding behind to hold him on, and thus carried him to *Cole-raine*, a distance of twelve miles, which they reached before daylight; and taking him to the market-house, one of the surgeons, *Mr. Ellison*, opened him and gave the young men a lecture on the subject in general; after which he was buried at the foot of the *rampart*. *Kennedy* got forty pounds at the county assizes: his master put him to school for a time, and it was naturally supposed, that as he had no child he would provide for him during life, but Mr. R. died soon after and left his preserver nothing!

There was a circumstance in the case worthy of remark: Mr. R. had lent his gun to a man who lived several miles off: on Saturday evening, *Kennedy* asked liberty from his master to go and bring home the gun, which was with difficulty granted. Had not the gun been brought home that night, there is no doubt the house would not only have been robbed, but every soul murdered; as it was evident they had intended to leave no person alive to tell tales.

The second instance I have to relate, was still more melancholy. An equestrian came to that country, and performed

several remarkable feats of horsemanship. He could manage the wildest horses; and permitted people to fire off guns and pistols while practising the most dangerous positions. He had appointed a day to perform in a large open field; multitudes went to see him, and many fired off guns during the exhibition. A nephew of the same Mr. Reed was on the ground, and had the same gun with him with which Digny was shot. He, supposing that it had been discharged and charged again with powder only, (whereas it had a heavy charge of *duck-shot*;) fired low near the horse's side, as the equestrian rode by in that part of the ring. Lieutenant Stephen Church, A. C.'s brother, and Mr. William Clark, one of his school-fellows, standing together in the opposite side of the ring, the principal part of the charge entered the Lieutenant's right leg, and tore it almost to pieces. Several shot entered one of the legs of Mr. W. Clark, and A. C.'s brother had his shoe ploughed in several places, by the shot, but he was not wounded. A mortification taking place, the leg was amputated in a very unskilful manner, and the Lieutenant shortly after died. What was very remarkable in this case was; Lieut. C. had lived what was called a *GAY*, that is, a *worldly, careless, life*; without, apparently, any sense of *religion*: from the moment he was wounded, he laid his eternal interests most deeply to heart; and spent the interval between the accident and his death, which was some weeks, in deeply mourning for past errors, and in incessant prayer for redemption through the Friend of sinners.

It is worthy of remark that, that gun, which was esteemed the best in the neighbourhood, had killed *Digny*, killed *Lieut. Church*, and killed a *nephew* of Mr. Reed's;—he was found in a field, where he had gone out on a fowling excursion, lying against a bank, his brains blown out, and the gun lying by his side! This circumstance would have served for a place in the *Miscellanies* of Sir John Aubrey, who might suppose that fatalities were attached to *particular instruments*, as well as to particular *places* and *times*.

Shortly after Lieutenant Church received his wound, his brother, *George Church, Esq.*, a gentleman of very large estates, was killed by a fall from his horse. Previously to these two disasters, *strange noises* were heard in the mansion-house called the *Grove*. The doors were said to have opened and shut of themselves; sometimes all the pewter dishes, &c. on the dresser in the kitchen, were so violently agitated as to appear to have been thrown down on the floor, though nothing was moved from its place. Sometimes *heavy treading* was heard where no human being was; and often, as if a person had fallen at whole length on the floor, above the kitchen! A. C. sat up one whole night in that kitchen, during Lieut. Church's indisposition, and most distinctly heard

the above noises, shortly before Mr. G. Church was killed by the fall from his horse. After the death of the two brothers, these noises were heard no more! What was the cause of the noises was never discovered.

While on the subject of *omens*, it may not be improper to notice the opinion concerning *Fairies*, then so prevalent in that country. It is really astonishing how many grave, sober, sensible, and even religious people, have united in asserting the fact of their existence! and even from their own personal knowledge, as having seen, or heard, or conversed with them! At a near neighbour's, according to the report of the family, was their principal rendezvous in that country. The good woman of the house declared in the most solemn manner to Mrs. Clarke, that a number of those *gentle people*, as she termed them, occasionally frequented her house; that they often conversed with her, one of them putting its hands on her eyes, during the time, which hands she represented, from the sensation she had, to be about the size of those of a child of four or five years of age! This good woman with her whole family, were worn down with the visits, conversations, &c. &c. of these generally invisible gentry. Their lives were almost a burthen to them; and they had little prosperity in their secular affairs. But these accounts were not confined to *them*: the whole neighbourhood was full of them, and the belief was general if not universal. From the natural curiosity of A. C. it needs not to be wondered that he wished to see matters of this sort. He and his brother frequently supposed that they heard noises and music altogether unearthly. Often they have remarked that small fires had been kindled over night in places where they knew there were none the preceding day; and at such sights, it was usual for them to say to each other, *The fairies have been here last night*. Whatsoever may be said of such imaginings and sights, though not one in a million may have even the shadow of truth, yet *sober* proofs of the existence of a *spiritual world*, should not be lightly regarded. We may ridicule *such* accounts, till the Holy Scriptures themselves may come in for their share of infidel abuse.

## BOOK II.

I COME now to the most important part of A. C.'s life,—that in which he began to perceive the importance of pure and undefiled Religion: and in which he began to discern and relish the power of divine truth. It is not to be supposed that there can be any great variety in the experience of religious people. *Repentance, faith, and holiness*, are unchangeable in their nature, and uniform in their effects. Religion has to do with *one God, one Mediator, one sacrifice*; it recommends *one faith*, enjoins *one baptism*, proclaims *one heaven*, and *one hell*. All these are unchangeable both in their nature and their effects. *One Gospel* is the fountain whence all these things are derived; and that Gospel being the *everlasting Gospel*, was, is, and will be, the *same*, from its first publication, till time shall be no more. *Novelty*, therefore, on such subjects cannot be expected: he who has read the conversion and religious experience of one sensible man, has, in substance, read that of ten thousand.

Yet still it is a subject of laudable curiosity to know, how a mind such as that of Adam Clarke's became first enlightened; on what grounds he first received that religious creed of which he was afterwards so powerful an advocate; and why he became so decisively attached to that body of religious people in whose communion he still remains.

We have already noticed the bringing up of A. C. and the care that a religious mother took of the spiritual concerns of her children; and the good effects of that education, in opening their minds to religious truth, and keeping their hearts susceptible of divine impressions. We have also seen, what effects this produced on the mind of Adam in particular, filling his heart with the *fear of God*, a *deep reverence* for the *Bible*, and the most cordial approbation of the principles of Christianity in general. We are now to witness the vegetation of that seed which was cast into a soil which God had fitted for its reception; where it took deep root, and brought forth such fruits as gave no equivocal evidence of a thorough scriptural conversion. He had hitherto sat principally under the ministry of the Rev. W. Smith, of Millburn, near Coleraine, Rector of the parish of Agherton. He was a good man, full of humanity and benevolence, and preached, as far as he knew it, most conscientiously, the Gospel of Christ; but on



the doctrine of *justification by faith*, or the way in which a sinner is to be reconciled to God, he was either not very clear, or was never explicit. He was fond of Adam because he was almost the only person who assisted the clerk in the Church service, and especially the *singing*.

Besides his general attendance at church with his father, Adam occasionally went to the Presbyterian meeting-house, where the trumpet gave a very uncertain sound, as both pastor and people were verging closely on *Socinianism*. A general forgetfulness of God prevailed in the parish; which, as to religious matters, was divided between the *Church* and the *Presbyterians*: and there was scarcely a person in it, decidedly pious, though there were several that feared God, and but few that were grossly profane or profligate. In that parish there was not one Roman Catholic family. The state of *experimental* religion was very low, though there were still some old people who talked about the *godliness of their ancestors*; and seemed to feel no small satisfaction, and even spiritual safety, in being able to say *We have Abraham for our father*. Even Mrs. Clarke, for the want of the means of grace, and the doctrine that is according to godliness, had lost ground, and began to be remiss in her domestic practice of piety. The place needed reformation, but faithful reprovers were wanting;—like the *foolish virgins*, they were all either slumbering or sleeping, and it required a voice like the *midnight cry*, to awake them. This voice, God, in his endless mercy, shortly sent.

About the year 1777, the Methodist preachers, who had been for some time established in Coleraine, visited the parish of Agherton. Of this people A. C. had never before heard, except once from a paragraph in a newspaper, where it was remarked as a singular thing, and well worthy of notice, that—“A *Methodist preacher*, ministering in the *open air*, to a large congregation, a heavy shower of rain falling, the people began to disperse to seek shelter in their houses, which the preacher observing, told them that ‘rain was one of the chief blessings of God’s providence, that without it there could be neither *seed time*, nor *harvest*, nor indeed any green thing on the face of the earth: and will you,’ said he, ‘fly from the gift of God?’ The people felt the reproof, gathered more closely together, and though the rain continued to descend, heard patiently and piously to the end of the discourse.”

One evening, after school hours, a young gentleman, one of A. C.’s school-fellows, came to him, and surprised him by saying “Come, Adam, let us go to *Burnside*, there is a Methodist preacher to be there this evening, and we shall have nice fun.” Now, although Adam was sufficiently playful, and was always ready to embrace any opportunity for diversion and amusement, yet he was puzzled to understand how *preaching* and

*playing* could be associated; or how a time set apart for *devotion*, could be proper for *amusement*; for he had been always taught to hold preaching in reverence, whether he heard it in the church, or in the Presbyterian meeting. He engaged however to go, yet without the slightest expectation of the promised *diversion*. He went accordingly, and found many people assembled in a BARN: in a short time the preacher entered, a plain, serious looking man, but widely different in his dress, from any clerical gentleman he had ever before seen. His name was *John Brettel*; he was many years a very respectable itinerant preacher among the Methodists, as was also his brother *Jeremiah*, and sprung from a very respectable family in Birmingham. A. C. fixed his eyes upon him, and was not at all surprised with his first sentence, which was this, "I see several lads there, I hope they will be quiet and behave well; if not, they shall be put out of the house." As Adam expected no diversion, he was not disappointed by this declaration. He did not recollect the text, and the discourse did not make any particular impression on his mind: but he was rather surprised by the following assertion, "The Westminster divines," said the preacher, "have asserted in their Catechism, *that no mere man, since the fall, can keep God's commandments: but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed*: but the Scriptures promise us *salvation from all our sin*: and I must credit *them* in preference to the *Westminster divines*." Adam had learned his Catechism, as before stated, and had given implicit credence to this assertion: but he reasoned thus with himself, "If the Scriptures say the contrary, certainly I should believe the Scriptures in preference to the catechism."

After preaching was ended, Mr. Brettel went into the man's house, whose barn he had occupied, and several people followed him, and among the rest, young Clarke. He talked much on the necessity of Repentance, Faith, Holiness, &c.; and exhorted the people to turn to God with all their hearts, and not to defer it. This second meeting broke up in about half an hour, and the preacher and his friends returned to Coleraine. There was with him, among others, Mr. Stephen Douthitt, well known in Coleraine, as an irreproachable pattern of practical Christianity; and an ornament to the Methodist's society in that place, for nearly half a century.

On his return to his father's house, Adam reflected a good deal on the *man*, his *manner*, and his *conversation*. And thought, if these people talk so *continually* about religion, both in public and private, they must have a painful time of it.

The next week Mr. B. came to another part of the neighbourhood, and Adam went to hear him: his text was, *Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.*—Rev. iii. 20. He pointed out the various

methods which God used in order to awaken and alarm impenitent sinners; and the dreadful consequences of slighting, resisting, or neglecting these calls,—ruin final and eternal must be the inevitable consequence; “but God,” said he, “always fires the warning cannon before he discharges the murdering piece?” This was the last time he heard Mr. Brettel: other preachers succeeded him in Coleraine, and occasionally visited Agherton, and most of the neighbouring towns and villages; and when they were within his reach, A. C. attended their ministry. At length that truly apostolic man, Mr. *Thomas Barber*, came to the place; and with indefatigable diligence and zeal went through all the country, preaching Christ Crucified, and Redemption through his Blood; in dwelling-houses, barns, school-houses, the open air, &c. &c.; and many were awakened under his ministry. Mrs. Clarke, Adam’s mother, went to hear, and immediately pronounced, “this is the doctrine of the Reformers—this is true unadulterated Christianity.” In this she greatly rejoiced, and pressed all her family to go and hear for themselves. Mr. Clarke went, and he bore testimony that it was “the genuine doctrine of the Established Church.” The preacher was invited to their house, which he and all his successors, ever had as their home, and were always entertained according to the best circumstances of the family. Under the preaching and pious advices of this excellent man, Adam’s mind got gradually enlightened and improved: he had no *violent* awakenings; his heart was in a good measure, by his mother’s pious care, prepared to receive the seed of the kingdom, and the *doctrine* of God “dropped on him as the rain, his speech distilled on him as dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as showers upon the grass.” He followed this preacher every where within his reach; left all childish diversions, became sedate and sober, prayed in private and read the Scriptures; till at last his parents began to think he was likely to be *righteous over much*; he however went on and attended closely to his work in the *farm*; sometimes from *four* o’clock in the morning till between *six* and *seven* at night; and then felt quite happy to be permitted to run *three* or *four* miles into the country to hear a sermon! By these means he was generally enabled to hear *four* sermons a-week, when the preacher was in that part of the country: and none could say, that to attend this preaching he had ever left undone one half-hour’s work, or omitted to perform any thing in its proper season. Far from making him *slothful*, the desire he had for his salvation, tended to make him still more active in the secular concerns of the family. Formerly he could *while away* time, and often play when he should have been at *work*: now, he did every thing from *conscience*, he served his father as he would have served the merest stranger, in whose employment

he should spend every hour of the day. Nay, to labour with his hands was now his *delight*,—he felt the full force of those words of the apostle, *Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord*. From his own experience he could say, *I love to work with my hands*; and as he saw others who were under the same religious concern doubly active in their affairs of life, while earnestly seeking the salvation of their souls, he knew that the reproach which many raised against those who were so intent in their attendance on the means of grace—*Ye are idle, ye are slothful,—ye do not love work—ye neglect your families to gad after preaching, &c.*—was a most unfounded slander, deduced from Pharaoh the first persecutor of the Church of God; and shamelessly continued until now. He ever bore testimony, that he had found in all his own religious experience, and in the acquaintance he had with the work of God in others, that men became *economists of time*, and diligent in their avocations, in proportion as they were earnest for the salvation of their souls. *This* reproach has long been urged against the *Methodists*, by those who had no religion; because the diligence of the former in their spiritual concerns, was a standing reproof to the others who were living without a Scriptural hope, and without God in the world.

*Prayer* also was his delight. He could no longer be satisfied with *morning* and *evening*; he was awakened from the dream that this was sufficient, by the following questions of Mr. Barber. “Adam, do you think that God, for Christ’s sake, has forgiven you your sins?” *No, Sir, I have no evidence of this.* “Adam, do you pray?” *Yes, Sir.* “How often do you pray in private?” *Every morning and evening.* “Adam, did you ever hear of any person finding peace with God, who only prayed in private *twice in the day*?” He felt ashamed and confounded; and discerned at once that he was not sufficiently *in earnest*, nor sufficiently *awakened* to a due sense of his state. Though he could say, that often during the day, he was accustomed to lift up his heart to God; yet he was not then aware that this requires much *less light and heat* than are requisite in solemn pleading with God.

He now began to quicken his pace, for he heard in almost every sermon, that it was the privilege of all the people of God to *know*, by the testimony of the Holy Spirit in their consciences, that their sins were forgiven them, for Christ’s sake; and that when they became adopted into the heavenly family, and were made children of God, *God sent forth the Spirit of his Son into their hearts, crying Abba, Father.* This he earnestly sought, but was damped in his ardor after this blessing by the sayings of many, of whose judgment he had a favourable opinion, that to know their sins forgiven them, was the privilege only of a few, and those the most fa-

voured of God's people. On this point they made the following distinctions:—

"There is a twofold species of *saving faith*,—the faith of *assurance*, and the faith of *adherence*. The former the privilege of very few; the latter, the privilege of all true Christians. The former the most *comfortable*, but the latter equally *safe*. Trusting in an unseen Christ, will deceive no man: but if he may have the comforts of the Spirit, so much the better."

He now determined to search the Scriptures to see whether these things were so; and as he had never yet read the New Testament *regularly through*, he began that work; and, with deep attention and earnest prayer, read over the whole from beginning to end; spending in this employment almost every leisure moment. With this diligence the merciful God was well pleased, for he shed light both upon his heart, and upon his book. It was indeed a *new* book to him,—he read, and felt, and wept, and prayed; was often depressed, then encouraged; his eyes were opened, and he beheld wonders in this divine Law. By this reading he acquired and fixed his Creed in all its *articles*, not one of which he ever after found reason to change, though he had not as yet that full confidence of each, which he afterwards acquired. At this time he had read *none* of the writings of the *Methodists*; and from them he never learned that *creed*, which, on after examination, he found to be precisely the same with theirs. He could say, "I have not received my creed from *man*, nor by *man*." He learned it—(without consulting *bodies of divinity, human creeds, confessions of faith*, or such like.)—from the fountain head of truth, the Oracles of the living God.

He now felt increasing anxiety, not only for his own soul, but for those of his family, his school-fellows, and his neighbours. He rejoiced to see numbers attending the word preached, and a society formed in an adjoining village called *Mullihicall*, though himself never thought of becoming a member in it, or in any other. His mother had gone to see *how* what was called *class-meeting* was conducted, and on her return spoke highly of the meeting. She desired her son Adam to accompany her the next Lord's day to the said meeting. He went with some reluctance. After singing and prayer, the *leader* spoke to each person severally concerning his spiritual state. Adam listened with deep attention, and was surprised to hear one of his neighbours speak to this effect: "I was once darkness, but now I am light in the Lord: I was once a slave to sin, but now I am made free by the grace of Christ: I once felt the horrors of a guilty conscience, but now I know and feel that God has blotted out my sins." He was deeply struck with these declarations; and though he knew that this man had been a giddy foolish trifler, a drummer to a

company of volunteers, yet knowing that he had seriously attended the preaching for some time, he had no doubt of the truth of this testimony. Some others expressed themselves in the same way; while others deplored their hardness of heart, and darkness of mind. He now began to feel very uneasy: he thought "this is no place for me to be in: I have no *right* to be here: these people should have none to witness their religious meetings, but those who belong to some society:" and, in short, he felt grieved that his mother should have been so inconsiderate as to have brought him there. He was afraid lest the leader should question him; and he knew he had nothing to say that would be creditable to himself or profitable to others: at last he was questioned, and got off with a sort of general answer. The meeting broke up, and he was returning home, melancholy and unhappy. The leader, Mr. Andrew Hunter, of Coleraine, joined him on the road, and began to speak to him on spiritual matters, in a most affectionate and pathetic way; earnestly pressed him to give his whole heart to God; for, said he, *You may be a burning and shining light in a benighted land.* Why these words should have deeply affected him he could not tell; but so it was; he was cut to the heart: instead of being rich and increased in spiritual goods, as he once fondly thought, he now saw that he was wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. All his past diligence, prayer, reading, &c., appeared as nothing,—in vain he looked *within* and *without* for something to recommend him to God; but there was nothing,—multitudes of evils which before were undiscovered, were now pointed out to his conscience as by a sun-beam. He was filled with confusion and distress; wherever he looked he saw nothing but himself. The light which penetrated his mind, led him into all the chambers of the house of imagery; and everywhere he saw idols set up in opposition to the worship of the true God. He wished to flee from himself, and looked with envy on *stocks and stones*, for they had not offended a just God, and were incapable of bearing his displeasure.

The season was fine, the fields were beautifully clothed with green, the herds browsed contentedly in their pastures, and the birds were singing melodiously, some in the air, some in the trees and bushes; but, alas, *his* eyes and his ears were now no longer inlets to pleasure. In point of gratification, nature was to him a universal blank, for he felt himself destitute of the *image* and *approbation* of his Maker; and, besides this consciousness, there needed no other *hell* to constitute his misery. His doleful language was, "O that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to his seat! Behold, I go forward, but he is not there: and backward, but I cannot perceive Him: on the left hand, where he doth work, but I can not behold Him, he hideth himself on the right hand, that I

cannot see Him.”—*Job* xxiii. 3, 8, 9. He was afraid even to look towards God, because he felt himself *unholy*, and yet he knew that his help could come from none other than Him whom he had offended; and whose image he did not bear, and consequently could not have his *approbation*. On a subject of this kind, even an enemy to the Christian faith, may teach an important truth. “It was once demanded of the fourth Calif *Aalee*, ‘If the canopy of heaven were a bow, and the earth were the cord thereof; if *calamities* were arrows, and mankind were the mark for these arrows! and if almighty God, the tremendous and the glorious, were the unerring Archer, to whom could the sons of Adam flee for protection?’ The Calif answered, saying; ‘The sons of Adam must flee unto the Lord.’”—*Teemour*.

Mr. Barber, who had always watched over him for good, and had lately formed a class of those who desired to save their souls;—without acquainting him with it, had entered Adam’s name among the rest. When he heard this, it did not please him, but he said, “Since they have put down my name, I will, by the help of God, meet with them;” and he did so for several weeks. One morning he was detained by illness: the next time he permitted a trifling hinderance to prevent him: and the third morning he felt no desire to go: thus he was absent three weeks.

It pleased God at this time to permit Satan to sift him as wheat. It was a strong article in his creed that the *Passion and Death of Christ were held out through the whole of the New Testament as sacrificial and expiatory*; and that His *Death* was a sufficient ransom, sacrifice, and atonement for the sin of the world: for He, by the grace of God, had tasted death for every man. This doctrine was the only basis of his hope; and yet he had not that faith by which he could lay hold on the merit of that Sacrifice for his personal salvation. Were this foundation to be destroyed, what could he do, or where flee for refuge? How it was shaken in his mind I am about to relate.

He had long been intimate in the house of a very respectable family in the neighbourhood. He was there as their own child: for him they had all a very strong affection, and he felt for them in return, both affection and reverence. One evening the conversation in the family turned on the *Doctrine of the Atonement*; and some observations then made filled his soul with doubts and fears. It was, in short, stated by one present, that, “the Methodists were guilty of idolatry, for they gave that worship to Jesus Christ that belonged to the Father only.” He came home full of confusion: “What have I been doing? Have I been adding *idolatry* to all the rest of my transgressions? Have I had two Gods instead of one?” He went into the *boviere*, (shippon,) the first place he came to, and kneeled down among the cattle, and began to ask pardon of God, fear-

ing that he had given that glory to another, which was due to Him alone. He was not satisfied, however, with this; he thought he should go farther, and leave the *name* of CHRIST out of all his prayers; this proceeded so far that he did not like to converse about Him. What he had lately heard, represented Him to his mind as an usurper; and at last he could not bear to see His name in any religious book. Darkness now entered into his mind, his spiritual fervor gradually diminished, till it was at last entirely gone. He prayed, but it was a *form*: he read, but it was without *unction*. He felt this lamentable change, and began earnestly to inquire whence it had arisen? Importunate prayer, his former refuge, was suggested to his mind, as the only help; for he had none to whom he could open his heart. That he might not be perceived by any of the family, he went once more among the cattle, a place to which he had often resorted, and fell down before his Maker, and prayed to this effect,—“O Lord God Almighty, look with pity on the state of my soul! I am sinful, ignorant, and confused. I know not what to say, or what to believe. If I be in an error, O Lord God, lead me into thy truth! Thou knowest I would not deceive myself: Thou knowest I esteem thy approbation beyond life itself. O, my God, teach me what is right! if I be in an error, O shew it to me, and deliver me from it! O deliver me from it, and teach me Thy truth! O God hear, and have mercy upon me,—*for the sake of Jesus Christ!*”—These last words had no sooner dropped from his lips, than he started as if alarmed at himself. “What! have I been again praying in the name of *Jesus*? was this right?” Immediately his soul was filled with light, the name of *Jesus* was like the most odoriferous ointment poured out, he could clasp it to his heart, and say, “Yes, my only Lord and Saviour, thou hast died for me,—by Thee alone I can come unto God,—there is no other Name given from heaven among men by which we can be saved! Through the merit of thy Blood, I will take confidence, and approach unto God! He now felt that he was delivered from those *depths of Satan*, by which his soul was nearly engulfed.

This narrow escape from sentiments which would have been fatal, if not finally ruinous to him, he ever held as a most special interference of God; and he always found it his duty to caution men strongly against the *Arian* and *Socinian* errors. It was this, without any suggestions from man, led him to examine the reputed orthodox, but spurious doctrine, of the *Eternal Sonship of Christ*; which he soon found, and has since demonstrated, that no man can hold, and hold the *eternal unoriginated nature* of Jesus Christ. For, if His *divine nature* be in any sense whatever derived, His *eternity*, and by consequence His *Godhead*, is destroyed; and if His *Godhead*, then His *Atonement*. On this point he has produced a simple argu-



ment in his Note on Luke i. 35, which is absolutely unanswerable. Attempts have been made to confute his doctrine, but they are all absurd, as long as that argument remains unanswered.

The argument is simply this:—"1. If Christ be the *Son of God*, as to his *Divine Nature*, then he cannot be *eternal*, for *Son* implies a *Father*; and *Father* implies, in reference to *Son*, precedence in *time*, if not in nature too. *Father* and *Son* imply the notion of *generation*, and generation implies a *time* in which it was effected; and *time* also *antecedent* to such generation. 2. If Christ be the *Son of God*, as to his *Divine nature*, then the *Father* is of necessity *prior*, consequently, in Godhead *superior* to him. 3. Again, if this *Divine nature* were *begotten* of the *Father*, then it must have been in *time*, i. e. there must have been a period in which it *did not* exist; and a period when it *began* to exist. This destroys the *eternity* of our blessed Lord, and robs him at once of his *Godhead*. 4. To say that he was *begotten from all eternity*, is absurd; and the phrase *Eternal Son* is a positive self-contradiction. Eternity is that which had no beginning, and stands in no reference to *time*. *Son* supposes *time*, *generation*, and *father*, and time also *antecedent* to such generation; therefore, the theologic conjunction of these two terms, *son* and *eternity*, is absolutely impossible, as they imply essentially different and opposite ideas."\*

The Reader will see from this case, which I have circumstantially related:—1. How dangerous it is for young converts to go into the company not merely of the ungodly, but of those who are given to doubtful disputations. 2. How completely subversive it must be to a penitent soul to frequent the company of those, howsoever decent and orderly they may be in their conduct, who deny, as a vicarious Atonement, the Lord that bought them. Take away this foundation, and it is utterly impossible for any true *penitent* to entertain any hope of mercy. 3. People may hold this doctrine who never felt the guilt of sin, their own sore, and the plague of their heart; but let a man see himself a *sinner*, contemplate the infinite purity and justice of God, and the awful strictness of his *law*; and then he will feel that in heaven, in earth, in time, in eternity, there is neither hope nor help for his soul, if he have not a *Sacrifice* to bring to the Divine Majesty, of merit sufficient to atone for all his crimes, and give him a right to an inheritance among them that are sanctified. It is trifling with conscience to talk of confiding in the *Divine benevolence*, while the fragments of a broken law are every where lying under the sinner's feet. 4. A. C.'s mind, while he was looking for Redemption through

\* On this subject I am aware that much difference of opinion exists in the Established Church: some holding the doctrine, others denying it.

the Blood of the covenant, was imbued with divine fervour; he ran the ways of God's commandments, and was exemplary in every part of his conduct, as well as fervent in his devotion; but when his faith in the Atonement was for even a short time staggered by subtle insinuations, his devotion was damped, his spiritual affections paralysed, he grew weary of a cross which he had no strength to bear, and though he was preserved from all outward sin, and was orderly in his deportment, piety towards God no longer triumphed, he lost all comfort, and indeed all prospect of it, and became good for nothing. This was not a solitary case: all who have abandoned the doctrine of *Christ crucified* for the sin of the world, have been affected in a similar way. Those brought up in the opposite creed, seem to suffer less from it than those do who apostatise from what is called the *orthodox faith*. 5. We see in this place the kindness of God: He never will abandon them who sincerely seek Him. He heard the prayer of this sincere distressed young man: and instead of suggesting arguments to his mind, by which he might successfully combat the opposing doctrine, He *impressed his heart at once with the truth*; and answered his prayer to be led into the right way, by leading him in a moment to pray with confidence, in the name of Jesus. This was what he could not do before; and in this petition, every objection was either answered or absorbed.

A. C. has often been led to observe that, in this temporary perversion of his creed, Satan had more influence than the arguments he had heard against the truth: they were slight and transient, they perplexed the mind a little; the great enemy took advantage of the temporary confusion, and for some days, fished successfully in the troubled waters.

Having again got upon the Rock, he had once more a comfortable prospect of the promised land, and set out afresh for the heavenly rest. Though greatly encouraged, he had not yet found rest for his soul. He heard others talk of the *Witness of the Spirit*, and knew several who rejoiced in it with joy unspeakable; and he was determined never to give up, till he was made a partaker of the same grace. His distress was great, yet it neither arose from a *fear of hell*, nor from any consciousness of God's hatred to him, but from the deep-felt want of the approbation and *Image of God*.

In seeking this, he had a species of mournful rejoicing, and often vented and expressed the feelings of his heart in words, expressive of his ardent desire to experience the power and peace, the pardon and salvation of his God.

In this state of mind, he thought it right to receive for the first time, the *Sacrament* of the LORD'S SUPPER. This design he communicated to Mr. Barber, who encouraged him in it; but, as the *Rubric* requires, that those who intend to receive the Holy Sacrament, shall signify their intentions some

time before, to the minister; he purposed to wait on Mr. Smith, the Rector, and signify his wish, and ask his permission. He accordingly went, and Mr. S. received him with great affection and tenderness. He was much affected in witnessing so strong a desire in so young a person; and said, "I should be glad, Master Clarke, if you would go to the Rev. Mr. Younge, of Coleraine, he is a very wise and good man, and will examine you, and give you the best advice; and if you will go now, I will write a note by you to Mr. Younge." Adam agreed, and went. Mr. Younge also behaved towards him with much tenderness and affability, examined him out of the *Catechism*, and particularly explained the last answer to him, relative to the *duty* of them who come to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper: viz. "To examine themselves whether they repent them truly of their former sins,—whether they steadfastly purpose to lead a new life,—have a lively faith in God's mercy, through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of his Death; and be in charity with all men:" and observed, "It is not your being able to say this by heart, that is the qualification here required; but your *heart* must be impressed with, and *feel* all these things." The answers of Adam seemed to be satisfactory to Mr. Younge, for he wrote a note back to Mr. Smith, which when he read, he seemed quite rejoiced, and said, "Mr. Y. tells me that I may safely admit you to the Lord's table."

As he was now about to perform one of the most solemn acts of his life, and was greatly afraid of communicating *unworthily*, and so eating and drinking his own damnation, (as it is unhappily expressed, 1 Cor. xi. 29, instead of *condemnation*;) he purposed to go through the *Week's Preparation*; a book which, however well intended, has been the means of misleading many, by causing them to trust in the punctual performance of the duties therein required, for a short time before that sacred ordinance, without that change of heart and life so essentially necessary to the Christian character. Adam, however, used it with earnest and deep concern; and as, in the course of that week, he was obliged to go a short journey on his father's business, which took up the whole day, (Thursday,) and he could not go through the prescribed prayers and meditations; for fear of coming short, he did double work on *Friday*, and brought the two days into one! If this were mistaken piety, it was at least sincere.

On the morning of Easter Sunday, the day appointed for the Sacrament, he repaired to the church; and after sermon went with his father to the Communion Table. When Mr. Smith came to him with the sacred bread, he was much affected, and when he had said, *The body of our Lord Jesus Christ which was given for thee*, he was quite overcome; he sobbed, the tears gushed from his eyes, and he could not for

some seconds proceed to the end of the sentence. Here was one proof of a godly pastor ; he felt especially for the *young* of his flock, and was ready to carry the lambs in his bosom. In this holy ordinance Adam's mind was deeply impressed with the necessity of giving himself wholly up to the service of God ; and he considered the act of communicating, as one by which he had most solemnly and publicly bound himself to be all that Christianity requires in her votaries, through His especial assistance, by whom that Christianity came. But he did not receive it as a seal of the pardon of his sins ; or as a pledge of the kingdom of heaven. Nothing could satisfy him, but a pardon *felt* in his heart, and registered in his conscience by the light and power of the Holy Spirit ; and he well knew, that an entry into the kingdom of glory, depended on his living to God in this world, regaining the divine image, and dying with Christ in him the hope of glory. He received it therefore as a memorial of the Sacrifice of Christ, by which pardon, holiness, and heaven, were purchased for mankind.

It would be well if all communicants, and all pastors, treated this most sacred ordinance as young Clarke and his minister did. On both sides it was supposed, and properly, that too much caution could not be used. Adam on his part, attended conscientiously to the rubric, and consulted his minister : the minister on his part, proceeded with a godly caution, lest he should distribute improperly those sacred elements.—Is not the same caution still necessary ! but is it in general observed ? Why is not this ordinance which represents the agony and bloody sweat, the cross and passion, the precious death and burial, and in a word, the redemption of a lost world, by the sacrificial offering of the Lord Jesus, more devoutly and frequently impressed on the minds of young hearers, with the solemnity of that obligation ? Let proper warning be given, and strong exhortation to due preparation ; for surely it is as possible *now* to eat and drink our own condemnation in England, as it was to the Greek converts, eighteen hundred years ago, in Corinth.

Though often encouraged, so that he

“ Seemed to sit with cherubs bright,  
Some moments on a throne of love,”

he had not yet found that peace and *assurance* of which he was in pursuit : and it may seem strange, that one who was following God so *sincerely*, should have been so long without that powerful consolation of religion. But God is Sovereign of his own ways ; and he gives and withholds according to his godly wisdom. Adam was ever ready to vindicate the ways of God in this respect. “It was necessary,” said he, “that I should have hard travail. God was preparing me for an important work. I must, emphatically, sell all to get the pearl

of great price. If I had *lightly* come by the consolations of the Gospel, I might have let them go *as lightly*. It was good that I bore the yoke in my youth. The experience that I learned in my long tribulation, was none of the least of my qualifications as a minister of the Gospel."

He was now come to that point, beyond which God did not think proper any longer to delay the manifestation of Himself to the soul of his ardent follower: and indeed such were his concern and distress, that had it been longer deferred, the spirit that God had made, would have failed before him.

One morning, in great distress of soul, he went out to his work in the field: he began, but could not proceed, so great was his spiritual anguish. He fell down on his knees on the earth, and prayed, but seemed to be without power or faith. He arose, endeavoured to work, but could not: even his physical strength appeared to have departed from him. He again endeavoured to pray, but the gate of heaven seemed as if barred against him. His faith in the Atonement, so far as it concerned himself, was almost entirely gone; he could not believe that Jesus had died for *him*; the thickest darkness seemed to gather round, and settle on his soul. He fell flat on his face on the earth, and endeavoured to pray, but still there was no answer: he arose, but he was so weak, that he could scarcely stand. His agonies were indescribable; he seemed to be for ever separated from God and the glory of His power. *Death*, in any form, he could have preferred to his present feelings, if that death could have put an *end* to them. No fear of hell produced these terrible conflicts. He had not God's approbation; he had not *God's image*. He felt that without a *sense of his favour*, he could not live. Where to go, what to say, and what to do, he found not; even the *words of prayer* at last failed; he could neither plead nor wrestle with God.

O, Reader, lay these things to heart. Here was a lad that had never been a profligate, had been brought up in the fear of God, and who, for a considerable time had been earnestly seeking His peace, apparently cut off from life and hope! This did not arise from any *natural infirmity of his own mind*:—none who knew him, in any period of his life, could suspect this:—it was a sense of the *displeasure* of a holy God, from having sinned against him; and yet his sins were those of a *little boy*, which most would be disposed to pass by; for he was not of an age to be guilty of flagrant crimes; and yet how sorely did he suffer, in seeking to be born again; to have his conscience purged from dead works, and to have his *nature renewed*!—He was then being prepared for that work to which he was afterwards to be called; the struggle was great, that he himself might not easily turn again to folly, and thus bring condemnation on himself, and a reproach upon God's cause; and it was, in all probability, necessary that he should expe-

rience this deep anguish, that *feeling* the bitterness of sin, he might warn others more earnestly; and *knowing* the throes and travail of a sinner's soul, he might speak *assuredly* to the most despairing, of the power of Christ's Sacrifice, and of the indwelling consolations of the Spirit of God.—God appeared to have turned aside his ways, and pulled him to pieces;—He had bent his bow, and made him a mark for His arrows: he was filled with bitterness, and made drunken as with worm-wood:—his soul was removed far off from peace, and he for *got* prosperity. Yet even here, though his stroke was heavier than his groaning, he could say, "It is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed."—*Lam. iii. 11.—22.* See him in his agony upon the bare ground, almost petrified with anguish, and dumb with grief! Reader, hast thou sinned? Hast thou repented? Hast thou peace with thy God, or art thou still in the gall of bitterness, and bond of iniquity? These are solemn, yea, awful questions. May God enable thee to answer them to the safety of thy soul!

But we must return to him whom we have left in agonies indescribable. It is said, *the time of man's extremity is the time of God's opportunity.* He now felt strongly in his soul, *Pray to Christ*;—another word for, *Come to the Holiest through the Blood of Jesus.* He looked up confidently to the Saviour of sinners, his agony subsided, his soul became calm. A glow of happiness seemed to thrill through his whole frame, all guilt and condemnation were gone. He examined his conscience, and found it no longer a register of sins against God. He looked to heaven, and all was sunshine; he searched for his distress, but could not find it. He felt indescribably happy, but could not tell the cause;—a change had taken place within him, of a nature wholly unknown before, and for which he had no name. He sat down upon the ridge where he had been working, full of ineffable delight. He praised God, and he could not describe for what,—for he could give no name to his work. His heart was light, his physical strength returned, and he could bound like a roe. He felt a sudden transition from darkness to light—from guilt and oppressive fear, to confidence and peace. He could now draw nigh to God with more confidence than he ever could to his earthly father:—he had *freedom of access*, and he had *freedom of speech.* He was like a person who had got into a new world, where although every object was strange, yet each was pleasing; and now he could magnify God for his *creation*, a thing he never could do before! O what a change was here! and yet, lest he should be overwhelmed with it, its *name* and its *nature* were in a great measure hidden from his eyes. Shortly after, his friend Mr. Barber came to his father's house: when he departed, Adam accompanied him a little on the way. When they came in sight of the field that had witnessed the agonies

of his heart and the breaking of his chains, he told Mr. B. what had taken place. The man of God took off his hat, and with tears flowing down his cheeks, gave thanks unto God. "O Adam," said he, "I rejoice in this; I have been daily in expectation that God would shine upon your soul, and bless you with the adoption of his children." Adam stared at him, and said within himself, "O, he thinks surely that I am justified, that God has forgiven me my sins, that I am now his child. O, blessed be God, I believe, I feel I am justified, through the Redemption that is in Jesus." Now he clearly saw what God had done; and although he had felt the blessing before, and was happy in the possession of it, it was only *now* that he could call it by its *name*. Now, he saw and felt, that "being justified by faith, he had peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom he had received the atonement."

He continued in peace and happiness all the week: the next Lord's day there was a love-feast in Coleraine;—he went to it, and during the first prayer, kneeled in a corner with his face to the wall. While praying, the Lord Jesus seemed to appear to the eyes of his mind, as he is described, Rev. i. 13, 14. *clothed with a garment down to his feet, and girt about the breasts with a golden girdle: his head and his hair white as snow, and his eyes like a flame of fire*. And though in strong prayer before, he suddenly stopped, and said, though not perhaps in a voice to be heard by those who were by him—"Come nearer, Oh! Lord Jesus, that I may see thee more distinctly." Immediately he felt as if God had shone upon the work he had wrought, and called it by its own name; he fully, and clearly knew that he was a child of God; the Spirit of God bore this witness in his conscience, and he could no more have doubted of it, than he could have doubted of the reality of his existence, or the identity of his person.—

"Meridian evidence put doubt to flight."

In ordinary minds, or those naturally *feeble*, all this might pass for delusion; his penitential fears and distresses might appear as the effects of a gloomy *superstition*; and his subsequent peace and happiness, and the sudden nature of his inward change, as the consequences of the workings of a strong *imagination*, apt, under religious impressions, to degenerate into *enthusiasm*.

The Reader may rest assured that no one was more jealous on these points than the person in question. He was accustomed to examine every thing to the bottom; and, as it ever was a maxim with him, that *Revelation* and *reason* went hand in hand;—that neither contained any thing contrary to the other;—so he sought in each, for proofs of those things contained in its fellow. He was ever afraid of being deceived,

and that led him scrupulously to examine every thing that professed to come from God. He believed nothing in salvation on the mere assertion of any man: nor did he yield consent at any time, till Revelation and its handmaid *reason*, had said, *these things are true*.

Preaching once in Plymouth, on the *Witness of the Spirit* in the souls of believers:—after having produced and commented on those Scriptures, which are supposed most pointedly to contain that doctrine, he said,—

“It might have been doubted that we have misunderstood these Scriptures, and made them the basis of an article, which they do not fairly and naturally support, if the general testimony of all the sincere converts to the gospel of Christ had not illustrated the facts; and had not the experience of those converts been uniform in this particular, while in many cases, their habits of life, education, and natural temperament, were widely different. And this not only among persons bred up with the same *general views* of Christianity,—in the *same Christian communion*; but among persons bred up in *different* communions, with *creeds* in many respects *diametrically* opposite to each other! And farther, this has been the same in persons of different *climates* and countries. All those who have been convinced of sin, righteousness, and judgment—have truly repented of their sins, and taken refuge in the Blood of the Cross; have had their burden of guilt taken away, and the peace of God communicated, and with it the Spirit of God witnessing with their spirit that they *were the sons and daughters of God Almighty*: so that they had no more doubt of their acceptance with God, than they had of their existence.

“But it may be objected farther:—the human mind easily gets under the dominion of *superstition* and *imagination*; and then a variety of feelings, apparently divine, may be accounted for on *natural* principles. To this I answer—1st. Superstition is never known to produce *settled peace* and *happiness*,—it is generally the parent of *gloomy apprehensions* and *irrational fears*: but surely the man who has broken the laws of his Maker, and lived in open rebellion against him, cannot be supposed to be under the influence of *superstition*, when he is apprehensive of the wrath of God, and fears to fall into the bitter pains of an eternal death? Such fears are as *rational* as they are *scriptural*; and the *broken and contrite heart*, is ever considered, through the whole Oracles of God, as *essentially necessary* to the finding redemption in Christ. Therefore, such *fears, feelings* and *apprehensions*, are not the offspring of a *gloomy superstition*; but the fruit and evidence of a genuine scriptural *repentance*. 2dly. *Imagination* cannot long support a *mental imposture*. To persuade the soul that it is passed from darkness to light,—that it is in the favor of God,—that it is an heir of glory, &c., will require strong *excitement* indeed:



and the stronger the *exciting cause*, or *stimulus*, the sooner the *excitability*, and its effects will be exhausted. A person may imagine himself for a moment to be a *king*, or to be a *child of God*; but that reverie, where there is no radical *derangement of mind*, must be *transient*. The person must soon awake and return to himself. 3d. But it is impossible that imagination can have any thing to do in this case, any farther than any other faculty of the mind, in natural operation: for, the person must *walk* according as he is directed *by the Word of God*, abhorring evil, and cleaving to that which is good: and the sense of God's approbation in his conscience, lasts no longer than he acts under the *spirit of obedience*: God continuing the evidence of his approbation to his conscience while *he walks in newness of life*. Has *imagination* ever produced a *life of piety*? Now, multitudes are found who have had this testimony uninterruptedly for many years together. Could *imagination* produce this? If so, it is an *unique* case; for there is none other in which an excitement of the imagination has sustained the impression with any such *permanence*. And all the operations of this faculty prove, that, to an effect of this kind, it is *wholly inadequate*. If then it can sustain impressions in spiritual matters for years together, this must be totally *preter natural*, and the effect of a miraculous operation;—and thus *miracle* must be resorted to, to explain away a doctrine, which some men, because they themselves do not experience it, deny that any others can.

“But might I, without offence, speak a word concerning *myself*? A great necessity alone, would vindicate to my own mind the introduction, in this public way, of any thing relative to myself. But you will bear with my folly, should any of you think it such. I, also, have professed to know that God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven me all my sins; and being thus converted, I am come forth to strengthen my brethren, and preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. Most of you know that I am no *enthusiast*,—that I have given no evidences of a strong *imagination*,—that I am far from being the subject of *sudden hopes* or *fears*,—that it requires strong reasons and clear argumentation to convince me of the truth of *any proposition*, not previously known. Now, I do profess to have received, through God's eternal mercy, a clear evidence of my acceptance with God; and it was given me after a sore night of spiritual affliction; and precisely in that way in which the Scriptures, already quoted, promise this blessing. It has also been accompanied with *power* over sin; and it is now upwards of *seven years* since I received it, and I hold it, through the same mercy, *as explicitly, as clearly, and as satisfactorily* as ever. No work of *imagination* could have ever produced or maintained any feeling like this. I am, therefore, safe in affirming, for all these reasons, that we

have neither misunderstood nor misapplied the Scriptures in question."

The subsequent experience of A. C. equally verified the truth of the preceding statements.

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We have now brought down the account of this, in many respects, singular person, to an era which he ever considered the most important in his religious life: for now he had gained decisive experimental proof of the truth of the articles of his creed: and each point was confirmed to him with greater evidence. Now, he could give a *reason* of the hope that was in him; and in every respect, his own faith was justified to his understanding. He had found true happiness in religion: and this he knew it *must* afford, if it were of God: for he saw, that Religion was a *commerce between God and man*; and was intended to be the means of re-establishing him in that communion with his Maker, and the happiness consequent on it, which he had lost by the *fall*.

All notions of religion, merely as a *system of duties* which we owe to God, fell, in his apprehension, infinitely *short* of its nature and intention. To the perfection, happiness, or gratification, of the *infinite mind*, no *creature* can be necessary. Religion was not made for God; but for MAN. It is an institution of the Divine Benevolence, for human happiness. Nor can God be pleased with any man's religion or faith, but as far as they lead him to happiness,—i. e. to the enjoyment of God; without which there can be no *felicity*; for God is the Source of intellectual happiness, and from him alone, it can be derived: and in *union* with whom alone, it can be enjoyed. *Animal gratifications* may be acquired by means of the various matters that are suited to the *senses*: but gratification and happiness are widely different: the former may exist where the latter is entirely unknown.

After this, A. C. continued a little longer at school. Though he could not well enter into the spirit of *Lucian* and *Juvenal*, which he then read; yet he was surprised to find how *easy*, in comparison of former times, learning appeared. The grace which he had received, greatly illumined and improved his understanding and judgment. Difficulties seemed to have vanished, and learning appeared now little more to him, than an exercise and cultivation of memory. He has been often heard to say: "After I found the peace of God to my conscience; and was assured of my interest in the Lord Jesus; I believe I may safely assert, that I learned more in one day, on an average, than formerly I could do, with equal application, in a whole *month*. And no wonder, my soul began to rise out of the ruins of its fall, by the favour of the Eternal Spirit.

It was not on the *affections* or the *passions*, this Spirit worked ; but upon *understanding*, *judgment*, and *will* : these being rectified and brought under a divine influence, the lower faculties came on in their train, purified and refined. The change in my *heart* was the effect of the *change* in my immortal spirit. -I saw, from my own case, that religion was the gate to true learning and science ; and that *those* who went through their studies without this, had, at least, *double* work to do ; and, in the end, not an equal produce. My mind became enlarged to take in any thing useful. I was now separated from every thing that could impede my studies, obscure or debase my mind. Learning and science I knew came from God, because, he is the Fountain of all knowledge : and, properly speaking, these things belong to man ;—God created them, not for *Himself*—not for *angels*—but for *man* ; and he fulfils not the design of his Creator, who does not cultivate his mind in all useful knowledge, to the utmost of his circumstances and power."

At the same time, he was convinced that studies, which were not connected with religion, and which did not lead to God, not having His will and glory for their objects, could never be sanctified ; and consequently, could never be ultimately useful, either to their possessors, or to others.

As he was told by the highest authority, that "the heavens declare the glory of God ; the firmament showeth forth his handy work ;" and, as *mere inspection* served only to fill him with wonder and astonishment, without giving him such information as might enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, he wished much to gain some acquaintance with the science of *astronomy*. About this time a friend lent him that incomparable work of Dr. DERHAM, entitled *Astro-theology* : and another particular friend, made him a present of a small, but excellent, achromatic telescope. The *Bible* and Dr. *Derham* he read in union, at all spare times of the day : and his *telescope* he used as often as possible in the night season. He was delighted with the *phases* of the *moon* ; and these he carefully watched through her *decrease* and *increase* ; and found little difficulty in the belief that the *moon* was a habitable and inhabited world : and that all the *planets* were doubtless the same :—all of them, abodes of intelligent beings, formed and supported by the same beneficent hand, and in reference to the same gracious end.

RAY's *Wisdom of God in the Creation*, gave him still more particular information, and was the means of directing his mind to the study of *natural philosophy*. All these things were the means of establishing his soul in the thorough belief of the truth : and, as these authors professedly shew *God* in His *Works*, so his faith stood, not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God. The doctrine of *gravitation*, was to

him a series of wonders in itself; and the *centripetal* and *centrifugal* motions of all the planets, primary and secondary, gave him the most exalted idea of the wisdom, skill, and providence of God. Though he had no instructor in these things, and no instruments but his little telescope, yet he gained so much philosophical knowledge, as gave him to see the hand of God in every tree, plant, and stone, while he had scarcely any objects but his native fields, and never went abroad to mingle with the gay or the giddy—the scientific or the polite.

And thus his life, exempt from public haunts,  
Found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.<sup>8</sup>

And although he was not favoured by what is called *fortune*, yet he was the constant care of *Providence*; and he was taught to watch its openings, and make the best of his circumstances.

“Happy was he,  
That could translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a still.”

The knowledge of *hard words* in those sciences, he obtained from a very useful, but now almost unknown work, entitled, *Dictionarum Anglo Britannicum*, or, *A General English Dictionary*: by John Kersey, 8vo. Lond. 1715. A Dictionary which contains more valuable matter for *students*, than any other of its size yet offered to the public. The *Dictionary of Benj. Martin*, which he afterwards got, was also very useful. This latter work he always considered, for correctness of *etymology*, and accuracy of *definition*, by far the best on its plan, before or since published.

But we must leave him as to his literary pursuits, for a while, that we may see him labouring to promote the best interests of his own family, his neighbours, and his school-fellows.

Except on the Lord's Day, family prayer was not observed in his father's house. This was, to him, a cause of great affliction. He laboured to get it established; but all in vain, unless himself would officiate! This he found a cross which he feared he should never be able to take up, or, if taken up, be able to bear. His *youth* was his principal hinderance. This burthen, however, it appeared God had laid upon his conscience. He struggled against it for a while, till he felt condemned in his own mind. At last he took up this, to him, tremendous cross, and prayed with his father, mother, and family: they were highly pleased; and as long as he was under their roof, he was, in this respect, their *chaplain*: yet, he ever felt it a cross, though God gave him power to bear it. A prayerless family has God's curse. If the parents will not perform family prayer, if there be a converted child in the

family, it devolves on *him*: and should *he* refuse, he will soon lose the comforts of religion.

The conversation of Adam, made a serious impression on all the family. The fear of God spread more generally through the whole than ever: the Scriptures were more carefully read; and private prayer was not neglected. At the same time the practice of piety became the proof of the prevalence of religious principles in each. His fourth sister, *Hannah*, entered the Methodist's society with him, and was a long time his *only companion* in the family. Adam and this sister were often accustomed to walk in the fields and talk about God and their souls; and then retire for prayer to God. This young woman was afterwards married to Mr. Thomas Exley, M. A., of Bristol, and bore him several children; and died happy in God. Her children all became pious.

The next fruit of his labour, was his eldest sister. She was a cautious sensible woman; and did not join the society, till she was thoroughly convinced of the truth of their doctrines, and the excellency of their discipline. She afterwards married the Rev. W. M. Johnson, L.L. D., Rector of St. Perran-Uthno, in Cornwall. She is still living, and has a numerous family.

All the rest of the family became constant hearers of the Methodists; and most of them members of the society: but as he, soon after the period of which we are now speaking, removed from that country, he did not witness all the results of his own labours. His parents continued to entertain the Methodist Preachers, while they lived: and most of their children who were settled in life, have had the same honour.

With his school-fellows, A. C. was not inactive. When he had opportunity, he spoke to them concerning their salvation, and incited them to hear the Methodist Preachers. One, *Andrew Coleman*, who was much attached to him, heard and became deeply in earnest for his salvation. He was a young man of fine natural parts, and a good scholar. He afterwards became an itinerant preacher among the Methodists: but his race, though it promised to be luminous, was very short: for in consequence of lying in a damp bed, he had a premature and deeply regretted death. His school-fellow, Adam, wrote a short account of him, which was published in the Methodist Memorial; and as it is strictly connected with the present narrative, and contains some curious information, I shall here insert it.

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"ANDREW COLEMAN was born in *Coleraine*, in the north of *Ireland*, of very respectable parents. As he appeared to have a more than ordinary taste for learning, he was put to school at an early age, and soon made great progress in reading and

merchants' accounts. He was afterwards removed to a grammar-school, where he profited beyond all his fellows. None of his own standing, could keep pace with him; and he outstripped many who had begun their classical course long before him. He soon became master of the Latin and Greek languages, and made considerable progress in Hebrew. To these studies he joined geometry, astronomy, chronology, history, and most branches of the mathematics. As he was remarkably blest with an amazingly comprehensive mind, and vigorous retentive memory, he fathomed the depth of every study, and could not be contented with a superficial knowledge of any subject. The acquisition of useful learning was more to him than his necessary food; and he neglected no opportunity of cultivating his mind. Whatever he read he made his own; and whatever he learned, he retained; so that his stock of knowledge was continually increasing.

"Owing to the straitened circumstances of his parents, (who had been reduced to great want, from a state of considerable affluence,) he was, in general, unable to procure those books which were necessary in his particular studies; so that in many cases he was obliged to explore his way in the regions of science without any other light or guide than that which the Father of Lights had kindled in his own mind. But notwithstanding this disadvantage, to which might be added, his very delicate constitution, and his being often obliged to work hard to purchase time to attend his school, he attained to such a pitch of mental cultivation before his 17th year, as few have been able to acquire in the course of a long life.

"Having finished his classical studies, he was obliged to take up a little school in order to procure himself the necessities of life, as the impaired state of his parents' circumstances did not permit him to hope for any assistance from that quarter. What he acquired by his labours in this way, he gave for the support of his family, and often went whole days without food that he might help to support those from whom he received his being. This he considered as one of his first duties; and he discharged it to the uttermost of his power.

"About the year 1778, it pleased God to awaken and bring to the knowledge of the truth, one of his school-fellows, Mr. A. C., now one of our travelling preachers. As a very tender friendship subsisted between those two, they often spoke together of the things of God, and attended the ministry of Mr. Thomas Barber, who was acting as a Missionary at his own cost, and emphatically performing the work of an Evangelist through an extensive tract of country near the sea-coasts of the county of *Antrim*. His mind was soon found to be very susceptible of divine impressions—it became gradually enlightened: and having earnestly sought redemption in the

blood of the cross, he received it, to the unspeakable joy of his soul.

"After some time he was employed as a class-leader, and at the entreaties of several, began to exhort in different country places in the vicinity of *Coleraine*. Being naturally very timid, it was some time before he could be prevailed on to take a text; and when he at last submitted his own judgment to that of his friends, and began to preach, his word met with universal acceptance.

"In July 1785, he was well recommended to the Dublin Conference as a fit person to travel. He was accordingly received on trial, and sent to the *Sligo* Circuit. He was in the 18th year of his age, and nearly six feet high, the rapid growth of his body appearing to keep pace with that of his mind. But it was soon found, he had passed the meridian of his life. The circuit to which he was sent, was a severe one—he laboured to the uttermost of his power, and in about nine months he fulfilled his course, having fallen into a rapid consumption. He returned to his mother's house a short time before the ensuing Conference; and though every assistance was afforded him by the amiable Society of *Coleraine*, and the affectionate family in which he received his education, he sunk apace, and having suffered awhile with the utmost patience and resignation, he fell asleep in Jesus, June 18th, 1786, aged 18 years and two months, and soon gained the blessed region where the inhabitant shall no more say, *I am sick*. He had the happiness of seeing his mother and grandmother brought to an acquaintance with the truth, before his departure; and his last words to them, as his holy soul prepared to take its flight into the eternal world, were, *Follow me!* Mr. Wm. West preached his funeral sermon out of doors, to an audience that no house could contain: and the high estimation in which he was held, was evinced by the *many thousands* who attended his remains to the grave. The funeral procession extended more than half a mile! The evening before he died, he desired to be carried out in his chair to see the setting sun: his desire was complied with; and, having beheld it awhile with pleasing emotion, till it sunk under the horizon, he observed, 'This sun has hitherto been partially obscured to me, but it shall be no more so for ever!' And about the time it began to re-enlighten that part of the earth, his happy soul soared away to the regions of glory.

"To many it might appear that this amiable young man was taken away in the midst of his usefulness. But a little reflection will shew us that God's ways are all equal. He never removes any of his servants till they have *accomplished* the work he has given them to do. Extraordinary talents are not given merely in reference to *this world*.—They refer also to *eternity*; and shall there have their consummation, and

plentitude of employ. Far be it from God to light up such tapers to burn only for a moment in the dark night of life, and then to extinguish them for ever in the damps of death. Heaven is the region where the spirits of just men *made perfect* live, thrive, and eternally expand their powers in the service, and to the glory of *Him* from whom they have derived their being.

"The extensive learning of Mr. Coleman, was his least excellence. This indeed, he accounted but dross and dung in comparison of the excellence of the knowledge of Jesus Christ crucified. Through this, the world and all its enjoyments were crucified to him. It was this, that opened the kingdom of heaven to his soul, supported him in his sufferings, and caused him to triumph over death.

"His very retentive memory has already been noted: when he was about *fourteen* years of age, he had the whole of the *Common-Prayer* by heart. He had made himself such a master of the *Æneid* of *Virgil*, and the *Paradise Lost* of *Milton*, at the same age, that on the mention of any line in either of those poems, he could immediately tell the *book* in which it occurred, and the *number* of the *line*! His natural disposition was uncommonly amiable.—His own excellences were so deeply hidden from himself, that the foot of pride never appeared to come against him. He was a steady friend, and a most affectionate and dutiful child. His manner, both in preaching and conversation, was plain and artless. He humbled himself at the feet of all: and the invariable language of his heart, both to God and man, was *What, I know not, that teach thou me.*"\*

For the salvation of his neighbours Adam Clarke felt an ardent concern: he spoke to each of them concerning spiritual things as often as he had opportunity—went to the houses of several, and wherever it was acceptable, prayed with them, and read a portion of the Holy Scriptures, and endeavoured to expound those portions which best suited the state of their minds.

He did not confine his labour to his immediate neighbourhood, but went several miles into the country, in all directions, exhorting and beseeching the people to turn to God. In such work he spent the whole of the Sabbath. Often he had to travel *four, six,* and more miles on the Sabbath morning to meet a class. As those classes generally met about eight o'clock in the morning, he was obliged in the winter season, to set out

\* The above account of his early friend was written by Dr. Clarke for the "Methodist Memorial."



two hours before daylight ; and frequently in snow, rain, frost, &c. ; nor did any kind of weather ever prevent him from taking these long journeys. Having the love of God shed abroad in his heart, he loved the souls of men, and found no difficulty in obedience :—" *Love feels no load.*" Obedience is painful only to him who has not the love of God in his soul.

In the summer time, after having met one of those distant classes, it was his custom to go to the top of some mountain or high hill ; and, having taken a view of the different villages which lay scattered over the lower country, arrange them in his mind, proceed to that which was nearest, walk into it, and enter the first open door ; and, after accosting the inhabitants with *Peace be to this house*, ask them if they were willing he should pray with them ? When they consented, he then inquired whether they had any objection to call in a few of their neighbours ? When this was done, he generally gave out a verse of a hymn, sung it, and then gave them an exhortation, prayed with them, and departed to another village, pursuing the same method. It is remarkable that, in no case was he ever refused the permission he sought. He was very young, and this, with his very serious deportment, and the singularity of his conduct, made in all cases a powerful impression in his favour, which his prayers and exhortations never failed to increase. On this plan he has in the course of one day, visited *nine or ten* villages at considerable distances from each other, and from his own home ; and spoke publicly as many times ! In these excursions he never went to those villages where the Methodists had established preaching ; but to those principally which had no helper ; lying at a considerable distance as they generally did from places of public worship. This was sore travail, as, besides speaking so many times, he has walked above twenty miles, and often had little if any thing to eat. But he went on his way rejoicing, and could always sing—

" When I do my Master's will,  
I carry my heaven about me still."

Though, as we have seen, he was never expert at figures, yet he wished to learn some of the more ornamental branches of the mathematics ; and for this end his father placed him under the care of a very eminent mathematician in Coleraine. He continued with this gentleman only long enough to learn *Dialling* in a general way : I mention this circumstance, because the last *secular act* of his life, by which he endeavored to *gain his bread*, was performed in this science. An acquaintance, Mr. S. H. desired A. C. to make him a horizontal brass dial for his garden. Adam provided the brass, laid on the lines, engraved it himself, and charged for the instrument *five shillings* ! He called, for this moderate compensation for his skill and labour two or three times ; and the last, just before he left

the kingdom: but he never received the cash. He had made several before, for small profits: this last terminated all his operations in *gnomonics*.

About the winter of 1778 he attempted to learn *French*. There was no person in the neighbourhood that could help him in the language. Mr. Edward Murphy, of great eminence as a classical teacher, and who then kept his school in the church of Desart Martin, not far from Magherafelt, was the only person who could teach the language in that country. He went thither, lodged with a friend, several miles from the place, attended Mr. Murphy's school, walking out every morning and back every night, in the depth of winter, and sat in the cold church without fire, during the day. This was severe work; but in no case did ever A. C. find a *royal road* to any point of knowledge, or branch of learning.

Adam had often amused himself with making short hymns, and turning several of the Psalms of David into metre. He once even undertook *Solomon's Song*; and turned the *four first chapters* into stanzas of four lines, eights and sixes! but no fragments of these early productions remain, or can be recovered. When his judgment became a little more matured, he devoted his rhyming hours to much better purposes, and paid no attention to the fruit of his juvenile attempts in this line, for which he entertained no kind of respect, but merely as they were proofs of a pious and sincere mind.

He was put apprentice to Mr. *Francis Bennet*, a linen merchant of Coleraine; and a distant relative of his own, with every prospect of secular advantage. This was in opposition to the opinion of all his religious friends; who were fully persuaded that God had called him to a different employment. His parents, however, not being able, as has already been shewn, to put him in the regular ministry, thought an apprenticeship with Mr. Bennet, on the advantageous ground which his kindness caused him to propose, was a direct opening of Providence, which would eventually lead to a respectable competency. As to himself, he was entirely passive: as yet he knew not the design of the Lord, and his grand point was,—not to get money, but to save his soul.

He went at first a *month* on trial; that being ended, as much to Mr. B.'s satisfaction, as he could reasonably wish; his parents were expected to take the first opportunity to have him formally bound. This was strangely neglected from time to time, till at last he had been with Mr. Bennet *eleven months*. During this time, his religious friends strongly and incessantly exhorted him not to enter an apprenticeship, as God had most assuredly called him to the work of the ministry. He laid these things before his parents, who gave them their most decided negative, and insisted on his continuance with Mr. B. This brought him into great perplexity: he had begun to

doubt whether the business was such a one as would well comport with his spiritual profit. He thought he saw several things in it that he could hardly do with a clear conscience; and particularly he saw that he must necessarily be much exposed to public company, in attending fairs and markets, in order to purchase the linen from the weavers. A clear conscience he thought would be better than the best inheritance; and he was perfectly willing to earn his bread with the sweat of his brow at the most laborious and servile employment, rather than gain thousands with the prospect of suffering spiritual loss.

Mr. *John Bredin*, an eminent minister of God, was then on the Coleraine and Londonderry circuit. He paid much attention to Adam, lent him books, and took considerable pains to instruct him in the most important matters, and to cultivate his mind. He, supposing that God had called him to the work of the ministry, wrote concerning him to the late Rev. J. Wesley; who kindly offered to take him for a time to his great school, at Kingswood, near Bristol; where he might increase his classical knowledge, have the opportunity of exercising his ministerial talents in the various societies in that neighbourhood, and thus be better qualified for the general work of the ministry. This he laid before his parents, who received the proposal rather with indignation than with mere dissatisfaction; and entered a strong protest against it. At the same time Mr. Bennet made him a very advantageous offer: told him if he did not like *his* business he would advance him money, either to be employed in some business at home, or to trade in Irish produce, (butter, hides, and tallow,) to England. This proposal he diligently concealed from his parents, as his mind now strongly led him to embrace the proposal of Mr. Wesley, and to go to England. He accordingly thanked Mr. Bennet for his kind offer, but told him that he had made up his mind to quit the business: and in a short time they parted in a state of friendship and affectionate attachment, which has continued to the present day.

Before I conclude this part of my narrative, I must mention some circumstances which took place while he was with Mr. Bennet.

On many accounts his residence in Coleraine was highly useful to his religious growth, and his increase in useful knowledge; though he had some trials of the most distressing kind. He had now the opportunity of sitting under a very instructive and powerful ministry, several times in the week; and conversing with a deeply religious and sensible people. He had, and enjoyed, all the means of grace. The preaching at *five o'clock in the morning*, he found peculiarly useful, because it was always on subjects immediately connected with Christian experience, and with the life of God in the

soul of man. He met also with some valuable and sensible friends in that most excellent society, among whom were Mr. *Robert Douthitt*, from whose conversation and almost parental tenderness, he reaped the highest profit. The two *Hunters*, *Andrew* and *William*, cared much for his soul, and watched over him for good. He had a useful companion in Mr. *John M'Kenny*, whose son is now one of the Missionaries in the Island of Ceylon. Indeed the whole of that most excellent and intelligent society, laboured to promote his welfare, all believing that God had called him to fill some important office in his church.

Dr. Clarke used to say, "Two books lent me by Miss Younge, of Coleraine, afterwards Mrs. *Rutherford*, were rendered useful to me beyond all others I had ever read, the Bible excepted. One was Mr. Wesley's *Abridgment of Mr. Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest*, and the other the *Journal of Mr. David Brainard*, Missionary among the American Indians. From the first I got a deeper acquaintance with experimental Christianity: and from the second I imbibed the spirit of a *Missionary*. The former contributed to make me a *better Christian*; and the latter formed my mind to the model of the *Christian Ministry*. If I continue to be a Christian, I owe it, under God, to the former; if I ever was a preacher, I owe it, under the same grace, to the latter?" On this account he always expressed the highest respect for Mrs. *Rutherford*:—he considered her as a *mother* in Israel, and as one who had been instrumental to him of great good. Mr. *Rutherford's* preaching was also a great blessing to him. He was a good and useful preacher, and an unblemished Christian. He was accustomed to come to the parish of Agherton, where A. C.'s father resided, and to preach in different places. Adam heard him every where; and in returning from the places of preaching, was in the habit of walking behind him, and took delight in *literally* treading in his steps: this was before he had any personal acquaintance with him. One evening Mr. R. noticing a little lad trotting after him, whom he had often observed at the preaching, turned about and said, "Well, child, God hath said, *I love them, that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.*" He said no more, and Adam pondered these words in his heart; and thus reasoned on them: "What does he mean by *they that seek me early*? I rise early, and my first work is prayer—is that what is meant? No, it is they who seek God *early in life*—when they are *young*: then, thus I seek, and thus I will seek the Lord. He said also, *they shall find me*: others, perhaps, may seek and not find; but God says to the *young*, *they SHALL find.*" This gave him great encouragement. Other preachers took no notice of him; probably supposing that one so young, could not be expected to have much concern for his soul. Experience, however, has in-

disputably shewn, that the true light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, shines often very powerfully on infant minds: and that we cannot be too attentive to their cultivation, and that the best fruits may be expected from a careful management of such soils. But to return.—

For several months after Adam came to Mr. Bennet's, he had a grievous cross, not to say *plague*, in one of the servants.—She was excessively boisterous and profane: rejected, in the most awful manner, every good advice which was given to her; she seemed to have an implacable enmity against Adam, because he was religious: and strange to tell, on *no other ground*.—Persecution about religion is rarely, if ever, the work of the *human heart* merely, for persecution on such an account, is as *unnatural*, as it is absurd. It is the *two spirits* that are in opposition to each other. Every genuine Christian has the spirit of God in him; every *sinner* that of the devil. The latter works on all the fallen nature, on that carnal mind especially which is enmity against God; and thus the poor miserable sinner is diabolically impelled to act against his own interests, often against the clear convictions of his own conscience; and thus to war against his Maker. Such was certainly the case with that servant. Adam bore all her insolence and insults without even a complaint. "O Molly, Molly," he would say, "you will surely repent for this: why will you sin against God, and your own soul? have I ever done you any harm? have I even spoken one cross or unkind word to you?" Her principal answer was, "Ah, d—— your Methodism; and d—— the Methodists." He continued to pray strongly for her, that God might convert her soul. His prayers were at last heard: she was struck with the deepest convictions a human heart could feel, or a human mind bear. She literally roared for the disquiet of her soul. He was now obliged to use every kind of persuasive,—ransack the Bible for promises to sinners penitent,—to prevent her from falling into absolute despair. She was sometimes so terrified at the apprehension of God's judgments, the sinfulness of her heart, and the wickedness of her life, that she appeared to choose strangling rather than life; and was often on the verge of laying violent hands upon herself. Her continual application to him for direction and advice, was at last excessively burdensome: because her mind was so distracted, that she could scarcely profit by any. She had been a strong sinner; and now she was arrested by a strong hand. At last, after passing through indescribable mental agony, she was enabled to behold the Lamb of God which takes away the sin of the world, and found redemption in his blood, the remission of her sins. Now, indeed, the lion became a lamb. All her fierce and violent tempers were removed; she became meek and gentle, diligent in business, and fervent in spirit serving the Lord. He saw her thirty years after this, and found her walk-

ing steadily in the way that leads to the kingdom of God. Let no one despair of the salvation of even the most hardened.—This woman has since acknowledged that she has often felt the keenest twinges of conscience when she has been most violent in her contradicting and blaspheming.

He had another severe cross while in this family. There was an old relative of the family, who was what is commonly called *bed-ridden*, and being left to the care of the servants, she was totally neglected. She had all the infirmities of old age, was very disagreeable in her manners, and crooked in her tempers. On these accounts, the servants, who had no religion, and little humanity, left her entirely to herself, except when they carried her a morsel of food. Adam was accustomed to go into her room every night to speak to her about her soul, and pray with her. Seeing her most deplorable and desolate state, he took upon him, after remonstrating with the maid-servants in vain, to perform for her the most humiliating services; which, with the circumstances that required them, are such as cannot be described. These he continued for *several months*. Death at last relieved her from life, and a load of uncommon wretchedness, and him from an oppressive load, under which nothing but the grace of God, working on a nature full of benevolence and charity, could have supported him. Known to God alone, are the services he performed for this woman, and the distress he suffered in performing them.

With another circumstance, which took place during his residence with Mr. Bennet, this part of the narrative shall be closed.

He had long held it his duty to reprove sin wherever he met with it, and indeed he could scarcely go anywhere without meeting it. His manner of reproof was the most mild and humble. If they were his inferiors, he spoke to them at once: if they were his equals or a little above, he sought to find them alone, and then affectionately mentioned the impropriety of their conduct, both as it respected God and themselves. If they were removed above him several degrees, he generally *wrote* to them; always signing his name: for he could not endure the pusillanimity of shrinking under the covert of darkness, in order to hide himself from the cross of Christ, while endeavouring to perform what he believed to be his duty:—most took it well, and from others he never heard. This however became a heavy burden to him; and he longed to get out of that *public life* where he witnessed little else than vanity, profaneness, and wickedness. His spirits were greatly worn down, and his bodily strength prostrated. The earliest entry found in his Journals relates to this; from which I shall make the following Extracts, as they shew the tenderness of his conscience, and the uprightness of his heart. I shall give them in his own artless phrase.

"Sept. 17, 1781. Rose before five, went to the Barracks [a place so called, where the Methodists preached.] Came back full of heaviness, owing, I believe, to my not reproving sin; for I heard — swear '*faith*' on Sunday night. Resolved to speak concerning this the first opportunity. Spoke this morning; — I believe has taken it ill. Seeing it is my duty, Lord, give me strength to persevere in it! Though all the world should be my enemy, if God be on my side, they cannot be successful against me. Reproved two others for swearing, before 12 o'clock. Lord Jesus, put a stop to the tide of iniquity by which the sons of corruption are carried down the stream of sin; and turn a pure language upon the hearts of the people! Amen!

"Sept. 18. Rose this morning with a serene mind. Spent a considerable time in prayer. O may I be preserved this day from all the snares of the world, the flesh, and the devil, through the power of that grace which is ever ready to help me! Amen. Read the xvth chap. of John: O may I be a lively experiencer of the blessed promises contained in it.— Christ tells us, if we abide in him, he will abide in us: and that severed from him, we can do nothing. Forbid it, gracious Lord! that I should ever leave thee! Then shall I not fear the power of any adversary. Reproved two or three others to day, for swearing: I dare not suffer sin upon my brother.— Read the xvth chap. of John: eternal praise be to the Lamb of the Most High God, for the promise—*In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace.* What solid comfort to the believer is contained in the 24th verse,—*Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name: ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.*"

It was the opinion of an eminent divine, that much *temptation*, as well as *prayer* and *reading*, are necessary to make a Christian and a minister. It is requisite that he who is to be a judge of so many *cases of conscience*, should clearly understand them. But is this possible, unless he have passed through those states and circumstances, on which these cases are founded? I trow not. He who has not been deeply exercised in the furnace of affliction and trial, is never likely to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. How can a man, unexperienced in spiritual trials, build up the Church of Christ!

That he might not trust in himself or any thing he had acquired, there was given him a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet him. As his grand enemy could not succeed in tempting him to commit outward sin, he strove with all his skill and cunning, to harass his mind; and cause him to push the principles which regulate moral conduct beyond their natural boundaries. Fasting, abstinence, and the most solemn regard for truth, he carried to the utmost pitch of scru-

pulous observance. He became so scrupulous about his food, and practised such an excessive degree of self-denial, that he was worn down to little else than skin and bone.

As he saw the world full of *hollow friendships*, *shallow pretensions* to religion, *outsides* of all kinds, and *real substantial* wickedness, he was led to contemplate the Almighty as the God of *truth*, and the God of *justice*. His views of him under these characters, often nearly swallowed up his soul: and the terror of the God of *truth* and *justice* made him afraid. He became doubly watchful in all his conduct: guarded the avenues of his heart, took care to do nothing for which he had not the authority of God's Word, and the testimony of his conscience; and spoke little and with extreme caution. From this he was led to analyze his words in such a way, in order that he might speak nothing but what was indubitable truth; that at last every thing appeared to him to be *hypothetical*, and a general system of *doubtfulness* in every thing relative to himself took place. This had a very awful, and indeed almost fatal, effect upon his memory, so much afraid was he lest he should say any thing that was not strictly *true*, and on many subjects he would not get full information, that he might no longer *affirm* or deny any thing. He distrusted his *memory* and the evidence of his *senses* so much, that the former seemed to record transactions no longer, and the latter only served for personal preservation. When he has gone an errand, and returned, he has given in the most embarrassing account. "Adam, have you been at —?" "I think I have, Sir." "Did you see Mr. —?" "I believe I did." "Did you deliver the message?" "I think so." "What did he say?" "I cannot say: I am not sure that he said so and so, if I have ever been there and seen him;—and I am not sure that he did not say what I think I have just now told you." "Why, Adam, I cannot tell what you mean! Pray be more attentive in future." After some time, the empire of *doubt* became so established, that he appeared to himself as a *visionary being*: and the whole world as little else than a congeries of *ill-connected ideas*. He thought at last, that the whole of life, and indeed universal nature, was a dream: he could reflect that he had what were termed *dreams*, and in them all appeared to be *realities*, but when he awoke, he found all *unreal mockeries*: and why might not his present state be the same? At length he doubted whether he ever had such dreams; whether he ever made such reflections, or whether he ever now thought or reflected! However ideal all this may appear to the Reader, his sufferings in consequence were most distressingly *real*. He spoke to a particular friend on the subject: he stared, was confounded, knew nothing of the matter, and could give him no advice. After suffering exquisitely, he went to one of the preachers, and began as well he could, to



lay his case before him: the Preacher said abruptly—"What, are you going mad?—It is a shame for *you* to be occupied with such nonsense." He hastened away from him, and never after opened his mind to any person on the subject. In this state of distress and misery he continued for *three weeks*, and they appeared like *centuries*. He prayed much, immediately forgot that he had prayed, and went to prayer again! He either forgot to do what he was ordered; or forgot when he had done it that he had been thus employed, and wondered to find the work done which he had been sent to execute, though himself a little before had been the agent! It is worthy of remark that, all this time, the being of God, and the truth of the Sacred Writings, had never become a subject of doubt. These were the *foundations*; had these been ideally destroyed, what could his righteous soul have done? He was sifted as wheat; all the trials he ever came through, were nothing compared with this. Why was it suffered? Partly for his *own* sake, and partly for the sake of *others*. He ever felt from this, how sovereignly necessary was the curb and superintendence of *reason*, to bind, control, connect and arrange the figments of imagination, and the excursions of fancy: and he found that reason itself was nothing, or nothing to be depended on, longer than it acted under the incumbent energy of the living God. This taught him the precarious nature of imagination and fancy, the excellence of reason, and the necessity of a continual indwelling influence of the Divine Spirit. But, as many of the states through which he passed were, in the order of the all-wise providence of God, in reference to his *ministerial character*; so was this. He has often said, "I believe there is not a state, or stage of feeling or trial that any person can be in, that God has not either *led* me through, or permitted me to be *dragged* through; insomuch, that in all my ministerial life, and the vast multitude of cases of conscience which came before me, I never met with one that I did not understand; so that I can say with the apostle, *Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.* 2 Cor. i. 3, 4."

But the Reader is no doubt anxious to know how this charm was dissolved; and how the soul of this distressed young man was delivered? It was simply as follows:—It has already been seen that he was both harassed in his *mind*, and perplexed and injured in his memory: he needed a *twofold* help, and, when they became indispensably necessary, God sent them. While in this distracted state, he went one evening to the prayer-meeting; for he was most punctual and conscientious in all the means of grace. One of those who engaged

in prayer, who knew nothing of his state, was led to pray thus:—"Lord, if there be any here, against whom the accuser of the brethren hath stood up, succour that soul, and cast the accuser down." Immediately he thought, "I am the person: the accuser of the brethren hath stood up, and is standing up against me: Lord, cast him down, and deliver me!" It was immediately done: he was enabled to penetrate the wiles of the seducer; and the divine light and consolation instantly returned.

How he was succoured in the ravages made on his *memory* will next appear. One day Mr. Bennet having desired him to do something, which he had done, but had forgotten; and, being questioned on it, answered in his usual way of doubtfulness, but rather from a conviction that it was undone; Mr. B., knowing that it was done, said to him in a solemn manner, "Adam, you have totally lost your memory:—you are in a very deplorable state,—you have not a particle of memory remaining." With these words Adam seemed to awaken as from a deep trance. He turned his eye inwardly, saw his mind in total confusion: nothing had *rule*: confusion seemed confounded by confusion—every where appeared the

*"Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum."*

He flew to prayer, which was ever his strong hold: God shone upon his mind and gave him a renewed consciousness of his favour. He thought he would try and see whether his memory were impaired: he took up Mr. *Blair's* Poem on the *Grave*, and attempted to commit to memory the first paragraph: with great labour he succeeded: but found it very difficult to recollect the lines consecutively. When he could repeat the paragraph off book, in its natural order, he thought he would not burden his mind any farther for the present, and laid down the book and went to his work. After a short time he endeavoured to repeat those lines; but what his surprise to find them entirely fled!

Speaking on the subject, he said, "I do not recollect that I remained master of a single line! It seemed that either every thing was effaced from my memory, or that memory itself was extinct. I took up the book again, and, after a few efforts, recovered the paragraph, with the addition of a few more lines. Went again to work, and after some time, tried my memory again, and found all gone but two or three of the *first lines*! I took up the book again, recovered what I had learnt, and, as before, added a few more; and was satisfied that I could say the whole consecutively without missing a line, or indeed a word. Went to my work; after some hours tried my memory again, and found all gone but about double the quantity of the beginning to what I had left of the last recollection. Thus I continued for some time, getting and

losing, but recollecting *additionally* more of the commencement, till at last, I could repeat in all circumstances, and after any pause, about two hundred lines. I then gave it up, and by various exertions, left my memory to acquire its wonted tone and energy by degrees: but this it never did completely.

"From that day to this, my memory has been comparatively *imperfect*—much inferior to what it was before. It could readily take in *great things*; not so readily *small*: it could perfectly recollect ideas, and general description, but not the particular words: could give the substance of a conversation at any time, and almost at any distance of time, but not the *particular terms* used in that conversation:—and so of reading. To bring it to what it is, required strong and frequent exercise: but there is a certain point beyond which it has refused to go, or I have not had skill or patience enough to carry it. But this imperfection in relation to *verbal minutiae*, I consider a wise dispensation of a kind Providence. Had my memory been as circumstantially perfect, as it once was, I should no doubt have depended much on it, less on God, and perhaps neglected the cultivation of my *understanding* and *judgment*. In a word, I should have done probably what many eminent *memorists* have done, especially some preachers, 'meanly stole the words from my neighbours;' being able to repeat *verbatim*, the sermon I had read, or that which I had heard; and delivered it in the pulpit as if it were my own; and this might have at least led me to

'Deal in the wretched traffic of a truth unfelt.'

I have been therefore obliged to depend much on the continual assistance of God in my ministerial labours, and cultivate my judgment and understanding to the uttermost of my power: for I never dared to expect the divine assistance and unction so essentially necessary to me, unless I had previously exercised my judgment and understanding as far as possible. Now, strange as it may appear, from this very circumstance—the verbal imperfection of my memory—I have preached perhaps 5000 sermons, on all kinds of subjects, and on a great variety of occasions, and did not know beforehand, *one single sentence* that I should utter. And were I to preach before the king, or the two universities, I must preach in this way or not at all.

"But let no man misunderstand me: I did not enter the pulpit, or take my text till I was satisfied I understood the subject, and could properly explain and reason upon it. According to the fable in my favourite *Æsop*, I whipped the horses, and set my shoulders to the wheel, and then called upon Hercules, and was sure to obtain his help."

This is Dr. Clarke's own account of this solemn business;

and we may see from it, how much a vigorous mind may rise above its circumstances; and by assiduous cultivation and industry, supply its adventitious or natural defects. In consequence of this, the plan of his preaching was new and uncommon: it is always interesting, and ever popular: for, by the demonstration of the truth, he commended himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

It is worthy also of remark, that this state of comparative obliviscence to which his memory was reduced, did not affect any thing that had occurred *previously*: it had its operation only on matters which took place posterior to the circumstance mentioned above. Those things he could ever recollect in detail. These only in *sum* or aggregate, with now and then some exceptions.

## BOOK III.

We have seen, from the preceding statement, that young Clarke had already frequently given public exhortations in different country places—but in no case had he taken a text, though both the preachers and the principal friends wished him to do so. Conscious of his inexperience in divine things, and want of a general understanding in the Scriptures, he utterly refused to bind himself to explain any particular text in a formal way; and left himself the wide field of exhortation.

It would be well if young ministers, or those designed for the ministerial office, were equally scrupulous, not to say conscientious. Many labour on a particular text, which they treat as they were accustomed to do a theme in their school-boy exercises; and think, when they have succeeded pretty well on a few points of this kind, that they are qualified to be preachers of God's Holy Word: this is in many cases a fatal mistake both to themselves and others. In the primitive Church, there were Exhorters, as well as *Preachers, Teachers, Apostles, and Evangelists*; and their gift was not less necessary for the edification of the Church than those of the others. However, all gifts seem now to be absorbed in one, and a man must be either a *Preacher* or nothing.

Adam had not as yet got what he deemed a satisfactory *call to preach the Gospel*; and he was afraid to run before he was sent. As it was now likely he would not be employed in what was termed the *regular ministry* of the word, he judged it the more necessary to have an *extraordinary call*, to an *extraordinary work*: and for this he waited without solicitude or anxiety; for he did not desire the work of the ministry; it was to him no object of ambition, and could be none of *emolument*. His lot was now cast with the Methodists; for among them he had found the salvation of his soul; and he had no wish for any other religious communion. Their doctrine he knew to be true; their discipline he found useful; and their whole economy afforded spiritual advantages, which he could see no where else.

Shortly after he left Coleraine, Mr. Bredin, already mentioned, being on the Londonderry side of the circuit, sent for him to spend a week or fortnight with him: as his parents were not unwilling, he prepared for the journey, upwards of

thirty miles, which he must walk, for there were no public conveyances of any kind in those parts. Just before he set out, early on the Monday morning, he took up his Bible and said, Lord, direct me to some portion of thy Word, that may be a subject to me of useful meditation on the way! He then opened the book, and the first words that met his eyes were these, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever you shall ask of the Father, in my name, he may give it you."—*John xv. 16.*

This word gave him great encouragement, and he went on his way rejoicing. When he came to the city, Mr. Bredin desired him to go the next night, and supply his place, at a village called New Buildings, about five miles beyond Derry:—to this he agreed. "But," says Mr. B., "you must *preach* to the people." "I will do the best I can," says Adam, "with God's help." "But," said Mr. B., "you must take a text, and preach from it." "That I cannot undertake," said Adam. "You must and shall," said Mr. B. "I will exhort as usual, but I cannot venture to take a text." "Well, a text you must take, for the people will not be satisfied without it: a good exhortation is a Sermon, and you may as well have a text as not." To this authority he was obliged for the present to bow:—he went with rather a perplexed than a heavy heart; but he was relieved by meeting in the course of his reading with the following words: "We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness." 1 *John v. 19.*

This text he thought he well understood, went to the place, June 19th, 1782; took it, and after an introduction, in which he gave a general account of the Apostle John, divided it in the following way:—

1. The Apostle states that the whole world lieth in wickedness: this I shall endeavour to prove from the *natural* and *practical* state of man.

2. That it is only by the power of God that men are saved from this state of corruption; those who are converted being influenced and employed by Him:—*We are of God.*

3. Those who are thus converted, *know it*, not only from its outward effects in their lives; but from the change made in their hearts:—*We know that we are of God.*

The people seemed highly gratified, and gathered round him when he had finished, and entreated him to preach to them at a place a mile or two off, at *five* the next morning, before they went to their work: he consented, and many were gathered together to whom he explained and applied, 1 *John iv. 19, We love Him because He first loved us.*

During this visit at Derry, he preached five times at New Buildings; and gave several exhortations in the city. After

about a fortnight's stay he returned, and now had a strong persuasion in his own mind, that God had called him to preach His Word; and that the verse to which he was directed, when he set out on his journey to Derry,—*Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, &c.*, was the evidence of the call which God had graciously given him. He felt these words, as no man could feel them, who was not in his circumstances. That he was not mistaken, the issue has most amply proved. He was now *sent by God*; human authority had not yet interfered in his appointment. It is the prerogative of God to call and ordain his own ministers: it may be the prerogative of the church to appoint them *where* to labour; though, frequently, this also comes by an especial divine appointment.

As there was some prospect that he might soon go to England; previously to his departure, A. C. thought it his duty to wait on the Rev. Mr. Smith, the Rector of the parish, to inform him of his design to visit England, and request a *certificate*. He did so; and was as usual received with great kindness. On his requesting a *certificate*, Mr. S. said, "Write any thing you please, Adam, and I will sign it." This he declined, and said, "Any thing from you, Sir, will be sufficient:" on which Mr. S. sat down and wrote the following lines, which the Rev. Mr. Hezlet, Rector of a neighbouring parish, seeing, subscribed.

*Millburn, July 29, 1782.*

"The Bearer's father, John Clarke, M. A., has for several years kept school in the parish of Agherton, of which I am Rector; and during that time, both he and the Bearer, Adam Clarke, have maintained a fair and exceeding good character: and I do believe the Bearer worthy of the confidence of any person who has occasion to employ, or have any intercourse or connection with him.

WM. SMITH, Minister of Agherton.  
ROBT. HEZLET, Rector of Killowen."

He had not been long returned from Derry, before a letter came from Mr. Wesley to Mr. Bredin, appointing him for England, and desiring him to bring A. Clarke with him, that he might be sent direct to Kingswood school. This brought matters to a crisis with his family:—they were all highly displeased. His father would neither see nor speak to him; his mother threatened him with God's displeasure, and said as before, "We have brought you up with much care and trouble; your brother is gone, your father cannot last always, you should stay with the family, and labour for the support of those who have so long supported you, and not go to be a fugitive and vagabond over the face of the earth. I believe you to be up-

right, I know you to be godly ; but remember, God has said, *Honour thy father and thy mother ; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.* This is the first commandment with promise : and remember what the Apostle hath said ; *Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all.* Now I allow that you are unblameable in your life, but you are now going to break that solemn law, *Honour thy father and thy mother*, and if you do, what will avail all your other righteousness ?<sup>m</sup> It would not do to reply to an aggrieved parent. All he could say was, *I wish to do nothing contrary to the will of God : and in this respect I labour to keep a conscience void of offence before God and man.* His poor mother was so far transported and off her guard, that she said, " If you go, you shall have a parent's curse and not her blessing."

He was thus brought into a dilemma, and had no choice but of *difficulties*.—He had advanced too far, to retreat safely ; and to turn back he could not with a clear conscience. He had the most decided disapprobation of his parents, and with such, expressed as mentioned above, he could not think of leaving home. Prayer was his strong hold, and to this he had recourse on the present occasion. God knew the way that he took, and appeared for him. Having gone into Coleraine a few days on some business, he was greatly surprised on his return to find his mother's sentiments entirely changed. She had got the persuasion that God had required her to give up her son to his work : she instantly submitted, and had begun to use all her influence with his father, to bring him to the same mind ; nor had she exerted herself in vain. Both his parents received him on his return, with a pleasing countenance : and though neither said *go* : yet both said, *we submit.* In a few days he set off to the city of Londonderry, whence he was shortly to embark for Liverpool, London, or Bristol. On his departure, he was recommended by the pious society of Coleraine, to God. He had little money, and but a scanty wardrobe ; but he was carried far above the fear of want ; he would not ask his parents for any help ; nor would he intimate to them that he needed any. A few of his own select friends put some money in his purse, and having taken a dutiful and affectionate leave of his parents and friends, he walked to Derry, a journey of upwards of 30 miles, in a part of a day, found Mr. Bredin waiting, who had agreed for their passage in a Liverpool trader, which was expected to sail the first fair wind.

As he was young and inexperienced, for he had not seen the world, Adam was glad that he was likely to have the company and advice of his friend Mr. Bredin ; but in this he was disappointed : just as they were about to sail, a letter came from Mr. Wesley, remanding Mr. Bredin's appointment.



There was no time to deliberate; the wind was fair, the vessel cleared out, and about to fall down the Lough; Adam got a loaf of bread and about a pound of cheese, went instantly aboard quite alone, and the vessel set sail, Saturday, August 17, 1782. By this solemn step he had now separated himself from all earthly connections and prospects in his own country; and went on the authority of what he believed to be a divine command, not knowing whither he was going, nor what God intended for him.

They got safely down *Lough Foyle* into the *Deucalionian Sea*, having run aground through the carelessness of the pilot, but got off in about an hour, without sustaining any damage. They passed between the *Skerries, Raghery*, and the main land; doubled *Fair Head*, and the next morning were off the *Mull of Galloway*. The tide being against them, and the wind falling, they were obliged to work into *Ramsey Bay*, in the *Isle of Man*, where they staid about six hours. When the tide made, they weighed anchor, and the next afternoon got safely into Liverpool, August 19, 1782. On this passage, and some circumstances connected with it, it may be necessary to make a few remarks.

The captain of the sloop was named Cunningham, a Scotchman; decent, orderly, and respectable in his life. With him young Clarke had frequent and serious conversation on the passage; with which Capt. C. seemed not a little pleased. The 18th was Sunday, during the whole of which they were at sea, but Adam was sick, and was obliged to keep to his bed. The captain had got *Flavel's* works, and spent all his spare time on the Lord's day in reading them.—The sailors were, on the whole, orderly; and though he had reproved them for swearing, they did not take it ill, and refrained from the practice during the passage: and as they saw that the captain treated his young passenger with respect, they also treated him with the same. When they took their pilot on board, off *Hoylake*, they were informed that there was a *hot press* in the river. There were two young men, one a *sailor*, the other a *hatter*, steerage passengers, who began to fear for their personal safety. The sloop entered the river, and the first object that engaged their attention was a *tender*, which fired a couple of guns to make the captain *bring to*. The sails were hauled down in a moment, and the tender lowered her boat over her side; an officer and six men entered it, and began to make for the sloop. The transaction now about to be recorded Dr. C. has often related. His own account is the following:—

“As soon as Captain Cunningham perceived the tender, and was obliged to *bring to*, on her fire: he addressed himself to the passengers, and said, ‘You had better go and hide yourselves in the most secret parts of the vessel, or wherever you can; we shall have a *press-gang* immediately on board; and

I cannot protect you.' The two young men already mentioned, hid themselves accordingly: I said to myself, *Shall such a man as I flee?* I will not. I am in the hands of the Lord; if He permit me to be sent on board a man-of-war, doubtless He has something for me to do there.' I therefore quietly sat down on a locker in the cabin; but *my heart prayed to the God of heaven.* By and bye the noise on deck, told me that the gang were come on board. Immediately I heard a hoarse voice of unholy authority, calling out,—'All you who are below, come up on deck!' I immediately walked up the hatchway, stepped across the quarter-deck, and leaned myself against the gunwale. The officer went down himself and searched, and found the *hatter*; but did not find the *sailor*. While this officer and the captain were in conversation about the *hatter*, who maintained that he was apprentice to Mr. ———, of Liverpool, one of the gang came up to me, and said to one of our sailors, 'Who have you got here? O, he's a ——— priest, I'll warrant,' said the fellow; adding, 'we pressed a priest yesterday, but I think we'll not take this one.' By this time the lieutenant, having ordered the poor *hatter* aboard of the tender's boat, came up to me, stood for some seconds eyeing me from head to foot; he then stepped forward, took me by the right hand, fingered and thumbed it to find whether I had been brought up to the sea or hard labour, then, with authoritative insolence, shook it from him with a muffled execration, 'D—— you, you'll not do.' They then returned to their boat and went off with the poor *hatter*.

"What Briton's bosom does not burn against this infringement of British liberty? This unconstitutional attack on the liberty of a free-born subject of the Sovereign of the British Isles? While the impress service is tolerated, in vain do we boast of our Constitution. It is an attack upon its vitality, ten thousand times worse than any suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* act. Let Britons know that it is neither any part of our Constitution, nor any law of the land, whatever some venal lawyers have said, in order to make it *constructively* such. Nothing can be a reason for it, but that which justifies a *levée en masse* of the inhabitants of the nation. It is intolerable to hear those plead for it, who are not exposed to so great a calamity."

Having now escaped and got safely to shore, A. C. asked the captain if he could direct him to some quiet lodging, where he might be comfortable for the night, as he intended to set off next morning for Bristol. The captain said, "You shall stay at my house; sometimes my wife takes in respectable lodgers." He went with him, and was presented with several encomiums to Mrs. C., who received him affably; she was a decent, well-bred woman. In the afternoon, the captain asked him to take a walk, and see the docks and shipping. He

went, but having lately escaped from a press-gang, he was afraid of getting in their way again; and to tell the truth, imagined that every ill-looking fellow he met, was one of the party.

On his return to Captain Cunningham's, he was introduced to a Scotch lady who was there, a private boarder; there was also a naval captain present. At tea, the conversation turned on religion. The strange captain professed to be a *papist*; the Scotch lady took some part in the conversation, and generally pledged her *conscience* to the truth of what she asserted. Adam was pained at this; for, in all other respects, she appeared to be a well-bred and very respectable gentlewoman. He watched for an opportunity after tea, when he saw her alone, said very humbly, "Madam, it is a pity that so decent and respectable a lady as you are, should ever use an improper word." "Pray," said the lady, surprised, "what, what do you mean?" "Why, madam, I have noticed you several times in conversation, use the term '*upon my conscience*.' Now, madam, to you, and to every intelligent serious person, *conscience* must be a very sacred principle; and should never be treated lightly; and certainly should never be used in the way of an ordinary oath." "Why, sir," said she, "I cannot think there is any harm in it. I know very well-bred religious people make no scruple of using it as I do; and I am sure I cannot be persuaded that I have been doing any thing wrong." "Well, madam, I do think it sinful; and I rather think when you come to reflect on it, you will think so too." Thus ended the conversation. At supper the lady said, "Mrs. Cunningham, this young man has been reproving me for saying, '*upon my conscience*.' Now, I never thought that to be a sin: and sure Mrs. C. you know, as well as I, many good people who make no scruple of saying it." There was some silence, and then A. C. gave his reasons why he thought it, and all such words, thus used, to be sinful. Captain C. and Mrs. C. seemed to nod consent. The strange Captain said, "Sir, as I am a *Catholic*, I believe that when the priest has consecrated the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper, nothing of those elements remains, they are totally and substantially changed into the body, blood, life, and divinity of Jesus Christ. Have you any thing to say against that?" "O yes, sir," said Adam, "I have much to say against it;" and then began and argued largely to shew the doctrine unscriptural, and to prove it absurd. The captain then asked him what he had to say against the invocation of saints, and the worshipping of images? He gave his reasons at large against these also. *Purgatory*, was next produced; *Auricular Confession*; and the *priests' power to forgive sins*. All these were considered: and, if one might dare to say so, of so young a person, they were all confuted from Scripture and

reason. But the last tenet gave him an opportunity to turn to the subject generally; to speak concerning the nature of sin, and the fallen condemned state of man; and that, since no human nor angelic being could forgive offences not committed against themselves, but against another, it followed that He only against whom they were committed could forgive them; and, as all had sinned and come short of the glory of God, if He did not forgive them, doubtless they must sink those who had committed them into the gulf of endless perdition. He shewed also, that reconciliation with God was impossible from any thing that the sinner could either do or suffer; and that there was no hope of salvation to any man, but through the great sacrificial offering made by Christ Jesus. "But this," said he, "becomes effectual to no man who is not a true and deep penitent, and does not implicitly believe in that Atoning Sacrifice, as offered to Divine Justice for him, as a sufficient sacrifice, offering, atonement, and satisfaction for his transgressions." While discoursing on these subjects, God gave him uncommon power and freedom of speech: his little audience had their eyes intently fixed upon him; tears began to drop on their cheeks, and the half-smothered sob, gave strong indications of the state of their minds: perceiving this, he said, let us pray! and, suddenly dropping on his knees, in which he was immediately followed by all present, he prayed with such fervour and energy that all were in tears; and God seemed to work mightily in every mind. What were the effects of this night's conversation and prayer, will be found perhaps only in the great day.

The next morning he called on a Mr. Ray, of Cleaveland square, to whom he was introduced by a person from London-derry, whom he had accidentally met in the street. Mr. Ray invited him to stay to breakfast, and dissuaded him from what he had fully intended to do—viz. to go on foot from Liverpool to Bristol, a journey of nearly 200 miles. Mr. Ray sent his young man with him to the coach-office, where he took an outside place to Birmingham, in what was then called the *Fly*, one of the first of the stage coaches, carried six *insides*, as many *outsides* as they could stick on; and these, together with enormous *boot* and *basket*, filled with luggage, made it little inferior to a wagon in *size*, and not a great deal superior to one in *speed*. It might safely be ranked among the *tarda volentia plaustra*; for, though they left Liverpool at seven P. M. (Aug. 21,) they did not arrive in Birmingham before the following evening.

Before he left Captain Cunningham's he inquired for his bill; and was answered by Mrs. C., "No, sir, you owe nothing here; Capt. C., myself, and all the family, are deeply in your debt.—You have been a blessing to our house; and, were you to stay longer, you would have no charges. We shall be concerned to

hear how you get to the end of your journey ; therefore, pray write to us when you get to Kingswood."

This free lodging, though it suited his *pocket*, did not suit his disposition : for all through life he admired and enforced those words of our Lord, *It is more blessed to give than to receive*. He departed, earnestly praying that God would remember that family for good, for the kindness they had shewn to a poor stranger in a strange land.

His company on this day's journey was various, particularly on the *outside*, for they were frequently changed ; most of them going only a short distance. Those within were of another description, and A. C. became acquainted with them in the following manner :—a young gentleman belonging to the party, chose to take a stage on the outside, in order to see the country. He was gay and giddy and soon proved that he feared not an oath. A. C. asked him if he did not think it very improper to make use of such words ? "What," said he, "are you a Presbyterian ?"—"No, sir," said Adam, "I am a Methodist." This provoked his risibility in an uncommon degree ; and he made it the foundation of a great deal of harmless, but rather foolish wit. When he went inside, he told his tale in his own way, and this excited the curiosity of his companions to see this strange creature. A well-behaved gentleman put his head out of the coach window, and said, "Pray tell the young lad in the blue coat, to come into the inside for a stage, one of us will change places with him." Adam replied, "I thank you, sir, I prefer the seat where I now am." He repeated his request, and had the same answer. When the coach stopped, a lady urged him to comply ; but the risibility of the young gentleman not having as yet received its sedative, A. C. still refused.—The lady pressed him, and said, "Why, sir, should you refuse *our* company ?"—"Why, madam," said he, "I think mine cannot be very agreeable to you." She answered, "Sir, you must come in ; this young gentleman will take your place, and you will do *us* good." He at last consented. They questioned him about his religion ; where he was going, &c. &c., and they were so well pleased, that they requested him to go with them round by London, and they would cheerfully pay his fare, and maintain him on his way. This did not seem to him to lie in the line of Providence, and therefore, with due expressions of obligation, he refused the proffered kindness. The coach stopped for dinner at Litchfield, and they obliged him to sit at table with them, and would not permit him to be at any expense. The gentleman was learned ; and was pleased to find that his young acquaintance could converse with him out of Virgil and Horace, and was also well acquainted with all the doctrines of the gospel of Christ. In discoursing on that confidence which every true follower of God has in the Divine favour and protection, A. C. alleged that the principle was

not unknown among even the *heathens*; though many called Christians deny that we can have any direct evidence of God's love to our minds; and he quoted the following verse from Horace:—

*Iniecer vita scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauris jaculis. neque arcu,  
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis.  
Fusce, pharetra."*

ODAR. lib. i. od. 22.

"The man that knows not guilty fear,  
Nor wants the bow, nor pointed spear;  
Nor needs, while innocent of heart,  
The quiver teeming with the poisoned dart."

FRANCIS.

"True," said the gentleman, "but if we take *Horace* as authority for one point, we may as well do it in another, and in some of your received principles, you will find him *against* you; witness another Ode,"—

*"Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero  
Pulsanda tellus."*

ODAR. lib. i. od. 37.

"Now let the bowl with wine be crown'd;  
Now lighter dance the mazy round."

FRANCIS.

A. C. acknowledged the propriety of this critique; and has been heard to say, "We should be cautious how we appeal to *heathens*, however eminent, in behalf of *morality*; because much may be collected from them on the other side. In like manner, we should take heed how we quote the *Fathers* in proof of the *doctrines* of the Gospel; because he who knows them best, knows, that on many of those subjects, they blow *hot* and *cold*."

He parted from this intelligent company at Lichfield: to whom he had a very favourable opportunity of explaining some of the chief doctrines of the Christian system.—Every well disposed mind has something to do for God or man, in every place and circumstance; and he who is watchful and conscientious, will find *opportunities*.

He reached Birmingham in the evening, and soon found out Mr. *Joseph Brettell*, the brother of *John*, already mentioned, to whom he had a letter of recommendation from Mr. *Ray*. Mr. and Mrs. B. received him most affectionately, and offered him a bed at their house till he could take his departure for Bristol, which could not be till early on the morning of the 24th, as there was no conveyance before that time. On the evening of the 23d Mr. B. took him with him to a public prayer-meeting, where he constrained him to give an exhortation; which the piety and good sense of the people to whom it was given, led them to receive kindly. The chapel in *Cherry*

*Street* was then nearly finished, and that night before the prayer-meeting, he heard old *Parson Greenwood* preach in it on these words, "*I am in a strait between two.*" On which he observed that, "It had been generally the case in all ages, that the people of God had been frequently in straits and difficulties; and gave several instances, as Lot in Sodom; Jacob in the house of Laban, and when he met with Esau his brother; Moses in Egypt," &c. &c. and, had he then known the circumstances and spirit of his young strange hearer, he might have safely added *him* to the number.

Before he left Birmingham, Mr. Brettell took occasion to ask him, "What he proposed by going to Kingswood school?" Adam, who had been led to consider it in the light of an university, but much better conducted, immediately answered, "I hope to get in it an increase of learning, of knowledge, and of piety." Mr. B. said, "I hope you may not be disappointed: I question whether you will meet there with anything you expect." At this Adam was surprised, and referred him to some of the late magazines, where such an account was given of this seminary, as quite justified all his expectations. Mr. B. said, "I only wish to put you on your guard against suffering pain and discouragement, should you be disappointed. Some of us know the place well; and know that you will not meet in it what you have been led to expect."

This seemed strange to him, and he pondered all these sayings in his heart. This kind family behaved to him as if he had been their own child, and a strict friendship was established between him and them which was never dissolved; and Mr. Brettell's house was his home whenever he visited Birmingham, till, in the course of Divine Providence, he left his residence and manufactory at the *Moat*, and became manager of a public charge in the town.

Of this kind family Dr. C. was accustomed to say, "Never were those words of our Lord more literally attended to, than in the case of this family in reference to me:—*I was a stranger and ye took me in.* Of myself or family they had never before heard. Of me they could hardly expect ever to hear again; and for their kindness they could expect no reward on this side the resurrection of the just; and yet they behaved to me, as did the family of the *Walkers*, into which Mr. B. had married, as if they had been under the highest obligations to me and mine. May God remember them for good: and may neither their children, nor children's children, ever be strangers in a strange land, without meeting with such friends as *they* have been to me!"

As the coach for Bristol was to go off at three o'clock in the morning, it was thought best that A. C. should sleep at the inn. When he had paid his coach outside fare to Bristol, and sixpence for his bed, he found he had remaining one shil-

ling and ninepence only. On this he could not draw extensively for support on the way; nor was he anxious, as he was well inured to self-denial and fasting. He left Birmingham at three o'clock, A. M. Aug. 24, and reached the Lamb Inn in Broad Mead, Bristol, at eight o'clock that night. During the whole of this time, his entire subsistence had been a *penny loaf* and a *halfpenny worth of apples*! The day had been stormy, and he had been often wet to the skin: and not being used to such travelling, he was sufficiently fatigued and exhausted when he reached Bristol. He was shewn to the kitchen, where there happening to be a good fire, he got himself warmed: and he asked for a piece of bread and cheese, and a drink of water. "Water, water!" said one of the servants, "had you not better have a pint of beer?"—"No, I prefer a drink of water," said he: it was brought, and for this homely supper he paid sixpence, and sixpence for his bed before he lay down; he had now sevenpence halfpenny remaining, sixpence of which the chambermaid charged for taking care of his box: he had three halfpence left, his whole substance, to begin the world at Kingswood! The next morning early, Aug. 25th, he left the inn, and walked to Kingswood, and got thither about seven o'clock, when the preaching in the chapel was about to commence. He entered with the crowd, and heard Mr. Thomas Payne preach on "*Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?*" This text was a word in season to Adam, who began now to be very heavy, and considerably tried in his mind, with a foreboding of some approaching distresses. It may be necessary to state here, that the *Thomas Payne* mentioned above, was not the famous *revolutionist* and *Infidel*, so well known since over Europe and America; but a zealous, sensible Methodist preacher, the reverse of the other, both in his religious and political creed. His own life, written by himself, may be found in the *Arminian Magazine*. He died at Brislington, near Bristol, the following year.

The preaching being ended, A. C. inquired of a young lad, whom he supposed to be one of the scholars, if Mr. Simpson (the head Master) was at home? Being informed that he was, he begged leave to see him;—he was introduced, and delivered Mr. Wesley's letter. Mr. S. appeared surprised: said, "He had heard nothing of it, and that they had no room in the school for any one; that Mr. Wesley was now in Cornwall, but was expected in a fortnight:" and added, "You must go back to Bristol, and lodge there till he comes." These were all appalling tidings! Adam had travelled several hundred miles both by sea and land in quest of a chimerical *Utopia* and *Garden of Paradise*, and now all his hopes were in a moment crushed to death.

With a heart full of distress, Adam ventured to say, "Sir



I cannot go back to Bristol, I have expended all my money, and have nothing to subsist on." Mr. S. said, "Why should you come to Kingswood, it is only for preachers' children, or for such preachers as cannot read their Bible; and it appears from this information, that you have already been at a classical school, and that you have read both Greek and Latin authors." Adam said, "I am come to improve myself in various ways by the advantages which I understood Kingswood could afford." Mr. S. replied that, "It was not necessary; if you are already a preacher, you had better go out into the work at large, for there is no room for you in the school, and not one spare bed in the house." It was now with his poor heart:—

*Hei mihi! quanta de spe decidi!*

The rest I shall give in A. C.'s own words.

"At last it was agreed, that there was a spare room on the end of the *chapel*, where I might lodge till Mr. Wesley should come from Cornwall: and that I must stay in that room and not come into the house. I was accordingly shewn to the place, and was told, one of the maids should bring me my daily food at the due times. As soon as I was left alone, I kneeled down and poured out my soul to God with strong crying and tears. I was a stranger in a strange land, and alas! among *strange people*: utterly friendless and penniless. I felt also that I was not at *liberty*, but only to *run away*:—this I believe would have been grateful to the unfeeling people into whose hands I had fallen. But I soon found why I was thus cooped up in my prison-house. Mr. S. that day took an opportunity to tell me that Mrs. S. suspected that I might have the itch, as many persons coming from my country had; [this was excellent from *Scotch* people, for such they both were;] and that they could not let me mingle with the family. I immediately tore open my waistcoat and shirt, and shewed him a skin as white and as clean as ever had come across the Tweed; but all to no purpose,—'It might be cleaving somewhere to me, and they could not be satisfied till I had rubbed myself, from head to foot, with a box of Jackson's itch ointment, which should be procured for me next day!'

"It was only my strong hold of God, that kept me from distraction. But to whom could I make my complaint? Earthly refuge I had none. It is utterly impossible for me to describe the feelings, I may justly say the *agony*, of my mind. I surveyed my apartment; there was a wretched old bureau wainscot bedstead, not worth *ten shillings*, and a flock bed, and suitable bed-clothes, worth not much more: but the worst was, they were very scanty, and the weather was *cold* and *wet*. There was one rush bottomed chair in the place, and besides these, neither carpet on the floor, nor at the bedside, nor any other kind of furniture. There was no book, not even a *Bible*,

in the place; and my own box, with my clothes and a few books, was behind at the Lamb Inn, in Bristol; and I had not even a change of linen. Of this I informed them, and begged them to let the man, (as I found he went in with a horse and small cart three times a week,) bring out my box to me. To this request, often and earnestly repeated, I got no definite answer, but no box was brought.

"*Jackson's Ointment* was brought, it is true; and with this infernal unguent, I was obliged to anoint myself before a large fire, (the first and last I saw while I remained there,) which they had ordered to be lighted for the purpose. In this state, smelling worse than a polecat, I tumbled with a heavy heart and streaming eyes, into my worthless bed. The next morning the sheets had taken from my body, as far as they came in contact with it, the unabsorbed parts of this tartareous compound: and the smell of them and myself was almost insupportable. The woman that brought my *bread and milk* for breakfast—for dinner—and for supper,—for generally I had nothing else, and not enough of that,—I begged to let me have a pair of clean sheets. It was in vain: no clean clothes of any kind were afforded me; I was left to make my own bed, sweep my own room, and empty my own basin, &c. &c. as I pleased! For more than three weeks no soul performed any kind act for me. And as they did not give orders to the man to bring out my box, I was left without a change of any kind, till the Thursday of the second week; when I asked permission to go out of my prison-house to Bristol for my box; which being granted, I walked to Bristol and carried my box *on my head*, more than four miles, without any kind of assistance! It was then no loss, that my wardrobe was not extensive. As for books, I brought none with me but a small 18mo. Bible, a 12mo. edition of Young's Night Thoughts, Prideaux's Connected History of the Jews, &c., and Buck's 8vo. Greek Testament.

"As both the days and nights were very cold, the season then being unnaturally so, I begged to have a little *fire*. This was denied me, though coals were raised within a few roods of the house, and were very cheap; and had it been otherwise, they were not at *their* expense; they were paid for out of the *public collections*, made for that school; to which many of my friends made an annual liberal offering.

"One day, having seen Mr. S. walking in the garden, I went to him and told him I was starving with cold; and shewed him my fingers then bloodless through cold! He took me to the hall, shewed me a cord which hung from the roof, to the end of which was affixed a cross stick; and told me to jump up and catch a hold of the stick, and swing by my hands, and that would help to restore the circulation. I did so: and had been at the exercise only a few minutes, when Mrs. S.

came and drove both him and myself away, under pretence that we should dirty the floor! From this woman I received no kindness. A more unfeeling woman I had never met. She was probably very clever—all stood in awe of her—for my own part, I feared her more than I feared Satan himself. When nearly crippled with cold, and I had stolen into the kitchen to warm myself for a few moments, if I had heard her voice in the hall, I have run as a man would who is pursued in the jungles of Bengal by a royal tiger.

"This woman was equally saving of the *candles*, as of the coals: if my candle were not extinguished by nine o'clock, I was called to account for it. My bed not being comfortable, I did not like to lie much in it; and therefore kept out of it as late, and rose from it as early as possible. To prevent Mrs. S. from seeing the reflection of the light through my window, (for my prison-house was opposite the school, over the way,) I was accustomed to set my candle on the floor behind my bureau bed, take off my coat and hang it on my chair's back, bring that close on the other angle, and then sit down squat on the floor and read! To these miserable expedients was I driven in order to avoid my bed, and spend my time in the best manner I could for the cultivation of my mind, and to escape the prying eye of this woman, who seemed never to be in her element but when she was driving every thing before her.

"I asked and got permission to work in the garden. There, fine quickset hedges were all overgrown; these I reduced to order by the dubbing shears: and I had done this so well, that my taste and industry were both applauded. I occasionally dug and dressed plots in the ground. This was of great service to me, as it gave me a sufficiency of exercise, and I had on the whole better health; and there was a sort of pond of rain water in the garden, where I occasionally bathed, scanty indeed of water, for there is none in the place but what falls from heaven; and for a temporary occupation of their premises, I was obliged to contend with frogs, asks, or evets, and vermin of different kinds.

"The preaching, and public band-meeting at the chapel, were often sources of spiritual refreshment to me; and gave me songs in the house of my pilgrimage.

"One Thursday evening, when Mr. Thos. Rankin, who was superintendent (then called *assistant*) of the circuit, had preached, the bands met: and as I made it a point never to attend *band-meeting* or *love-feast*, without delivering my testimony for God, I spoke: and without entering into trials, temptations, or difficulties of any kind, I simply stated my confidence in God, the clear sense I had of my acceptance with Him, and my earnest desire for complete purity of heart. When the meeting was ended, Mr. R. came to me, and asked

if I had ever led a class? I said, I had often, in my own country, but not since I came to England. 'Have you ever preached?' I answered, I had often exhorted in public, but had taken a text only a few times. He then told me I must go and meet a class at *Mangotsfield* the next day; and preach at *Downend* the next Wednesday. I met the class, and preached as appointed, and had great favour in the sight of the people.

"From that time Mr. Rankin was my steady friend. I had an intimate acquaintance with him for upwards of thirty years; and we never had the slightest misunderstanding. He was an authoritative man; and many complained of him on this account; he had not many friends, his *manner* being often apparently austere. But he was a man of unblemished character, truly devoted to God, and zealous in his work. I attended him on his death-bed in London: he died as a *Christian* and *minister of Christ* should die,—full of confidence in God, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

"The last time I saw him he desired his step-daughter, Mrs. *Hovatt*, to open a certain drawer, and bring to him a little *shagreen box*. She did so—he took it, and said, 'My dear brother Clarke, this is a silver medal of the late Rev. George Whitfield: Mr. Wesley gave it to me, and in my *will* I have left it to you: but I now choose to give it to you with my own hands; and I shall use the same words in giving it which Mr. Wesley used when he gave it to me:

'*Thus we scatter our playthings: and soon we'll scatter our dust.*'

"It is a satisfaction to me that, having been superintendent of the London circuit three years before he died, I had it in my power to make his latter labours comparatively comfortable and easy; by appointing him to places to which he had little fatigue in going, and where he was affectionately entertained.—In this I only did my *duty*; but he received it as a very high obligation. Preachers who have borne the burden and heat of the day, should be favoured in their latter end, when their strength and spirits fail.

"Before I go farther in this relation, it will be necessary to describe, as briefly as possible, the family at Kingswood.

"The school at that time consisted of the *sons of itinerant preachers*, and *parlour boarders*. The latter were taken in, because the public collections were not sufficient to support the institution.

"As a religious seminary, and under the direction of one of the greatest men in the world, Mr. J. Wesley, (though his multitudinous avocations prevented him from paying much attention to it,) the school had a great character, both over Europe and America, among religious people. Independently of several young gentlemen, the sons of opulent Methodists, there were

at that time in it several from the *West Indies, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.*

"The following was the *domestic* establishment:—

"Mr. *Thomas Simpson*, M. A. was head master. Mrs. *Simpson*, housekeeper. Miss *Simpson*, assistant. The Rev. *Cornelius Bayley*, afterwards Dr. *Bayley* of *Manchester*, was English teacher; who had I believe at that time, only 12*l.* per annum, and his board, &c. for his labor; Mr. *Vincent de Boudry* was occasional French teacher; and Mr. *C. R. Bond* was a sort of half boarder, and assistant English teacher.

"Mr. *S.* was a man of learning and piety; much of a gentleman, but too easy for his situation. Mr. *Bayley* was a man of the strictest morals and exemplary piety. Mr. *De Boudry* was a man of plain sense and true godliness. Mr. *Bond* was a young man of little experience, and shallow in talents, but affectionate: whose highest ambition seemed to be, to reach the exalted place and character of a clergyman.

"Mr. *Simpson*, on leaving *Kingswood*, which he did the year after I was there, set up a classical school at *Keynsbam*; which he managed for many years with considerable credit; and died, leaving a son to fill his place, who afterwards became vicar of that place.

"Mr. *Cornelius Bayley* published a very good Hebrew grammar while he was at the school. He afterwards went to *Manchester*, where a church was built for him, called *St. James'*. There he earnestly laboured and did much good, though he *knew not* the people among whom he received his religion, and who were the principal instruments in building his church. He also is dead; highly respected for his piety, usefulness, and high Church principles.

"Mr. *De Boudry* married a pious sensible woman; and set up a Boarding School on *Kingsdown*, *Bristol*. He is dead; having long borne the character of a pious, steady, honest man.

"No man can do justice to the life of Mr. *Bond*, but himself. It has been indeed *various* and *chequered*: he is probably still living; but I know not what is become of him.

"The *scholars* were none of them remarkable for piety or learning. The *young gentlemen* that were introduced had spoiled the discipline of the school; very few of its Rules and Regulations were observed; and it in no respect answered the end of its institution. This is evident from the judgment passed upon it in the following year by Mr. *Wesley* and the *Bristol Conference*. This document I transcribe.

'*Bristol, Aug. 1783.*

'Q. 15. Can any improvement be made in the management of *Kingswood* school?

'A. My design in building the house at *Kingswood* was to have therein a Christian family; every member whereof,

(children excepted,) should be alive to God, and a pattern of all holiness. Here it was that I proposed to educate a few children according to the accuracy of the Christian model. And almost as soon as we began, God gave us a token for good, four of the children receiving a clear sense of pardon. But at present the school does not in any wise answer the design of its institution, either with regard to *religion* or *learning*. The children are not religious; they have not the power, and hardly the form, of religion. Neither do they improve in learning better than at other schools: no, nor yet so well. Insomuch that some of our friends have been obliged to remove their children to other schools. And no wonder they improve so little either in religion or learning; for the rules of the school are not observed at all. All in the house ought to *rise*, take their *three* meals, and go to bed at a fixed hour. But they do not. The children ought never to be alone; but always in the presence of a master. This is totally neglected; in consequence of which they run up and down the road, and mix, yea fight, with the colliers' children.

'How may these evils be remedied, and the school reduced to its original plan? It must be mended or ended, for no school, is better than the present school.'

"This censure is perfectly correct, it was the worst school I had ever seen, and though the teachers were men of adequate learning; yet as the school was perfectly *disorganized*, and in several respects each did what was right in his own eyes, and there was no efficient plan pursued, they mocked at religion, and trampled under foot all the laws. The little children of the preachers suffered great indignities; and, it is to be feared, their treatment there gave many of them a rooted enmity against piety and religion for life. The parlour boarders had every kind of respect paid to them, and the others were shamefully neglected. Had this most gross mismanagement been known to the Methodist preachers, they would have suffered their sons to die in ignorance, rather than have sent them to a place where there was scarcely any care taken either of their bodies or souls.

"I found to my great discomfort, all the hints thrown out by Mr. B. and my Birmingham friends more than realized. The school has certainly been '*mended*' since; and is now stated to be in a progressive state of greater improvement than ever. May it ever answer, in every respect, the great end which its most excellent founder proposed when he laid its first stone, and drew up its rules.

"But to return to the remainder of my short stay in Kingswood.

"I have already noticed that, for the sake of exercise, I often worked in the garden. Observing one day a small plot

which had been awkwardly turned over by one of the boys, I took the spade and began to dress it: in breaking one of the clods, I knocked a half-guinea out of it. I took it up and immediately said to myself, this is not mine; it belongs not to any of my family, for they have never been here; I will take the first opportunity to give it to Mr. Simpson. Shortly after, I perceived him walking in the garden, I went to him, told him the circumstance, and presented the half-guinea to him; he took it, looked at it, and said, 'It may be mine, as several hundred pounds pass through my hands in the course of the year, for the expenses of this school; but I do not recollect that I ever lost any money since I came here. Probably one of the gentlemen has; keep it, and in the mean time I will inquire.' I said, 'sir, it is not mine, take you the money, if you meet the right owner, well; if not, throw it in the funds of the school.' He answered, 'You must keep it till I make the enquiry.' I took it again with reluctance. The next day he told me that Mr. Bayley had lost a half-guinea, and I might give it to him the first time I saw him; I did so:—three days afterwards Mr. Bayley came to me and said, 'Mr. C. it is true, that I lost a half-guinea, but I am not sure that *this* is the half-guinea I lost; unless I were so, I could not conscientiously keep it; therefore you must take it again.' I said, 'It is not mine, probably it is yours; therefore I cannot take it.' He answered, 'I will not keep it: *I have been uneasy in my mind ever since it came into my possession;*' and, in saying this, he forced the gold into my hand. Mr. Simpson was present: I then presented it to him, saying, 'Here, Mr. S., take you it, and apply it to the use of the school.' He turned away hastily as from something ominous, and said, 'I declare I will have nothing to do with it.' So it was obliged to remain with its *finder*, and formed a grand addition to a purse that already possessed only three half-pence.

"Was this providential? 1. I was poor, not worth two-pence in the world, and needed some important articles. 2. I was out of the reach of all supplies, and could be helped only from *heaven*. 3. How is it that the lad who had dug the ground did not find the money: it was in a clod less than a man's fist. 4. How came it that Mr. B., who knew he had lost a half-guinea, somewhere about the premises, could not appropriate this, but was miserable in his mind for two or three days and nights, and could have no rest till he returned it to me? 5. How came it that Mr. S. was so horrified with the poor half-guinea that he dared not even throw it into the charitable fund? 6. Did the Providence of God send this to me, knowing that I stood in need of such a supply?

"The story is before the Reader, he may draw what inference he pleases. One thing, however, I may add.—Besides two or three necessary articles which I purchased, I gave Mr.

Bayley 6s. as my subscription for his Hebrew Grammar: by which work I acquired a satisfactory knowledge of that language, which ultimately led me to read over the *Hebrew Bible*, and make those short notes which formed the basis of the *Commentary* since published! Had I not got that Grammar I probably should never have turned my mind to Hebrew learning; and most certainly had never written a *Commentary* on Divine Revelation! Behold how great matter a little fire kindleth! My pocket was not entirely empty of the remains of this half-guinea, till other supplies, in the ordinary course of God's Providence came in! O God! the silver and the gold are thine: so are the cattle upon a thousand hills.

"At length Mr. Wesley returned to Bristol. The day he came, Mr. Simpson went in and had an interview with him; and I suppose told his own tale,—that they had not room, that it was a pity I should not be out in the general work; and I was told that Mr. W. wished to see me. I had this privilege for the first time, on September 6th. I went into Bristol, saw Mr. Rankin, who carried me to Mr. Wesley's study, off the great lobby of the rooms over the Chapel in Broadmead. He tapped at the door, which was opened by this truly apostolic man: Mr. R. retired: Mr. W. took me kindly by the hand, and asked me, 'How long since I had left Ireland?' Our conversation was short. He said, 'Well, brother Clarke, do you wish to devote yourself entirely to the work of God?' I answered, 'Sir, I wish to do and be what God pleases!' He then said, 'We want a preacher for Bradford (Wilts;) hold yourself in readiness to go thither; I am going into the country, and will let you know when you shall go.' He then turned to me, laid his hands upon my head, and spent a few moments in praying to God to bless and preserve me, and to give me success in the work to which I was called.

"I departed, having now received, in addition to my appointment from God to preach His gospel, the only authority I could have from man, in that line in which I was to exercise the Ministry of the Divine Word.

"That evening Mr. Wesley preached in the chapel from Zech. iv. 6, *Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.* In this Sermon, which was little else than a simple narrative of facts, he gave a succinct account of the rise and progress of what is called *Methodism*: its commencement in Oxford, occasioned by himself and his brother Charles, and a few other young men, setting apart a certain portion of time to read the Greek Testament, and carefully to note the doctrines and precepts of the gospel; and to pray for inward and outward holiness, &c. With and by these God had condescended to work a work, the greatest that had been wrought in any nation since the days of the Apostles. That the instruments which he employed were, humanly



speaking, not at all calculated to produce such a glorious effect;—they had no *might* as to extraordinary learning, philosophy, or rhetorical abilities:—they had no *power*, either ecclesiastical or civil; could neither command attention, nor punish the breach of order; and yet by these means was this extraordinary work wrought; and in such a manner too as to demonstrate, that as it was neither by *might nor power*, it was *by the Spirit of the Lord of Hosts*.

“Had this relation been entirely *new* to me, I should have felt more interest in the Sermon. But I had already acquainted myself with the history of Methodism, of which the present Sermon was an abridgment. The Sermon had nothing great in it, but was well suited to the purpose for which it was preached; viz. to lead the people ever to consider the glorious revival of religion which they witnessed, as the work of God alone; and to give him the glory; as to Him alone this glory was due.

“Two days after this, (September 8,) I first saw Mr. *Charles Wesley*, and was not a little gratified to think that I had, by a strange series of providences, been brought to see the two men whom I had long considered as the very highest characters upon the face of the globe; and as the most favoured instruments which God had employed since the days of the twelve Apostles to revive and spread genuine Christianity in the earth.

“It was not till the 26th of this month that I had my final instructions to set off to my circuit.

“A young man, named *Edward Rippon*, had been, on too slight an authority, recommended to Mr. Wesley at the Conference, which had been held at Bristol in the last month, as a proper person to travel, and he was accordingly appointed for Bradford, (Wilts.) When the time came, he was found to be unqualified for the work, and he declined coming out. To supply his place, I was appointed for that circuit: and this is the reason why my name was not printed in the *Minutes that year*; as the Conference was over before Mr. Rippon's determination was known, or my appointment had taken place. And by a blunder of *all editors* since that time, *Rippon's* name stands in that year as a *travelling preacher* in the Bradford circuit, though he never travelled an hour as a Methodist preacher in his life.

“I have only one thing more to add about Kingswood, before I take my final leave of it.

“When Mr. Wesley had returned and told me to hold myself in readiness to go into a circuit, I was brought out of my prison house, had a bed assigned me in the large room with the rest of the boys, (for about forty lay in the same chamber, each in a separate cot, with a flock bed,) and had permission to dine with the family. There was no question then about *itch*, or any thing else; whether *I ever had it*, or whether *I was cured of it*! But Mrs. S.'s authority was not yet at an end,

It was soon observed at table that I drank no person's health. The truth is, I had ever considered it an absurd and senseless custom, and could not bring my mind to it. At this table, every person when he drank was obliged to run the following gauntlet. He must drink the health of Mr. Simpson—Mrs. Simpson—Miss Simpson—Mr. Bayley—Mr. De Boudry—all the foreign gentlemen—then all the parlour boarders, down one side of the long table, and up the other, one by one, and all the *visitors* who might happen to be there :—after which it was lawful for him to drink his glass of beer.

"On Mrs. Simpson's insisting upon my going through this routine, and drinking all healths, I told her I had a scruple of conscience, and could not submit to it till better informed; and hoped she would not insist on it. She answered, 'You certainly shall: you shall not drink at table unless you drink the healths of the company as the others do. Mr. Wesley drinks healths; Mr. Fletcher does the same; but you will *not* do it, because of course *you* have more wisdom and piety than *they* have.' To this I could not reply. I was in Rome, and it would have been absurd in me to have attempted to contend with the pope. The consequence was, I never had a drop of fluid with my meat during the rest of my stay at this place. This was a sore trial to me, for I never had an easy deglutition, and was always obliged to *sip* with my food, in order to get it easily swallowed. I had now no help, but to take very small bits, and eat little; and then go out to the vile straining stone behind the kitchen, for some of the half-putrid pit water; and thus terminate my unsatisfactory meal.

"The tyranny of Mrs. S. in this was truly execrable. I omitted from conviction a practice which I judged to be at least *foolish* and *absurd*: and none of them could furnish the shadow of an argument in vindication of their own conduct, or in confutation of mine. I have however lived long enough to see almost the whole nation come over to my side.

"It was at this time that the Bishop of Bristol held a *confirmation* in the collegiate church. I had never been confirmed, and as I had a high respect for all the rites and ceremonies of the Church, I wished to embrace this opportunity to get the blessing of that amiable and apostolic looking prelate, Dr. Lewis Bagot. I asked permission; several of the preachers' sons went with me; and I felt much satisfaction in this ordinance; to me it was very solemn, and the whole was well conducted. Mrs. S., who was a Presbyterian, pitied my being so long 'held in the oldness of the letter.' I have lived nearly forty years since; and upon this point my sentiments are not changed.

"My stay was now terminated at Kingswood school. On the morning of Sept. 26th, I left it, walked to Hanham: from thence to Bath, where I heard Mr. Wesley preach: and from Bath I walked to Bradford, where I again heard him preach in

the evening. That night I lodged at the house of Mr. *Pearce*; a man who was a pattern of every excellence that constitutes the Christian character: and the next day I set out into my circuit, of which *Trowbridge* was the first place.

"Though burdened with a sense of my great unfitness for the work into which I was going, yet I left Kingswood without a sigh or a groan. It had been to me a place of unworthy treatment, not to say torment: but this had lasted only *one month and two days*; *thirty-one days* too much, if God had not been pleased to order it otherwise. But the impressions made upon my mind by the bad usage I received there, have never been erased: a sight of the place has ever filled me with distressing sensations; and the bare recollection of the *name* never fails to bring with it associations both unpleasant and painful. Those who were instruments of my tribulation are gone to another tribunal; and against them I never made any complaint."

A younger person than ADAM CLARKE, had probably never gone out into the work of the ministry among the Methodists, or perhaps among any other people: and had not his been a case peculiar and singular, and which should never pass into a precedent, it would have been imprudent to have appointed so young a man to such a work, both for his own sake, and for the sake of those who were to sit under his ministry.

Mr. C. was judged to be at this time about eighteen; and even small and youthful taken for that age: he was a mere boy, and was generally denominated the *little boy*. But he was in a very particular manner fitted for the work, by strong exercises of spirit, and by much experience and knowledge of his own heart, of the temptations of Satan, and of the goodness of God.

His acquaintance with the Scriptures could not be *extensive*; but it was very *correct* as far as it went.

Of the *plan of salvation* he had the most accurate knowledge; and in this respect, his trumpet could not give an uncertain sound. He had received the word from God's mouth, and he gave the people warning from Him. He well knew those portions which applied to the *stout-hearted* and far from righteousness—to the *penitent*—the *strongly tempted*—the *lukewarm*—the *believer*—the *backslider*—and the *self-righteous*. All these states he could readily discern; and knew well how to address them. Besides, his *zeal* knew no other bounds than those that limit the human race; and its exertions under that influence, were confined only within the limits of his corporeal and mental strength. The *Bible* was his one book; and *Prayer* his continual exercise. He frequently read it upon his knees; and often watered it with his tears. He never entered the pulpit but with the conviction that if God did not help him by the influence of his Spirit, his heart must be *hard*, and his mind *dark*, and consequently his word be without *unction*, and

without effect. For this influence he besought God with strong crying and tears; and he was seldom, if ever, left to himself.

With respect to *preaching* itself, his diffidence was extreme; and he felt it as a heavy burden which God had laid upon his shoulders; and under which God alone could support him: and, as he found in this case most emphatically, without God he could do nothing; he was therefore led to watch and pray most earnestly and diligently, that he might be enabled to hold fast faith and a good conscience, that continuing in God's *favour*, he might have reason to expect his support.

Of the Methodists' economy, as it respected *secular* things, he knew little: it never entered into his mind that he was to have anything but his food: as to clothing, he did not anticipate the thought of needing any. Purer motives, greater disinterestedness, never dwelt in the breast of human being: he sought nothing but the favour of his Maker, and the salvation of souls, and to spend and be spent in this work.

Of learning, he did not boast; because he believed that he could not. He knew that he had the rudiments of literature, a moderate classical taste, and an insatiable thirst for knowledge; especially the knowledge of God and His works: his mind was not highly cultivated, but the soil was broken up, and was, in every respect, improvable. Such were the qualifications of ADAM CLARKE, when, on Sept. 27, 1782, he went out as an itinerant preacher among the people called Methodists.

It has already been stated, that a thorough reading of the New Testament settled his *Creed*; no article of which he ever afterwards saw occasion to change. The principal Articles were the following: and for these he believed he had the unequivocal testimony of Scripture, the steady voice of reason, and the evidence of facts, as far as these could apply to the articles in question.

"I. That there is but one uncreated, unoriginated, infinite, and eternal Being;—the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all things.

"II. There is in this Infinite Essence a *Plurality* of what we commonly call *Persons*; not separately subsisting, but essentially belonging to the *Deity* or *Godhead*; which Persons are generally termed *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*; or, *God*, the *Logos*, and the *Holy Spirit*, which are usually designated the *Trinity*; which term, though not found in the Scriptures, seems properly enough applied; as we repeatedly read of these *Three*, and never of more persons in the *Godhead*.

"III. The Sacred Scriptures or Holy Books, which con-

stitute the Old and New Testaments, contain a full revelation of the will of God, in reference to man; and are alone sufficient for every thing relative to the *faith* and *practice* of a Christian, and were given by the inspiration of God.

"IV. Man was created in righteousness and true holiness, without any moral imperfection, or any kind of propensity to sin; but *free to stand or fall*, according to the use of the powers and faculties he received from his Creator.

"V. He fell from this state, became morally corrupt in his nature, and transmitted his moral defilement to all his posterity.

"VI. To counteract the evil principle in the heart of man, and bring him into a salvable state, God, from his infinite love, formed the purpose of redeeming him from his lost estate, by the incarnation, in the fulness of time, of Jesus Christ; and, in the interim, sent his Holy Spirit to enlighten, strive with, and convince, men of sin, righteousness, and judgment.

"VII. In due time this Divine Person, called the *Logos*, *Word*, *Saviour*, &c., &c., did become incarnate; sojourned among men, teaching the purest truth, and working the most stupendous and beneficent miracles.

"VIII. The above Person is really and properly God: was foretold as such, by the Prophets; described as such, by the Evangelists and Apostles; and proved to be such, by His miracles; and has assigned to Him by the inspired writers in general, every attribute essential to the Deity; being One with Him who is called God, Jehovah, Lord, &c.

"IX. He is also a perfect Man, in consequence of His Incarnation; and in that Man, or Manhood, dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily: so that His nature is *twofold*—Divine and Human, or *God manifested in the flesh*.

"X. His *Human Nature* was begotten of the blessed Virgin Mary, through the creative energy of the Holy Ghost: but His *Divine Nature*, because God, infinite and eternal, is uncreated, underived, and unbegotten; and which, were it otherwise, He could not be *God* in any proper sense of the word: but He is most explicitly declared to be God in the Holy Scriptures; and therefore the doctrine of the *Eternal Sonship*, must necessarily be false.—(See the Arg. p. 96.)

"XI. As He took upon Him the nature of man, and died in that nature; therefore, He died for the *whole human race*, without respect of persons: equally for all and every man.

"XII. On the third day after His crucifixion, and burial, He rose from the dead; and after shewing himself many days to His disciples and others, He ascended into Heaven, where, as God manifested in the Flesh, He is, and shall continue to be, the *Mediator* of the human race, till the consummation of all things.

"XIII. There is no salvation, but through him; and throughout the Scriptures His *Passion* and *Death*, are con-

sidered as *Sacrificial*: pardon of sin and final salvation being obtained by the alone shedding of His blood.

"XIV. No human being, since the *fall*, either has, or can have, *merit* or *worthiness* of, or by, himself; and therefore, has nothing to *claim* from God, but in the way of His *mercy* through Christ: therefore, pardon and every other blessing, promised in the Gospel, have been purchased by His *Sacrificial Death*; and are given to men, not on the account of any thing they have done or suffered; or can do or suffer; but for His sake, or through his meritorious passion and death, alone.

"XV. These blessings are received by *faith*; because they are not of *works* nor of *suffering*.

"XVI. The power to believe, or *grace of faith*, is the free gift of God, without which no man can believe: but the *act of faith*, or actually believing, is the act of the soul under that power: this power is withheld from no man; but, like all other gifts of God, it may be slighted, not used, or misused, in consequence of which is that declaration, *He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned*.

"XVII. *Justification*, or the pardon of sin, is an instantaneous act of God's mercy in behalf of a penitent sinner, trusting only in the merits of Jesus Christ: and this act is absolute in reference to all past sin, all being forgiven where any is forgiven: *gradual* pardon, or progressive justification, being unscriptural and absurd.

"XVIII. The souls of all believers may be purified from all sin in this life; and a man may live under the continual influence of the grace of Christ, so as not to sin against God. All sinful tempers and evil propensities being destroyed, and his heart constantly filled with pure love both to God and man; and, as *love* is the principle of *obedience*, he who loves God with all his heart, soul, mind, and strength, and his neighbour as himself, is incapable of doing wrong to either.

"XIX. Unless a believer live and walk in the spirit of obedience, he will fall from the grace of God, and forfeit all his Christian privileges and rights; and, although he may be restored to the favour and image of his Maker from which he has fallen, yet it is possible that he may continue under the influence of this fall, and perish everlastingly.

"XX. The whole period of human life is a state of *probation*, in every point of which a sinner may repent, and turn to God: and in every point of it, a believer may give way to sin, and fall from grace: and this possibility of rising or falling is essential to a state of trial or probation.

"XXI. All the promises and threatenings of the Sacred Writings, as they regard man in reference to his being here and hereafter, are *conditional*; and it is on this ground alone that the Holy Scriptures can be consistently interpreted or rightly understood.

"XXII. Man is a *free agent*, never being impelled by any necessitating influence, either to do good, or evil: but has the continual power to choose the life or the death that are set before him; on which ground he is an accountable being, and answerable for his own actions: and on this ground also he is alone capable of being rewarded or punished.

"XXIII. The *free will* of man is a necessary constituent of his rational soul; without which he must be a mere *machine*,—either the sport of blind chance, or the mere patient of an *irresistible necessity*; and consequently, not accountable for any acts which were predetermined, and to which he was irresistibly compelled.

"XXIV. Every human being has this *freedom of will*, with a sufficiency of light and power to direct its operations: but this powerful light is not inherent in any man's nature, but is graciously *bestowed* by Him who is *The true Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world*.

"XXV. Jesus Christ has made by His one offering upon the Cross, a sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and atonement for the sins of the whole world; and His gracious Spirit strives with, and enlightens, all men; thus putting them into a salvable state: therefore, every human soul may be saved if it be not his own fault.

"XXVI. Jesus Christ has instituted, and commanded to be perpetuated, in His Church, two sacraments only:—1. BAPTISM, sprinkling, washing with, or immersion in, water, in the name of the Holy and Ever-blessed Trinity, *as a sign* of the cleansing or regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit, by which influence a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness, are produced: and 2. The EUCHARIST, or Lord's Supper, as commemorating the sacrificial death of Christ. And he instituted the first to be *once* only administered to the same person, for the above purpose, and as a *rite* of initiation into the visible church: and the second, that by its *frequent* administration all believers may be kept in mind of the foundation on which their salvation is built, and receive grace to enable them to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things.

"XXVII. The soul is *immaterial* and *immortal*, and can subsist independently of the body.

"XXVIII. There will be a *general Resurrection* of the dead; both of the just and the unjust; when the souls of both shall be re-united to their respective bodies; both of which will be immortal and live eternally.

"XXIX. There will be a *general Judgment*; after which all shall be punished or rewarded, according to the deeds done in the body; and the wicked shall be sent to hell, and the righteous taken to heaven.

"XXX. These states of rewards and punishments shall

have *no end*, for as much as the time of trial or probation shall then be for ever terminated; and the succeeding state must necessarily be fixed and unalterable.

“XXXI. The origin of human salvation is found in the infinite philanthropy of God; and, on this principle, the *unconditional reprobation* of any soul is absolutely impossible.

“XXXII. God has *no secret will*, in reference to man, which is contrary to his revealed will,—as this would shew Him to be an *insincere* Being,—professing benevolence *to all*, while he secretly purposed that that benevolence should be extended only to *a few*; a doctrine which appears blasphemous as it respects God,—and subversive of all moral good as it regards man, and totally at variance with the infinite rectitude of the Divine Nature.”

It is thought necessary to give these Articles of his Creed in his own words; for, although they contain nothing but what the Church of God has received from its very foundation; yet, the manner of proposing them is both original and precise, and well calculated to convey the sense of each. If ever language should be clear;—if ever terms should be strictly and accurately defined, and used in the most fixed and absolute sense;—it is when they are used to express *the articles of a religious creed*: a subject in which the understanding and judgment are most intimately concerned, and in which man has his all at stake.

On the Tenth Article, relative to the *Eternal Sonship* of Christ, there has been some difference between him and some persons, who, in all other respects, held precisely the same doctrines. On this point, he has often been heard to say:—“Let my Argument on Luke i. 35, be proved false, which, if it could be, might be done in as small a compass as that of the Argument itself, then I am prepared to demonstrate, from the principles of the *Refutation*, that *Arianism* is the genuine doctrine of the Gospel relative to the Person of Jesus Christ. But as that Argument cannot be confuted, and my Argument in favour of the proper Divinity of Jesus Christ, in my Sermon on *Salvation by Faith*, cannot be overthrown; consequently, the doctrine of the proper and essential and undervived Deity of Jesus Christ must stand, and that of the *Eternal Sonship* must be overwhelmed in its own error, darkness, and confusion.”

With the above Qualifications, and these Doctrines, ADAM CLARKE went out into the vineyard of his Lord, not to inspect the work of *others*, but to labour *himself*; and that the Great Head of the Church did, in the most signal manner bless and prosper this labour, has been witnessed by many thousands among whom he has gone preaching the kingdom of God; witnessing powerfully to all,—Repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ.



## BOOK IV.

## BRADFORD (WILTS) CIRCUIT, 1782—3.

THIS circuit extended into three counties, Wilts, Somerset, and Dorset, and contained at that time the following places: Bradford, Trowbridge, Shaftsbury, Motcomb, Fontmill, Follard, Winsley, Shepton Mallet, Kingston Deverell, Longbridge Deverell, Bradley, Frome, Corsley, Buckland, Coalford, Holcomb, Oak-hill, Bruton, West Pennard, Alhampton, Ditchat, Freshford, Seend, Melksham, Devizes, Pottern, Sandy Lane, Broomaham, Wells, Walton, and Road;—more than one place for every day in the month; and the Preachers rarely stopped two days in the same place, and were almost constantly on horseback. This circumstance was advantageous to a young preacher, who could not be supposed to have any great *variety* of texts or of matter, and consequently not able as yet to minister constantly to the same congregation. But, as Adam Clarke diligently read the scriptures, prayed much, and endeavoured to improve his mind, he added by slow degrees to his stock, and was better qualified to minister each time of his coming round his circuit.

His *youth* was often a grievous trial to him; and was the subject of many perplexing reasonings; he thought, “How can I expect that *men* and *women*, persons of forty, threescore, or more years, will come out to hear a *boy* preach the gospel! And is it likely, if through curiosity they do come, that they will believe what I say! As to the *young*, they are too *gay* and *giddy*, to attend to divine things; and if so, among whom lies the probability of my usefulness?”—In every place, however, the attendance was good, at least equal to that with which his fellow labourers were favoured; and the people in every place treated him with the greatest kindness. He was enabled to act so that no man *despised his youth*; and the very circumstance which he thought most against him, was that precisely from which he gained his greatest advantages.

When the *little boy*, as he was called, came to any place to preach, the congregations were always respectable, and in many places unusually large: and it soon appeared, that the Divine Spirit made the solemn truths he spoke, effectual to the salvation of many souls.

One circumstance relative to this, should not be omitted.

Road, a country village between Trowbridge and Frome, was one of the places which belonged to his circuit: but it was so circumstanced that only two out of the four preachers, could serve it during the quarter: and when the next quarter came, the other two took their places. As Mr. C. came late into the circuit, as has been already noticed, it did not come to his turn to visit that place before the spring of 1783. The congregations here were very small, and there were only *two or three* who had the name of *Methodists* in the place. Previously to his coming, the report was very general that, "a little boy was to preach in the Methodists' chapel at such a time:" and all the young men and women in the place were determined to hear him. He came, and the place long before the time, was crowded with *young persons* of both sexes, from fourteen to twenty-five; very few elderly persons could get in, the house being filled before they came. He preached, the attention was deep and solemn, and though crowded, the place was as still as death. After he preached he gave out that very affecting hymn, now strangely left out of the general Hymn book,—

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,  
 With all thy creature good!  
 Only Jesus I pursue,  
 Who bought me with his blood.  
 All thy pleasures I forego,  
 And trample on thy wealth and pride;  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

The fine voices of this young company produced great effect in the singing.—As each verse ended with the two last lines above, when he sung the last, he stopped, and spoke to this effect,—“My dear young friends, you have joined with me heartily, and I dare say, sincerely, in singing this fine hymn. You know in whose presence we have been conducting this solemn service;—the eyes of God, of angels, and perhaps of devils, have been upon us. And what have we been doing? We have been promising in the sight of all these, and of each other, that we will renounce a vain delusive world—its pleasures, pomp, and pride, and seek our happiness in God alone, and expect it through Him who shed his blood for us. And is not this the same to which we have been long previously bound by our *baptismal vow*. Have we not, when we were baptized, promised, either by ourselves, or sureties, (which promise if made in the latter way, we acknowledge we are bound to perform when we come of age,) *To renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh:—that we will keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of our life!* This baptismal promise which you

have so often repeated from your catechism, is precisely the same with that contained in the fine and affecting hymn which you have been now singing. Now, shall we promise and not perform? Shall we vow, and not keep our vow? God has heard what we have sung and said, and it is registered in heaven. What then do you purpose to do? Will you continue to live to the world, and forget that you owe your being to God, and have immortal souls which must spend an eternity in heaven or hell, according to the state they are found in when they leave this world? We have no time to spare, scarcely any to deliberate in: the judge is at the door, and death is not far behind. I have tried both lives: and find that a religious life has an infinite preference beyond the other. Let us therefore heartily forsake sin, vanity, and folly, and seek God by earnest prayer, nor rest till we find He has blotted out all our sins, purified our hearts, and filled us with peace and happiness. If we seek earnestly and seek through Christ Jesus, we cannot be unsuccessful." He then prayed, and many were deeply affected. That night and the next morning, *thirteen* persons, young men and women, came to him earnestly enquiring what they should do to be saved.\* A religious concern became general throughout the village and neighbourhood; many *young persons* sought and found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. The *old people* seeing the earnestness, and consistent walk of the young, began to reflect upon their ways: many were deeply awakened, and those who had got into a cold or lukewarm state, began to arise and shake themselves from the dust, and the revival of pure and undefiled religion became general. Thus God shewed him that the very circumstance (his *youth*) which he thought most against him and his usefulness, became a principal means in his Divine hand of his greatest ministerial success. Methodism in Road continued to prosper during the whole time he was in that circuit; and when he visited them several years after, he found it still in a flourishing state.

In several other parts of this circuit, God blessed his work, and he and his brethren lived in peace and unity, and drew cordially in the same yoke; and the people were everywhere satisfied with their teachers. Many who had long rested on their lees, were stirred up afresh; and not a few were encouraged to seek and find full redemption in the blood of the cross. It was on the whole, a year of prosperity, and Mr. C.'s heart grew in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

He endeavoured to cultivate his mind also in useful know-

\* Fifty years after this event, one of these (then) young persons came and called upon Dr. Clarke, when he preached at Frome for the last time. See Appendix at the end of the Work. By the Rev. J. B. B. Clarke.

ledge; but a circumstance took place which, through his inexperience, had nearly proved ruinous to the little knowledge which he had already acquired, and would utterly have prevented all future accessions to his little stock. This circumstance requires distinct relation. He had not been long in this circuit before he received the *Hebrew Grammar*, which, as we have already seen, he subscribed for at Kingswood. He entered heartily on the study of this sacred language, from this work; which, though it promised much, yet really did perform a good deal. The copious *lessons* precluded for a time, the necessity of purchasing a Hebrew Bible: and the *analysis* accompanying each lesson, soon led him into the nature of the Hebrew language; these are carefully compiled, and are, by far, the best part of that grammar. The other parts being confused, meagre, and difficult, though its pious author had thought, (for he inserted it in his title page,) that *the whole was digested in so easy a way, that a child of seven years of age might arrive, without any other kind of help, at a competent knowledge of the sacred language*; a saying, which is in every part incorrect and exceptionable. The *lessons* and *analytical parts* are good, the rest of the work is nearly good for nothing.

In his *Latin*, *Greek*, and *French* he could make little improvement, having to travel several miles every day; and preach, on an average, thirty days in every month, and to attend to many things that belonged to the work of a Methodist preacher. That he might not lose the whole time which he was obliged to employ in *riding*, he accustomed himself to *read* on horseback; and this he followed through the *summer*, and in the *clear weather* in general. In this way he read through the *four volumes of Mr. Wesley's History of the Church*, carefully abridged from *Mosheim's* larger work. In *abridging* from voluminous writers, Mr. Wesley was eminently skilful; and this is one of the best things he has done of this kind: but the original work by Mosheim, is the best Church History published before or since. The practice of reading on horseback is both dangerous, because of the accidents to which one is exposed on the road; and injurious to the sight, as the muscles of the eye are brought into an unnatural state of contraction, in order to counteract the too great brilliancy of the light. Yet what could he do, who had so much to learn, so often to preach, and was every day on horseback? When he came in the evening to his place of residence for the night, he found no means of improvement, and seldom any place in which he could either conveniently study or pray. But the circumstance that had nearly put an end to his studies, is yet untold. In the preachers' room at *Motcomb*, near Shaftsbury, observing a Latin sentence written on the wall in pencil, relative to the *vicissitudes of life*,

he wrote under it the following lines from Virgil, corroborative of the sentiment;—

Quo fata trahunt retrahuntque, sequamur.—  
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,  
Tendimus in Cælum.

ENEID. lib. v. 709. Ib. lib. i. 904, 5.

The next preacher that followed him in this place, seeing the above lines, which he could not understand, nor see the relation they bore to those previously written, wrote under them the following words:—

“Did you write the above  
to show us you could write Latin?  
For shame! Do send pride  
to hell, from whence it came.  
Oh, young man, improve your  
time, eternity’s at hand.”

They who knew the writer, would at once recollect, on reading these words, the story of *Diogenes and Plato*. The latter giving an entertainment to some friends of Dionysius, Diogenes being present, trampled with disdain on some rich carpeting, saying, Πλάτων τῆν Πλάτωνος κειροστέδιον, *I trample under foot Plato’s vain glory*. To whom Plato replied, Ὀρεῶ, ὃ Διογενεῖς, τὸν τοῦτον διαφαινεῖς, δοκῶν μὴ τετράφωθαι, *How proud thou art, O Diogenes, when thou supposest that thou art condemning pride!* Mr. — was naturally a *proud man*, though born in the humblest department of life: and it required all his grace to enable him to act with even the humble *exterior* which became a Christian minister; he could ill brook an *equal*: and could worse tolerate a *superior*. The words, contemptible as they may appear, the circumstance considered which gave them birth, had a very unfriendly effect on the inexperienced simple heart of Mr. C., he was thrown into confusion: he knew not how to appear before the family who had a whole week to con over this reproachful effusion of a professed brother: in a moment of strong temptation, he fell on his knees in the midst of the room, and solemnly promised to God that he would never more meddle with Greek or Latin as long as he lived. As to *Hebrew*, he had not yet begun, properly speaking, to study it; and therefore it could not be included in the proscription: but the vow had a paralyzing effect upon this, as well as on all his other studies: and generally prevented the cultivation of his mind. He saw that learning *might engender pride*: and it was too plain that, instead of provoking *emulation*, it would only to him, excite *envy*. When he next saw Mr. — he expostulated with him, for exposing in this most unkind manner, what he deemed to be wrong,—“Why,” said he, “did you not tell me privately of it, or send the reproof in a note?” *I thought what I did*

was the best method to cure you, replied Mr. —. Mr. C. then told him what uncomfortable feelings it had produced in him; and how he had vowed to study literature no more! The other applauded his teachableness, and godly diligence, and assured him that he had never known any of the learned preachers who was not a conceited coxcomb, &c. &c.

On what slight circumstances do the principal events of man's life depend! The mind of Mr. C. was at this time ductile in the extreme, in reference to every thing in Christian experience and practice. He trembled at the thought of sin. He ever carried about with him not only a *tender*, but a *scrupulous* and *sore conscience*. He walked continually as in the sight of God; and constantly felt that awful truth, *Thou God seest me!* To him, therefore, it was easy to make any sacrifice in his power: and this now made, had nearly ruined all his learned researches and scientific pursuits for ever; and added one more to the already too ample company of the *slothful servants*, and *religious loungers*, in the Lord's inheritance. What a blessing it is for young tender minds to be preserved from the management of ignorance and sloth; and to get under the direction of prudence and discretion!

That such a vow as that now made by Mr. C. could not be acceptable in the sight of the *Father of Lights*, may be easily seen: but it was *sincere*, and made in such circumstances, as appeared to him to make it perfectly and lastingly *binding*. He now threw by, yet not without regret, his Greek Testament, endeavoured to forget all that he had learned; and laboured to tear every thing of the kind for ever from his heart! This sacrifice was made, about the end of the year 1782 and was most religiously observed till about the year 1786, to his irreparable loss. That this vow was afterwards, on strong evidence of its impropriety, rescinded, the Reader will at once conjecture, who knows any thing of the general history of Mr. Clarke, and it is time to inform him *how* this change took place. It has already been stated that Mr. C. when very young, had learned a little *French*; as this was not included in the prescription already mentioned, he found himself at liberty to read a portion of that language when it came in his way. About 1786, he met with a piece of no ordinary merit, entitled, *Discours sur l'Eloquence de la Chaire*, A Discourse on Pulpit Eloquence; by the *Abbé Maury*, then Preacher in Ordinary to Lewis XVI.; since, *Cardinal Maury*, and but lately deceased. Mr. C. was much struck with the account there given of the preaching and success of one of the *French Missionaries*, of the name of *Bridaine*, and particularly with an extract of a Sermon, which the Abbé heard him preach in the Church of St. Sulpice in Paris, in the year 1751.\* This

\* When Bridaine came to Paris, and it was known that he was to preach in the Church of St. Sulpice, great numbers of the highest

piece he translated, and sent to the Rev. J. Wesley, to be inserted, if he approved of it, in the *Arminian Magazine*.—Mr. Wesley kindly received, and inserted the piece: and as he was ever as decided a friend to *learning*, as he was to *religion*, both of which he illustrated by his *Life and Writings*, he wrote to Mr. C.,—"Charging him to cultivate his mind as far as his circumstances would allow, and not to *forget any thing he had ever learned*." This was a word in season, and, next to the divine oracles, of the highest authority with Mr. C. He began to reason with himself thus: "What would he have me to do? He certainly means that I should not forget the *Latin* and *Greek* which I have learned: but then he

ranks were attracted by his fame to hear him; and when he ascended the pulpit, seeing bishops, and ecclesiastics, and nobles, and many of the most exalted and wealthy personages in the realm, all thronging to hear him;—he thus began:—

"A la vue d'un auditoire si nouveau pour moi, il semble, mes frères, que je ne devrois ouvrir la bouche que pour vous demander grâce, en faveur d'un pauvre missionnaire dépourvu de tous les talens que vous exigez quand on vient vous parler de votre salut. J'éprouve cependant aujourd'hui un sentiment bien différent; et si je suis humilié, gardez-vous de croire que je m'abaisse aux misérables inquiétudes de la vanité, comme si j'étois accoutumé à me prêcher moi-même. A Dieu ne plaise qu'un ministre du ciel pense jamais avoir besoin d'excuse auprès de vous; car qui que vous soyez, vous n'êtes tous comme moi que des pécheurs; c'est devant votre Dieu et le mien que je me sens pressé dans ce moment de frapper ma poitrine: jusqu'à présent j'ai publié les justices du Très-Haut dans des temples couverts de chaume; j'ai prêché les rigueurs de la pénitence à des infortunés qui manquoient de pain; j'ai annoncé aux bons habitans des campagnes les vérités les plus effrayantes de ma religion. Qu'ai-je fait, malheureux! j'ai contristé les pauvres, les meilleurs amis de mon Dieu; j'ai porté l'épouvante et la douleur dans ces âmes simples et fidèles, que j'aurois dû plaindre et consoler. C'est ici où mes regards ne tombent que sur des grands, sur des riches, sur des oppresseurs de l'humanité souffrante, ou sur des pécheurs audacieux et endurcis; ah! c'est ici seulement qu'il falloit faire retentir la parole sainte dans toute la force de son tonnerre; et placer avec moi dans cette chaire, d'un côté, la mort qui vous menace, de l'autre, mon grand Dieu qui vient vous juger. Je tiens aujourd'hui votre sentence à la main; tremblez donc devant moi, hommes superbes et dédaigneux qui m'écoutez! La nécessité du salut, la certitude de la mort, l'incertitude de cette heure si effroyable pour vous, l'impénitence finale, le jugement dernier, le petit nombre des élus, l'enfer, et par-dessus tout, l'éternité . . . . l'éternité! Voilà les sujets dont je viens vous entretenir et que j'aurois dû sans doute réserver pour vous seuls. Eh! qu'ai-je besoin de vos suffrages, qui me damneraient peut-être sans vous sauver? Dieu va vous émouvoir, tandis que son indigne ministre vous parlera; car j'ai acquis une longue expérience de ses miséricordes; alors, pénétrés d'horreur pour vos iniquités passées vous voudrez vous jeter entre mes bras en versant des larmes de componction et de repentir, et à force de remords vous me trouverez assez éloquent."

does not know, that by a *solemn vow*, I have abjured the study of these languages for ever. But was such a vow *lawful*: is the study of *Hebrew* and *Greek*, the languages in which God has vouchsafed the *Old* and *New Testaments*, sinful? It must have been *laudable* in some, else we should have had no *translations*. Is it likely that what must have been *laudable* in those who have translated the Sacred Writings, can be *sinful* to any—especially to *ministers* of *God's holy Word*? I have made the vow it is true; but who required this at my hand? What have I gained by it? I was told it was *dangerous*, and would fill me with pride, and pride would lead me to perdition: but who told me so? Could Mr. —, at whose suggestions I abandoned all these studies, be considered a competent judge: a man who was himself totally illiterate as it regarded either language or science? And what have I gained by this great sacrifice, made most evidently without divine authority, and without the approbation of my own reason? Am I more *humble*, more *spiritual*; and above all, have I been more *useful* than I should have been, had I not abandoned those languages in which the words of the Prophets, Evangelists, and Apostles were written? I fear I have been totally in an error: and that my vow may rank in the highest part of the catalogue of *rash vows*. Allowing even that my vow in such circumstances, can be considered in any respect *binding*; which is the greater evil, to *keep* or to *break* it?—I should beg pardon from God for having made it; and if it were sinful to make it, it is most undoubtedly sinful to keep it.”—Thus he reasoned, and at last came to the firm purpose to be no longer bound by what he had neither the authority of God nor reason to make. He kneeled down and begged God to forgive the rash vow, and in mercy, to undo any obligation which might remain, because of the *solemn manner* in which it had been made.—He arose satisfied that he had done wrong in making it; and that God required him now, to cultivate his mind in every possible way, that he might be a workman that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. He felt a conviction that he had done right, and such a satisfaction of mind as he did not find when he made that vow; the making of which, because of its consequences, (*nearly four years' loss of time*,) he had ever reason to deplore.

The charm being thus broken, Mr. C. had all his work to begin *de novo*; and was astonished to find how much he had forgotten of his school-boy learning. In short he was obliged to begin his grammar again, and found it hard work to lay a second foundation, till *practice* and the *association of ideas*, levelled and smoothed the rugged path.

It has been often said, that the Methodists undervalue and cry down all human learning. This is not true: there is no religious people in the land that value it more, nor indeed is



there any under greater obligation to it than they are: the learning of their *Founder* was as necessary, under God, to the revival and support of true religion in the land, as his *zeal* and *piety* were. The great body of the Methodists love learning; and when they find it in their preachers, associated with humility and piety, they praise God for the double benefit and profit by both.

In the course of this same year, 1782, he read Mr. Wesley's *Letter on Tea*; when he had finished it, he said: "There are arguments here which I cannot answer; and till I can answer them to my own satisfaction, I will neither drink tea nor coffee." He broke off the habit from that hour, never afterwards sought for arguments to overturn those of Mr. Wesley, and from that day to the present, *never once tasted tea or coffee!* Here is a perseverance rarely equalled: and to this he was providentially led. He spent that time in reading and study which he must otherwise have spent at the tea table: and by this, in the course of thirty-seven years, *he has saved several whole years of time*; every hour of which was devoted to self-improvement, or some part of that great work which the Providence of God gave him to do. For a short time after he left off the use of those *exotics*, he took in the evenings, a cup of *milk and water*, or a cup of *weak infusion of camomile*; but as he found that he gained no time by this means, and the gaining of time was his great object, he gave that totally up; never tasting any thing from dinner to supper. In the morning he found it easy to supply the place of tea and coffee, by taking milk in some form or other; or any other aliment which the junior parts of the families where he lodged, were accustomed to take for their breakfast. In his *Letter to a Preacher*, since published, he has adverted strongly to this circumstance. Mr. Wesley himself, after having left off the use of tea and coffee for twelve years, resumed it and continued the use of these beverages to his death: his pupil, A. C., followed his *councils* without attending to his *practice*, as zealously as ever the Rechabites did those of their founder Jehonadab. What A. C. has gained by this sacrifice, has amply compensated the cost.

This year, the Conference was held in Bristol; Mr. C. had no thought of attending, till on the first of August, a letter came, requiring him to attend: the next day, Saturday, he set off, and reached Bristol the same day. How he spent the next day, which was the Sabbath, may be seen from the following entry in his Journal.

"Sunday, Aug. 3, 1783. At five this morning, I heard a very useful sermon from Mr. Mather, at the chapel *Broad Mead*, on Isai. xxxv. 3, 4. I then went to *Guinea Street* chapel, where I heard Mr. Bradburn preach on Christian perfection, from 1 John iv. 19. This was, without exception, the best

sermon I had ever heard on the subject. When this was ended, I posted to the *Drawbridge*, and heard Mr. Joseph Taylor preach an excellent and affecting discourse on Rom. v. 21. This ended, I returned to my lodging and breakfasted; and then, at ten o'clock, heard Mr. Wesley preach at *Broad Mead*, on Acts i. 5. After sermon he, assisted by Dr. Coke, the Rev. B. B. Collins, and the Rev. Cornelius Bayley, delivered the Holy Sacrament to a vast concourse of people; which I also received to my comfort. When dinner was ended, I heard the Rev. B. B. Collins preach at *Temple church*, on Mark xvi. 15, 16. I next went and heard Mr. Wesley in *Carolina Court*, on Heb. vi. 1; after which he met the society at the chapel *Broad Mead*, and read over a part of his Journal, relative to his late visit to Holland. To conclude the whole, I then posted to *King's Down*, where I heard Mr. T. Hanby preach an awakening sermon, on 1 Peter iv. 18. Thus I have, in one day, by carefully redeeming time, and buying up every opportunity, heard *seven sermons*, *three* of which were delivered out of doors. Surely this has been a day in which *much has been given me*; and *much will the Lord require*: O grant that I may be enabled to render Thee a good account. Though the whole of the day has been spent in religious exercises, yet such is my unprofitableness, that I could not stand in the judgment even for this day. But O, my glorious Saviour, Thou art still my High-priest to offer my most holy things to God, which can be rendered acceptable to Him only through the sprinkling of Thy blood."

On Wednesday, Aug. 6th, Mr. Clarke was *admitted into Full Connexion*, after having travelled only about *eleven months*. Even at that time, before it was determined that each preacher should travel *four years* on trial, this was, perhaps, the earliest admission that had ever taken place. It was to him, as he expresses it in his Journal, the most solemn ordinance in which he had ever engaged. "This day," says he, "I have promised much before God and His people: may I ever be found true to my engagements. In particular, I have solemnly promised, to devote my whole strength to the work of God, and never to be triflingly employed one moment.—Lord, I fear much that I shall not be found faithful. But Thou hast said, my grace shall be sufficient for thee! Even so, let it be, Lord Jesus!"

When preachers on trial are admitted into Full Connexion with the body of the Methodist preachers;—among many important questions put to them is the following, *Are you in debt?* To this the most satisfactory answer must be given.—Through rather a whimsical incident, this question was likely to have deeply puzzled and nonplused Mr. Clarke. Walking in the street that morning with another preacher, a poor man

asked a halfpenny. Mr. C. had none, but borrowed one from the preacher who was walking with him. That preacher happening to go out of town, he could not see him during the day to repay this small sum. When he stood up with the others he knew not what to say, when the question, *Are you in debt?* should be proposed: he thought, "If I say *I am in debt*, they will ask me *How much?* when I say I owe *one halfpenny*, they will naturally suppose me to be a *fool*. If I say *I am not in debt*, this will be a *lie*; for I owe one half-penny, and am as truly under the obligation to pay, as if the sum were twenty pounds, and while I owe that I cannot, consistently with eternal truth, say, *I am not in debt*." He was now most completely within the horns of a dilemma; and which to take he knew not, and the question being put to him before he could make up his mind—"Mr. Clarke, are you in debt?" he dissolved the difficulty in a moment, by answering—*Not one PENNY*. Thus both his credit and his conscience were saved. The Reader may smile at all this, but the situation to him was, for some hours, very embarrassing.

At this Conference he was appointed for Norwich, to which he set out on Monday, 11th, on horseback, and reached that city on the evening of Saturday, August 16th, 1783.

It may be necessary to say here, a few words relative to the state of his own mind, in this first year of his itinerant labours. During the little more than *ten* months he was in this circuit, he preached 508 times, beside giving a great number of public exhortations, and paying innumerable visits to the different families of the societies where he resided even for a day and night, to pray with them and inquire into the state of their souls. He preached also at *five o'clock every morning, winter and summer*, in the different towns in the circuit, such as Bradford, Trowbridge, Frome, Devizes, Coalford, Shepton Mallet, Shaftsbury, &c. &c.

His mind was variously and powerfully exercised: he kept the strictest watch over his heart; and scrutinized daily and hourly, the walk of every affection, passion, and appetite: and was so severe a censor of his own conduct, that he frequently condemned himself, in matters which were either *innocent* in themselves, or perfectly *indifferent*. His almost incessant cry was after *holiness*:—to be *cleansed from all sin, and filled with God*, he saw to be the high calling of the Gospel, and the birthright of every son and daughter of God. He could not be satisfied while he felt one temper or disposition that was not in harmony with the will and word of God. His mind was full of light, and his conscience was tender; and he was ever either walking *with* God, or following hard *after* Him. His Journals mark scarcely anything but the state of his soul, his spiritual conflicts, resolutions, consolations, and depressions. He *tithed even mint and cummin*, and never

left unregarded the weightier matters of the law. The people he was incessantly urging to *holiness of heart and life*. Repentance;—justification by faith in the sacrificial death of Christ;—the *witness of the Spirit* in the consciences of true believers;—*Christian perfection*, or the purification of the soul from all sin in this life;—and the necessity of universal outward holiness; were the doctrines which he constantly pressed on the attention and hearts of his hearers; and under this preaching many were turned to the Lord; and many built up on their most holy faith.

His Journals, which he kept carefully for several years, bear ample proof of these things: but I have judged it better to give this general account, than to make *extracts* where there can be so little *variety* of matter, and where the same things, and things synonymous, are perpetually occurring.

From the unfortunate day already mentioned, on which he sacrificed by vow all farther prosecution of learning, he never attempted to mingle observations on *men* or *manners* in his Diaries,—the whole was merely spiritual, and necessarily monotonous. This became at last so heavy to himself, that he discontinued all regular entries of this kind, about the end of Aug. 1785: *occasional remarks* in his interleaved *Ephemeris*, relative to his progress in the knowledge of God and of his own heart, are all that remain of this species of writing. When he has been asked whether he would not publish his *Journal*, or leave it to be published, he has answered: "I do not intend it: the experience of all religious people is nearly alike; in the main entirely so. When you have read the Journal of one pious man of common sense, you have read a thousand. After the first it is only the change of names, times, and places; all the rest as to piety, is alike."\*

The intelligent reader will scarcely dissent from this opinion, who has read many religious Journals.

#### THE NORWICH CIRCUIT, 1783—4.

ON Saturday, Aug. 16, 1783, Mr. Clarke arrived in the city of Norwich, the head place of the circuit, and found one of the late preachers ill of a fever: and although he was obliged to sleep in the same room, the smell of which was pestiferous, yet through God's mercy he did not catch the disorder. The circuit extended into different parts of Norfolk and Suffolk, and included the following places; Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoffe, Loddon, Heckingham, North Cove, Teasborough, Stratton, Hardwick, Thurlton, Haddiscoe, Beccles, Wheatacre,

\* I knew my father's mind concerning his Journals; and therefore, since his decease, every word of all of them has been committed to the flames.

Lopham, Diss, Wharham, Dickleborough, Winfarthing, Barford, Hempnel, Besthorp, and Thurne. In all, twenty-two places. Each preacher continued one week in the city, and then spent three weeks in the country; and to go round the places in the month was a journey of above 200 miles. The preachers who labored with him were, Richard Whatcoat, John Ingham, and William Adamson. The former was a very holy man of God, a good and sound preacher, but not of splendid abilities. He was diligent and orderly in his work; and a fine example of practical piety in all his conduct. The year after, at the earnest request of Dr. Coke, he went over to America, and there became one of the *bishops* of the Methodist-episcopal church;—pursued among the transatlantic brethren, the same noiseless tenor of his way, seeking only the establishment of the kingdom of God both in himself and others: and died in the faith, universally esteemed.

Mr. I. was a good natured man, of no learning, and of but slender abilities; yet he had a sort of popular address that helped him to make his way in the circuit. He professed to cure many disorders: and his prescriptions were made up of *a pennyworth of oil of leeks, a pennyworth of oil of swallows, &c. &c.*, all as equally efficacious as they were attainable. But although the apothecaries and druggists had no such medicaments, they gave the poor people something under those names, that *would do as well*, and thus but little harm was done. He was himself a most disgusting slave to tobacco; and never preached without a quid in his mouth! The Methodist connexion have wisely proscribed both *quackery* and *tobacco*; as, in all their forms, they are disgraceful to a Christian minister. They are also dangerous: the former leads to many snares; especially in reference to females: the latter is so closely associated with intemperance in *drinking*, that few of its votaries escape. Thus poor Ingham fell the following year; and was heard of in the church of God no more.

W. Adamson was a young man, very sincere, had got the rudiments of a classical education; but was of such an unsteady, fickle mind, that he excelled in nothing. The next year he retired from preaching.

In every respect the circuit was *low*. There was no place in it, in which religion flourished, either among the Methodists or others: lukewarmness and Antinomianism generally prevailed; and if any thing prospered, it was Calvinism as a *system*, many putting much of their trust for salvation in a *belief* of its doctrines. Among many in the city of Norwich, this was carried to the wildest extremes. There were even in the Methodists' society several local preachers, that were Calvinists and leaders of classes: and, in consequence, the people were unhinged and unsteady, and made no progress either in piety or practical godliness; for they were continu-

ally *halting between two opinions*. Yet there were many good and sensible people in the society, whose life and conversation adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour. And in the course of the year, religion revived a little, principally through the preaching of the doctrine of entire sanctification, or complete redemption from all sin in this life. Several saw this to be their privilege, and sought it with their whole heart.

In Norwich the society was very poor: a family lived in the preachers' house, and provided for the preachers at so much per meal, and the bill was brought in to the stewards' and leaders meeting at the end of the week, and discharged: and he was most certainly considered the *best preacher* who ate the fewest meals, because his bills were the *smallest*. In this respect Mr. Clarke excelled: he took only a little milk to his breakfast, drank no tea or coffee; and took nothing in the evening. Hence his bills were very small. Sometimes, but not often, the preachers were invited out, and this also contributed to lessen the expense.

One ludicrous circumstance, relative to an invitation to breakfast, I may here mention. After Mr. Clarke had preached one morning at 5 o'clock, a young woman of the society came to him and said; "Sir, will you do me the favour to breakfast with me this morning? I breakfast always at eight o'clock." *I thank you, said he, but I know not where you live.* "O," said she, "I live in — Street, near Maudlin gate, No. —." *I do not know the place.* "Well, but you cannot well miss it, after the directions I shall give you." *Very well.* "You must cross Cherry Lane, and go on to the Quakers' preaching-house:—do you know it?" *Yes.* "Well then, leave the Quakers' preaching-house on the left hand, and go down that lane till you come to the bottom; and then on your right hand you will see a door that appears to lead into a garden, with an inscription over it: can you read?" *Yes, a little.* "Well then, the board will direct you so and so, and you cannot then miss." *Thank you: I shall endeavour to be with you at the time appointed.* "I went," said Mr. C., "and because I had the happiness of being able to read, I found out my way!"

This little anecdote will serve to shew, that in those times the Methodists could not expect much from their ministers; as it appears they thought it possible, they might have some that could not read their Bible! Howsoever illiterate they may have been deemed, it may be safely asserted, no instance is on record of an itinerant preacher among the Methodists being unable to read his Bible. Many, it is true, of the original preachers, could read but indifferently: and I have known several of the clergy who did not excel even in this: and I have known one who, in reading 2 Kings xix. made three

unsuccessful trials to pronounce the word Sennacherib,—*Sennacrib*, *Sennacherub*, and terminated with *Snatcherab*! But such swallows make no summers; and should never be produced as instances from which the general character of a class or body of men should be deduced. The time is long past since men in any department of life have been prized on account of their *ignorance*.

I shall give another anecdote, which, with the intelligent Reader, will not place Mr. C. in a disadvantageous point of view.

The *coals* in Norwich are remarkably *bad*, and it is a common custom to blow the fire almost continually, in order to keep it alive, or to perform the operations of cookery. Hence a pair of *bellows*, the general bane of fires, is a useful appendage to a Norwich kitchen, and parlour also. When Mr. C. entered on his lodging in the preachers' house in this city, he found the *bellows* worn out, so that they would hold no wind; and the *fire-riddle*, or instrument by which they sifted the ashes and returned all the cinders to the grate, worn beyond use. The *poker* also was burnt to the stump. He said to Mrs. P., the housekeeper, "Why do you not get new instruments here, or else get these repaired?"—"O dear, sir, we cannot do either, the society is so poor."—"Is it so? well, *something* may be done. I cannot mend the poker, for that requires a *forge*; but I think I can mend the *bellows* and the *riddle*."—"Can you?"—"Yes, if you can furnish me with a little leather, no matter, old or new, and an old tin kettle or saucepan. Take these pence, and go and bring me a hundred of twopenny tacks." An old pair of *leathern small clothes*, furnished him with materials for mending the bellows; which he soon made air tight: and an old *saucepan*, which he unsoldered by holding over the fire, furnished *tin* to mend the riddle. He borrowed a *stab-awl* and a hammer, from a shoemaker, and getting an old pair of scissors, he cut out the tin, punched in it the necessary holes, used the *tacks* as rivets, having a *flat iron* for an anvil, which he held between his knees; and thus soon restored this necessary instrument to effective usefulness. Thus, at the expense of twopence to himself, he made these two instruments serviceable: and the stewards, seeing this, mustered courage to get the poker new bitted!

In this city he frequently cleaned and blacked his own shoes, and those of his brethren, as there was no person regularly employed to do this service. He found no difficulty in acting according to the advice given to preachers when admitted into the Methodist connexion: "Do not affect the gentleman; and be not above cleaning your own shoes, or those of others, if need be."

There was but one horse in the circuit for the four preachers, which, when the preacher who had it out in the circuit

came into town, he who had been the resident preacher the week before, immediately mounted, and rode off to the country, in order to save expense. Thus it must frequently happen that while another was riding *his* horse, Mr. C. was obliged to walk the circuit, and carry his saddle-bags on his back, that contained his linen and a few books. It was curious to see him set off from the chapel in Cherry Lane, his bags tied upon his back, and thus walk through the city of Norwich, and return in the same way, several days after, covered with dust or mud, and greatly fatigued. But this was far from being the worst: except at a very few places, the accommodations were exceedingly bad. Sometimes in the severest weeks of one of the most severe winters, he was obliged to lodge in a loft, where, through the floor he could see every thing below; and sometimes in an *out-house*, where perhaps, for seven years together, there had not been a spark of fire lighted. The winter of 1783 was exceedingly severe, and the cold intense;—even warm water in his room, has been frozen in a few seconds! He has often been obliged to get into bed with a part of his clothes on; strip them off by degrees as the bed got warmed; and then lie in the same position, without attempting to move his limbs, every unoccupied place in the bed, which his legs or other parts touched, producing the same sensation, as if the parts had been brought into contact with red hot iron. It was here that he learned that the extreme of cold produced on the living muscle, precisely the same sensation as the extreme of heat; and this rendered credible what a friend of his, who had travelled in Russia, told him, that if he laid hold on any iron exposed to the open air, he could not separate his hand from it but at the expense of that part of the skin and flesh which came in contact with the metal.

In several places that year the snow lay from ten to fifteen feet deep. It began to fall Dec. 25, and was not all gone before the middle of the following April. The frost was so intense that succeeded, that he could seldom keep his saddle five minutes together, but must alight and walk and run, to prevent his feet from being frost-bitten. In the poor cabins where he lodged, and where there was no other kind of fire than what was produced by a sort of dried turf, almost entirely *red earth*, that never emitted any flame; and where the clothing on the bed was very light, he suffered much; going to bed cold, lying all night cold, and rising cold. He has sometimes carried with him a parcel of coarse brown paper, and with a *hammer* and *chisel*, payed up some of the larger crevices under the bed, to prevent him from total starvation! Add to all this, very homely food, and sometimes but little of it; which the poor people most readily shared with him who came to their houses and their hearts with the Gospel of their salvation; and who, except for such preaching, must have been al-



most totally destitute of that instruction, without which there was little hope of their salvation. It was by these means, and often in such circumstances, through many privations, much pain and suffering, the Methodist preachers spread scriptural Christianity throughout the land; and became the means of ameliorating the moral and civil condition of the great mass of its comparatively poor, and almost totally neglected inhabitants: *i. e.* of those who are emphatically said to constitute its *lower orders*. To such preaching the nation and the state are under endless obligation.

Ye ministers, who have entered this vineyard in the halcyon days of the Church, think of what your predecessors have suffered, to make plain paths for your feet to walk in. And see that ye give all diligence to maintain that ground which they have gained by inches, and at the hazard and nearly the expense of their lives. Talk not of *your* hardships and privations; for of these ye can know comparatively nothing.

This was a year of severe labour and suffering, yet of but little apparent fruit; though a good seed was sown, which in more auspicious times sprang up to the glory of God. The American war was just terminated; and shortly after, peace began to flourish, and confidence was restored. Mr. C. preached in several new places, and among the rest in *Diss*, then, very unpromising, but now the head of a circuit. He has gone frequently there, put up his horse at an Inn, preached, paid for his horse, and rode several miles to preach at some other place, without any soul offering him even a morsel of bread: and such was the state of his finances that *both* he and his horse could not eat, and the poor brute must not fast. What could three pounds per quarter do, besides providing *clothes*, a few books, and all necessaries of life, the mere articles of food excepted; which, as we have seen, was furnished at the different places where he preached. These twelve pounds *per ann.* out of which each preacher paid a guinea for the support of superannuated preachers and preachers' widows, was the *whole salary* of a Methodist itinerant preacher.

In this circuit he laboured much to improve his mind; and also to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of himself and God. In Lowestoffe he met with some very kind friends: among the chief of these were the late Mr. Thos. Tripp, and Mr. Thos. Mallet. The former let him have the use of a small but valuable Library, whenever he came to the place; and the latter lent him some valuable papers on various passages of Scripture, which were of very great use to him. Indeed he was entertained at the houses of these men, as at the house of a parent: and of their kindness he ever spoke in the highest terms.

I find the following entries in Mr. Clarke's Journal of this month:—

"Mond. Oct. 20. Mr. Wesley is just now paying his annual visit to Norwich; and I have had the high gratification of hearing him preach from Psal. cxvi. 12. 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.'

"In treating this subject he 1st. 'took a view of the principal *benefits* which God has conferred upon mankind in general, and believers in particular, from their creation even to the smallest means of grace, of which they are made partakers.'

"2. 'He shewed *what* we should render unto God for these *benefits*: viz. to take the cup of salvation. The term *cup*, he shewed was a Hebraism signifying *plenty*, e. g. the *cup of sorrow—of joy—of trembling*; and means *plenty* or *abundance* of sorrow, joy, trembling, &c. So by the *cup of salvation*, we are to understand *plenty* or *abundance* of *salvation*: and this consists in *justification*, and entire sanctification.' O Lord, how merciful and incomparably indulgent art thou to mankind! seeing all thou askest from them in return for former benefits, is that they would receive the abundance of those which thou hast further promised:—

The sole return thy love requires  
Is, that we ask for more.

"Tues. 21. Mr. W. preached again on Matt. xix. 6. 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.' On these words he observed in *general*, that men were prone to separate what God had joined; and thus bring ruin on themselves. In *particular*, 1st. God hath joined piety and morality, but many separate these: for, leaving piety to God out of the question, they think an observance of external duties sufficient; and thus remain without genuine hope, and without God in the world.

"2dly. He shewed that the same authority had joined the *love of God*, and the *love of man* together: but in this also many were wofully deficient; pretending to love God, while hating their brother; and pretending true *friendship* to man, while enemies to God.

"3dly. He hath also joined *faith* and *works* together; so that in the sight and purpose of God, one cannot exist without the other. But many are contending for *faith*, while living in sin: and others contend for *good works*, while without faith in the great Redeemer of mankind.

"4. God has joined the *end* and the *means* together: but many expect the accomplishment of the *end*, without using the *means*; they expect *pardon*, *holiness*, and *heaven*, without prayer, repentance, faith, and obedience. This he proved was sheer *enthusiasm*;—to expect the accomplishment of any *end* without using the *means* which lead to that *end*. On this point, he dwelt particularly, and brought the charge of *enthu-*

*siam* home against the major part of the different religious professions in the nation."

Mr. Clarke had the privilege of hearing Mr. Wesley preach twice each day during the remaining part of this week; the following were the texts:—

*They despised the pleasant land; they believed not his word, Psal. cvi. 24.*

*But we preach Christ crucified, 1 Cor. i. 23.*

*Wherefore, he is able to save to the uttermost, Heb. vii. 25.*

*For we look not at the things that are seen, 2 Cor. iv. 18.*

*Put on the whole armour of God, Eph. vi. 11. &c.*

*Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness, &c. Matt. v. 20.*

*Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost, &c. Acts, i. 5.*

*The kingdom of God is at hand, Mark, i. 15.*

Of most of these Sermons he has preserved either the *skeletons*, or the leading thoughts.

When he parted with Mr. W. on Sat. 25, he made the following entry in his Journal:—"Here, I took my farewell of this precious servant of God. O, Father, let thy angels attend him wheresoever he goes:—let the energetic power of thy Spirit accompany the words he shall speak, and apply them to the hearts of all that shall hear them; and may they be the means of conviction, conversion, comfort, and strength, to all, as they may severally require. And let *me* also abundantly profit by the things I have heard from him."

At this time he had some private conversation with Mr. W. concerning the state of his soul, from which he derived much edification and strength.

Before we proceed farther with this narrative, it may not be improper to relate the following anecdotes, which must be introduced by a few observations.

Norfolk appeared to Mr. Clarke to be the most *ungodly* county he had ever yet visited. He found it generally *irreligious*. Except among a very few religious people the *Sabbath-day* was universally disregarded. *Buying* and *selling* were considered neither *unseemly* nor *sinful*; and on that day the *sports of the field*, particularly *fooling*, were general.—Multitudes even of those called *religious people*, *bought* and *sold* without any remorse. To find a man saved from this sin was a very rare thing indeed. Against this horrible profanation, Mr. C. lifted up a strong and steady voice: visited the members of his own society in different places, from house to house, who were guilty of this sin; pointed out the evil of their conduct, and exacted the promise of immediate reformation.

At a place called *Teasborough*, he lodged and preached at the house of a miller, Mr. J. Nichols; from him he received the following account of his conversion from the sin of Sabbath-breaking.—“After I heard the Methodists preach, and was convinced of sin, I continued to work my mills, and sell meal and flour on the Lord’s-day as usual. But in this practice I soon became very uneasy, being continually followed by those words, ‘Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day.’ I at last determined, whatever might be the consequence, to give it up. I accordingly ordered my men to stop the mills on the Lord’s-day, as I was determined to grind no more: and I informed my customers, that I should serve them no longer on the *Sabbath*, and hoped that they would make it convenient to come on the Saturday evening. Some affected to *pity* me; others said they would go to other shops: but scarcely any supposed that I would be steady to my resolutions. The next Sabbath they came as usual, and every one was refused.—Their displeasure was general, and they went to other millers; of whom there were several in the neighbourhood. The next Saturday, however, many of them came and were served; and in a short time all, or as many as I had before, returned; and now, far from being *poorer*, on account of this sacrifice, which many said would be my ruin, I am this day at least *one thousand pounds richer* than I was then.”

Here, then, is a plain confutation, founded on a very strong fact, of that wretched objection: “If I do not sell on the Sabbath I shall lose my customers, and so be reduced to poverty.” No.—Such persons do not *make the trial*, therefore, they cannot tell how it might be with them; and their objections are not to be regarded, as they are founded only on *conjecture* and *uncertainty*. At all events the thing should be abandoned, for it is a sin against God, and the order of society.

Mr. N. farther said, that this practice became at last so oppressive to his mind, that he was obliged to leave his own house on the Lord’s-day, and walk in the fields, that he might neither see nor hear his mills at work; nor witness the sinful traffic that was carried on in his house. To this general neglect of the sabbath, Mr. C. attributed the small progress which religion made in this county. Suffolk, so far as he knew it, was very little better.

The irreligion of this county farther appeared in a general *hatred* to the Gospel of Christ. In former days, persecution had raged in an uncommon degree; and although that had in some measure subsided, yet there was still a decided hostility to religion. The preachers scarcely ever preached in Norwich on the Sabbath evening, without having less or more disturbance, or a mob at the chapel doors. Mr. Wesley himself was not better treated. Once when he visited Norwich, it was in company with Mr. *John Hampson*, senior. This man was

well known in the Methodist connexion, being many years an itinerant preacher. He was a man of gigantic make, well proportioned, and of the strongest muscular powers: he was also a man of strong understanding, and much grandeur of mind.—When Mr. W. had finished his discourse and was coming out of the chapel, they found the whole lane filled with a furious mob, who began to close in on Mr. W. Mr. Hampson immediately pushed forward, and from the attitude he assumed, Mr. W. supposed, he was about to enter into conflict with the mob; he therefore addressed him with great earnestness, and said, “Pray, Mr. Hampson, do not use any violence.” To which Mr. H. replied, with a terrible voice like the bursting roll of distant thunder, “Let me alone, Sir; if God has not given *you* an arm to quell this mob, he has given *me* one: and the first man that molests you here, I will lay him for DEAD!”—*Death* itself seemed to speak in the last word—it was pronounced in a tone the most terrific. The mob heard, looked at the man, and were appalled—there was a universal rush, who should get off soonest: and in a very short time the lane was emptied, and the mob was dissipated like the thin air. Mr. Hampson had no need to let any man feel even the weight of his arm.—For such times as these, God has made such men.

I shall mention one other anecdote of this most powerful man.—In the year 1788, the Methodists’ Conference was held in London, at the great Chapel, City Road. Mr. Clarke was coming down the road, and a little before him Mr. George Holder, one of the preachers, and his wife; it was near the blank wall of Bunhill Burying Ground;—a hackney coachman drove so carelessly as nearly to crush Mr. and Mrs. H. to death, against the wall: they were however but little hurt. Mr. Hampson stood on the other side of the way and did not see the danger till it was past.—On being informed of it, (the coachman was then driving down the road,) in strong agitation, he addressed Mr. Holder—“What, and he was near crushing you and your wife to death against the wall! Why, Sir, did you not take the rascal’s coach by the wheel and turn it over!” He spake as he felt he could have done—a thing which not one in a million of men could have performed except himself. Poor Holder could not have lifted the nave of one of the wheels, much less the whole coach!

I find the following entry in his Journal, under the date of Sunday, January 4, 1784, which is too important to be passed by unnoticed.

Mr. J. H., who had been master of Kingswood school, and several years a travelling preacher, had retired in the preceding year, and became resident in Norwich. He was a kind and affable man, but had unhappily drunk in the doctrines of Baron Swendenborgh. On a conversation that passed between

them this day, on the subject of the *Trinity*, Mr. C. was a good deal perplexed, and writes as follows.

"I was a good deal distressed in my mind to-day, by conversing with a preacher on the doctrine of the *Trinity* and some other points. Many, said he, are greatly puzzled with the mystery of the doctrine of the *Trinity*: but there is in truth, no *mystery* in it, if we leave out the unscriptural word *person*. There is a *Trinity*; but it is not a trinity of *persons*; but, what is called God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is only the Great God acting under three different characters.—He added several things more to the same effect; and especially against what he called the unscriptural and absurd doctrine of *three persons* in the *Godhead*. Against this doctrine Mr. C. gave the following reasons. 'This appears to me absurd, as there are a multitude of *characters* under which God acts: if he is to be designated from such characters, as to his *Godhead*, this *Godhead* might be as well called a *Denity*, a *Quadragintenity*, yea, a *Centenity*, as well as a *Trinity*: as God acts under *ten*, *forty*, yea, a *hundred* different characters in reference to man. Besides, that there is a *Trinity of persons*, in the most proper sense of the word, is proved by what happened at the Baptism of our Lord, (Matt. iii. 16, 17:) where we find that *he*, the *Son*, was baptized, the *Holy Ghost* in a bodily form like a dove, lighted upon him, and a *voice* from God the Father, was heard out of heaven, declaring that this was his beloved Son. Here, it is most evident, there were *three distinct persons*, occupying *three distinct places*, and not one God acting under three distinct *characters*: this argument is most undoubtedly unanswerable. Again, we find two distinct persons worshipped by the Angels in heaven: for there they worship *God* and the *Lamb*: not God under the character of a *Lamb*. Again, we are told to worship the *Son*, even as we worship the *Father*: now, if we believe that it is *one person* acting under *different characters*; and we are commanded to worship the *Son*, that is, one of these *characters*; then this is not worshipping God, but one of the characters under which he acts, and this would be flat idolatry, were it not nonsense; which, well for the sentiment, is neutralized by this absurdity. On this mode of explanation, this part of the doctrine of Baron Swedenborgh must for ever stand self-confuted.'

"On this same day, Sunday, a dreadful judgment of God fell on some Sabbath-breakers. Three young lads, one of them son to the man with whom I lodged, went out in the morning, on a shooting party, as is the general custom in this irreligious county. They came to a hedge, and one got over; the other, who held the gun, reached it through the hedge with its butt end foremost, to him who had just got over; the third was behind him who carried the gun. Some of the

branches caught the trigger as he was pushing the gun through the hedge, and the gun went off. The lad who held the gun received no damage, for the muzzle was through under his arm, while striving to push the gun through the hedge. When the gun went off, he suddenly turned to the lad behind him, and said, *Are you shot?* The other replied, *I believe I am.* The shot had torn away a part of the abdomen, and the intestines were issuing at the wound! The lad who held the gun seeing this, dropped it and ran away to a pond that was at hand, and plunged in, with the intention to drown himself: but another party coming up, who were out on the same unholy business, dragged him out. As soon as he came to himself, and got out of their hands, he desperately jumped in a second time—and afterwards a third time: but he was rescued and taken to his master's house. When there, he made an attempt to cut his own throat with his knife. The lad who was shot, expired in about an hour: he was nineteen years of age. Behold here the goodness and severity of God! Towards him who fell, severity, but to the others goodness, would they lay it to heart, and call upon God for mercy, that they might be saved from their sins, and from future punishment. The lad who held the gun by which the other was shot, being in a house (about eighteen days before this accident took place) where I was writing the names of the members of the society upon the quarterly tickets, took up one of them into his hand, looked on it and held it for a considerable time: the verse which was upon the ticket, was this, *Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.* Here was a sufficient warning; and had he attended to it, he had not been the cause of this catastrophe. How evident will it appear at the day of judgment, that God is clear of the blood of all men! who by various methods apprises them of the danger they are in, and the ruin to which they are exposed by their sin. God speaketh once, yea, twice, but men regard it not."

While on this circuit, Mr. Clarke began to read Mr. *Wesley's Philosophy*. To subjects of this kind his heart had ever a strong propensity. On this point I find the following reflections inserted, April the 14th, 1784, in his Journal.

"How do the unerring wisdom and goodness of God, appear in all the parts of the creation! How admirably well has he adjusted all the parts to answer their respective ends! And is it not most evident that he has intended happiness for every being capable of it? and particularly for man, favoured man, for whom all the rest appear to have been brought into existence. See how the faculties of his soul, and the regular adjustment of all the parts of *his body*, proclaim at once the wisdom and benevolence of his Creator! Hence ye unconditional reprobation notions; ye imputation of folly and sin to the Most

High, which teach that Infinite Wisdom and Love produced myriads of such beings as man, to be abandoned irrecoverably to eternal flames, merely to display the *sovereignty* of the Creator! From whence ye have originated return, ye God-dishonouring principles! Surely ye have derived your origin from him who is the implacable enemy of God and man! He who can advocate them, if he be in *human* form, must have the heart of a Hyrcanian tiger.

"Every Christian should study philosophy; as from it he will more evidently discover:—1. That he who is so fearfully and wonderfully made, so marvellously preserved, and so bountifully fed, should give up unreservedly, his all to God, and devote the powers which he has received to the service of the Creator. 2. When atheistical notions would intrude, a few reflections on the manifold wisdom displayed in the creation, may be the means of breaking the subtle snare of a designing foe. And, 3. by the study of nature, under grace, the soul becomes more enlarged, and is capable of bearing a more extensive, deeper, and better defined image of the divine perfections."

In this circuit Mr. C. heard of some celebrated female preachers, and he entered it with considerable prejudice against this kind of ministry. In one part of the circuit, *Thurilton*, one of the most famous of these dwelt, Miss *Mary Sewell*. On his first coming to the house, he questioned her concerning her call, &c. And she modestly answered, by referring him to the places where she had preached in the circuit; and wished him to inquire among the people whether any good had been done.—He did so, on his next visit to those parts, and heard of numbers who had been awakened under her ministry, and with several of these he conversed, and found their experience in divine things, scriptural and solid. He thought then, this is God's work, and if he choose to convert men by employing such means, who am I that I should criticise the ways of God! On the 28th of April, 1784, he had the opportunity of hearing Miss Sewell preach; her text was, *Eph. ii. 8. By grace ye are saved through faith*. On which I find the following entry in his Journal.—

"I have this morning heard Miss Sewell preach; she has a good talent for exhortation, and her words spring from a heart that evidently feels deep concern for the souls of the people; and, consequently, her hearers are interested and affected. I have formerly been no friend to female preaching; but my sentiments are a little altered. If God give to a holy woman, a gift for exhortation and reproof, I see no reason why it should not be used. This woman's preaching has done much good; and fruits of it may be found copiously, in different places in



the circuit. I can therefore adopt the saying of a shrewd man, who having heard her preach, and being asked his opinion of the lawfulness of it, answered, 'An *ass* reproved Balaam, and a *cock* reproved Peter, and why may not a *woman* reprove sin !'

"Such women should be patterns of all piety, of unblameable conversation, correct and useful in their *families*, and furnished to every good work. This certainly is the character of Miss Sewell; may she ever maintain it."

And she did maintain it, but she died soon after, as she had lived, in the faith and consolations of the Gospel.

Shortly after this, he had the opportunity of hearing another of these female preachers, Mrs. *Proudfoot*: she spoke from Exod. iii. 3., *And the bush was not burnt*. Of her he remarks:—

"She spoke several pertinent things, which tended both to conviction and consolation; and seems to possess genuine piety. If the Lord choose to work in this way, shall my eye be evil because He is good? God forbid! Rather let me extol that God, who, by contemptible instruments, and the foolishness of preaching, saves those who believe in Jesus. Thou, Lord, chooseth to confound the *wisdom* of the world by *foolishness*, and its *strength* by *weakness*, that no soul may glory in thy presence; and that the excellency of the power may be seen to belong to Thee, alone. Had not this been the case, surely I had never been raised up to call sinners to repentance."

In this Circuit, he appears to have had very many conflicts and spiritual exercises. His labours were severe:—he had much riding; and, in most places, as we have already seen, uncomfortable lodging and fare. Besides, he frequently preached *four times* on the Sabbath, and in the morning at five o'clock, winter and summer, whenever he could get a congregation of sixteen or twenty persons to hear. He read a little *Hebrew*, and improved himself a little in *French*; but *Greek* and *Latin*, as a study, we have already seen, were proscribed. He had every where the affections of the people; and, although his labour was severe, this served to hold up his hands: and his gift of preaching increased. Good was done; but there was no remarkable revival. He lived in harmony with his brethren, and especially with Mr. *Whatcoat*, who ever acted as a father to him.

A little before he left the Circuit, he wrote a long letter to the Rev. *William Lemon*, Rector of Geyntonhorpe, which was occasioned by a definition of the word *Methodists*, in his *Etymological Dictionary*, just then published; which, Mr. C. gave numerous reasons why he should change in his *second edition*: but the book never sold, and the second edition is yet to come. The author took up the absurd opinion that all, or nearly all, the words in the English language, were derived

from the Greek ! But, terms of *arts* and *sciences* excepted, he might as well have maintained that they came from the *Tamul*. This Letter contains a full *exposé* of the doctrines of the Methodists ; and, for the time, was not contemptibly written.

Saturday, Aug. 7, he received a letter from the Leeds Conference, informing him that he was appointed for St. Austell Circuit, East Cornwall ; a journey of nearly four hundred miles from Loddon, where he then was : and, with the appointment, a *guinea* was sent him to defray his expenses on the way ! With this famous provision, he set off on horseback on Wednesday morning, Aug. 11 ; reached Bury St. Edmunds that night ; the next day, *Chelmsford* ; the third day *London*, where he staid till the 16th : on the 18th he reached his old Circuit, Bradford ; spent usefully several days in Trowbridge, Bradford, Shepton-Mallet, Alhampton, and West-Pennard ; and at last reached St. Austell, on Saturday, 28th. This was a fatiguing journey : he generally rode between forty and fifty miles *per diem* ; and as he had but a *guinea* and a *half-crown* when he set out, he seldom had more than one slight meal in the day, as the *keep* of his horse required nearly all his cash. A penny loaf served for breakfast and dinner : as to *supper* he was always obliged to take something at the places where he rested for the night ; but that was, generally, a very light repast. These were times in which no man from *secular motives*, could take up the work of a travelling preacher ; and times in which no man, who had not the *life of God* in his soul, and an ardent desire for the salvation of men, and a clear testimony of his *own call* to the work, could possibly continue in it.

In this Circuit, (Norwich,) during about eleven months, he preached 450 sermons, besides *exhortations* innumerable.

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### ST. AUSTELL CIRCUIT, 1784—5.

On Saturday, Aug. 28, he reached this town, and found that he was appointed to labour with Mr. *Francis Wrigley*, (this was the second time,) and Mr. *William Church*. The Circuit took in the eastern part of the county of Cornwall, from the north to the south sea, and included the following places : St. Austell, Mevagizze, Tywardreath, Lostwithiel, Port-Isaac, Camelford, Trenarren, Trewint, Sticker, St. Stephens, St. Ewe, Polglaze, Tregony, Polperro, Liskeard, Fursnuth, Penfurther, Pelynt, Meadows, Ruthernbridge, Trelill, Amble, Grampond, Tresmear, St. Tiddy, Bodmin, Gunwen, Bokiddick, Fowey, St. Teath, Trewalder, Delabole Quarry, Landreath, Broad-oak, Trenarrand, Boeaddon, Tintagel, Michaelstow, St. Min-

ver, and Padstow: *forty* places; besides occasional visits to several others, where preaching was not as yet established.— This Circuit was exceedingly severe; the riding constant; the roads in general bad; and the accommodations, in most places, very indifferent. But the prospect was widely different from that of his last Circuit. Here there was a general spirit of hearing; and an almost universal revival of the work of God. Thousands flocked to the preaching: the chapels would not contain the crowds that came; and almost every week in the year, he was obliged to preach in the open air, in times when the rain was descending from heaven, and when the snow lay deep upon the earth. But the prosperity of Methodism made every thing pleasant; for the toil in almost every place was compensated by a blessed ingathering of sinners to Christ, and a general renewing of the face of the country.

In St. Austell, the heavenly flame broke out in an extraordinary manner; and great numbers were there gathered into the heavenly fold. Among those whom Mr. Clarke joined to the Methodists' Society, was *Samuel Drew*, then terminating his apprenticeship to a shoemaker; and since become one of the first metaphysicians in the empire, as his works on the *Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul* of man, the *Identity and Resurrection of the Human Body*, and the *Being and Attributes of God*, sufficiently testify. A man of primitive simplicity of manners, amiableness of disposition, piety towards God, and benevolence to men, seldom to be equalled; and for reach of thought, keenness of discrimination, purity of language, and manly eloquence, not to be surpassed in any of the common walks of life. He shortly became a *local preacher* among the Methodists: and, in this office he continues to the present day. In short, his circumstances considered, with the mode of his education, he is one of those prodigies of *nature and grace* which God rarely exhibits: but which serve to keep up the connecting link between those who are confined to houses of clay, whose foundations are in the dust, and beings of a superior order in those regions where infirmity cannot enter, and where the sunshine of knowledge neither suffers diminution nor eclipse.— *George Michal*, inventor of the patent window frame; *Joseph Avard*, now a magistrate in *Prince Edward's Island*; and several others, who have since become distinguished either in literature or mechanics; were joined by Mr. Clarke, to the Methodists' Society, in St. Austell, in the course of that year.

On Saturday, Sept. 11, Mr. C. went to a place called *Trege*, to Farmer P——'s, where there had been preaching for some time, and a small society formed, and where he was to preach that night and the next morning. He had gone through a tedious journey, and by unknown ways, in order to get to this

place; and was much fatigued on his arrival. Only the good woman was within, the rest being at harvest. She asked him if he had dined: he said, no. She then brought him the remains of a cold apple pie, of the rudest confection; the apples were not *peeled*, even the *snuffs* and *stalks* were on them, and the crust was such, that, though the apples in baking shrunk much, yet the crust disdained to follow them, and stood over the dish like a well-built arch, almost impenetrable to knife or teeth. He sat down to this homely fare, thanked God, and took courage. After a little, the good woman brought him some cream, saying, "I'll give you a little cream to the pie; but I cannot afford it to my own family." This appeared odd to him. He had *nothing beside this pie*, except a drink of water. He went and cleaned his horse, and waited till the farmer came in from the field; between whom, in substance, passed the following dialogue:—*Who art thou? I am a Methodist preacher: my name is Adam Clarke. And what is thee comin here for? To preach to yourself, your family, and your neighbours. Who sent thee here? I received a plan from Mr. Wrigley, and your place stands for this night and to-morrow morning. I expect other friends to-morrow, and thou shalt not stay here. Why,—will you not have the preaching? No, I will have none of thy preaching, nor any of thy brethren. But will it not be wrong to deprive your family and neighbours of what may be profitable to them, though you may not desire it? Thee shalt not stay here: I will have no more Methodist preaching.* Well, I will inform Mr. Wrigley of it; and I dare say he will not send any more, if you desire it not: but as I am a *stranger* in the country, and know not my way, and it is now towards evening, I hope you will give me a night's lodging, and I will, please God, set off to-morrow morning. *I tell thee, thee shalt not stay here.* What, would you turn a *stranger* out into a *strange country* of which he knows nothing, and so late in the evening too? *Were was thee last night? I was at Polperro. Then go there.* It is out of my reach: besides, I have to preach at Bodmin to-morrow evening. *Then go to Bodmin.* I have never yet been there; am not expected there to-night; and know no person in the place:—pray give me the shelter of your roof for the night. *I tell thee, thee shalt not stay here.* Are you really in earnest? *I am.* Well then, if I must go, can you direct me the way to Ruthernbridge; I was there on Thursday, and am sure I shall be welcome again. *Thee must inquire the road to Bodmin.* How far is Ruthernbridge hence? *About fifteen or sixteen miles; so thee hadst best be getting off.* I will set off immediately. Mr. C. then went and put on his boots, repacked his shoes, &c., in his saddle-bags, and went to the stable and saddled his horse; the farmer standing by and looking on, but lending no assistance. He then mounted his horse, and spoke

to this effect:—"Now, Sir, I am a *stranger*, and you refused me the common rites of hospitality: I am a *messenger of the Lord Jesus*, coming to you, your family, and your neighbours, with the glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ; and you have refused to receive me: for this you must account at the bar of God. In the mean time I must act as my Lord has commanded me; and *wipe off against you even the dust of your floor that cleaves to the soles of my feet.*" So saying, he took his right foot out of the stirrup, and with his hand wiped off the dust from his sole: he did the like to his left foot, and rode slowly off saying, "Remember, a messenger of peace came to your house with the gospel of Jesus; and you have rejected both him and his message!" He went on his way; and the farmer turned into his house. What was the consequence? A Methodist preacher was never afterwards within his house, or before his door. The little society that was there, went to other places; ruin came on *him*, and his *family* became corrupt, and were at last, finally scattered! and he died not long after.

After a tedious ride Mr. Clarke got to Mr. Varcoe's, at Ruthernbridge, where he was affectionately received;—preached out of doors the next morning;—and then rode to Bodmin, and preached to a vast congregation out of doors in the evening, in the butter-market. When he began, the bells struck out, and entirely drowned his voice, so that his giving out the hymn could not be heard. When he was about half through his first prayer, the bells were stopped, nor was there the least disturbance or noise till he had finished the whole of his work. He then rode back to Ruthernbridge, and spent a comfortable evening with that affectionate family. The Reader is left to his own reflections concerning the man who turned away the message of salvation from his door; particulars might be given of the evils that fell upon that family; but enough has been said.

On Dec. 17, of this year, (1784,) Mr. C. met with an accident that had nearly proved fatal to him. When he came out first to preach he had no horse,—a gentleman of Bradford knowing this, said, he would give the young preacher a horse,—and among other good qualities for which he extolled him, said he was an *excellent chaise horse*. Mr. Wesley was by, and said, "One of my horses troubles us very much, for he often takes it into his head that he will not draw. Had I not better take your horse, Mr. R., and let brother Clarke have this one? He may be a good *hack* though a bad *chaise-horse*. The change was made, and he got Mr. W.'s horse, of which he was not a little proud, because it had been the property of Mr. W.; but this horse was the most dangerous creature he ever mounted, and he scarcely ever rode him a journey of ten

miles, in which he did not fall at least once: and by this his life was often brought into danger.

His friends often endeavoured to persuade him to dispose of this dangerous beast, but his affection for its quondam owner, caused him to turn a deaf ear to every entreaty and remonstrance; as he was afraid if he parted with the beast he might fall into hands that would not use him well. This evening had nearly terminated the business: it was a hard frost, and coming over the down above Ruthernbridge, the horse fell, according to custom, and pitched Mr. C. directly on his head. He lay some time senseless, but how long he could not tell. At length, having come to himself a little, he felt as if in the agonies of death; and earnestly recommended his soul to his Redeemer: however, he so far recovered, that with extreme difficulty he reached the house. As a congregation attended, the good people, not knowing how much injury he had sustained, entreated him to preach,—he could not draw a full breath, and was scarcely able to stand: however, he endeavoured to recommend to them the salvation of God. His pain was so great that he got no rest all night: the next day a person was sent with him to stay him up on his horse, that he might get to Port Isaac, where he could obtain some medical help. He suffered much on this journey, as every step the horse took seemed like a dart run through his body. He got at last to Port Isaac, Dr. Twentyman was sent for, and bled him. It appeared that some of the vertebrae of the spine had been materially injured. He was desired to remain in the house for some days,—this he could not consent to do, as there were *four* places in which he was expected to preach the following day. This he did at the most obvious risk of his life; but from this hurt he did not wholly recover for more than *three years*! After this narrow escape he was persuaded to part with his horse, which he changed with a farmer, who had a high reverence for Mr. W. and promised to use the horse mercifully.

On Saturday, Jan. 1, 1786, he thus writes, “A God of infinite love has brought me to the beginning of another year! Though I have often provoked Thee, and been unfaithful to Thy grace, yet I am a monument of Thy sparing and forbearing mercy. The blessings I have received from Thee in the year that is past, may well astonish me! Thou hast prospered my labour, and many souls have been awakened and blessed under my ministry. I have been exposed to the most imminent deaths, and yet rescued from the pit of corruption. I have sustained the most grievous temptations, to well circumstanced sins, and yet, by the grace of God, I stand! I have gone through labours almost above human strength, and yet am supported! What a miracle of power and mercy!—

O, what shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me! May I live the ensuing year, more to Thy glory than ever, for Christ's sake, amen!"

On the 6th of this month, he saw a wonderful phenomenon while riding between St. Austell and Meadows. A body of fire, something like a comet, with the head foremost, and the tail terminating in a point, rose out of the west, and directing its course eastward, traversed nearly a quadrant of the heavens, leaving a fiery highway after it, through the whole of its course, till it had entirely expended itself. Its duration was nearly a *minute*; but after the fire had disappeared, the oblique, or wavy path which it had made, was visible for at least *fifteen minutes*. It seemed as if it had left a deeply indented path in the sky. His reflections on this phenomenon are pleasing, though they partake much of the state of his mind, which was considerably depressed at that time: on this account they need not be inserted.

On a review of the events of this year, as they respect Mr. C., we find them presenting to us one uninterrupted scene of prosperity. The spirit of hearing, as has already been remarked, was almost universal,—the congregations very large, and numbers were awakened, converted, and joined to the Lord. The societies were not only much increased, but they were built up on their most holy faith; and the stream of pure religion deepened as it spread. The vicious and profligate became ashamed of their own conduct; and those who did not yield to the influences of the grace of God, were constrained to assume a decent exterior. The spiritual prosperity would have been unrivalled had it not been for some antinomian Calvinists, who envious at the prosperity of the Methodists, insinuated themselves into some of the societies, and spread their poison among the people. However, the bit and curb of God were put in their jaws, and although they *disturbed* and in a measure *hindered* the work, they were not permitted to prevail.—They drew some of the less fixed of the society in St. Austell with them, and formed a party, but they converted no sinners to God.

Mr. C.'s labours were here continual, and almost oppressive: besides the preaching out of doors in all weathers, through spring, summer, autumn, and winter, he often preached *twice*, even *thrice*, on *week-days*; and three sabbaths out of four, he preached regularly four times each day in different places; being obliged, to supply them, to ride many miles. This as well as the injury he received by the fall already mentioned, greatly damaged his constitution. He lost his appetite, was prostrated in his strength, lost his flesh, and often bled so copiously at the nose, even in the pulpit, that his friends feared, and not without reason, for his life. Besides *innumerable*

public exhortations, he preached in about eleven months, 508 sermons, and rode in his work many hundreds of miles. He indeed gave up his own life as lost, and felt himself continually on the verge of eternity. He endeavored to walk with God, kept up a severe watch on his heart and conduct, and gave no quarter to any thing in himself, that did not bear the stamp of holiness. His popularity was great, but he was not lifted up by it; he felt too much of weakness, ignorance, and imperfection in himself, to allow the foot of pride to come against him; therefore his popularity promoted his usefulness, and of it he made no other advantage.

As his labours were great, and his time almost wholly employed, he could make little progress in mental cultivation: yet even this was not wholly neglected. He read some treatises on different parts of *Chemistry*, and having borrowed the use of a friend's *laboratory*, he went through the process of *refining silver*, that he might be the better able to comprehend the meaning of those texts of scripture where this operation is referred to. He read also several *Alchemistic* authors, the perusal of which was recommended to him by a friend who was much devoted to such studies; and he also went through several of the *initiatory operations* recommended by professed adepts in that science. This study was the means of greatly enlarging his views in the operations of nature, as he saw many wonders performed by chemical agency. It may surprise the Reader that he took the pains to read over Basil Valentine, Geo. Ripley, Philalethes, Nich. Flammel, Artephius, Geher, Paracelsus, the *Hermetical Triumph*, all the writers in *Ashmole's Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*, &c. &c.; not with the hope of finding the *Philosopher's stone*, but *rerum cognoscere causas*; and to see nature in her own laboratory. This study served to divert his mind from that intensity of thought on other matters, which before was preying upon itself.

In this circuit he met with that almost rarest gift of heaven, a *true friend*; a friend that loveth at all times—the *Amicus certus, qui in re incerta cernitur*: this was Mr. *Richard Maby*, of Camelford, a man who took him to his bosom, watched over him with the solicitude of the most affectionate father, bore with his weakness, instructed his ignorance, and helped him forward in his Christian course, by his prayers. His house was his only *home* on earth; and for him and his most affectionate wife he felt a filial respect and tenderness. This patriarchal man is still alive, and a pillar in the Church of God in that place: and the friendship between him and Mr. C. has never known diminution or decay, though it has now lasted upwards of thirty-five years. He was one of those friends who was as dear as a brother; and on whose mind, the changes and chances of time made no impression in re



spect to the object of his friendship. May the sun of his spiritual prosperity never be clouded, but shine brighter and broader till its setting! Local distance has long separated them; though Mr. C. has contrived occasionally to pay him a visit in Camelford. However, they cannot be long separated: Mr. M. in the course of nature must soon pass Jordan; and his friend Mr. C. cannot be long behind him,—they will shortly be joined

“In those Elysian seats  
Where Jonathan his David meets.”\*

While in this county he felt a desire to examine its antiquities, but time would not permit him. Afterwards, on his visits to see Mr. Mabyn, he examined the *logging-stones* and *rock basins* on Raw-tor, of which he wrote a new theory;† and took down the inscription from what is called *Arthur's tomb-stone*, on the place where the famous and decisive battle was fought between Arthur and his son-in-law Mordred; in which, though the latter was slain, and his army totally routed, yet the former received his death's wound, and shortly after died at Glastonbury. On this stone Mr. C. wrote a Dissertation,‡ stating it to be the tomb-stone of one of Arthur's sons.

### PLYMOUTH DOCK CIRCUIT, 1785—6.

At the Conference, which was held in London this year, strong application was made to Mr. Wesley to appoint Mr. C. a second year to the St. Austell circuit, and with this application he at first complied: but the people of Plymouth Dock, who had suffered by a rent made in the society by the secession of Mr. W. Moore, who had carried with him more than fifty of the society, requested Mr. W., most earnestly, to appoint Mr. C. for *them*, as one that was most likely to counteract the influence of the disaffected party. To them Mr. W. yielded, and Mr. C. receiving this appointment, entered on this new circuit, Aug. 27, 1785.

This circuit included the following places, partly in *Devon*, partly in *Cornwall*. Plymouth, Dock, Torpoint, Stonehouse, Plympton, Tavistock, Launceston, Trelabe, Tregar, Ex, Burrowcot, Dixbeer, Collory, Altarnun, Beeralston, Hull, Pitt, and Butternelle. Several of these were new places, taken in the course of that year. The preachers were *John Mason*, Adam Clarke, and *John King*: with Messrs. Mason and King he lived and laboured in the utmost harmony, and Methodism

\* Mr. Mabyn died in the year 1820, retaining and manifesting his friendship for Dr. Clarke to the last moment of his life.

† These Treatises will hereafter be published among Dr. Clarke's *Miscellaneous Works*.

prospered greatly; as in the course of that year they *doubled* the society. Of the fifty that went off with Mr. Moore in Dock, several returned, and in place of those who continued in the secession, more than *one hundred* were added to that society in the course of the year. The congregations became immense, and from the Dock-yard, and the ships in the Hamoaze, multitudes flocked to the preaching, and many were brought to God. *Cleland Kirkpatrick*, (who had his arm shot off in an engagement with the famous *Paul Jones*, and was then cook of the Cambridge man-of-war,) joined the society at that time, and became afterwards a travelling preacher: in which office he still continues.

The days in which Mr. Clarke's labours were not required in Plymouth or Dock, he made excursions into different parts of Cornwall, preached in new places, and formed several new societies. He preached also in Dock, at five o'clock in the morning throughout the year: and generally went about to the different houses in the dark winter mornings, with his lanthorn, to awake those whom he thought should attend the preaching!

It was, while he was on this circuit, as has been already anticipated, that the *row* relative to the total abandonment of *classical* learning, was broken: and here, having more leisure than he had previously, he bent his mind to study. In this he was greatly assisted by *James Hore*, Esq. of the R. N.; afterwards purser of the *Venerable*, in which Admiral Duncan gained the victory over the Dutch fleet, under De Winter; and who died in the same service, in the Egyptian expedition. This gentleman lent him books, and among the rest, *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, 2 vols. fol. In this work, which was a library of itself, he spent almost every spare hour: here his philosophical taste was gratified, and his knowledge greatly increased. It is almost impossible to conceive how much he profited by this work; he made nearly every subject there discussed, his own; and laid in a considerable stock of useful knowledge, which he laid under constant contribution to his ministerial labours. He has often said, "I owe more to Mr. Hore, than to most men, for the loan of this work. The *gift* of a thousand indiscriminate volumes, would not have equalled the utility of this *loan*." It is with pleasure that he has recorded, "The eldest daughter of this most worthy man, a young lady of great excellence, is now the wife of the Rev. W. Henshaw, one of the most respectable as well as useful, of the present body of itinerant Methodist preachers." Of the *Encyclopædia* of Mr. Chambers, he could never speak without the highest commendation, as being far before every other work of the kind: and in its original form, allowing for late discoveries and improvements, far surpassing the vastly voluminous French *Encyclopedie*, thirty-five vols. fol., pro-

fessedly formed after its model, and all others in our own country, which indeed has been the land of *Encyclopedias*, *Cyclopedias*, *Dictionaries of Arts and Sciences*, &c. And, with the above allowances, beyond comparison preferable to those editions of the same work, which have been made since his time, by different hands, with all their professed improvements by the immense *additions* of encumbering, heterogeneous and discordant materials. When he was able to purchase a book of any magnitude, he bought *this*; and has ever preserved a copy of it in his library, in grateful remembrance of the great service which he formerly derived from it.

This work, castigated to the present improved state of science, and enlarged about one third or one half, so that it might make three or four volumes folio, without changing Mr. Chambers' plan, would comprehend all that is essentially necessary for a work of this kind; and be highly acceptable to the public, instead of those vast voluminous works which are beyond the purchase of those persons who need them most, and would profit most by them; and in which, disjointed and shapeless lumber is of more frequent occurrence than valuable furniture, or useful implements.

To help him in his *Hebrew* studies, he had purchased *Leigh's Critica Sacra*: a work of great study and research, and invaluable to a biblical student. It not only gives the literal sense of every Greek and Hebrew word in the Old and New Testaments, but enriches almost every definition with philological and theological notes drawn from the best grammarians and critics. To this work, the best edition of which is that of Lond. 1662, with a *Supplement* to both parts, most succeeding lexicographers have been greatly indebted. He was also laid under great obligations to a lady to whom he was personally unknown, Miss Kennicott, of Dock, who hearing of his thirst for knowledge, lent him her brother's (*Dr. Kennicott*) edition of the Hebrew Bible, two vols. fol. with various readings collected from nearly 700 MSS., and early printed editions. This work, which he carefully studied, gave him the first knowledge of *Biblical Criticism*. The work had been but lately published; and had he not seen it in this providential way, several years must have elapsed before it could have fallen under his notice.

This year the society at Dock built a new chapel at *Windmill Hill*, much more commodious than that which they had opposite the *Gun-Wharf Gate*; but so much had the congregations increased that this new erection was soon found to be too small. When the seats of this chapel were in course of being let, he noticed for the first time, what he had occasion to notice with pain often after:—How difficult it is to satisfy a *choir of singers*; of how little use they are in general, and how dangerous they are at all times to the peace of the Church

of Christ. There was here a *choir*, and there were some among them who understood music as well as most in the nation; and some, who taken *individually*, were both sensible and pious. These, in their *collective capacity*, wished to have a particular seat, with which the trustees could not conveniently accommodate them, because of their engagements to other persons. When the signers found they could not have the places they wished, they came to a private resolution not to sing in the chapel. Of this resolution, the preachers knew nothing. It was Mr. C.'s turn to preach in the chapel at the *Gun-Wharf*, the next Sabbath morning at seven; and *there* they intended to give the first exhibition of their *dumb-show*. He gave out, as usual, the page and measure of the hymn. All was silent. He looked to see if the singers were in their place; and behold, the choir was full; even unusually so. He, thinking that they could not find the page, or did not know the measure, gave out both again; and then looked them all full in the face; which they returned with great steadiness of countenance! He then raised the tune himself, and the congregation continued the singing. Not knowing what the matter was, he gave out the next hymn as he had given out the former, again and again,—still they were *silent*. He then raised the tune, and the congregation sang as before. Afterwards he learned, that as the trustees would not indulge them with the places they wished, they were determined to avenge their quarrel on Almighty God: for *He* should have no praise from them, since they could not have the seats they wished! The *impiety* of this conduct appeared to him in a most hideous point of view: for, if the singing be designed to set forth the praises of the Lord, the refusing to do this, because they could not have their own wills in sitting in a particular place, though they were offered, free of expense, one of the best situations in the chapel, was a broad insult on God Almighty. They continued this ungodly farce, hoping to reduce the trustees, preachers, and society, to the necessity of capitulating at discretion; but the besieged, by appointing a man to be always present to raise the tunes, cut off the whole choir at a stroke. From this time, the liveliness and piety of the singing were considerably improved: for now, the *congregation*, instead of *listening to the warbling of the choir*, all joined in the singing; and God had hearty praise from every mouth. Mr. C. has often witnessed similar disaffection in other places, by means of the singers; and has frequently been heard to say: "Though I never had a personal quarrel with the singers, in any place, yet, I have never known one case where there was a choir of singers, that they did not make disturbance in the societies. And it would be much better, in every case, and in every respect, to employ a *precentor*, or a person to raise the tunes, and then the congregation would learn to sing—the pur-

pose of singing would be accomplished,—every mouth would confess to God,—and a horrible evil would be prevented,—the bringing together into the house of God, and making them the almost only instruments of celebrating his praises, such a company of gay, airy, giddy, and ungodly men and women, as are generally grouped in such choirs—for *voice* and *skill* must be had, let decency of behaviour and morality be where they will. Every thing must be sacrificed to a *good voice*, in order to make the choir complete and respectable.” Many scandals have been brought into the church of God by choirs and their accompaniments. Why do not the Methodist preachers lay this to heart?

At the conduct of the singers in Plymouth Dock, Mr. C. was much grieved, because there were among them men of sound sense, amiable manners, and true piety: and so they continued in their *individual* capacity; but when once *merged* in the *choir*, they felt only for *its* honour, and became *like to other men*! Disturbances of this kind which he has witnessed in all the large societies, have led him often seriously to question, whether public singing made any essential part in the worship of God! most of those who are employed in it being the least spiritual part of the church of Christ; generally proud, self-willed, obstinate, and untractable: besides, they uniformly hinder congregational singing, the congregation leaving this work to them; and they desiring it so to be left.

In the way of incident, there was nothing remarkable in the course of this year. Methodism prospered greatly, and he was happy in the friendship of several excellent people in different parts of the circuit, but especially in Dock. Mr. Mason, whom he considered as an *apostolic father*, was very useful to him: his upright, orderly, and regular conduct, furnished him with lessons of great importance: and from him he learned how to demean and behave himself in civil and religious society. Of him he spoke with high commendation in a small work, entitled, *A Letter to a Preacher*, which has gone through four editions to the present year 1819; and when this excellent man died, Mr. C. was desired, by the Conference held in London in 1810, to draw up his character, which he did in the following terms:—

“Mr. Mason made it the study of his life to maintain his character as a *preacher*, a *Christian*, and a *MAN*; the latter word taken in its noblest sense: and he did this by cultivating his mind in every branch of useful knowledge within his reach; and his profiting was great. In the *history of the world*, and the *history of the church*, he was very extensively read. With *anatomy* and *medicine* he was well acquainted; and his knowledge of *natural history*, particularly of *botany*, was very ex-

tensive. In the latter science he was inferior to few in the British empire. His *botanical collections*, would do credit to the first museum in Europe; and especially his collections of *English plants*, all gathered, preserved, classified, and described by his own hand. But this was his least praise: he laid all his attainments in the natural sciences, under contribution to his theological studies: nor could it ever be said that he neglected his duty as a Christian minister, to cultivate his mind in philosophical pursuits.

"He was a *Christian man*; and in his life and spirit, adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour. The decency, propriety, and dignity of his conduct were, through the whole of his life, truly exemplary. And his *piety* towards God, and his *benevolence* towards man, were as deep as they were sincere.—I am constrained to add,—

He was a MAN; take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.'

He died, Friday, April 27, 1810, aged seventy-eight years, and lies buried at *West Meon*, in Hampshire; his general residence some years before his death."

Mr. Mason might have lived at least *ten years* longer, for his constitution was good, and his habits perfectly regular, had he not unfortunately, taken to a *milk diet* for several of his latter years. This did not afford sufficient nutriment to his body. He was *strong boned* and *six-feet high*, and the nourishment derived from this most inadequate diet, was not sufficient to clothe his bones with healthy and vigorous muscles. The consequence was, he began to stoop, and his feet, &c. became *ricketty*; and he sunk rather through want of due nourishment, than by weight of years, or unavoidable bodily infirmities. What became of his collections of *fossils*, *minerals*, and *plants*, I do not know: I believe, they were all scattered and lost, except a *Hortus Siccus*, in forty-three vols. 8vo., which he presented to his friend Mr. Clarke, several years before his death.

From him, while they travelled together at Plymouth, Mr. Clarke had the following anecdote; which, as the parties are now long dead, can on that account, do no harm to be related, and should be most extensively published.

A. B. and his wife C. B., were members of the Methodists' Society, in Portsmouth Common: and in decent and respectable circumstances. C. B. was frequently troubled with *indigestion*, and consequent *flatulencies*. A female neighbour said to C. B.: "There is a very fine bottle which has done me much good, and I was just as you are; and I am sure it would do you much good also. Do try but one bottle of it."—"What do you call it?"—"Godfrey's Cordial."—"Well, I will try it

in God's name, for I am sadly troubled, and would give any thing for a cure, or even for ease." A bottle of this fine spirituous saccharine opiate, was bought and taken *secundum artem*; and it acted as an *elegant dram*! "O, dear, this is a very fine thing; it has done me good already; I shall never be without this in the house." A little disorder in the stomach called the bottle again into request: it acted as before, and got additional praises. By and bye, the husband himself got poorly with a pain in his stomach and bowels; the wife said, "Do, A., take a little of my bottle, it will do you much good." He took it; but then, as he was a *man*, it must be a *stronger dose*. "Well, C., this is a very fine thing, it has eased me much."—Though the wife was not cured, yet she was very much relieved! So bottle after bottle was purchased, and taken in pretty quick succession. The husband found it necessary also to have frequent recourse to the same; and now they could both bear a *double dose*; by and bye it was *trebled* and *quadrupled*; for, former doses did not give relief as usual: but the *increased dose* did.—No customers to the quack medicine venders were equal to A. B. and his wife.—They had it at last by the *dozen*, if not by the *gross*! Soon, *scores of pounds* were expended on this *corminative opiate*, till at last they had expended on it their *whole substance*. Even their furniture went by degrees, till at last they were reduced to absolute want, and were obliged to take refuge in the *Poor-house*. Here they were visited by some pious people of the Society—saw their error, deplored it, and sought God for pardon. A good report was brought of this miserable couple to the Society: it was stated that, they saw their folly, and were truly penitent; and it was a pity to permit a couple, who in all human probability, had much of life before them, to linger it out uselessly in a wretched workhouse. A collection was proposed for their relief, among the principal friends; it was productive, for a considerable sum was raised. They were brought out, placed in a decent little dwelling, and a proper assortment of goods purchased with the subscription already mentioned, and they were set up in a respectable little shop. Many of the friends bound themselves to give A. B. and his wife their custom:—they did so, and the capital was soon doubled, and they went on in religious and secular things very prosperously. Unfortunately, the wife thought her indigestion and flatulencies had returned, were returning, or would soon return; and she once more thought of *Godfrey's Cordial*, with *desire and terror*. "I should have a bottle in the house: surely I have been so warned that I am not likely to make a bad use of it again."—"C., I am afraid of it," said the husband. "My dear," said she, "we have now experience, and I hope we may both take what will do us good and that only."—Not to be tedious, another bottle was bought, and another, and a dozen, and a

gross;—and in this they once more drunk out all their property, and terminated their lives in Portsmouth Common Workhouse!

The Reader may be astonished at this infatuation: but he may rest assured that the case is not uncommon: *Daffy's Elixir*, *Godfrey's Cordial*, and *Solomon's Balm of Gilead*, have in a similar manner impoverished, if not destroyed, thousands. On this very principle they are constructed. They are intended to meet the palate, and under the specious name of *medicines*, they are actually used as *drams*; and in no few cases engender the use of each other. Thus, *drops* beget *drams*; and *drams* beget more *drops*; and they, *drams* in their turn, till health and property are both destroyed; and, I may add, the soul ruined by these truly infernal compounds. It would, it is true, be easy to expose them; and it is difficult to refrain:—

*"Difficile est Sabirum non scribere, nam quis iniqua  
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?"*

But who dares do this? The iniquity is *licensed* by the *State*: and government makes a gain by *taxation* of that which is destroying the lives and morals of the subject!

As the time of conference drew nigh, there was a strong and general desire in the Societies to have Mr. C. appointed a second year for the Plymouth Dock circuit: and there was every probability that this wish would have been met by Mr. Wesley, had it not been for the following circumstance:—

*Robert Carr Brakenbury*, Esq., who had been long a member of the Methodists' Society, and ranked among their preachers, had gone over to the Norman Islands and had preached successfully, especially in the Island of *Jersey*, where he had taken a house, and set up a family establishment. At this Conference he applied to Mr. Wesley for a preacher to assist him: and Mr. C. was fixed on, as having some knowledge of the *French* language. To the regret of the circuit, and not entirely with his own approbation, he was appointed; and was ordered to hold himself in readiness to sail in company with Mr. Brakenbury, as soon as the latter could settle his affairs at his seat at Raithby, Lincolnshire, so as to admit of absence for three months.

In the meantime Mr. C. went and paid a visit to his brother, Surgeon Clarke, who, as we have already seen, was now settled at a place called *Maghull*, near Liverpool. While Mr. C. was on this visit, he preached different times in that neighbourhood, several were awakened, and a society was formed, which having gone through many vicissitudes, still exists, though not now in a state of great prosperity. On his return from Liverpool by Bristol, to go to Southampton, where he



was to embark for the Islands; as Mr. Brakenbury was not yet come, he visited his old circuit, (*Bradford*), and spent several days at *Trowbridge*, where he had always a parental reception at the house of Mr. Knapp, where the preachers generally lodged. There were in the society of this place, several young women, who were among the most sensible and pious in the Methodists' connexion, particularly the Miss *Cookes*; Mary, Elizabeth, and Frances: the two latter having been among the first members of the society in this town. With these young ladies he occasionally corresponded, especially with the second, ever since he had been in that circuit. This correspondence, as it had been chiefly on matters of religious experience, improved his mind much, and his style of writing. He found it of great advantage to have a well educated and sensible correspondent; and as neither had anything in view but their religious and intellectual improvement, they wrote without reserve or embarrassment, and discussed every subject that tended to expand the mind or ameliorate the heart. About two years before this, the eldest sister, *Mary*, had joined the society; and became one of Mr. C.'s occasional correspondents. On this visit a more intimate acquaintance took place, which terminated nearly two years after in a marriage, the most suitable and honourable to both parties, and prosperous in its results, that ever occurred in the course of Divine Providence. Of her good sense, prudence, piety, and rare talents for domestic management and the education of a family, too much cannot easily be said.—“Her works praise her in the gates, and her reputation is in all the churches.”

Having tarried here a few days, he received a letter from Mr. B., appointing a day to meet him at Southampton. He set off and got there at the time appointed; but Mr. B. was detained nearly a fortnight longer. During this delay, Mr. C. was kindly entertained at the house of Mr. Fay, in whose son's school-room he had the opportunity of preaching several times during his stay.

He also visited *Winchester*, on the invitation of Mr. Jasper Winscomb, and preached there frequently: and spent much of his time in the cathedral, examining the *monuments*, and making reflections on the subjects they presented. As these were entered under heads, in a species of *Journal*, I shall select a few. They were all written between the 11th and 19th of October, while waiting the arrival of Mr. Brackenbury.

## ON EARTHLY GLORY.

Winchester, October 12, 1786.

"How little is worldly grandeur worth, together with all the most splendid distinctions, which great and pompous titles, or even important offices, confer upon men! They vanish as a dissipated vapour, and the proprietors of them go their way; and where are they? or of what account? Death is the common lot of all men: and the honours of the great, and the abjectness of the mean, are equally unseen in the tomb. This I saw abundantly exemplified to-day, while viewing the remains of several kings, Saxon and English, whose very names, much less their persons and importance, are scarcely collectible from 'Rosy damps, mouldy shrines, dust, and cobwebs.'" This exhibits a proper estimate of human glory: and verifies the saying of the wise man,—*A living dog is better than a dead lion.* The meanest living slave is preferable to all these dead potentates. Is there any true greatness, but that of the soul? And has the soul any true nobility unless it is begotten from above, and has the spirit and love of Christ to actuate it? surely none. The title of *Servant of the Lord Jesus*, I prefer to the glory of these kings: this will stand me in stead, when the other, with all its importance, is eternally forgotten.

"In the time of the civil wars, the tombs of several of our kings, who were buried in this cathedral, were broken up and rifled, and the bones thrown indiscriminately about. After the Restoration these were collected, and put in large chests, which are placed in different parts of the choir, and labelled as containing bones of our ancient kings; but which, could not be discriminated."

## CHURCH NEWS.

Winchester, October 12.

"The following remarkable inscription I took down from the wall in this cathedral.

'The union of two brothers from *Avington*.

'The *Clerks'* family, were, grandfather, father and son, successively clerks of the Privy Seal.

'William, the grandfather, had two sons, both *Thomas's*,

their wives, both *Amy's*; their heirs, both *Henry's*; and the heirs of *Henry's*, both *Thomas's*; both their wives were *inheritrix's*; and both had two sons and one daughter; and both their daughters issueless. Both of Oxford; both of the Temple; both officers of queen Elizabeth and our noble king James. Both justices of the peace together. Both agree in arms, the one a *knight* and the other a *captain*.

*'Si queras Avingtonium petus cancellum impensis.*

*'Thomas Clerk, of Hyde, 1623.'*

"It is not an uncommon case that the things least worthy of commemoration are recorded, while those of the utmost importance, are forgotten: had those two brothers lived and died in the favour of God, and left a clear testimony of His pardoning and sanctifying grace behind them, I doubt, however important the matter, it would not have been thought worthy of being recorded. Yet the inscription above is curious, and deserves to be registered on account of its singular and striking coincidences."

## THE PROGRESS OF REVELATION.

*Winchester, Oct. 15.*

"Why is it that God has observed so slow a climax in bringing the necessary knowledge of His will, and their interest to mankind? *e. g.* giving a little under the *Patriarchal*, an increase under the *Mosaic*, and the fulness of the blessing under the *Gospel Dispensation*? It is true, He could have given the whole in the beginning to *Adam*, to *Noah*, to *Abraham*, or any other of the *ante* or *post diluvian* Fathers: but that this would not have as effectually answered the Divine purpose, may be safely asserted.

"God, like his instrument Nature, delights in *progression*; and although the works of both, *in semine*, were finished from the beginning, nevertheless they are not brought forward, to actual and complete existence, but by various *accretions*. And this appears to be done that the blessings resulting from both may be properly valued, as in their approach, men have time to discover their *necessities*; and when relieved after a thorough consciousness of their urgency, they see and feel the propriety of being grateful to their kind Benefactor.

"Were God to bestow his blessings *before* the want of them were truly *felt*, men could not be properly grateful for the reception of blessings, the value of which they had not known by previously feeling the want of them. God gives His blessings

that they may be duly esteemed, and He himself become the sole object of our dependence: and this end he secures by a *gradual* communication of his bounties as they are felt to be necessary. To give them all at once would defeat his own intention, and leave us unconscious of our dependence on, and debt to His grace. He, therefore, brings forward His various dispensations of mercy and love, as He sees men prepared to receive and value them; and as the receipt of the grace of one dispensation makes way for another, and the soul is thereby rendered capable of more extended views and communications; so the Divine Being causes every succeeding dispensation to exceed that which preceded it: on this ground we find a *climax* of dispensations, and in each, a *progressive graduated scale* of light, life, power, and holiness.

"We first teach our children the *power of the letters*—then to combine consonants and vowels to make *syllables*—then to unite syllables in order to make *words*; then to assort and connect the different kinds of words, in order to form language or regular discourse. To require them to attempt the latter, before they had studied the former, would be absurd. The *first* step leads to and qualifies for the *second*; the second for the *third*, and so on. Thus God deals with the *universe*; and thus he deals with every *individual*;—every communication from God, is a kind of *seed*, which, if properly cultivated, brings forth much fruit. 'Light is *sown* for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.'

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#### ON CONSCIENCE.

"Conscience is defined by some, 'that judgment which the rational soul passes on her own actions: and is a faculty of the soul itself, and consequently natural to it. Others say, 'It is a *ray of the Divine light*.' Milton calls it '*God's umpire*;' and Dr. Young seems to call it '*a God in man*.' To me it appears to be no other than a faculty of the mind, capable of *receiving* light and information from the Spirit of God: and is the same to the soul in spiritual matters, as the eye is to the body in the things which concern vision. The eye is not *light* in itself, nor is it capable of discerning any object, but by the instrumentality of natural or artificial light. But it has organs properly adapted to the reception of the rays of light, and the various images of the objects which they exhibit. When these are present to an *eye*, the structure of which is *perfect*, then there is discernment or *perception* of those objects which are within the sphere of vision: but when the light is absent, there is no perception of the figure, dimensions, situation, or colour of any object, howsoever entire or perfect the optic nerves

may be. In the same manner, comparing spiritual things with natural, the Spirit of God enlightens that eye of the soul which we call *conscience*; it penetrates it with its effulgence, and speaking, as human language will permit on the subject, it has organs properly adapted for the reception of the Spirit's emanations, which when received into the conscience exhibit a real view of the situation, state, &c. of the soul as it stands in reference to God and eternity. Thus the Scripture says, *The Spirit itself bears witness with our spirits*: that is, it shines into the *conscience*, and reflects throughout the soul, a conviction, proportioned to the degree of light communicated, of condemnation, pardon, or acquittance, according to the end of its coming.

"*Conscience* is sometimes said to be *good*,—*bad*,—*tender*,—*seared*, &c. *Good*, if it acquit or approve; *bad*, if it condemn or disapprove; *tender*, if alarmed at the least approach of evil, and is severe in scrutinizing the various operations of the mind and passions, as well as the actions of the body: and *seared*, if it no longer act thus, the Spirit of God being so grieved that its light is no longer dispensed, and conscience no longer passes judgment on the actions of the man. These epithets can scarcely belong to it, if the common definition be admitted; but on the general definition already given, these terms are easily understood, and are exceedingly proper: e. g. a *good conscience*, is that to which the Spirit of God has brought intelligence of the pardon of all the sins of the soul, and its reconciliation to God through the Blood of the Covenant; and this good conscience *retained*, implies God's *continued approbation* of such a person's conduct. A *bad* or *evil conscience*, is that which records a charge of guilt brought against the soul by the Holy Spirit, on account of the transgression of God's holy law; the light of that Spirit shewing the soul the nature of sin, and its own guilty conduct. A *tender conscience*, is that which is fully irradiated by the light of the Holy Spirit, which enables the soul to view the good as *good*, the evil as *evil*, in every important respect; and, consequently, leads it to abominate the latter, and cleave to the former: and, if at any time it act in the smallest measure opposite to those views, it is severe in self-reprehension, and bitter in its regrets. A *darkened, seared, or hardened conscience*, is that which has little or none of this divine light; the soul having by repeated transgressions so grieved the Spirit of God, that it has withdrawn its light, in consequence of which, the man feels no remorse, but goes on in repeated acts of transgression, unaffected either by threatenings or promises; and careless about the destruction which awaits it: this is what the Scripture means by the *conscience being seared as with a hot iron*; i. e. by repeated transgressions, and resisting of the Holy Ghost.

"The word *conscience* itself vindicates the above explana-

tion :—it is compounded of *con*, *together* or *with*, and *scio*, *I know*; because it knows or combines with, by or *together with*, the *Spirit of God*.—The Greek word *συνεvidens*, which is the only word used for *conscience* through the whole of the New Testament, has precisely the same meaning, being compounded of *συν* *together* or *with*, and *ειδω* *I know*: and this definition will apply to it in all its operations.

“From the above, I think we may safely make the following inferences:—1. All men have what is commonly termed *conscience*, and *conscience* plainly supposes the influence of the Divine Spirit in it, convincing of sin, righteousness, and judgment. 2. The Spirit of God is given to enlighten, convince, strengthen, and bring men back to God, and fit them for glory by purifying their hearts. 3. Therefore all men may be saved who attend to and coincide with the convictions and light communicated: for the God of the Christians does not give men his Spirit to enlighten, *i. e.* merely *to leave them without excuse*; but that it may direct, strengthen, lead them to himself, that they may be finally saved. 4. That this Spirit comes from the grace of God, is demonstrable from hence: ‘It is a good and perfect gift,’ and St. James says, ‘all such come from the Father of lights.’ Besides, it is such a grace as cannot be merited; for, as it is God’s Spirit, it is of *infinite value*: yet it is given:—*that*, then, which is not *merited*, and yet is given, must be of grace, not *condemning* or *ineffectual grace*, for no such principle comes from or resides in the Godhead.

“Thus it appears that *all men* are partakers of the *grace of God*; for all acknowledge that *conscience* is common to *all*: and this implies, as I hope has been proved, the spirit of grace given by Christ Jesus, not that the world might be thereby condemned, but that it might be saved. Nevertheless, multitudes who are partakers of this heavenly gift, sin against it, lose it, and perish everlastingly: not through any defect in the gift, but through the abuse of it.

“Hence I again infer:—1. That God wills all men to be saved; for he dispenses the true light to every man that comes into the world.

“2. That he gives a *sufficiency of grace* to accomplish that end: for who can suppose that the influences of the Holy Spirit are insufficient for that purpose, if not obstinately resisted? God will not *force* the human will—he cannot, because he has made it *will*, and consequently *free*—freedom is essential to the notion of it, and to its existence. All *force* God will resist and overthrow that opposes the salvation of the soul: but the *volitions* of the soul he will not, cannot *force*, for this would imply the destruction of what himself wills should exist, and should exist in this *mode*: because the mode here is essential to the existence.

"3. That this grace is *amissable*:—this is sufficiently evident in all those who perish, none of which were destitute of *conscience*, in one or other period of their lives.

"4. And lastly: *grace received*, does not necessarily imply *grace retained*; as immense numbers resist the Holy Ghost in their consciences, and so grieve this good spirit as to cause it to depart from them; and then they go on frowardly in the way of their own heart, being left to the hardness and darkness of their own minds.—Therefore, let him that standeth, take heed lest he fall, not only *foully* but *finally*."

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#### ARE NATURAL EVILS THE EFFECT OF INEVITABLE NECESSITY?

Winchester, October 19, 1786.

"Most men complain of difficulties and disappointments in life; not only the irreligious and profane, but those also who have a measure of the fear of God. The former, repine and murmur, taxing the Divine Being with his ungracious carriage towards them: the latter, supposing these evils to be inevitable, from the present constitution of things, endeavour to bear them with resignation. It cannot be denied that there are many evils which are the necessary effects of physical causes, but we cannot allow that all the evils that exist are of this kind.

"If men would act according to the Divine will, few of the evils which are now so miserably felt would be known. By acting contrary to the Divine counsel, we pierce ourselves through with many sorrows, and often provoke God by our rebellion, to use that scheme of providence in opposition to us, which would have wrought together with His grace for our good, had we submitted ourselves to his directions.

"Most of the diseases with which men are afflicted, are the consequence of either their indolence or intemperance, or the indulgence of disorderly passions: and a principal part of the poverty that is in the world, comes in the same way.—When then we see so many suffer in consequence of their frowardness and wickedness, we must acknowledge that there are fewer *inevitable* evils in the world than is generally imagined: and that if men would simply walk according to the directions of God's Holy Word, they would necessarily avoid all that numerous train of evils which spring from indolence, intemperance, and disorderly passions: and their path would be like that of the rising light—shining more and more unto the perfect day.

"Add to this: there are some who will be continually contriving for themselves, and will not be contented unless every thing

be their own way, and according to what they suppose to be right and proper: these suffer much. There are others who take God at his word, follow Jesus whithersoever he goeth, and leave themselves and their affairs entirely to His disposal, well knowing *Thou canst not err*; and ever saying, *We will not choose*: these suffer little. The former, if they get to glory, are saved as by fire, and just escape everlasting burnings. The latter mount up with wings as the eagle: they walk and are not weary: they run and are not faint. They live comfortably, die triumphantly, and have an abundant entrance administered to them, into eternal glory. In the *former*, the whole face of the Gospel is beclouded and disfigured: in the *latter* it is magnified, made honourable, and recommended to all. My soul, choose thou the latter, for it is the better part."

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In the above manner Mr. C. noted down the thoughts that passed through his mind on subjects which he deemed of importance, and this mode he pursued occasionally for some years: but his religious correspondence increasing, he was accustomed to insert in his letters what otherwise would have been entered in his common-place book: and of these letters, except in a very few instances, he kept no copies. Indeed he had no opinion of their excellence, and they were in general written without any kind of study, and must have been very imperfect: on which account he has often been heard to say, "I hope none of my friends will ever publish any of the letters I have written to them, after my decease. I never wrote one, in my various and long correspondence, for the public eye; and I am sure that not one of those letters would be fit for that eye unless it passed through my own revision.

"Many eminent men have had their literary reputation tarnished by this injudicious procedure of their friends. They generally gather every scrap of written paper that bears evidence of the hand of the deceased, and without reflection or discernment give to the public what was of no profit to any except to the bookseller. How much have *Pope* and *Swift* suffered from this! and perhaps no man more than the late truly apostolic man, the Rev. J. Fletcher, of Madeley. If ever his tree bore *leaves*, instead of *fruit*, it was in his religious correspondence; and these leafy productions, to the great discredit of his good sense, have been published, with a sinful cupidity, over the religious world. From this circumstance, a stranger to his person has said: 'Were I to judge of Mr. Fletcher by his *letters*, and some other little matters, published by his friends since his death; I must pronounce him a well-meaning, weak enthusiast. Were I to judge of him by the works published by himself, I must pronounce him



the first polemical writer this or any other age has produced: a man mighty in the Scriptures, and full of the unction of God.”

But to return; Mr. Brackenbury shortly arriving at Southampton, they took a Jersey packet, and landed in St. Aubins' Bay, Oct. 26, 1786: whence they walked to Mr. B.'s house in St. Hellier's the same evening.

### THE NORMAN ISLES.

These islands lie chiefly in St. Malos' Bay, and are named *Guernsey*, *Jersey*, *Alderney*, *Sark*, *Jethou*, and *Herme*:—they are the sole remains of the Gallic possessions appertaining to the British crown. They formerly belonged to Normandy, and came with that duchy to England, at the time of the conquest of this country by William I. The inhabitants use the French language, and though under the British crown, are governed principally by their own ancient laws. But any geographical or political description of islands so well known and so near home, would be superfluous.

As most of the inhabitants of St. Helliers understand English, Mr. C. was at no loss to begin his work; and, after having preached a few times in St. Helliers, it was agreed that he should go to Guernsey, and that Mr. B. should remain for the present in Jersey. This was accordingly done, and having obtained a large warehouse at a place called *Les Terres*, a little out of the town, he began to preach there in English: for the inhabitants of St. Peters in Guernsey understand English as well as those of St. Helliers in Jersey. He afterwards got some private houses in different parts of the town, where he preached both night and morning, through the principal part of the year.

Being now cut off from all his religious and literary acquaintances; and having little or no travelling, except occasionally going from island to island, he began seriously to enter on the cultivation of his mind. His Greek and Latin had been long comparatively neglected, and his first care was to take up his grammars, and commence his studies *de novo*. When he had recommitted to memory the necessary paradigms of the Greek verbs, he then took up the first volume of *Grabe's* edition of the *Septuagint*, which was taken from the Codex Alexandrinus, deposited in the British Museum; a MS. in uncial characters, probably of the fourth century, and which formerly belonged to the patriarchal church of Alexandria, and was sent a present from Cyril Lucaris, patriarch of Constantinople, to Charles II., by Sir Thomas Roe, then the

British Ambassador at the Porte. When he began this study, he found he had nearly every thing to learn; having almost entirely, through long disuse, forgotten his Greek, though at school he had read a part of the Greek Testament, and most of those works of *Lucian*, which are usually read in schools.

The reason why he took up the *Septuagint*, was chiefly to see how it differed from the *Hebrew Text*, of which he had gained considerable knowledge, by the Hebrew studies already mentioned. After a little severe fagging, he conquered the principal difficulties, and found this study not only pleasing but profitable. In many respects he observed, that the *Septuagint* cast much light on the Hebrew text; and plainly saw, that without the help of this ancient Version, it would have been nearly impossible to have gained any proper knowledge of the Hebrew Bible; the Hebrew language being all lost, except what remains in the Pentateuch, prophetical writings, and some of the historical books of the Bible. For, the *whole* of the Old Testament is not in Hebrew, several parts both of *Ezra* and *Daniel* being in the Chaldee language, besides one verse in the prophet Jeremiah, x. 11. The *Septuagint* version being made in a time in which the Hebrew was vernacular, about 285 years before Christ, and in which the Greek language was well known to the learned among the Jews;—the translators of this Version, had advantages which we do not now possess; and which can never again be possessed by man; we must have recourse to them for the meaning of a multitude of Hebrew words which we can have in no other way. And as to the outcry against this Version, it appears to be made by those who do not understand the question, and are but slenderly acquainted with the circumstances of the case. The many Readings in this Version which are not now found in the Hebrew text, we should be cautious how we charge as forgeries: the translators most probably followed copies much more correct than those now extant, and which contained those Readings which we now charge on the *Septuagint*, as arbitrary variations from the Hebrew verity. Indeed several of these very Readings have been confirmed by the collations of Hebrew MSS., made by Dr. *Kennicott*, at home, and *De Rossi*, abroad.

He continued these studies till he had read the *Septuagint* through to the end of the Psalms; generally noting down the most important differences between this Version and the Hebrew text, and entered them in the margin of a 4to. Bible in three vols., which was afterwards unfortunately lost. At this time his stock of books was very small, and having no living teacher, he laboured under many disadvantages. But when, in the course of his changing for the alternate supply of the societies in the Islands, he visited the Island of Jersey, he had much assistance from the public library in St. Heliers. This

contained a large collection of excellent books, which was bequeathed for the use of the public by the Rev. Philip Falle, one of the ministers of the Island, and its most correct historian. Here, for the first time, he had the use of a *Polyglott Bible*, that of Bishop Walton. The *Prolegomena* to the first vol. he carefully studied, and from the account contained there of the *ancient Versions*, particularly the *Oriental*, he soon discovered that some acquaintance with these, especially the *Syriac* and *Chaldee*, would be of great use to him in his Biblical researches.

With the history and importance of the *Septuagint* version, he was pretty well acquainted; and also, with those of the *Vulgate*. Dean Priccaux's *Connections* had given him an accurate view of the *Chaldee* version, or *Targums* of *Onkelos* on the *LAW*, and *Jonathan Ben Uzziel* on the *PROPHETS*. To read the *Samaritan Pentateuch*, he had only to learn the Samaritan alphabet: the Hebrew text and the Samaritan being exactly the same as to *language*, though the latter preserves a much fuller account of the different transactions recorded by Moses; writes the words more fully, giving the *essential vowels*, which in multitudes of places, are supplied in the Hebrew text, only by the *Masoretic points*; and besides, this Text contains many important variations in the *chronology*. The *Samaritan version*, which was made from this, is in the same character, contains the same matter, but is in a different dialect, not to say language. It is *Chaldee* in its basis, with the admixture of many words, supposed to be of *Cuthic* origin.

Having met with a copy of Walton's *Introductio ad Linguas Orientales*, he applied himself closely to the study of the *Syriac*, as far as it is treated of in that little manual; and translated and wrote out the whole into English, which he afterwards enlarged much from the *Schola Syriaca* of Professor *Leusden*. By the time he had finished this work, he found himself capable of consulting any text in the *Syriac* version; and thus the use of the *Polyglott* became much more extensive to him; and all the time that he could spare from the more immediate duties of his office, he spent in the public library, reading and collating the original Texts in the *Polyglott*, particularly the *Hebrew*, *Samaritan*, *Chaldee*, *Syriac*, *Vulgate*, and *Septuagint*. The *Arabic*, *Persian*, and *Ethiopic*, he did not attempt—despairing to make any improvement in those languages, without a preceptor. A circumstance here, deserves to be noticed, which to him, appeared a particular interference of Divine Providence: of it the Reader will form his own estimate. Knowing that he could not always enjoy the benefit of the *Polyglott* in the public library, he began earnestly to wish to have a copy of his own: but *three pounds per quarter*, and his *food*, which was the whole of his income

as a preacher, could ill supply any sum for the purchase of books. Believing that it was the will of God, that he should cultivate his mind in Biblical knowledge, both on his own account, and on that of the people to whom he ministered; and believing that to him, the original texts were necessary for this purpose; and finding that he could not hope to possess money sufficient to make such a purchase, he thought that in the course of God's Providence, He would furnish him with this precious gift. He acquired a strong confidence that by some means or other, he should get a Polyglott. One morning, a preacher's wife who lodged in the same family, said, "Mr. C., I had a strange dream last night." "What was it, Mrs. D.," said he? "Why, I dreamed that some person, I know not who, had made you a present of a Polyglott Bible." He answered, "That I shall get a Polyglott soon, I have no doubt, but *how*, or by *whom*, I know not."—In the course of a day or two, he received a letter containing a bank-note of 10*l.* from a person from whom he never expected any thing of the kind: he immediately exclaimed, *here is the Polyglott!*—He laid by the cash, wrote to a friend in London, who procured him a tolerably good copy of Walton's *Polyglott*, the price exactly 10*l.*

The Reader will not have forgotten the most remarkable circumstance of his obtaining the money by which he purchased a *Hebrew Grammar*. These two providential circumstances, were the only foundation of all the knowledge he afterwards acquired either in Oriental learning, or Biblical Literature. In obtaining both these works, he saw the hand of God, and this became a powerful inducement to him, to give all diligence to acquire, and fidelity to use that knowledge which came to him through means utterly out of his own reach, and so distinctly marked to his apprehension by the especial Providence of God. He continued in the Norman Islands three years, labouring incessantly for the good of the people who heard him, though by the abundance of his labours, and intense study, he greatly impaired his health.

In the year 1787, the Rev. J. Wesley, accompanied by Thomas Coke, LL. D., and Mr. Joseph Bradford, visited the Norman Islands; where he was well received, and preached to many large congregations both in Jersey and Guernsey. While in Jersey, he lodged at the house of Robert Carr Brackenbury, Esq., who has been already mentioned: and when in Guernsey, at *Mon Plaisir*, the house of Henry De Jersey, Esq., under whose hospitable roof Mr. C. had lodged for more than a year, and was treated by all the family as if he had been their own child. There was no love lost, as he felt for them that affection which subsists between members of the same family.

Mr. Wesley's time allotted for his visit to these Islands being

expired, he purposed sailing for *Southampton* by the first fair wind, as he had appointed to be at Bristol on a particular day: but the wind continuing adverse, and an English brig touching at Guernsey on her way from France to Penzance, they agreed for their passage, Mr. C. having obtained Mr. Wesley's permission to accompany them to England. They sailed out of Guernsey Road on Thursday, September 6, with a fine fair breeze; but in a short time, the wind which had continued slackening, died away, and afterwards rose up in that quarter which would have favoured the passage to Southampton or Weymouth, had they been so bound. The contrary wind blew into a tight breeze, and they were obliged to make frequent *tacks*, in order to clear the Island. Mr. W. was sitting reading in the cabin, and hearing the noise and bustle which were occasioned by *putting about* the vessel, to stand on her different tacks, he put his head above deck and inquired what was the matter? Being told the wind was become contrary, and the ship was obliged to tack, he said, *Then let us go to prayer*. His own company, who were upon deck, walked down, and at his request Dr. Coke, Mr. Bradford, and Mr. Clarke, went to prayer. After the latter had ended, Mr. W. broke out into fervent supplication, which seemed to be more the offspring of strong *faith* than of mere *desire*, his words were remarkable, as well as the spirit, evident feeling, and manner, in which they were uttered: some of them were to the following effect: "Almighty and everlasting God, thou hast way every where, and all things serve the purposes of thy will: thou holdest the winds in thy fist, and sittest upon the water floods, and reignest a King for ever:—command these winds and these waves that they obey thee; and take us speedily and safely to the haven whither we would be, &c.!" The power of his petition was felt by all:—he rose from his knees, made no kind of remark, but took up his book and continued his reading. Mr. C. went upon deck, and what was his surprise when he found the vessel standing her right course, with a steady breeze, which slackened not, till, carrying them at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, they anchored safely near St. Michael's Mount, in Penzance Bay. On the sudden and favourable change of the wind, Mr. W. made no remark: so fully did he *expect to be heard*, that he took for granted *he was heard*. Such answers to prayer he was in the habit of receiving; and therefore to *him*, the occurrence was not strange.—Of such a circumstance how many of those who did not enter into his views, would have descanted at large, had it happened in favour of themselves; yet all the notice he takes of this singular circumstance is contained in the following entry in his Journal:—

"In the morning, Thursday, (Sept. 6th, 1787,) we went on

board with a fair moderate wind. But we had but just entered the ship when the wind died away. We cried to God for help: and it presently sprung up, exactly fair, and did not cease till it brought us into Penzance Bay."

Mr. Wesley was no ordinary man: every hour, every minute of his time was devoted to the great work which God had given him to do; and it is not to be wondered at that he was favoured, and indeed *accredited*, with many signal interpositions of Divine Providence. Mr. Clarke himself has confessed that high as his opinion was of Mr. W.'s piety and faith, he had no hope that the wind which had long sat in the opposite quarter, and which had just now changed in a very natural way, would immediately veer about, except by providential interference, to blow in a contrary direction. There were too many marked extraordinary circumstances in this case, to permit any attentive observer to suppose that the change had been effected by any natural or casual occurrence.

As Mr. W.'s appearance in that part of England was totally unexpected, (having formed his route to Bristol,) it was necessary to announce it. Mr. Clarke, therefore, a few hours after his landing, took horse and rode to Redruth, Truro, St. Austell, and Plymouth Dock, preaching in each place, and announcing Mr. W. for the following evening, all the company meeting at Plymouth Dock, on Tuesday 10, they proceeded to Exeter, the next day; and on Friday 13th, they took the mail-coach, and in the evening arrived safely at Bath; where having tarried till the following Monday, Mr. W. proceeded to Bristol, and Mr. Clarke to Trowbridge, in Wilts, where the lady resided, to whom, in the course of the next year, he was married.

Miss Mary Cooke, the lady in question, was the eldest daughter of Mr. John Cooke, clothier, of Trowbridge, well educated, of a fine natural disposition, deep piety, and sound judgment. They had been acquainted for several years, and their attachment to each other was formed on the purest principles of reason and religion, and was consolidated with that affection which, where the natural dispositions are properly suited, will never permit the married life to be a burden; but on the contrary, the most powerful help to mental cultivation and the growth of genuine piety. In such cases, love and affection will be infallibly ripened and mellowed into genuine *friendship*, esteem, respect, and reverence. The yoke of the conjugal life becomes, as its name imports, an *equal yoke*—the husband and wife are both in the *harness*, and each party bears its proportional share of the burden of domestic life: and in such a case, it may be most truly said, *The yoke is easy, and the burden is light*.

The connexion between Mr. C. and Miss Cooke was too

good and holy not to be opposed. Some of her friends supposed they should be degraded by her alliance with a *Methodist preacher*, but pretended to cover their unprincipled opposition with the veil, that one so delicately bred up, would not be able to bear the troubles and privations of a Methodist preacher's life. These persons so prejudiced Mr. Wesley, himself, that he threatened to put Mr. C. out of the Connexion if he married Miss C. without her mother's approbation!

Finding that Mr. W. was deceived by false representations, both Mr. C. and Miss Cooke laid before him a plain and full state of the case: he heard also the opposite party, who were at last reduced to acknowledge, that in this connexion, everything was proper and Christian; and all would be well, should the mother consent; but if a marriage should take place *without* this, it would be a breach of the third commandment, and be a great cause of offence among the people who feared God. As to Mrs. C. herself, she grounded her opposition solely on the principle that her daughter would be exposed to destructive hardships in the itinerant life of a Methodist preacher; acknowledging that she had no objection to Mr. C., whom for his good sense and learning, she highly esteemed.

Mr. Wesley, like a tender parent, interposed his good offices to bring these matters to an accommodation—made those who were called *Methodists* ashamed of the part they had taken in this business, and wrote a friendly letter to Mrs. C. The opposition, which had arisen to a species of *persecution*, now began to relax; and as the hostile party chose at least to sleep on their arms, after waiting about a year longer, Mr. Clarke and Miss Cooke were married in Trowbridge church, April 17, 1788; and in about a week afterwards sailed to the Norman Islands. Few connexions of this kind, were ever more opposed; and few, if any, were ever more happy. The steadiness of the parties, during this opposition, endeared them to each other: they believed that God had joined them together, and no storm or difficulty in life was able to put them asunder. If their principal opponents have acted a more consistent part, it is the better for themselves; however they have lived long enough to know that they meddled with what did not concern them; and Mrs. Cooke, many years before her death, saw that she had been imposed on and deceived; and that this marriage was one of the most happy in her family, in which there were some of the most respectable connexions;—one daughter having married that most excellent man, Joseph Butterworth, Esq. M.P., a pattern of practical Christianity, a true friend to the genuine church of God, and a pillar in the state: and another was married to the Rev. Mr. Thomas, Rector of Begally, in South Wales, an amiable and truly pious man. Mr. Clarke's marriage was crowned with a numerous progeny, six sons, and six daughters; of whom three sons

and three daughters died young, and three sons and three daughters have arrived at mature age, and are most respectably and comfortably settled in life. I have judged it necessary to introduce these particulars here, though out of their chronological order, lest they should afterwards disturb the thread of the narrative.

During his stay in the Norman Isles he met with much persecution from that part of the people for whose salvation he laboured most. One Sabbath morning, accompanied by captain and lieutenant W. and Mr. Wm. S., having gone to preach at La Valle, a low part of the island of Guernsey, always surrounded by the sea at high water, to which at such times there is no access but by means of a sort of causeway, called the *bridge*; a multitude of unruly people with drums, horns, and various offensive weapons, assembled at the bridge to prevent his entering this islet. The tide being a little out, he ventured to ride across about a mile below the bridge, without their perceiving him, got to the house and had nearly finished his discourse before the mob could assemble. At last they came in full power, and with fell purpose. The captain of a man of war, and the naval lieutenant, and the other gentleman, who had accompanied him, mounted their horses and rode off at full gallop, leaving him in the hands of the mob! That he might not be able so to escape, they cut his bridle in pieces. Nothing intimidated, he went among them, got upon an eminence and began to speak to them. The drums and horns ceased, the majority of the mob became quiet and peaceable, only a few from the outskirts, throwing stones and dirt, which he dexterously evaded by various inclinations of his head and body, so that he escaped all hurt, and after about an hour, they permitted him to mend his bridle, and depart in peace. On his return to St. Peters, he found his *naval heroes* in great safety, who seem to have acted on the old proverb,

“He that fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day.”

He had a more narrow escape for his life, one evening, at St. Aubin's in the island of Jersey. A desperate mob of some hundreds, with almost all common instruments of destruction, assembled round the house in which he was preaching, which was a wooden building, with five windows. At their first approach, a principal part of the congregation issued forth, and provided for their own safety. The *Society* alone, about thirteen persons, remained with their preacher. The mob finding that all with whom they might claim *brotherhood* had escaped, formed the dreadful resolution to pull down the house, and bury the preacher and his friends in the ruins! Mr. C. continued to address the people, exhorting them to trust in



that God who was able to save; one of the mob presented a pistol at him through the window opposite to the pulpit, which twice flashed in the pan. Others had got crows, and were busily employed in sapping the foundation of the house: Mr. C. perceiving this, said to the people, "If we stay here, we shall all be destroyed: I will go out among them, they seek not *you* but *me*: after they have got me, they will permit you to pass unmolested." They besought him with tears not to leave the house, as he would be infallibly murdered. He, seeing that there was no time to be lost, as they continued to sap the foundations of the house, said, "I will instantly go out among them, in the name of God." *Je vous accompagnerai*, "I will accompany you," said a stout young man. As the house was assailed with showers of stones, he met a volley of these as he opened and passed through the door; it was a clear full-moon night, the clouds having dispersed after a previously heavy storm of hail and rain. He walked forward,—the mob divided to the right and left, and made an ample passage for him and the young man who followed him, to pass through. This they did to the very uttermost skirts of the hundreds who were there assembled, with drums, horns, fifes, spades, forks, bludgeons, &c. to take the life of a man whose only crime was, proclaiming to lost sinners redemption through the blood of the cross. During the whole time of his passing through the mob, there was a death-like silence, nor was there any motion, but that which was necessary to give him a free passage! Either their eyes were holden that they could not know him; or they were so overawed by the power of God, that they could not lift a hand, or utter a word against him. The poor people finding all was quiet, came out a little after, and passed away, not one of them being either hurt or molested! In a few minutes the mob seemed to *awake as from a dream*, and finding that their prey had been plucked out of their teeth, they knew not how; attacked the house afresh, broke every square of glass in all the windows, and scarcely left a whole tile upon the roof.

He afterwards learnt that the design of the mob was to put him in the sluice of an overshot water-mill; by which he must necessarily have been crushed to pieces.\*

\* In the following note in Dr. Clarke's Commentary, on Luke iv. 30., he gives a very admirable account of this same transaction: what is here related of "A missionary who had been sent to a strange land," &c., is a fact of Dr. Clarke himself.

"The following relation of a fact presents a scene something similar to what I suppose passed on this occasion:—A missionary, who had been sent to a *strange land* to proclaim the gospel of the kingdom of God, and who had passed through many hardships, and was often in danger of losing his life, through the persecutions excited against him, came to a place where he had often before, at no small risk,

The next Lord's-day he went to the same place: the mob rose again, and when they began to make a tumult, he called on them to hear him for a few moments; those who appeared to have most influence, grew silent and stilled the rest. He spoke to them to this effect.—“I have never done any of you harm; my heartiest wish was, and is, to do you good.” I could

preached Christ crucified. About fifty people, who had received good impressions from the word of God, assembled. He began his discourse; and after he had preached about thirty minutes, an outrageous mob surrounded the house, armed with different instruments of death, and breathing the most sanguinary purposes. Some that were within, shut to the door; and the missionary and his flock betook themselves to prayer. The mob assailed the house, and began to hurl stones against the walls, windows, and roof; and in a short time almost every *tile* was destroyed, and the roof nearly uncovered, and before they quitted the premises, *scarcely* left one square inch of glass in the *five* windows by which the house was enlightened. While this was going forward, a person came with a pistol to the window opposite to the place where the preacher stood, (who was then exhorting his flock to be steady, to resign themselves to God, and trust in Him,) presented it at him, and snapped it, but it only flashed in the pan! As the house was a wooden building, they began with crows and spades to undermine it, and take away its principal supports. The preacher then addressed his little flock to this effect:—‘These outrageous people seek not *you*, but *me*: if I continue in the house they will soon pull it down, and we shall all be buried in the ruins; I will therefore, in the name of God, go out to them, and you will be safe.’ He then went towards the door: the poor people got round him, and entreated him not to venture out, as he might expect to be instantly massacred. He went calmly forward, opened the door, at which a whole volley of stones and dirt was that instant discharged; but he received no damage. The people were in crowds in all the space before the door, and filled the road for a considerable way, so that there was no room to pass or repass. As soon as the preacher made his appearance, the savages became instantly as silent and as still as night: he walked forward, and they divided to the right and to the left, leaving a passage of about four feet wide, for himself, and a young man who followed him, to walk in. He passed on through the whole crowd, not a soul of whom either lifted a hand, or spoke one word, till he and his companion had gained the uttermost skirts of the mob! The narrator, who was present on the occasion, goes on to say:—‘This was one of the most affecting spectacles I ever witnessed; an infuriated mob, without any visible cause, (for the preacher spoke not one word,) became in a moment as calm as lambs! They seemed struck with amazement bordering on stupefaction; they stared and stood speechless; and after they had fallen back to right and left to leave him a free passage, they were as motionless as statues! They assembled with the full purpose to destroy the man who came to shew them the way of salvation; but *he passing through the midst of them, went his way*. Was not the God of missionaries in this work? The next Lord's-day, the missionary went to the same place, and again proclaimed the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world!’”

tell you many things by which you might grow wise unto salvation, would you but listen to them. Why do you persecute a man who never can be your enemy, and wishes to shew that he is your friend. You cannot be *Christians*, who seek to destroy a man because he tells you the truth. But are you even *men*? Do you deserve that *name*? I am but an *individual* and *unarmed*, and scores and hundreds of you join together to attack and destroy this *single, unarmed man*! Is not this to act like *cowards* and *assassins*? I am a *man* and a *Christian*. I fear you not as a man,—I would not turn my back upon the best of you, and could probably put your chief under my feet. St. Paul, the Apostle, was assailed in like manner by the heathens; they also were *dastards* and *cowards*. The Scripture does not call them *men*, but, according to the English translation, *certain lewd fellows of the baser sort*, or according to your own, which you better understand, *Les batteurs de pavé—La canaille*. O shame on you, to come in multitudes, to attack an inoffensive stranger in your island, who comes only to call you from wickedness to serve the living God, and to shew you the way which will at last lead you to everlasting blessedness!" He paused, there was a shout, *He is a clever fellow, he shall preach, and we will hear him!* They were as good as their word; he proceeded without any farther hinderance from them, and *they* never after gave him any molestation!

The little preaching-house being nearly destroyed, he, some Sabbaths afterwards, attempted to preach *out of doors*. The *mob* having given up persecution, one of the *magistrates* of St. Aubin, whose name should be handed down to *everlasting fame*, took up the business, came to the place, with a *mob of his own*, and the drummer of the regiment, belonging to that place, pulled him down while he was at prayer, and delivered him into the hands of that *canaille* of which he was the head; the drummer attended him out of the town *beating the Rogues' March* on his drum; and beating *him* frequently with the drum sticks; from whose strokes and other misusage he did not recover for some weeks. But he wearied out all his persecutors,—there were several who heard the word gladly; and for their sakes he freely ventured himself till at last all opposition totally ceased.

Another escape, though of a different kind, should not be unnoticed. The winter of 1788, was unusually severe in the Norman Islands, as well as in most other places. There were large falls of snow which had drifted into great wreathes, which made travelling in the country very dangerous. Having appointed to preach one evening, in the beginning of January, at St. Aubin, the place mentioned above; he went to the town in company with the same young man who followed him out of the preaching-house, when he had so miraculous

an escape from the mob; but because of the snow they were obliged to follow the *sea-mark* all the way along the bay of St. Aubin. When they arrived at the town he was nearly benumbed with the cold, and with fatigue; as it had blown hard with snow and sleet, and they were very wet, being obliged often to walk in the sea-water, to keep out of the *drifts* that lay on the sands. He preached, but was almost totally exhausted. He was obliged to return to St. Helliers, which by the water mark along the bay, must have been between four and five miles:—much snow had fallen during the preaching, and the night became worse and worse. He set out, having had no kind of refreshment, and began to plod his way with faint and unsteady steps: at last a *drowsiness*, often the effect of intense cold when the principle of heat is almost entirely abstracted, fell upon him. He said to the young man, "Frank, I can go no farther, till I get a little sleep—let me lie down a few minutes on one of these snow drifts, and then I shall get strength to go on."—Frank expostulated,—"O Sir, you must not:—were you to lie down but a minute, you would never rise more.—Do not fear, hold by me, and I will drag you on, and we shall soon get to St. Helliers." He answered, "Frank, I cannot proceed,—I am only sleepy, and even *two minutes* will refresh me;"—and he attempted to throw himself upon a snow drift, which appeared to him with higher charms than the finest bed of down. Francis was then obliged to interpose the authority of his *strength*—pulled him up, and continued dragging and encouraging him, till with great labour and difficulty he brought him to St. Helliers.

It is well known that by intense cold, when long continued the powers of the whole nervous system become weakened; a *torpor* of the animal functions ensues; the action of the muscles is feeble, and scarcely obedient to the will; an *unconquerable languor* and *indisposition to motion* succeeds; and a gradual exhaustion of the nervous power shews itself in *drowsiness*, which terminates in *sleep*, from which the person, unless speedily aroused, awakes no more.—This was precisely Mr. C.'s state at the time above mentioned; and had not his friend been *resolute*, as well as *strong*, but suffered him to lie down in his then exhausted state, less than *five minutes* would have terminated his mortal existence.

The reader will perhaps recollect the account given in *Capt. Cook's Voyages*, of eleven persons, among whom were *Sir Joseph Banks*, and *Dr. Solander*, who went among the hills of *Terra del Fuego*, on a botanizing excursion, in January 1769; who, being overtaken with darkness, were obliged to spend the night on the hills, during extreme cold. *Dr. Solander*, who had more than once crossed the mountains which divide *Sweden* from *Norway*, well knew that extreme cold especially when joined to fatigue, produces a *torpor* and *sleep*

ness which are almost irresistible ; he therefore conjured the company to *keep moving*, whatever pains it might cost them, and whatever relief they might be promised by an *inclination to rest* ; for, said he, "Whoever sits down will sleep ; and whoever sleeps will wake no more."—While they were on the naked rocks, before they could get among the bushes, the cold became so intense as to produce the effects that had been most dreaded. Dr. Solander was the *first* who felt the *irresistible inclination to sleep*, against which he had warned the others ; and insisted on being permitted to *lie down* ; Mr. Banks (Sir Joseph) entreated and remonstrated in vain—down he lay on the ground, then covered with snow, and it was with the greatest difficulty he was prevented from *sleeping*. After a little they got him on his legs, and partly by entreaty and partly by *force*, brought him on, till at last he declared he neither could nor would go any farther, *till he had had some sleep* ;—when they attempted to hinder him, he drew his sword, and threatened the life of his friends ;—they were unable to carry him, and were obliged to suffer him to lie down, and he fell instantly into a *profound sleep*. Some men who had been sent forward to *kindle a fire*, just then returned with the joyful news that they had succeeded : Dr. Solander with the greatest difficulty was awaked, and though he had not slept five minutes, yet he had then nearly lost the use of his limbs ; and the muscles were so shrunk, that the shoes fell off his feet. Two *blacks*, who were in the same circumstances, could not be re-awaked, they slept their last ; but all the rest on being brought to the fire recovered.

The *bay of St. Aubin*, was very near furnishing another instance, to several already published, of the *soporific* effects of intense cold on the human body :—the life of the subject of this narrative, being barely saved from a similar death.

The *fable of the Lion taken in a net*, and *delivered by a Mouse*, has been, in its *moral*, frequently realized. Several years after this, *Francis*, the young man above mentioned, who was a joiner, having come to London in order to better his situation, was by sickness, the death of his wife, and other circumstances, involved in debt, and ultimately thrown into prison by a ruthless creditor :—Mr. C., who happened to be in London at the time, (1796,) heard the case, paid the debt, and delivered his friend, whom he had not heard of for nine or ten years, from his wretched circumstances ; and restored him to *liberty*, and to his *motherless children*.—No kind or benevolent act, be it done to whom it may, ever loses its reward.—It is laid up before God, and has its return generally in *this*, and often also in the *coming world*.

Mr. Clarke was the first Methodist preacher that visited the Island of Alderney, the nearest to France of all the Norman Islands ; as it is separated from Cape la Hogue, in Nor-

mandy, only by a narrow channel three leagues broad, called the *Race of Alderney*. There was something singular in his visit to this Island, which he details in a Letter to the Rev. J. Wesley; the substance of which I shall here insert.

*Guernsey, March 16, 1787.*

"Rev. and very dear Sir,

"As in my last I intimated my intention to visit the Isle of Alderney; I think it my duty to give you some particulars relative to the success of that voyage.—My design being made public, many hinderances were thrown in my way. It was reported that the Governor had threatened to prohibit my landing, and that in case he found me on the Island, he would transport me to the *Caskets*, (a rock in the sea, about three leagues W. of Alderney; on which there is a light-house;) these threatenings being published here rendered it very difficult for me to procure a passage, as several of my friends were against my going, fearing bad consequences; and none of the captains who traded to the Island, were willing to take me, fearing to incur thereby the displeasure of the Governor, notwithstanding I offered them any thing they could reasonably demand for my passage. I thought at last I should be obliged to hire one of the *English* packets, as I was determined to go, by God's grace, at all events.

"Having waited a long time, watching sometimes day and night, I at last got a vessel bound for the Island, in which I embarked, and after a few hours of pleasant sailing, though not without some fatigue and sickness, we came to the SW. side of the Island, where we were obliged to cast anchor, as the tide was too far spent to carry us round to the harbour. The captain put me and some others on shore with the boat. I then climbed up the steep rocks, and got to the top of the Island, heartily thanking the Lord for my safe passage. Being arrived, I found I had some new difficulties to encounter. I knew not where to go: I had no acquaintance in the place, nor had any invited me thither. For some time my mind was perplexed in reasoning on these things, till that word of the God of *Missionaries* came powerfully to me, 'Into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, peace be to this house,—and in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give you.' Luke x. 5, 7. From this I took courage, and proceeded to the town, which is about a mile distant from the harbour. After having walked some way into it, I took particular notice of a very poor cottage, into which I felt a strong inclination to enter. I did so, with a 'Peace be unto this house;' and found in it an old man and woman, who, having understood my business, bade me 'welcome to the best food they had, to a little chamber where I might sleep, and (what was still more acceptable) to their house to preach in.' On

hearing this, I saw plainly that the hand of the Lord was upon me for good, and I thanked him and took courage.

"Being unwilling to lose any time, I told them I would preach that evening, if they could procure me a congregation. This strange news spread rapidly through the town: and long before the appointed hour a multitude of people flocked together, to whom I spoke of the kingdom of God, nearly as long as the little strength held out, which remained from the fatigues of my voyage. It was with much difficulty I could persuade them to go away, after promising to preach to them the next evening.

"I then retired to my little apartment, where I had scarcely rested twenty minutes, when the good woman of the house came and entreated me to *come down and preach again*, as several of the gentry, (among whom was one of the justices,) were come to hear what I had to say. I stepped down immediately, and found the house once more quite full. Deep attention sat on every face, while I shewed the great need they stood in of a Saviour, and exhorted them to turn immediately from all their iniquities to the living God. I continued in this good work about an hour, having received peculiar assistance from on high, and concluded with informing them what my design was in visiting their island, and the motives that induced me thereto. Having ended, the justice stepped forward, exchanged a few very civil words with me, and desired to see the book out of which I had been speaking. I gave it into his hand: he looked over it with attention, and asked me several questions; all which I answered apparently to his satisfaction. Having bestowed a few more hearty advices on him and the congregation, they all quickly departed; and the concern evident on many of their countenance fully proved that God had added his testimony to that of his feeble servant. The next evening I preached again to a large attentive company, to whom, I trust, the word of the Lord came not in vain.

"But a singular circumstance took place the next day. While I sat at dinner a *constable* from a person in authority, came to solicit my immediate appearance at a place called the *Bray* (where several respectable families dwell, and where the Governor's stores are kept,) to preach to a company of gentlemen and ladies, who were waiting, and at whose desire one of the large store-rooms was prepared for that purpose. I went without delay, and was brought by the *lictor* to his master's apartment, who behaved with much civility, told me the reason of his sending for me, and begged I would preach without delay. I willingly consented, and in a quarter of an hour a large company was assembled. The gentry were not so partial to themselves, as to exclude several sailors, smugglers, and labourers, from hearing with them. The Lord was with me, and enabled me to explain from Prov. xii. 26., the

character and conduct of the righteous ; and to prove by many sound arguments, that such a one was, beyond all comparison 'more excellent than his' ungodly 'neighbour,' however great, rich, wise, or important he might appear in the eyes of men. All heard with deep attention, save an English gentleman, so called, who walked out about the middle of the discourse, perhaps to shew the islanders that he despised sacred things.

"The next Sabbath morning, being invited to preach in the English church, I gladly accepted it, and in the evening I preached in the large warehouse at the Bray, to a much larger congregation, composed of the principal gentry of the Island, together with justices, jurats, constables, &c. The Lord was again with me, and enabled me to declare His counsel without fear, and several were affected. Surely there will be fruit found of this, to the honour and 'praise of God. Even so, Lord Jesus! Amen.

"The next day being the time appointed for my return, many were unwilling I should go, saying, 'We have much need of such preaching, and such a preacher: we wish you would abide in the Island and go back no more.' The tide serving at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I attended at the beach in order to embark ; but an unexpected Providence rendered this impracticable. The utmost of the flood did not set the vessel afloat ; and, though many attempts were made to get her off, by hauling astern, &c., all were in vain. I then returned to the town ; the people were glad of my detention, and earnestly hoped, 'that the vessel might sit fast, at least till the next spring tides.' Many came together in the evening, to whom I again preached with uncommon liberty ; and God appeared more eminently present than before, giving several to see at least, 'men as trees walking.' This, with several other observable circumstances, induced me to believe that my detention was of the Lord, and that I had not before fully delivered His counsel. The vessel being got off the same night about twelve o'clock, I recommended them to God, promised them a preacher shortly, and setting sail I arrived in Guernsey in about twenty-one hours. Glory be to God for ever! Amen.

"Several very remarkable circumstances attended this little voyage, the detailing of which I omit ; from the whole of which I conclude, that an effectual door is opened in that Island for the reception of the everlasting Gospel, and am convinced I did not mistake the call of the Lord. One thing I believe greatly contributed to the good that may have been done:—*viz.* a day of fasting and prayer, which I got our Societies both in town and country to observe. Were this method more frequently adopted we should not attempt the introduction of the Gospel so much in vain. There is not the smallest opposition nor even the appearance of any. As to



the clergyman, he is absolutely a Gallio; for, on being informed that a Methodist preacher had got into the Island, he said, 'A Quaker came a-preaching here some years ago, and he did not convert one; and it is probable it will be the case with this Methodist also.' And so he rests perfectly contented. Indeed he preaches not at all: he reads the *Liturgy* and *Ostervald's Reflections* upon the *First* and *Second Lessons*; nor do the people expect him to do any thing farther.

I am, Rev. and Dear Sir,

Your affectionate and Obedient Son in the Gospel,  
ADAM CLARKE."

Since the time above mentioned, a great increase of religion has been seen in the island of Alderney. A chapel has been built, and many have been brought from the power of Satan unto God, by means of the Methodist preachers, both English and French.

*Alderney*, called by the inhabitants *Auregny*, lies about three leagues south-west of *Cape la Hague*, in Normandy.

This Island derives much of its supplies from *France*. Such as, fresh meat, butter, eggs, &c., which supply, to the great inconvenience of the inhabitants, is cut off in the time of war: and is often suspended in the time of peace, by foul weather and contrary winds. This latter was the case when Mr. C. visited this Island, no fresh meat could be found; and the people with whom he lodged had nothing to present him, but *swine's flesh*, an aliment of which he never partook. Indeed there was nothing to be had besides, except *salt butter* and *ship-biscuit*. Having inquired whether any fresh *eggs* could be procured, he had the satisfaction to find as many as he needed during his stay. An old *frying-pan* was found, deeply *rusted*, having been long out of use: from this he scraped off the thickest crusts of the rust, got a piece of butter, melted it in the pan over the fire, and with a handful of *oakum* (old tarred rope, unravelled to its component parts) he wiped out the pan as clean as he could, and then fried his eggs with a piece of the salt butter, which looked of a fine *deep brown*, each cooking serving to detach some portions of the remaining rust. Such fricassees with coarse hard ship-biscuit served him in general for breakfast, dinner, and supper, while he remained on the Island: and for this he felt thankful both to God and man. It is true, he had some invitations to go to better houses, and get better fare; but he remembered the words of our Lord, which occurred to his mind on entering into the town, "And into whatsoever house you enter, there abide, eating and drinking such things as they give you." This house he believed the Lord had opened; and on this account he could have preferred it to the palace of the forest of Lebanon. While he remained in these Islands he had the

satisfaction to be able to erect a convenient and excellent chapel, in the town of St. Peter's in Guernsey, and saw a large and respectable congregation established in it.

Among these Islanders Mr. C. met with much kindness :—several were converted to God, who became ornaments of their profession, and patterns of piety. In Guernsey he seldom met with any improper usage. Many decent, respectable families, attended his preaching, and treated him with great respect. This was the case also at *Alderney*. *Jersey* differed from all the rest, as we have already seen ; yet there he had among his friends, some of the first families in the island.

The *fertility* of these islands has been noticed by historians in general,—as a proof of this, take the following examples :—

In a garden in the parish of St. Saviour's in Jersey, he saw a plot of cabbages, which, on an average, measured *seven* feet in height, with large and solid heads. In Mr. De Jersey's garden, at *Mon Plaisir*, in Guernsey, where he lodged, there was a cabbage that grew beside, and surpassed in height, a full-grown apple tree: when cut down, the stem was *sixteen feet in length!*

The *strawberry garden* in the same place was very remarkable, both for the abundance, size, and flavour of the fruit. It will surprise the Reader to hear that from this one garden, which, though large, was not enormously so, there were gathered *daily*, Sundays excepted, for nearly *six weeks*, from *fifty* to *one hundred* pounds weight of strawberries! All other fruits were in proportion, both in quantity and flavour. In Mr. Brackenbury's garden, in St. Heliers, Jersey, he cut down a bunch of grapes, which weighed about *twenty* pounds! When he and Mrs. Clarke returned to England, they could not relish any of the fruits, as the finest peaches and nectarines were only like good turnips, when compared with fruits of the same species produced in those fertile islands.

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## BRISTOL CIRCUIT.

In July, 1789, he removed finally from the Norman islands, and, leaving Mrs. C. and his son John, then about six months old, at Trowbridge, he proceeded to Leeds, where the Conference was that year held, and where he received his appointment for the Bristol Circuit.

By this time his studies and confinement in the islands, had preyed a good deal on his health; and the cough, which he had got several years before by sleeping in a wet bed at Beeralston, became so severe and oppressive, that it threatened his death. Mr. Wesley himself saw this, and in a visit

after Conference to Bristol, told the Society that "he believed they would soon lose their assistant." He was, however, enabled to go through the work of the Circuit, which was very severe; and though there was but little prosperity in the Circuit, yet he left it both in its spiritual and temporal concerns, in a much better state than he found it. What contributed much to his ill health in Bristol was, all the lodging rooms were over the chapel, and the noxious effluvia from the breath of so many hundreds of people who assembled there throughout the week, made the place extremely unhealthy. The plan, of building all the lodging rooms over the chapel, and on which several of the original Methodist preaching houses were built, was greatly prejudicial to the health of the preachers and their families.

In 1790 the Conference was held in Bristol, the *last* in which that most eminent man of God, John Wesley, presided: who seemed to have his mind particularly impressed with the necessity of making some permanent rule that might tend to lessen the excessive labour of the preachers, which he saw was shortening the lives of many useful men.

In a private meeting with some of the principal and senior preachers, which was held in Mr. W.'s study, to prepare matters for the Conference, he proposed that a rule should be made that no preacher should preach thrice on the same day: Messrs. Mather, Pawson, Thompson, and others, said this would be impracticable; as it was absolutely necessary, in most cases, that the preachers should preach thrice every Lord's day, without which the places could not be supplied. Mr. W. replied, "It must be given up; we shall lose our preachers by such excessive labour." They answered, "We have all done so: and you even at a very advanced age have continued to do so." "What I have done," said he, "is out of the question, my life and strength have been under an especial Providence; besides, I know better than they how to preach without injuring myself; and no man can preach thrice a day without killing himself sooner or later; and the custom shall not be continued." They pressed the point no farther, finding that he was determined; but they deceived him after all, by altering the minute thus, when it went to the press:—"No preacher shall any more preach three times in the same day (to the same congregation.)" By which clause the minute was entirely neutralized. He who preaches the Gospel as he ought, must do it with his whole strength of body and soul, and he who undertakes a labour of this kind thrice every Lord's day, will infallibly shorten his life by it. He, who, instead of *preaching*, *talks* to the people, merely *speaks* about good things, or *tells* a religious story, will never injure himself by such an employment; such a person does not *labour* in the

word and doctrine, he tells his tale, and as he preaches so his congregation believes, and sinners are left as he found them. At this Conference it was found very difficult to get a preacher for Dublin; for during Mr. Wesley's life, an English preacher was generally appointed to that station, and he was considered the general assistant, that is, Mr. W.'s representative, over all the Irish Circuits and preachers. Mr. C. was proposed by several of the preachers, but Mr. W. refused because of the indifferent state of his health: however, they at last persuaded Mr. W. to consent, provided, when the proposal should be made to Mr. C., he should not object. It was accordingly laid before him; and, as it was his maxim never to choose a Circuit, nor object to his appointment, he agreed, and was sent over to Dublin, Aug. 1790.

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## DUBLIN.

At the time of Mr. Clarke's arrival in Dublin, he found himself exposed to many inconveniences. They had been building a new house for the preacher, with which they connected a large room for a charity-school. The preacher and his family were to occupy the lower part and first floor, and the charity-school was to extend over the whole of the building, on the second floor. Owing to the unprincipled builder, the house was not made either according to the time or plan specified. The builder was a knave, to whom the stewards of the society had trusted the agreement signed by each, which agreement he absolutely refused ever to produce. Bad brick, bad mortar, inferior timber, and execrable workmanship, were every where apparent; and the knave was safe, as he professed to have lost the agreement, but maintained that all was done according to the specification. The house not being ready, Mr. C. and his family were obliged to go into lodgings, which were far from being either comfortable or convenient, but it was near the chapel, and the new house was expected to be soon ready.

The inconvenience of the lodging induced Mr. Clarke to enter the new house long before it was dry, which nearly cost him and his family their lives. He was shortly seized with a dreadful rheumatic affection in his head, which was supposed to be occasioned by a congestion of the blood-vessels of the brain; and in consequence of this supposition, his physicians were led to adopt a wrong treatment, which assisted the disease, and by both he was brought nearly to the gates of death. His recovery was slow and imperfect, and he was obliged, at the ensuing Conference, to return to England.

Dublin was not at that time a comfortable situation for a

preacher. There had been disputes in the Society which had greatly injured it. Dr. Coke, with the approbation of Mr. Wesley, had introduced the use of the Liturgy into the chapel at Whitefriar Street,—this measure was opposed by some of the leading members of the Society, as tending to what they called a separation from the church; when, in truth, it was the most effectual way to keep the Society attached to the spirit and doctrines of the church; who, because they were without Divine service in church hours, were scattered throughout the city, some at church, and many more at different places of Dissenting worship, where they heard doctrines that tended greatly to unsettle their religious opinions; and in the end, many were lost to the Society. In consequence of the introduction of the Liturgy a very good congregation assembled at Whitefriar Street; and much good might have been done, if the rich members of the Society had not continued hostile to the measure, by withdrawing their countenance and support, which they generally did. At last, both sides agreed to desire the British Conference, for the sake of peace, to restore matters to their original state, and abolish the forenoon's service; Mr. C., who at that time laboured under the same kind of prejudice, gave his voice against the continuance of the Prayers, and, at his recommendation, the Conference annulled the service. This was the greatest ecclesiastical error he ever committed; and one which he deeply deplored for many years; and was thankful to God when in the course of Divine Providence, he was enabled many years after to restore that service in the newly erected chapel in Abbey Street, which he had formerly been the instrument of putting down in Whitefriar Street;—that very same party, to please whom it was done, having separated from the Methodists' body, and set up a spurious and factious connexion of their own, under the name of Primitive Methodism; a principal object of which was to deprive the original connexion of its chapels, divide its societies, and in every way injure its finances, and traduce both its spiritual and loyal character.

It may be asked, "Why did Mr. C. in the year 1790, espouse the side of this party?"—It is but justice to say that, to that class of men he was under no kind of obligation: he had never asked nor received favours from any of them. They had neglected *him*, though he was on their side of the question, as much as they did those who were opposed to them: he and his family had nothing but affliction and distress while they remained in Dublin, and *that party* neither ministered to his necessities, nor sympathised with him in his afflictions. What he did was from an ill-grounded fear that the introduction of the church service might lead to a separation from the Church, (which the prejudice of education could alone suggest,) and he thought the different societies might be induced to attend at their parish churches, and so all kinds of dissent be prevented

But multitudes of those, whatever name they had been called by, never belonged to any church, and felt no religious attachment to any but those who were the means of their salvation. When, therefore, they did not find among the Methodists, religious service on the proper times of the Lord's-day, they often wandered heedlessly about, and became unhinged and distracted with the strange doctrines they heard: of this Mr. Clarke was afterwards fully convinced; and saw the folly of endeavouring to *force* the people to attend a ministry from which they had never received any kind of spiritual advantage, and the danger of not endeavouring carefully to cultivate the soil which they had with great pain and difficulty enclosed, broken up, and sown with the good seed,—the word of the kingdom. And to prove that no favour to that party, nor expectation from them, led him to advocate their cause, he did it when he had left their city and never intended more to return.

While in Dublin, the most solemn event that ever occurred in the Methodists' Connexion, took place:—the death of the Rev. John Wesley. When Mr. C. heard of it he was overwhelmed with grief; all he could do, such were his feelings, was to read the little printed Account of his last moments.\*

Of the agitations occasioned by his death in the Methodists' Connexion, it is unnecessary to encumber this narrative, as they have already been sufficiently detailed. Mr. Wesley's respect for Mr. C. was evidenced by the codicil to his last will, in which he made him with six others, trustees for all his literary property: and this codicil was at last found to supercede the *will*, and these seven administered to Mr. Wesley's effects, and afterwards conveyed all their rights and authority to the Conference.

Shortly after Mr. Clarke came to Dublin, he entered himself

\* On this occasion Funeral Sermons were preached for him in almost every place, and among the rest at City Road, London, by Dr. Whitehead, which being highly esteemed, it was shortly afterwards published: a copy of this Sermon Mr. Clarke sent to the learned Dr. Barnard, then Bishop of *Killaloe*, accompanied by a letter from himself, to which his Lordship replied in the following letter.

"April 27th, 1791.

"SIR,

"I received the favour of your letter, and the excellent Sermon that accompanied it, on the Death of Mr. Wesley, which I have perused with serious attention and uncommon satisfaction.

"It contains a true and not exaggerated encomium on that faithful and indefatigable servant of God who is now at rest from his labours, and (what is of more consequence to those who read it,) an intelligible and judicious *apologia* for the doctrine that he taught, which he has set forth in the clearest terms, and with a simplicity of style, even beyond that of Mr. Wesley himself; without the smallest tincture of

a medical student in Trinity College, and attended several courses of Lectures; one on the *Institutes of Medicine*, by Dr. *Dickison*, Regius Physician; one on *Anatomy*, by Dr. *Cleghorn*; and one on *Chemistry*, by Dr. R. *Perceval*. From these studies, aided by his own sedulous application, he obtained a sufficiency of medical knowledge to serve his own large family in all common cases, and to keep what he ever considered the bane of families, all apothecaries from his door. When he thought that skill superior to his own was wanted, he employed some respectable physician: and always kept and prepared the medicines necessary for domestic use. His attendance on Dr. *Perceval*'s Lectures brought on an intimacy between him and that excellent man and eminent Physician, which has been unbroken for many years, and still flourishes with high respect on both sides.

While in this city he formed a charitable institution, called "The Strangers' Friend Society; and on the same principles, he founded one the following year, at Manchester; and one afterwards in London: the Rules and Plan of which were adopted and societies of a similar kind formed in almost all the chief towns in England, which still subsist in all their vigour, and have done more public good than any charitable institutions ever formed in the kingdom.

He buried one child, his eldest daughter, in Dublin; and returned to England, in the August of 1791.

## MANCHESTER, 1791—2.

This year the Methodist conference was held in Manchester, and Mr. C. being at this time in a bad state of health, was appointed to this circuit; being advised to use the Buxton

(reprehensible) enthusiasm, erroneous judgment, or heterodox opinion. He has plainly expounded the truth as it is in Christ Jesus; and I hope and believe that the dispersion of this little tract may do much good: as the sublimest truths of Christianity, are there reduced *ad caput vulgi*, and at the same time proved to the learned to be none other than such as have been always held and professed in the *Christian Church* from the time of the Apostles till now, however individuals may have lost sight of them.

"I am particularly obliged to you for communicating to me this little tract, and wish that I had the pleasure of knowing the author.

"I return you my thanks for the personal respect you are so good as to express for me, and should be happy to deserve it.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient humble servant,

THOS. KILLALOE.

"If I have omitted to direct this properly I hope you will excuse me, as you do not mention whether you are in orders or not."

Waters, as the likeliest means of his recovery. He tried the waters both by drinking and bathing, and was greatly benefited. The following year he visited Baxton again, and had his health completely restored. Of the great utility of these waters in rheumatic affections, he has ever spoken in the strongest terms; believing that this efficacy could not be too highly appreciated.

About this time the French revolution seemed to interest the whole of Europe. On the question of its expediency and legality, men were strangely divided. The high Tories considered it as a most atrocious rebellion; the Whigs, and those who leaned to a republican creed, considered it a most justifiable exertion of an enslaved nation to break its chains, and free itself from the most unprincipled despotism, and abject slavery. The history of this mighty contest is well known. The nation succeeded, though opposed by all the powers of Europe; and many of its officers acquired such eminent degrees of military glory, as surpassed every thing of the kind since the days of the Grecian Republics, and the times of the ancient Romans. But having defeated all its enemies, it became ambitious, and went through several forms of government: the mass of the people produced a *National Assembly*,—this a *Directory*,—this a consular *Triumvirate*,—this a *Dictator*,—this a *King of the French*,—this an *Emperor*, who ruled for a considerable time with unlimited power, and unexampled success;—confounding the politics of the European states, and annihilating their armies.

At last Napoleon, the most accomplished general and potentate which modern times have produced, by an ill-judged winter campaign against Russia, had an immense army destroyed by the frost, himself barely escaping from the enemy; after which his good fortune seemed generally to forsake him; till at last, when on the eve of victory, at the famous battle of Waterloo, by one of those chances of war, to which many little men owe their consequent greatness, and great men their downfall, he was defeated, and having thrown himself on the generosity of the British, he was sent a prisoner to the Rock of St. Helena, where, by confinement and ungenerous treatment, he became a prey to disease and death.

On the merits of this Revolution, in all the states through which it passed, the British Nation was itself greatly divided. Even religious people caught the general mania, greatly accelerated by the publications of Thomas Paine, particularly his *Rights of Man*, insomuch that the pulpits of all parties, resounded with the *pro* and *con* politics of the day, to the utter neglect of the pastoral duty; so that "the hungry sheep looked up and were not fed."

It was the lot of Mr. Clarke to be associated at this time with two eminent men, who unfortunately took opposite sides



of this great political question; one pleading for the lowest republicanism, while the other exhausted himself in maintaining the divine right of kings and regular governments to do what might seem right in their own eyes, the people at large having nothing to do with the laws but to obey them. His soul was grieved at this state of things; but he went calmly on his way, preaching Christ crucified for the redemption of a lost world; and though his abilities were greatly inferior to those of his colleagues, his congregations were equal to theirs, and his word more abundantly useful. Political preachers neither convert souls, nor build up believers on their most holy faith: one may pique himself on his *loyalty*, the other on his *liberality* and *popular notions of government*; but in the sight of the Great Head of the Church, the first is a *sounding brass*, the second a *tinkling cymbal*.—

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*Arcades ambo  
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.*

Both stubborn statesmen, both with skill inspired,  
To scold or bluster as their cause required.

When preachers of the gospel become parties in *party politics*, religion mourns, the church is unedified, and political disputes agitate even the faithful of the land. Such preachers, no matter which side they take, are no longer the messengers of glad tidings, but the seedsmen of confusion, and wasters of the heritage of Christ. Though Mr. Clarke had fully made up his mind on the politics of the day, and never swerved from his Whig principles, yet in the pulpit, there was nothing heard from him but Christ crucified, and the salvation procured by His blood.

While in this town, he formed that now well known institution called the *Strangers' Friend Society*, which has spread over most of the populous towns and cities of England; and has been the means of turning many to righteousness, as well as of saving many thousands from an untimely death.

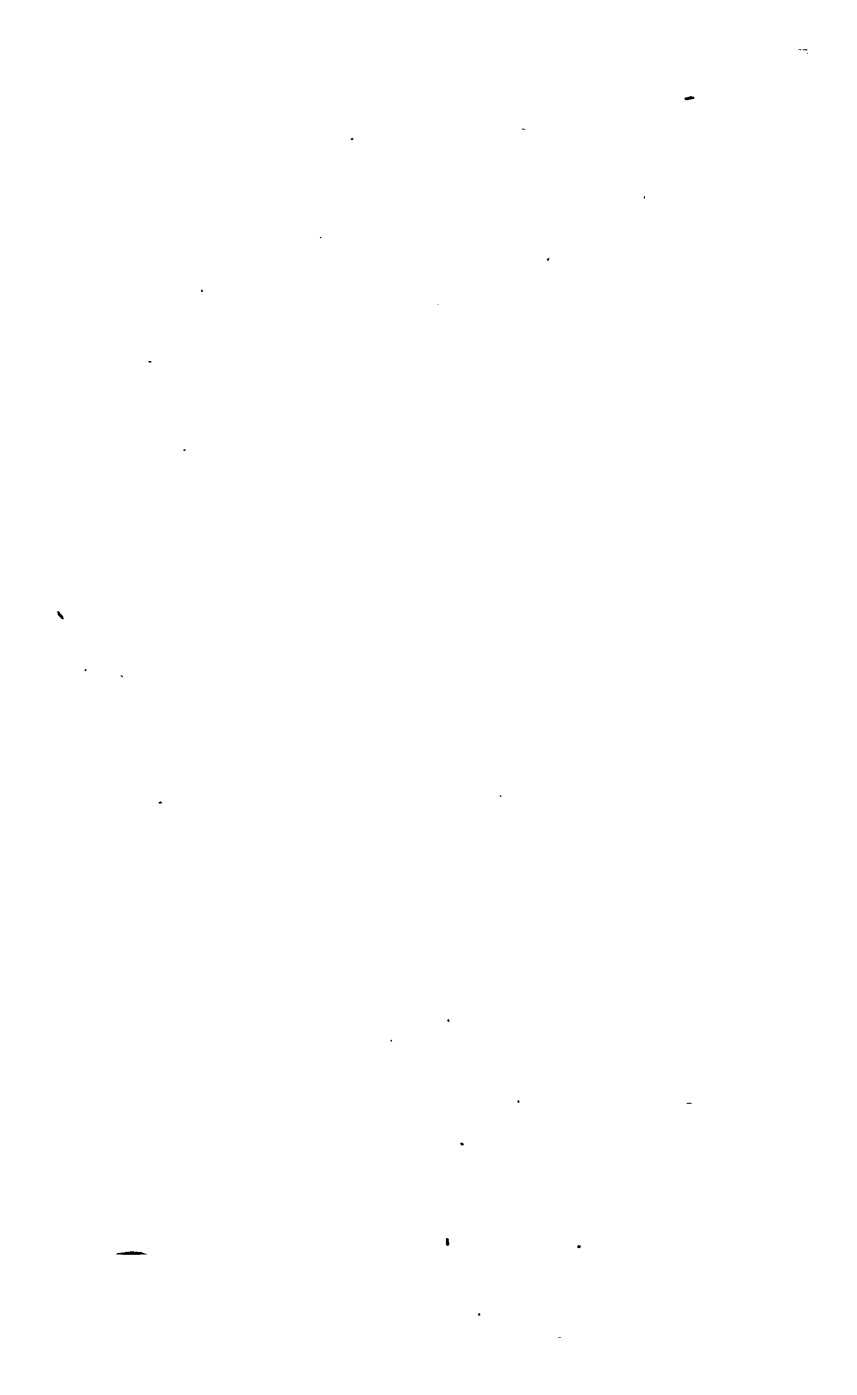
In the town and vicinity of Manchester, he laboured for two years. Here he found many valuable friends, and had the satisfaction to know that he had neither run in vain, nor spent his strength for nought.



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## APPENDIX.

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## APPENDIX.

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THE following Letters were written to Miss Mary Cooke, by Mr. Clarke, before they were married. I did not think myself authorized to introduce them into the body of Dr. Clarke's own narrative, which would so far have been interpolated; judging it to be much better that the account of his Life, which he had written for publication, should appear without any additions from either his own pen or those of others. Yet as they are illustrative of the preceding part of these Memoirs, and bring him forward speaking his own feelings in his own person, they are here inserted. They declare and describe various situations of his mind and circumstances; entering into that sort of conversational detail which causes events to rise up living before us, and we thus become companions in his thoughts and spectators of his actions.

Before, however, the Reader proceeds to the perusal of these Letters, he may be pleased with knowing the circumstances of an acquaintance which Mr. Clarke formed in the year 1791, in Dublin, with a Turkish Janissary. The account I have drawn up from memoranda in the handwriting of Dr. Clarke.

During Mr. Clarke's residence in Dublin, in 1791, he was called upon by a Turk, who had just arrived from Liverpool, and, being but little acquainted with the English language, he had inquired for some one who understood either Arabic or Spanish; he was directed to Mr. Clarke, to whom he soon made known his situation; but,

who received him at first with considerable caution : acquaintance, however, convinced him of *Ibrahim ben Ali's* integrity, and daily intercourse ripened into a friend this casual visiter. The principles of Christianity, in which Ibrahim had formerly been partially instructed, Mr. Clarke explained to him more fully, and in the course of a few months he was admitted at his earnest request to the rite of Baptism, which was performed by Mr. Rutherford in Whitefriar-street Chapel, Mr. Clarke interpreting into Spanish the words of the Baptismal service. He received the name of *Adam*.

The account which he gave of himself to Mr. Clarke, was in substance the following :—He was born at Constantinople in the year 1756 ; his father, *Ali ben Mustapha*, possessed an estate about six miles from Constantinople worth 30,000 *machbou*, about 10,000*l.* sterling. From his youth he had much of the fear of God, which his father, who was a zealous and conscientious Mussulman, endeavoured to improve. Among the many slaves which his father possessed, there chanced to be several Spaniards, who frequently spoke to Ibrahim of the God of the Christians, and of Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world ; adding, even at the hazard of their lives, that Mohammed was not a true Prophet, and that his doctrines were false. These things were not without their effect upon Ibrahim's mind.

At eleven years of age he was circumcised, and married at thirteen to his first wife Halima, who was then twelve. Shortly after his marriage he performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. His mother, Halima, was a Christian, native of the Island of Zante, and having been stolen by some Venetians, was bought in Aleppo by Ali ben Mustapha, who loved her too well to take another wife. She preserved her love to the Christian religion, and though she never dared to speak openly in its favour to her children, yet she

frequently gave them intimations that there was a purer way of worshipping the true God than that in which they were instructed. When they were old or sickly, she often obtained the liberty of many of her husband's Christian slaves.

The next year Ibrahim married his second wife Fatima, and his third Ayesha, by all of whom he had six children, three by the first wife, two by the second, and one by the last. His comforts at home were not so great as to prevent him from thinking of travelling, and in order to gratify his desire of seeing more of mankind, his friends advised him to procure a post in the army; this he proposed to his father, who obtained him a Captain's commission among the Janissaries.

After he had been about five years in the army, a most singular and awful occurrence took place. Two young officers, with whom he had contracted a very intimate acquaintance, and who lodged close to himself in the same barracks, were found one morning murdered in their beds. He and they used to go together to the Mosque very early in the morning, according to the custom of the Mohammedans: the above-mentioned morning he sent his servant to call them as usual, but receiving no answer, Ibrahim went to prayers by himself. On returning to his rooms he called again, and again received no answer. About eight the Basha came and inquired for them; he found their door locked and no answer was returned to his summons; he then ordered the door to be forced open, and on his entering they were both found with their throats cut, and their bodies stabbed in several places. Ibrahim, who was known to be intimate with the murdered men and who slept in the next room, was accused of the murder and committed to prison. His declarations of innocence were in vain, and his friends, by the exercise of both influence and entreaty, could only obtain five days to be granted, in which

to seek and discover the murderer. On the fifth day, a plate of black olives was sent to him as a token that tomorrow he must die. His father, mother, and friends came to have their last interview; and his mother's courage appears to have been aroused by the imminence of the danger, for she openly begged him as a dying man, to trust in the Supreme God alone, and to pay no attention to any part of the Mohammedan doctrine. An old Spaniard, who was a slave in the prison, brought him a cup of coffee, and sitting down by his side, said, "Turn Christian and recommend your soul to God through Christ Jesus, and he will save you unto life eternal." At small intervals Ibrahim repeated this three or four times, and was persuaded that his mother had spoken to the slave on this subject before her departure from the prison. The night he passed without sleep, and at six the next morning the attendants of the prison came to his cell. On hearing the doors open his strength forsook him and he fainted away;—but, when recovered from his swoon, what was his joy to be presented with his pardon!! In the course of that night two private soldiers confessed that they had murdered the officers in requital of some harsh treatment which they had received at their hands:—they were instantly executed. To recompense the old slave, Ibrahim bought him his liberty, gave him some money, and sent him to Spain; and the slave in return counselled him to continue his trust in the Lord Jesus, who had so wonderfully delivered him, and to do all the good that lay in his power to all men, not minding to what sect or party or nation they belonged. From this time an insatiable desire after a farther acquaintance with the Christian religion took possession of his soul, and never left him till he was fully converted to God.

About this time the Russians and Turks waged war with each other concerning the navigation of the Black Sea, and it fell to Ibrahim's lot to be engaged in the cam-



paign : he was in four battles, received many severe wounds, and at last was taken prisoner in the Province of Wallachia, on the banks of the Danube, and carried to Arzenicour, about fifty miles from St. Petersburg : here he remained about two years, and obtained his liberty as the grateful acknowledgment of a lady in that neighbourhood, whose eyes he had restored to health and strength. The good treatment he experienced, his freely conversing with the Christians of that place, and rejoicing to hear of the Christian religion, excited the envy and malevolence of two fellow captives, who wrote to Constantinople, that Ibrahim had turned Christian, and that there was every reason to believe that he had proved a traitor to his country, by delivering his troops into the hands of the Russians. These slanders had such an influence at Constantinople, that his brother warned him not to return till all had been investigated and cleared up. Finding that there was no hope of his being able speedily to revisit his native country, he embarked on board of a ship bound to Copenhagen, and thence he sailed for Liverpool.

While Ibrahim was a prisoner in Russia, his parents, wives, and children, had removed to Ismail as a place of greater security, while their relative was under suspicion ; when this place was stormed and sacked by the Russians, under Suvarroff, all the inhabitants were put to the sword, and the whole of his family perished in the hideous slaughter-house, excepting one brother and sister, who had been left behind to take care of their father's estate, near Constantinople.

From Liverpool, as has been stated, Ibrahim came to Dublin, where he obtained the acquaintance of Mr. Clarke, by whom he was more fully taught the way of salvation, and inducted into the Christian Church : he continued to maintain an upright character, seldom passed a day without spending part of it with Mr. Clarke's family, and

when they left Dublin for Liverpool, he accompanied them, remaining during Mr. Clarke's two years' abode in that town. Manchester was the next place to which the family removed, whither also Ibrahim accompanied them, and after residing some considerable time there in constant intercourse with Mr. Clarke, he departed for America, where he married a lady of the Baptist persuasion, continuing faithful to his religious profession, and ultimately dying the death of the righteous.

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The following are some of the Letters which were written by Mr. Clarke to Miss Mary Cooke, afterwards Mrs Clarke.

## LETTERS.

## I.

*Les Terres, Dec. 24, 1786.*

MAY every grace that constitutes the whole mind that was in Jesus be multiplied unto my dear Mary, that she may stand perfect and entire in the will of God, lacking nothing! Amen.

You once asked my opinion concerning the meaning of the phrase "the Eternal Son of God." I gave it you, and howsoever singular, and unauthorized by Doctors, it may appear, yet I never had any reason to alter it, nor do I believe I ever shall. After having been sorely tost in beating about the common bay for *anchorage*, without success, I have at last, through the tender mercy of God, found it where I almost *ride* alone.

As long as I believe Jesus Christ to be the *Infinite Eternal I AM*, so long I suppose I shall reject the common notion of his "Eternal Sonship;" not only because it is an absurdity and palpable contradiction, but because I cannot find it in the Bible. On *His Godhead*, the foundation of the salvation of my soul is laid: every thing therefore that derogates from *that*, I most cordially reject. In the following extract you may see the method made use of to account for the common opinion, and make it appear without contradiction. The book from which I have made this extract, is entitled, *L'Evangile Médité*, par L'Abbe Girardeau. Tom. i. Meditat. 25. Sur Jean i. 1.

"*The Mysteries of the Logos (or Word) considered with respect to Himself.*

"1. The Evangelist St. John represents the Word in God: and first his Eternity. 'In the beginning was the Word.' When the world was created, the *Word* then existed. If it then existed in the beginning, it was before the beginning: and if it was before the beginning, it had *no beginning*: therefore it is eternal.

"2. The Evangelist points out His subsistence as a distinct person, for he says 'the Word was *IN* God;' i. e. in God the Father, of whom it is engendered, or produced by way of *understanding*, or *knowledge*. God the Father, who is the *first* Person in the Divine Nature, *knew himself*, and formed by His knowledge, a perfect image of His sub-

*stance*: this is His Word, His Son, and a Person really distinct from Himself. It is the same of the Holy Ghost, (of whom the Evangelist does not speak here, because his design was only to make Jesus Christ known.) The Father and the Son *love one another with an infinite love*;—that love is the Holy Ghost, who proceeds from the Father and the Son *by way of spiration*, and who makes the third person of that adorable Trinity.

"3. The Evangelist points out His *Divinity*, 'The word *was* God;' for there is nothing in God but what is eternal, and there is nothing in God which is *not* God. The Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, are three Persons, who have the *same* Nature, and *same* Divinity, &c. &c."

*Exotics* are generally more esteemed than native productions; but though the above (especially that written in *italics*) has the property of *exoticism* to recommend it, yet I dare say you will be in no haste to incorporate it with your own creed. Would it not be better to let that sacred unfathomable mystery alone, than by attempting to define it, to run oneself into such absurdities and futilities as the above? By the Abbe's method every man or woman may form themselves into three distinct persons. For let a man only *know himself*, then he has a second person; again, let him love himself and his knowledge, and then he has a third! How much more excellent are the plain words of Scripture!—"There are Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these *Three* are *One*." What a piece of insanity to attempt to find out the Godhead, and to ascertain the mode of its existence! and yet this was the method the Schoolmen, and the primitive Fathers, made use of to explain the Trinity. See Chambers' Encyclopædia, *sub voce*.

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## II.

Guernsey, Jan. 23, 1787.

LAST evening I arrived in safety from Jersey, after an absence of only seven days. (A few minutes after my arrival I received yours of the 19th instant, which had arrived here on the 20th.) My voyage has been useful both to my body and soul. I met with some deeply experienced Christians, compared with whom I am but a *very little* child. An elderly and a young woman are the most remarkable. The former seems to possess all the *solemnity and majesty* of Christianity; she has gone and is going through acute corporeal sufferings, but these add to her apparent dignity: her eyes, every feature of her face, to ether with all her words, are uncommonly expressive of the word ETERNITY, in that importance in which it is considered by those whose minds are devoted to deep reflection. To her I put myself

frequently to school, during my short abode in the island, and could not avoid learning *much*, unless I had been invincibly ignorant, or diabolically proud. The latter seems possessed of all that *cheerful* happiness and *pure love*, which so abundantly characterize the Gospel of Christ. *Peace, meekness, and joy*, judiciously mingled by the sagacious economy of the Holy Spirit, constitute a glorious something, *affectingly* evident in all her deportment, which I find myself quite at a loss to describe. Two such I know not that I have before found: they are indeed the *rare* and the excellent of the earth. A summary of both characters seems comprised in this:—of the former it may be truly said,

"Not grave with sternness,"

—of the latter,

"Nor with lightness free."

You are excellent at *ideal realization*, I leave you to indulge it here in respect of both persons, without being much afraid of its running into the excessive.

\* \* \* \* \*

I do not intend to write a Treatise on Conscience, and those other punctilios connected with it: I desire you to supply my lack of service: I know you are capable enough unless your health forbids. For my own part, I am well assured I shall never make an *author*: were there no other reasons, *my ideas flow too quick* for the slow process of black upon white. The thought, therefore, I entirely relinquish. What I spoke to you relative to the "Eternal Sonship" of the Almighty's Fellow, is not a slight opinion with me, but a deeply graven sentiment. I have read some of the strongest reasonings of the Schoolmen and the Fathers of the church on this head, but their finest hypotheses appear so unmeaning, trifling, and futile, as to afford no satisfaction to a sincere inquirer after *essential* truth. I believe that which we discover of this glorious truth is the opinion which Eternity will exhibit only in greater degrees, and with more abundant evidence. It appears to me that the Arian and Socinian schemes, cannot only be strongly combated, but effectually overthrown, by a firm adherence to, and judicious infering from, these propositions. As Arianism, &c., abounds now, I think the Church of God has much need of a Treatise of this kind: were I equal to the task it should soon appear in the world; but here I must stop, finding much reason to adore my gracious Maker, notwithstanding he has *not* given me adequate abilities.

\* \* \* \* \*

I expect, according to your intimated promise, a whole book of "Detached Thoughts" from you when I see you. It has been winter with my genius for some time past: hardly the germs of happy thought on important topics have been apparent. I find I cannot

create genius, though I can obliterate or at least stupify it: but however this may be, I find it possible to love, fear and obey an astonishingly kind and merciful God. Surely his name deserves all the praises heaven and earth can yield, for his long-suffering tenderness towards me, who am—God knows what!

You ask me, "Cannot you join with me in sympathetic bearing of Mr. ——'s trouble?" i. e. for the loss of his amiable wife. I really think he who has lost an amiable pious wife, (such I believe Mrs. —— was,) has sustained the greatest loss he could on this side eternity next to the loss of his God, if he had one: and that it is a duty to mourn with those who mourn, I cordially allow. "Well then, will you not sympathise with Mr. ——?" I must be assured first that *he* mourns before I can mourn *with* him. But I have strong reasons to induce me to believe that he mourns *not*, though the wife, the friend, and more than friend, is dead! You are perhaps surprised. Take the following extract from a letter from one of the excellent of the earth, who I know is incapable of lying or exaggerating. "The day after I received your letter, Mrs. —— died: we expect that Mrs. —— will soon leave us, as it is likely that Mr. —— and she will *soon be married*." Seeing this is the case, I ask, is the *present connexion*, and a mourning for death's last inroad, compatible? Is there any room for you or me, think you, to bear a "sympathetic part" in sorrows that no longer exist? I deplore her not: she is taken away from the evil (that is likely) to come! Let us catch her mantle!

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You cannot be too much in earnest for full salvation, therefore continue pleading the "Promise of the Father," for it is yea and amen to you, the blessing is as free as the air you breathe,—the willingness of God to fulfil his promise to you infinitely exceeds my description and your conception: I know unbelief will either assert the contrary, or raise some difficulty, but don't give ear to it, remember,

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And looks to that alone;  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And cries, It shall be done."

Salvation by faith is a more simple plain easy doctrine, than one in a thousand imagines. That complexity and difficulty in which it is generally viewed, keep numbers from going up *at once* to possess the good land. I allow, so long as mystical divinity is consulted, the promise of His coming must be looked upon as exceedingly distant, as *that* only breathes "a *long* work will God make upon the earth;" but the word of faith by the gospel says the kingdom of God is at *hand*: yea, the means of receiving it is in thy heart, and in thy mouth. In short, looking on it as distant, will make it distant: whereas, believing it as near, will bring it near.

## III.

April 4, 1787.

BENG attacked from so many quarters there was little view of my lingering *long*, especially as I had been slowly wasting for some months before. The people were greatly alarmed, and proclaimed a day of fasting, prayer, and weeping, to snatch their poor preacher from the grave. Their sorrow caused me to *feel*:—for myself, I could neither weep nor repine; but I could hardly forbear the former on their account.—The Doctor, on his second visit, found that I was severely attacked by the jaundice; and so took the cure of that first in hand: but withal observed that I should not regain my health properly, nor be free from bilious complaints, till I resumed my former method—*of riding*. Through much mercy, I am now much mended: my cough is almost entirely removed; and my doctor has this day informed me that my tawny disorder begins to abate. I am now only confined to my room; but am very much enfeebled. Indeed, I am little else (considered abstractedly from my spirit) than a quantity of bones and sinews, wrapt up in none of the best coloured skins. But this also has, and *will*, work together with other providential dispensations for my good. When I was almost at the worst I opened my Septuagint on the 91st Psalm, and on the three last verses, which are much more emphatical than the English, particularly the middle clause of the 15th verse: “*I am with him in affliction.*” Glory be to God my Saviour, I found it to be so! O, may I to eternity lie in deep humility at His feet, recognizing the immenseness of His mercy, and the utter *utter* unworthiness of the subject on which it has wrought so many miracles, truly expressive of its *own* unconfined benignity! Do you wish to know how I was taken care of during my sickness? I indeed lacked nothing that could be procured; nor was there any difficulty to procure persons to set up with me day or night: yea, I had much favour in the sight *even of the Egyptians*. May the good Lord to eternity reward them for what they have done for His unworthy servant.

## IV.

Guernsey, May 22, 1787.

You will easily see by the place of date that I am arrived: and, (to the honour of my gracious God be it acknowledged,) in perfect safety. On the 19th I wrote to you from Southampton, which I hope you have duly received. Saturday the captain informed me that he intended to sail the next morning; in consequence of which I got myself in readiness and sent my trunk aboard. As eight was the hour fixed for

embarkation, several persons, Dissenters, &c., entreated me to give them a sermon before I departed, for which I should have time enough if I began at half past six. I consented, and a good company, for the time and place, met. The Lord was with me, and gave much liberty to expose, and power to *shake* the sandy foundation of *spiritual skillness*, consisting of *hopes, trusts, conjectures*, and *possibles*, on which several had been building their expectation of glory.

The good Lord quickened the people much, and though my work was done at the expense of almost every particle of my strength; yet was I sufficiently repaid in finding that any good was done. Well it was, that our sailing was postponed till two o'clock, as I was quite unwell, and consequently incapable of going. But at that hour I embarked, being escorted to the boat by several serious Presbyterians, who had heard me preach, and who wished me more blessedness than their tongues were capable of expressing. The wind was a little against us; but as there was a good breeze, and our vessel an excellent sailer, we soon lost sight of Southampton, and next day by noon were abreast of *Cape la Hogue*, in *Normandy*. Here we were obliged to cast anchor in about thirty-four fathom water, having a strong tide against us, and scarcely a breath of wind to carry us forward. When the tide served we weighed anchor, and stood on our course; but made very little progress, the breeze being so scant and small. At last we got to the Island of Sark, three leagues from Guernsey, where we thought we should be obliged to anchor all night, the tide in our favour being almost exhausted, and the wind changed to *right a-head*. What a mortification! to be thus detained on sea in sight of our lodging? In these circumstances some were seriously calling,—*Bless precious breeze*. Others *whistling* to invite it; some *chafing* and others *striving* (as they called it) “to make the *best* of a bad market.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I proceed to give you some account of my company:—We had on board a captain of the army, a lieutenant of a man of war, some other military officers, and some gentlemen *so called*. I might almost stop here, as a few inferences deduced from well known premises, would give my dear Mary a tolerable estimate of the “men and their conversation.” Let it suffice to say we had at first some swearing, which, by the grace of God, I reprovèd; by and bye they began, (though on the Sabbath,) to sing songs, as if it had been *their Easter Tuesday*. This I immediately remonstrated against, which brought on a long altercation, in which the Lord enabled me to confound the whole of them: for the present they desisted; but again they renewed their singing with double vigor. I stepped up to the quarter-deck, on which they were assembled, and charged the principal of them—“in the name of the *living God* to be silent,” adding, “I will not suffer such profanation of the Lord’s-day.” He stopped and asked me, “*What*



authority I had for acting as I did? and *who* I was?" I answered, "I am a servant of Jesus Christ, and the authority by which I prohibit your breach of the Sabbath, I have *from God*." Singing tempers were soon abandoned; and I was apparently brought into *several dangers* without *fearing any*. Glory to Christ, He kept me meek, fearless, and as bold as a lion. The consequence was, being confounded they were *obliged* to be calm, and their bacchanalian songs so effectually stopped, that the devil had not the honour of a *single verse* during the remainder of the Sabbath. I kept my authority the whole voyage, and continued, with affectionate boldness, (God abundantly helping me,) to reprove all their vices. I plainly see that the feeblest servant of God may be, (if faithful,) an instrument of *preventing* (at least) a multitude of iniquities, and shewing forth the honour and glory of God before men, which will be either to their conviction or confusion, according to the use they make of it.

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V.

*Seven miles beyond Westminster.*

MY DEAR MARY,

MR. SLADE has no doubt informed you that I was disappointed of a place in the stage, by its being uncommonly full. I was quite willing to have returned to T——, providing I could have had a passage next day ascertained: but this the coachman told me he could not promise, as every place for the next day was already bespoken. A cart for Sarum was standing at the door of the inn, just ready to depart: I agreed with the proprietor and embarked; but the extreme noise, and only a cord across to lean my back against, rendered the ride rather disagreeable. Does my dear M. desire to know how my *feelings are*? What did I say when I departed? Was it that "a separation from the Lord would be *only* worse?" I say so still: though between the present, and the above separation, there is no parallel, yet *this* I think is the next to it. You thought you should be obliged to preach to me. And suppose you had begun, what would you have exhorted me to? Why "Do not murmur nor repine." *I do neither*. "Do not love inordinately." I think I can here plead not guilty. Nevertheless my sensations have been truly poignant. Had I an arm cut off by a very slow process, might I not feel much pain, and yet not transgress?

"Nature unprov'd might shed a tear."

There might be "sorrow without sin." Is there not more than an arm severed from me at the present? There is. And could I not as soon divest myself of muscles and nerves, as not feel?

*Salisbury*, 9 o'clock, P. M.—Fatigued enough I arrived at 7 o'clock. —After I left you I felt rather a sudden alteration in my mind: a gloomy resignation (tolerably good in its kind) took place, and was “fast reared” by a stoical insensibility. In these circumstances I remained, till, about a mile and a half out of town, I met with Father Knapp:—his appearance awakened in my (almost senseless) spirit some of the most tender sensations: I shook hands, but could not speak to him. I passed on,—grieved a little,—looked upwards,—and was once more calm. I strove to look a little into futurity, to spy out, if possible, even a probable prospect of a return, which might be a means of present consolation: but this my kind God absolutely refused to indulge me in;—not permitting me to see a hair’s breadth beyond that *indiscussible point*, which makes the *present* in time: and thus I continue: my soul, filled with *embryo somethings*, which it cannot express, nor hardly conceive, struggles out, Thy will be done! I am now as fatigued and exhausted that I am able to write no more to-night.

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 VI.

*Mon Plaisir*, October 19, 1787.

MY DEAR M.,

THROUGH the great mercy of my gracious God, I am landed once more in Guernsey. May His great name be blessed for ever! I wrote to you from Alderney a letter, bearing the two-fold dates of the 16th, and 17th, instant; in which I informed you of my arrival *there*, on the evening of the 15th, and the dangers which (through the aid of God) we escaped. I need not *here* recapitulate or particularize *what* in that epistle I have said, as I hope you will receive it safely ere this can come to hand. At present I can add but a little, being almost worn out by the severe fatigues through which I have been lately led. You must, therefore, excuse the *few* lines which give you little other information than that of my arrival. However, I will endeavor to add a little by way of supplement to the other *Journal accounts*, all of which I hope you have safely received. Wednesday being too stormy to attempt to sail for Guernsey, I had the opportunity of preaching once more to a people prepared to receive the Word of Life. God was truly with me, and much I err if conviction and persuasion did not accompany the words He enabled me to speak. The gracious Lord has made an inroad here on the kingdom of Satan, which I humbly hope shall be retained with increasing advantage. Thursday, the 18th, came, and with it brought a tempest from NW. I had been forced almost to believe (notwithstanding the narrow escape for my life between *Coves* and *Yarmouth*, and the *looth-skin* delivery in get-

ting to Alderney,) that my difficulties were not all yet at an end: Wednesday night I could not rest well, notwithstanding my former fatigue; my busy spirit foreboding something to which I could not give a name, kept all the avenues of my senses unlocked. I got up, and after having taken a little breakfast, I was summoned to the pier to sail for Guernsey. I set off accompanied by some friends who came to escort me to the port, where I found the vessel waiting *only for me*. Truly it blew a hurricane; but the captain was *determined* to sail. We were badly manned before, but now it was much worse, as one of our sailors having got ten shillings, was determined not to stir till he had drunk it out. We loosed out from the pier-head, and got under sail; but although we had two reefs in our main sail, the sea ran so high, and the wind was so boisterous, we soon found our vessel had more canvass than she could live under: we were in consequence thereof obliged to *lie to*, that we might take down our *weather jib sheet*, and put a small one in its place. I had taken a stand at the bulk-head, from whence I had the opportunity of seeing every thing around me. And what think you I saw clearest? Why the awful aspect of death impressed on every thing. A sensation, *unusual to me*, sunk my soul as to the centre of the earth, or bottom of the abyss. "Alas! thought I, and am I indeed afraid of death? Is *this* the issue of matters with me? Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit! on the infinite merit of thy blood I rest my soul!" *Immediately* all was calm: and *this* enabled me to take a full look at death, who was shortly to pass by in *dreadful port*. The sailors being unhandy, the *weather jib sheet* was long in *setting*, and the vessel during the time, was wearing towards a range of dreadful rocks. The sea continuing to run high, and the wind blowing fiercely, brought us so much in *lee-way*, that the vessel would not answer the helm, but drove among the rocks. In a few moments all was *commotion! exertion! and despair!* and a cry more dreadful than that of fire at midnight, issued from all quarters, "Cut away the boat! get ready the boat! the vessel is lost! the vessel is lost!" The people on the pier (for we were not far distant from it) seeing our danger, and believing our shipwreck inevitable, got out a boat with four strong men to try to save the lives of the passengers and sailors. At this solemn crisis, *fell, pallid despair*, had *miscreated* every face:—with the utmost safety I believe I may aver, scarcely a particle of *courage* or *equanimity* remained in any, save in a captain of regulars, and your A. C. Through the grace of God my soul was quite *unmoved*: I waited like the captain to meet my fate with firmness: nor did my countenance or actions betray any anxiety or carking care. In the moment, when a dreadful rock within two or three yards of our *lee bow*, gave us every thing to dread, and took away the last grain of hope, God, who sits above the water-floods, by an unseen arm hove the vessel to *lee-ward*: she past the rock as within a hair's-breadth, answered once

more her helm, and from the lip of eternity we escaped into the peer  
O Lord God! how marvellous are thy doings in the earth! and how  
dost thou manifest thy wonders in the mighty waters!

"The sea has now confessed thy power,  
And given me back to thy command;  
It could not, Lord, my life devour,  
Safe in the hollow of thy hand."

I cannot help saying something here by way of eulogium on the brave military captain. His great presence of mind, his action, and his courage, shewed him to be a *great man*: and had he vital religion, I am persuaded, a greater (in his profession) perhaps Europe could not boast of. His name is Hanfield, I think of the 22nd regiment. I must say, it was nothing to my *honour*, that I stood in the trying time with *courage*: it was the grace of Christ, and that *only* which enabled me to turn my eyes undaunted on the tomb, the *watery* tomb. To God only wise and gracious, be the eternal glory ascribed, through Christ Jesus! Amen.

Perhaps you will be surprised at what follows. Though we but a few moments before, escaped destruction, yet the desperate captain of the vessel would go out again! I thought, "seeing God has saved my life from going down into the pit, it would be tempting his providence to go out again with them, I will therefore take a boat and go immediately to shore." But I again thought, "Will it not reflect dishonour on the religion I profess, and the sacred character I bear? If all go out again, and I stay behind, will it not be reported, the Methodist Preacher was afraid of death; his boasted spiritual evidences of salvation did not free him from its power? 'Tis granted, it may be so: in the name of Jesus! I will once more venture!" Perhaps my dear M. may be induced to say, "The reasoning was absurd, and the action condemnable." Well, be it so: but out I went, and what I suffered during the passage, my pen cannot describe.—Every minute, and sometimes oftener, the sea washed over the vessel, the violent agitation made me sick, almost unto death; and vomiting till the blood came, was but a part of what I suffered:—but of this dreary tale I shall say no more. The things that a person buys *dear* are generally more prized and better regarded, than those that come *cheap*. I think I have not yet paid your *full* price, though the part I have borne is known only to God. If it be possible to get you *under value*, I would say, Lord, excuse me from paying more! I landed on St. Peter's pier, before five o'clock, P. M., and found a people nearly as glad to see me as I was to feel myself on *terra firma* again. I went to the post-office, and got yours of the 6th inst., I was surprised to find *no more*, seeing I had written *so many*.

When I began this epistle I did not purpose to write the *half* of what I have written; being at present so worn out and so unwell. See what God has done for me, and praise Him in my behalf.

## VII.

*Mon Plaisir, Nov. 26, 1787.*

LAST evening I received your very welcome epistle, bearing date the 20th instant, which came in good time, and for which I most affectionately thank my dear Mary. The temptations, relative to your welfare, which I have lately gone through, (though in a measure healed by the receipt of the present,) yet have left a solemn impressed *scar* on my spirit. Perhaps it was my waking solicitude which induced me to dream some time ago, that I had received an epistle from sister B—y, informing me that my Mary was no longer an inhabitant of the earth; and enclosed was an oration which had been delivered at her funeral, part of which I still perfectly remember. Even in sleep how capable is the soul of being distressed? What think you I *then* felt? and what think you I felt even when the visionary cause of my distress had fled away before opened eyes, and recollected senses?—Truly my soul can say that, the *falsity* of my dream was more precious to me than the *whole globe*, had it been in my possession. But the impressions left upon my mind by this miserable vision, did not vanish as speedily as the thing itself. What a mercy is it to be kept from the vagaries of an *unreasoned* spirit, and the influences of the Spiritual Wickednesses in the night season? Indeed so perplexed have I been of late with similar matters in my sleep, that at whatever time I awoke in the night, I have thought it better to arise at once, than to put it in the power of my enemies to perplex me any farther. Another reason for this perhaps was, I have enjoyed but imperfect health at least for eight days past, which derangement of bodily organs, afforded my spirit an opportunity to employ itself in such *unfriendly* fancies; or rendered it less capable of resisting those malevolent beings which walk the earth unseen. Yet, hitherto could he come, but no farther: blessed be God! Satan cannot exceed his chain. I dare say my dear Mary would be willing to know particulars relative to the last mentioned affair. On the 18th instant, (not knowing my weakness, and having a very large attentive congregation, and being willing to speak for eternity,) I exceeded my time, and hurt myself much: I have not yet got the better of it, but I think I shall strive against myself, and commit less errors of this kind in future, than I have hitherto done. Again, as the winter comes on, and the time for walking is uncomfortable, I abide in the house, and this *lack of exercise* injures me not a trifle. It is true, I have many trips to and from town, but these do not contribute much to my bodily welfare, as they are taken generally *before day*, and *after night*, which are the seasons I preach at. I know not really how I shall prevail on myself to make an amendment here; having entered so deeply into the spirit of study, every moment seems precious, and the day *too short* for the work I appoint it. I really can-

not spare time even to write to several of my friends to whom I am in epistolary debt! no one but my Mary, stands a *pleasing* candidate for a single letter, and to her I can write as I used to speak: it being the only substitute for the conversation of which I am now deprived.

Do you wish to be acquainted with my studies? And shall I make an open confession to you, and thereby subject myself to your censure? I would just say, I yet pursue my *old*, and have made some additions to my former plan. *French* certainly must not be entirely forgotten; I know not but *that* meets with injustice: the *Septuagint* I cannot persuade myself to relinquish; how can I, seeing my esteem for it rather increases: the writing of occasional *notes* I must continue, though perhaps none will think them worth *reading* but myself. Another kind of writing which in general employs all my brains, shares not a small part of my time:—farther, occasional reading and translating, take up some more, and the book which I have to translate for Mr. Wesley, (which I have not yet begun,) *must* come shortly, and this I think will hardly leave me time to take my food. Again,—“What! more yet?” O yes, *Philosophical Researches* have not a slender part of the day and night. It appears, my dear Mary, that my spirit has lately got more *latitude* and *longitude* than it ever had before: the earth does not *now* content it, though it knows but a trifle of that, it must needs understand the *heavens*, and call all the *stars* by their names. Truly I do find an ability for speculations of this kind, which I never had before: but I am shackled,—perhaps it is well so,—I have not *glasses* to perform the lucubrations I would. I own, my dear Mary, this may be an error, I freely own it to *you*: will your tenderness for me permit you to reprove me *sharply*, if you see I am wrong? But shall I speak a word for myself? I would then say; I do indeed find *this* is not a barren study to my mind; my soul is thereby led to the Framer of *unnumbered worlds*, and the omnipotency of my Redeemer appears illustriously stamped on the *little* out of the almost *infinite*, which I am able to view. I stand astonished at the amazing wisdom, power, and goodness of our excellent God, which I now more particularly discover impressed on every thing that falls within the *little sphere* of my understanding. Did I not find it to have this effect, I could not in conscience pursue studies of the kind. Yet do not think, my dear, that I speak thus, in order to prohibit the censures I seemed at first to invite; not at all. On the contrary, I would suggest the following, to give you room for censure if you deem it applicable, *viz.* “May there not be more *simple* methods found out, which have a *directer* tendency to cultivate the soul, than some of these I pursue?”—Truly I can say, my soul’s most earnest wish is to live to Him who died and rose again for me. O, my Mary! what do I owe Him! His long-suffering with, and mercies to me, almost stupify my soul, when in reflection. JESUS! be Thou the centre to which my soul

shall incessantly *gravitate*! yea more, let it come more particularly into *contact*, and *rest* in Thee for ever and ever! Amen.

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# VIII.

*Mon Plaisir, Dec. 2, 1787.*

It is strange to see how times change;—last winter I had in general a Congregation made up of several of the most reputable persons in the Island:—to keep me among them, they offered to provide handsomely for me:—their kind offer I again and again rejected:—however, they continued to hear, believing I spoke the words of truth and soberness, and as they phrased it, “In the best manner they had ever heard.”—“Pity it was that I could not be permitted to preach in the Church at least every Sunday.” However, *this*, like all things “under the Sun,” must have an end. By and bye, one of these gentry *staid away*; another attended *less* frequently—then he dropped off;—such and such did not come, therefore, I lost some more;—and so on, till hardly a soul of them came either on Sabbaths or other days. I was then as a person who had been “in honour, but continued not,” and my ministry was at last confined to “the poor, the *best* friends of my God!” These cleaved closely to me, and praised God that the candlestick was yet in its place. With these I endeavoured to keep on my way, and the dropping in of one now and then to Society, held up my hands. Persecutions arose, and evil reports were liberally spread abroad; this made it rather dangerous for any of my *quondam* friends to take any notice of me; then I was obliged *fully* to walk *alone*, but through the strength of God, I was enabled to weather every trying circumstance. Finally, as things cannot be long at a *stay* “under the Sun,” the time for a revolution must again take place, and the honour that I sought *not*, *had*, and *lost*, would, *as unsought for*, again return. One,—another,—and another, have ventured back, heard,—were pleased and profited once more,—brought others along with them, till at last I have *all* back again, with an accession of several *new* ones, and now I am “an honourable man;” and surely a *great many* good things would not be *too good* for me now, would I accept them. Thus you see, my dear Mary, “there is but as one day between a poor man and a rich.” It is *well*, it is *ineffably* well, to have a happiness that is not affected by the great and many changes to which external things are incident: what a blessing to be able to sit calm on the wheel of fortune, and to prosper in the midst of adversity!

## IX.

*Thursday morning, 21.*

I trust I can say, with gratitude to God, my complaints are on the remove : and though I cannot say I feel a vast deal easier, because the natural consequence of the medicines I have taken is to probe keenly in order to cure, yet I believe I am better, and trust, through the blessing of the Lord, to have a complete cure. Though there has been preaching in English three times since I returned, yet I have not attempted to show myself even once to the people. Yesterday a soldier belonging to the train, whom the Lord gave, together with his wife, some time ago, to my feeble labours, came to see me. I have seldom seen more affection, commixed with as much of childlike simplicity as you can conceive, evidenced before. He looked in my face pitifully, and saying, "I heard you was sick," sat down in a chair, and melted into tears. Yes ; and yet he is a *soldier* ! It is amazing ; this man was a very great slave to drunkenness. One morning last summer, having got drunk before *five o'clock* ! he some way or other strolled out to Les Terres, and heard me preach, and was deeply convinced. "What ! and he drunk !" Yes. After preaching, he took me by the hand, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, between drunkenness and distress, he was only capable of saying a very few words :—"O, sir, I know you are a man possessed by the Spirit of God." He went home, and, after three days' agonies, God, in tender compassion, set his soul at liberty. His wife set out also for the same heaven in good earnest ; and shortly found the peace of God ; and both joined the society, and have walked ever since most steadfastly in faith and good works. Glory ! glory be to God Most High !

## X.

Blessed be the Lord, it has been a time of much good both to my body and mind. Since the twenty-seventh, on which I wrote last, the Lord has opened his heaven most benignly in my soul ; and with that has given me to discover him as one uniform, uninterrupted, eternal *Goodwill* toward all his creatures. When I look into myself I am astonished that he condescends to pay me the smallest visit ; but when I contemplate him under the above attribute, my astonishment ceases, though I cannot forget myself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Were I like Mohammed's feigned angel, having to my lot "seventy



thousand heads, *each* actuated by as many tongues, and each of these uttering seventy thousand distinct voices," with my present ideas of the Divine Being, I should think their eternal vibrations in his praise an almost no tribute to a God so immeasurably good ! And yet where am I going ! I have but *one* tongue, and that speaks but very inexpressively the choicest blessings of Heaven are given unto me ; and how, how seldom, comparatively, is it used in showing forth his excellency, or acknowledging how deep his debtor I am ! O my God ! what reason have I to be ashamed and confounded ! But thou wilt have mercy. Again : I discover that God can only be viewed in the above light through God made man : i. e., manifested in the flesh ; and this sets forth the Redeemer in the most amiable and absolutely important point of view. God through him is altogether lovely ! But remove this Medium, and this my beautiful system is lost in chaos in the twinkling of an eye. Glory be to God for Christ ! Amen.

END OF VOL. I.



## PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME

OF

### THE LIFE OF ADAM CLARKE.

IN the preface to the first volume of this work it was stated that Dr. Clarke could never be induced to write more of his life than that portion of it which has already appeared before the public. This resolution was a subject of much regret to all his family, and to none more so than to the continuator of these memoirs—his youngest daughter.

One day, while she was strongly urging her father upon the subject, and was giving reasons for her importunity with that zeal which affection excited, and a conviction of the importance of her request sustained, he listened for some time, and then, in the midst of her pleading, he said, "Mary Ann, why do not you yourself undertake the work? I will give you every assistance to carry it on, so far as materials are concerned; my journals, my commonplace book, my letters, my memoranda of events and thoughts, are all at your service; whatsoever requires explanation I am here to make clear, and any information which you need concerning facts or persons, you shall have: be yourself the continuator, and let me be solicited no farther on a point concerning which I have long made up my mind;" and immediately he took her into his study, and laid before her a mass of materials, and gave a variety of details, all of which seemed to promise that it would not be so hopeless for another to execute the task as had been previously supposed. Under the impression of this feeling, she returned home; but when she coolly and calmly reflected upon what was implied in the work thus undertaken, her courage failed, and she wrote to Dr. Clarke, stating her doubts and fears and incapacity: this letter obtained an answer calculated to relieve her apprehensions, containing, in addition, an exhortation to persevere in the undertaking, couched in such strong language of affection that the wish which it expressed was immediately felt by her heart as a positive command. She therefore undertook the office of biographer, induced by her father's express desire; and with much anxiety laboriously arranged, connected, and dilated the materials and memoranda committed to her care.

Such is the origin of Dr. Clarke's youngest daughter becoming the continuator of her father's memoirs, an office which she assumed with feelings little short of dread; because, as her love and admiration of her parent were intense, so was her anxiety lest his fame and due estimation should be injured by any want of skill, or care, or talent in his biographer.

The materials which she used, and the method of her proceeding, were the following:—Dr. Clarke narrated to her facts, and gave dates; copies of letters, which he had deemed of any importance, were put into her possession; several accounts of various transactions were drawn out for her use by himself; the journals already in existence, and others which never would have been written but at her earnest request, were given to her care to be incorporated into the work; and documents of various kinds, in the form of letters, anecdotes, observations, &c., &c., were explained and illustrated, and committed to her charge. When all these were imbodied into a consecutive narrative, the whole was submitted to Dr. Clarke, who looked over it, and avouched for the correctness of the facts, by subscribing his initials to each separately; neither correcting, nor changing either word or expression, farther than might be needful to represent each statement in its true light; so that Dr. Clarke is in no way accountable for any thing expressed in this, or the remaining volume, excepting for *the facts which they contain, and for what is quoted as from his pen.*

It should, however, be stated that, *since* Dr. Clarke looked over the loose sheets, some letters and circumstances, which have only lately come to the editor's knowledge, have been interwoven with the narrative. We love and reverence our father's memory too deeply to render him responsible for any act or performance of his children.

The editor of this continuation of Dr. Clarke's life, being more accustomed to such work than his sister, looked over the manuscript, and brought it through the press, suggesting and making such alterations as he deemed to be expedient.

J. B. B. CLARKE.

Frome, April 6, 1833.

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## BOOK V.

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MANCHESTER, 1792-3.

THE life of Dr. ADAM CLARKE will now, as far as possible, be resumed in its chronological order. From the above date, particularly, it was of so public a nature that much, even at this remote period of time, may be collected which will throw considerable light upon his general character.

From a perusal of the first volume, the life of Dr. Clarke evidently appears to have been characterized not only by extreme industry, but by a spirit of deep investigation: what he heard, but knew not, that he inquired into, in order to discover if it could not be made subservient to the cause of God, or beneficial to that of man; for each was constantly to him the subject of earnest solicitude: one of his practical maxims being,—“Through desire a man, having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom.” This love of knowledge had induced Mr. Clarke to attend to the study of chymistry, and to go even into the more abstruse branches of it: what knowledge he gained he endeavoured to communicate; and also to use in his ministry.

One Sabbath morning, during his abode in *Dublin*, he preached in White Friars-street chapel, from Isa. i, 25, 26, “And I will turn my hand upon thee, and purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin,” &c. In explaining this passage, he mentioned the method by which the dross is separated from the silver in the process of refining, and made some observations on the nature and properties of metals, tending to throw light on the subject which he was discussing.

A gentleman, eminent as a man of science, was present on that occasion, having been induced to go and hear Mr. Clarke preach by the solicitations of a mutual acquaintance: this gentleman's name was *Hand*: he had for some considerable time paid much attention to the study of alchymy: he had tried every experiment which books and his own imagination suggested to him, and night and day he sought “the philosopher's stone.”

This sermon struck his attention, and he believed he could discover that the man who had gone so far as it was evident from that discourse Mr. C. had gone in the science of chymistry, and the method of purifying metals, could not but have proceeded farther, and inquired into the arcana of science. He repeatedly heard Mr. Clarke preach, and began to be deeply interested in him; at the same time never losing the impression

made by the first sermon he had heard him deliver. He sought an introduction, which the mutual acquaintance before mentioned easily obtained for him.

Mr. Richard Hand being an intelligent man, possessing a warm and affectionate heart, the acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy and friendship. He communicated to Mr. Clarke his impression and belief in reference to his also having inquired into the subject of alchymy as well as himself; and, as Mr. Hand possessed a good laboratory, they frequently made experiments together. Mr. Hand sought in all, and by all, the art of transmuting the inferior metals into silver and gold, and nothing could divert him from his favourite pursuit: often he imagined himself on the eve of discovering the mighty secret, and, though often baffled, the prize appeared ever near his eager grasp.

From this study many curious discoveries were made; but his credulity was, probably, sometimes imposed upon; while, at others, many interesting circumstances arose out of the study itself.

After Mr. Clarke left *Dublin* for *Manchester*, Mr. Hand continued to improve their acquaintance by correspondence, during which he ever kept in view his favourite theme. As there is in one or two of these letters a singular relation in reference to this subject, the reader, by their transcription, will judge for himself of the circumstance narrated; it being premised that Mr. Richard Hand was a gentleman of character, and one who would not on any account knowingly misrepresent any fact. The letter in question is dated,—

*Dublin, Dec. 2, 1792.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—You see by the size of this paper that I like writing to you, while I have to thank you for your last letter, which I did not receive as soon as I ought to have done, owing to the wind being against the packet's coming in.

“The second of November last, came to my house two men; one I thought to be a *priest*, and yet believe so,—the other a plain, sedate looking man: they asked for me. As soon as I went to them, the last mentioned person said ‘he had called to see some of my stained glass, and hoped, as he was curious, I would permit him to call and see me now and then.’ of course I said I should be happy that he would do so. After much conversation he began to speak of *metals* and their properties, and of *alchymy*, asking me ‘if I had ever read any books of that kind;’ (but I believe he well knew that I had.) After some time, and many compliments passed on my ingenious art, they went away. At twelve o'clock the next forenoon he came himself without the priest, and told me ‘he had a little matter that would stain glass the very colour I wanted,’ and which I could never get, that is, a *deep blood-red*. Said he, ‘If you have a furnace hot we will do it; for the common fire will not do well.’

I replied, Sir, I have not one hot, but if you will please to come with me, I will show you my little laboratory, and I will get one lighted. When we came out he looked about him, and then said, 'Sir, do not deceive me; you are an alchemist.' Why do you think so, sir? 'Because you have as many foolish vessels as I have seen with many others engaged in that study.' I have, I answered, worked a long time at it, it is true, without gain, and I should be glad to be better instructed. 'Do you believe the art?' Yes, sir. 'Why?' Because I give credit to many good and pious men. He smiled. 'Will you have this air-furnace lighted?' Yes, sir. I did so: he then asked for a bit of glass,—opened a box, and turned aside, and laid a little red powder on the glass with a penknife,—put the glass, with the powder on it, into the fire, and when hot took it out, and the glass was like *blood*. 'Have you scales?' I got them for him, and some *lead*: he weighed two ounces: he then put four grains of a very *white powder* in a bit of wax, and when the *lead* was melted, put this into it, and then raised the fire for a little while,—then took it out and cast it into *water*:—never was finer silver in the world! I exclaimed and said, O God! sir, you amaze me! 'Why,' he replied, 'do you call upon God! Do you think he has any hand in these things?' In all good things, sir, I said. 'Ah, friend, God will never reveal those things to man: did you ever learn any magic?' No, sir. 'Get you, then, ———, he will instruct you; but I will lend you a book, and will get you acquainted with a friend that will help you in knowledge. Did you ever see the devil?' No, sir, and I trust I never shall. 'Would you be afraid?' Yes. 'Then you need not be—he harms no one, but is every ingenious man's friend. Shall I show you something wonderful?' Not if it is any thing of that kind. 'It is not, sir: please to get me a glass of clean water.' I did so. He pulled out a bottle, and dropped a *red liquor* into it, and said something I did not understand. The water was all in a blaze of fire, and a multitude of little live things like lizards moving about in it. I was in great fear: this he perceived, took the glass and flung it into the ashes, and all was over. 'Now, sir,' said he, 'if you will enter into a vow with me, as I see you are an ingenious man, I will let you know more than you will ever find out.' This I declined, being fully convinced it was of the *devil*; and it is now I know the meaning of 'coming improperly by the secret.' After some little time he said 'he must go, and would call again when I should think better of his offer.' He left me the two ounces of *luna*, and I have never since seen or heard from him. Much conversation passed which it would be too long to write; but he told me that 'he was sure I knew nothing about it.'

"O, my dear friend, I did not rest for two or three nights—dreaming and starting; but knowledge gained that way I want not.

"I have now taken up much of your time, and must conclude, wishing yourself and family the blessing of God.

"I remain, &c.,

RICHARD HAND."

*From the Same.*

*January, 1793.*

"I THANK you for your letter; but lament to hear of the illness of Mrs. Clarke, and sincerely pray that the Lord will bring her through it safely, and her dear little family: truly, my friend, I always particularly include yourself and family in my prayers, and while I live I will continue to do so.

"I will now proceed to give you the answers you require to your questions: first informing you that I have never since seen or heard any thing from the individual you refer to: and that, secondly, when he was with me I was not in any part deceived. I was not imposed upon in the transmutation, having used a quarter of an ounce of the silver in my own work, and sold the remainder of it for *pure silver*. The metal was in fusion, and when the powder was put in, which was in size not larger than the head of a lady's hat-pin, the lead in a moment became like some dried powder or calx; the fire was then raised to melt it again, which was of a heat that would melt any silver; in about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour he said, 'It is in perfect *flux*.' He took it out with the tongs, and cast it into the water, and you never saw whiter or finer silver in your life. I have heard too much of the tricks of alchemists, and was too attentive to all that passed, for any man or devil to deceive me in this.

"When I mentioned the name of God he smiled with a kind of contempt. The glass of water was a common tumbler, and he said something as he was putting it in, and looked very sternly at me: the blaze did not take place the moment he put the *red liquid* in, but little flashes in the water, and a strong smell of sulphur, so much so that I thought some had fallen into the air-furnace which was on the top, but that was not the case: the glass soon became all on fire like spirits of wine burning, and a number of little creatures became visible, exactly like lizards in England; some of them moved their heads almost to the top of the glass, and I saw them as fairly and distinctly as I ever saw any thing in my life. He observed me tremble, and I exclaimed, Christ save me! Sir, I never beheld such a thing in my life. On his flinging the water on fire under the grate with the lizards in it, I looked to see if I could observe them there: he observed me, and said, 'They are gone.' Where? 'From whence they came.' Where is that? 'O, you must not know all things at once.' Why, sir, I believe this is magic—you could, I have no doubt, raise the devil if you



liked. 'Would you be afraid?' Yes, sir, I hope ever to be saved from having any thing to do with him. He replied, 'You are a very ingenious man, Mr. Hand, and I wish you to be better acquainted with nature and the things in this curious world, through which I have myself almost been, and I have more knowledge than most I have met with, and yet I know many wonderful men.'

"Do you know any person, sir, who has the red stone? 'I do, multitudes.' I wish I knew some. 'You shall, and the whole secret.' Sir, you are very good. 'But you must know that we are all linked like a chain, and you must go under a particular ceremony and a vow.' I will vow to God, sir, I replied, that I will never divulge —. Here he stopped me, and said 'I was going beyond the question,' and appeared vexed. He said the vow must be made before another; and, with an angry tone, 'It is no matter to you whether it be before God or the devil, if you get the art.'

"Then, indeed, my dear friend, I saw almost into his inmost soul, and I grew all on fire, and said, I will never receive any thing, not even the riches of the world, but from God alone. 'O, sir,' he replied, 'you seem to be angry with me; my intention was to serve you; you are not acquainted with me, or you would rather embrace than offend me.'

"Much more conversation passed, but I cannot tell it you exactly. He spoke of —, and many other such books, and said he would lend me one. After some time he added, he would leave me to reflect on the subject; said he would call again; and wished me good morning. He had told me that there was but one way on earth of knowing the transmutation of metals, and of that he said I knew nothing.

"You did not tell me if Mr. — is still in Manchester: I wonder he would not acknowledge to you that he had the art, and how. If he is still in Manchester, tell him of a distressed brother, and perhaps he will give me light and help to the art.

"Yours most sincerely,

RICHARD HAND."

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*From the Same.*

*Dublin, May 13, 1793.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Notwithstanding I have not received any letter from you lately, I am sure you will be happy to hear how I am going on.

"Having had but little to do for some months, I, who never can be idle, began a very large window, exceedingly fine, I assure you: I have at length finished it, and it is now before the Dublin Society, and I expect a good premium for it: I am making all the friends I can, and have most of the chief per-

sons on my side. The speaker of the house of commons has attended the society for me, at the request of the *marquis of Waterford*, and he has promised me that, as soon as parliament shall meet, which will be the latter end of this month, and there be a sufficient number of members to attend the society, that they shall make a grant. After that the window will be raffled for by seventy-five subscribers, at two guineas each, which will make the price I put on the window—one hundred and fifty guineas. The lady-lieutenant has taken this upon her, with the lord chancellor's lady, and several gentlemen, so that the subscriptions will soon be full. Since I wrote to you last, I met the man who was at my house, and who made the transmutation, and did the other matter. I said, 'How do you do, sir?' He replied, Sir, I have not the honour of knowing you. 'Do you not remember,' said I, 'the person who stains glass, and to whom you were so kind as to show some experiments?' No, sir, you are mistaken; and he turned red in the face. 'Sir,' I answered, 'if I am mistaken, I beg your pardon for telling you that I was never right in any thing in my life, and never shall be.' Sir, you are mistaken, and I wish you good morning. He several times turned around to look after me; but, be assured, I never saw a man if that one was not the one who was with me. I do intend to inquire and find him, or who he is; of this I am determined.

"I am at the work again, and building a digesting furnace, exactly after *Philalethes*, with a tower to contain charcoal sufficient to last twenty-four hours without putting on fresh. I will have it so constructed that I can give it any degree of heat I please; so you see, my dear friend, I cannot have done—nor will I, while I have even a little to enable me to proceed. I spend nothing in any other amusement, so that I may do something at this, that, if God pleases, I may have a little to spare to do good with: I wish I had to spare now, for thousands are starving here, and through hunger breaking into almost every *butcher's* and *baker's* shop, eating what they take in the open street. You cannot imagine what distress there is here: great subscriptions are going on for their relief. Do you ever see that gentleman in Manchester, who called on you, and said he was at the work too? What is he at?

"I hope Mrs. Clarke and the children are well. Mrs. Hand will be confined in a few days: I shall have a fine family—I *had need have the stone*. I wish I could take a trip to see you this summer. Farewell! God bless you and yours. Sincerely till death,

RICHARD HAND."

This gentleman continued to correspond with Mr. Clarke during the years he remained in Dublin: he afterward removed to London, and maintained his intimacy with him and his family till his death.

During Mr. Clarke's residence in Manchester he often attended and prescribed for the sick, and on these occasions he was scrupulously careful not to minister but to a disease with the features of which he was well acquainted, ever recommending those learned practitioners whose more especial duty it is to attend the call of serious disease and affliction; during their visits he was often requested to be present also, and thus he early got acquainted with different physicians then residing in Manchester, all of whom entertained a high regard and esteem for him. Among this number was the famous Dr. Eason, who had a peculiar affection for Mr. Clarke, and ever manifested it toward himself and family, mingling as often as possible with it in social intercourse; but, though he professed not religion himself, he perceived its blessedness, and at all times frankly acknowledged it. On one occasion, while attending the death-bed of a Methodist, Mr. Clarke being present, he turned to, and thus addressed him: "Adam, I like to attend your people when they are dying: they go off so quietly, and give us no trouble."

In the course of the year 1792, there was a breach made in Mr. Clarke's domestic circle by the death of his third child, a beautiful boy of nearly two years old, of the name of *Adam*: he was seized by the croup. The promptest means were used; but medical skill availed not, and in a few hours, to the great grief of his parents, this promising child breathed his last in his father's arms. It was long before they could realize the fact; so full of life had he been but a few hours before, and the stillness of death so soon to succeed, seemed almost a thing impossible to the fondness of parental hope and love. The remembrance of this afflictive circumstance never left the mind of Mr. Clarke through life, and when any incident brought it into notice, his eye was instantly dimmed with a tear, nor would he ever again permit any child of his to be called after his own name.

#### LIVERPOOL CIRCUIT, 1793-5.

FROM Manchester, in the summer of 1793, Mr. Clarke was appointed by the conference to the *Liverpool* circuit. Many of the events of that period of his life it is now impossible to trace; but some of its incidents are of such a nature as not to be readily forgotten; of this description is the following:—

He had gone to preach at a small village called *Aintree*, a few miles from Liverpool, and was accompanied by his brother and a friend. After preaching, as they were returning, two men waylaid him, and taking a sure aim from behind their covert, threw a stone at Mr. Adam Clarke, which cut through his hat and made a deep wound in his head: he fell with the violence of the blow, for the stone proved to be upward of a pound in weight: on his friend's carrying him into a near cot-

tage, his brother examined the injury, and found that, though not necessarily mortal, it was of such a kind as to require perfect quiet, and determined, after washing and dressing the wound, which had copiously bled, to let him remain in the cottage till the following day.

Leaving the friend with his wounded companion, Mr. Tracy Clarke went in quest of the wretched men who had committed this outrage : he found them at a public house not far off, and charging them with the fact, each instantly accused the other. Upon questioning them, it appeared that they were Roman Catholics ; that they had casually entered the house during the preaching, and placing themselves near the door, as soon as the service was over, they followed Mr. C., concerted their plan, and executed it in the manner narrated.

Mr. Tracy Clarke had them both apprehended, and then returned to his brother : while explaining the circumstance of the case, the people of the house, on learning that the wounded man was a Methodist preacher, and that the offenders were Papists, themselves chancing to be of the same creed, expressed themselves thus :—" You have been well served ; what business have you to come and preach here ? It is a pity that they had not killed you."

The two friends, after such a declaration, felt that to be no fit place to leave Mr. Clarke in, and consequently, with considerable difficulty and risk, succeeded in getting him to his brother's house at Maghull, whence the next day he insisted on being removed to his own residence in Liverpool, where he was presented to his family the picture of death, his hair and clothes covered with blood. Here he was laid up more than a month, a considerable part of which time his life hung in doubt. The men were brought before a magistrate for this outrage ; but Mr. Clarke, fearful that it might affect their lives, refused to prosecute ; and on their confessing their fault, and binding themselves to the magistrate never more to offend, they were discharged. As this act had evidently arisen from bigotry, it may be supposed that Mr. Clarke had in his sermon been attacking some of the articles of the Romish faith ; but it was not the case : during the whole discourse not one word had been said on the subject of Roman Catholicism, nor was there the slightest misunderstanding between Mr. C.'s family and those men : for, till the evening in question, they were totally unknown to each other. But the men were bad men as well as bigoted men ; and in the process of years, not having profited by the warning, and continuing to violate the laws of their country, they both came to a tragical end.

Notwithstanding occasional opposition and frequent dangers, Mr. Clarke continued his varied ministerial duties on the Sabbath ; and added to these almost daily preaching, and a rigid regard to visiting the sick ; and, although many villages where he

had to go were situated several miles from Liverpool, his constant practice was to walk home after preaching, alike regardless of distance, darkness, or state of the weather: his duty discharged, his wife and infant family absorbed the next best feelings of his soul.

In the summer of the year 1794, Mr. Clarke's parents, accompanied by the younger branches of their family, removed from Ireland, and settled a short time afterward in Manchester; where his father established himself in a classical school: in this town he continued to reside till his death. His son remained in Liverpool, continuing his labours among a people who loved him, and who valued his services. During his two years' residence, himself and colleague, the venerable Mr. John Pawson, had the satisfaction of seeing the society more than doubled. They acted in unison; they laboured with diligence, and hence the good pleasure of the Lord prospered in their hands.

It appears, from a small MS. book in Mr. Clarke's hand writing, that, in July, 1795, he attended the Wesleyan conference, held that year in Manchester: he there records the death of five preachers during the past year, of whom he adds:—

"*J. Broadbent* was a man much alive to God, zealous for his cause—and his end was peace.

"*Samuel Hodgson*,—who was a man of unblemished character, of a generous mind, and much devoted to God; by unwearied application to reading and study he acquired a large share of very useful knowledge, and had travelled sixteen years: he was unhappily drowned, but was heard to cry, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'

"*Charles Boone*,—a true Christian in spirit and conduct, of uncommon benevolence of mind, a friend to religious liberty, but of a most peaceable disposition: and in great peace he died.

"*Mark Willis*,—a man of a very amiable disposition, punctual in all his appointments, an acceptable preacher: he travelled among us seven years, and died as he had lived, in righteousness and peace.

"*John Hampson*,—a very sensible and useful man, of uncommon strength of body and benevolence of mind: his conduct was upright, and his death sudden."

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#### LONDON CIRCUIT, 1795-8.

AT the close of the conference, Mr. Clarke returned to Liverpool, in order to remove his family to *London*, to which place he had been appointed. He resided in John-street, Spitalfields, in the house adjoining the chapel, which had been originally built

for the Protestant French refugees, but which was afterward bought by the Wesleyan Methodists.

It was in this place, and at this time, that he more particularly employed himself in writing notes for a Commentary on the Old and New Testaments. To enable him to do so with greater ability, correctness, and satisfaction to himself, he began the *critical* reading of the original texts; and first literally translated every verse of the Old and New Testaments from their originals, marking all the various readings, and comparing them with our present authorized version. He also diligently pursued his oriental studies, in order to his better understanding and explaining not only eastern customs and metaphors, but to enable him to obtain a clearer insight into the spirit of oriental poetry and diction; all which information he knew to be highly important to any one who should undertake to write a commentary on the sacred Scriptures.

Here, properly speaking, Mr. C. commenced that life of literary labour which ultimately produced such numerous and important results; though it required the progress of years to bring them to a state of maturity. He, however, never permitted his literary work to interfere with his ministerial labours, which were of no ordinary importance; for, besides the duties belonging to a superintendent, he had the charge of visiting the infirm, the sick, and the dying; and, in conjunction with his colleagues, to preach in all the different chapels in the widely extended circuit, which at that period of time stretched east and west from *Woolwich* to *Twickenham*, and north and south from *Tottenham* to *Dorking*. Thus his walks were long, and his preaching, as well as other religious duties, frequent on the Sabbath and on the week days. It was his constant practice to keep a journal of all the texts he preached on, and all the places he preached at, in the regular chronological order of the days of the month, years, &c. On computing from this journal the distances of the respective places, and the number of times he preached, it is found that he had walked, during the three years he remained in London, in the mere duty of preaching, upwards of *seven thousand miles*; for he invariably performed these journeys on foot, except to Dorking; and, for the most part, he was accompanied by his old and attached friend, the late John Buttress, Esq., of Spitalfields; and, with few exceptions, the two friends always returned home together after the preaching; indeed, so inseparable were these companions in all their walks on these occasions, and so remarkably dissimilar were they in their respective sizes, that they obtained the epithets of *Robin Hood* and *Little John*.

It will be remembered by the reader of the early part of this work, that Mr. Clarke had married Miss Cooke, of Trowbridge, Wiltshire; and, though not contrary to the knowledge, yet certainly without the approbation, of that lady's mother. This cir-

circumstance for many years prevented all intercourse with the family, so that some of its younger branches had in the mean time married, without Mrs. Clarke's personally knowing the gentlemen to whom they were united. Her third sister, Frances, who had from her youth been remarkable for her seriousness, strength of mind, and epistolary talents, had early joined the Methodist society, and was exemplary for her devotion to the cause of God and his church. At the time we are speaking of, a gentleman of the name of Butterworth, son of the Rev. John Butterworth, (for many years minister of a Baptist congregation in *C Coventry*, and author of a Concordance of the Holy Scriptures,) attended the Baptist chapel in Chancery-lane, and observing a young man of genteel appearance and serious habits frequently come to the chapel, he invited him into his seat, and in process of time this slight acquaintance grew into friendship. This gentleman, whose name was Pond, afterwards married Miss Frances Cooke, and subsequently went to reside at Tiverton, in Devonshire, at which place Mr. B. visited him. While at his house Mr. Pond recommended to Mr. Butterworth a young lady as a wife, residing at ———, in Somersetshire, and gave him a letter of introduction to Mrs. Cooke's family, entreating his sister-in-law to give his friend an opportunity of meeting the young lady in question. Mr. B. went to Trowbridge, and on the following morning it was arranged for Miss Anne Cooke to accompany Mr. Butterworth on horseback to ———, for the purpose of seeing his intended wife. When they dismounted at the inn to put up their horses, Mr. Butterworth declined calling on the young lady, saying that on the way he had discovered in the companion of his ride the only one who could make him happy as a husband. This unexpected declaration set aside the intended visit, and the young people returned to Trowbridge, where Mr. B. entreated, and obtained the consent of Mrs. Cooke, her mother, to their marriage, and they were united a few months after this event.

Mr. Butterworth was not at this period decidedly religious, nor friendly to Methodism; yet, on Mr. Clarke's coming to reside in London, he thought it right for his wife to see her sister; accordingly, one day she called in Spitalfields; but as Mrs. Clarke had not seen her since her own marriage, she being then but a young girl, she did not recognise her sister in the fashionably attired lady who advanced with peculiar cordiality to salute her; but on the inquiry, "Surely you do not know me?" the kindred tone of voice struck instantly on Mrs. Clarke's remembrance. Shortly after this interview Mrs. Butterworth called again, accompanied by her husband; and the peculiar kindness and remarkable urbanity of his manners interested both Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, and by their repeated calls it was apparent that the pleasure was mutual. Though they still felt a strong prejudice against Methodism, the propriety of going to hear their

brother-in-law preach so far overcame it, that they agreed to go and hear him very shortly after the acquaintance thus commenced. They chose a morning when Mr. Clarke was preaching in City Road chapel; and in the course of the following week called at Spitalfields: on that evening Mr. Clarke having to preach at *Leyton*, Mr. Butterworth said he would walk with him there, Mrs. B. observing that she would remain with her sister till their return. The conversation between the two gentlemen on the way soon took a religious turn, and shortly one of deeply spiritual inquiry. On their return homewards, Mr. Butterworth acknowledged that, under the sermon of Mr. Clarke on the preceding Sabbath, his mind had been sensibly impressed, and his heart keenly awakened to a sense of his own natural depravity and guilt in the sight of God, and he expressed his determination not to rest satisfied without a saving knowledge of the truths which he had heard. Mr. Clarke affectionately pointed him to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world—to the blood of sprinkling which washeth from all uncleanness. On their arrival in Spitalfields, Mr. B. and his wife returned home, when Mr. Clarke communicated to Mrs. Clarke what he had seen and heard by the way. No less surprised than rejoiced, Mrs. Clarke then added that her sister Butterworth had, from the powerful influence of that very sermon upon her own mind, come expressly to talk to her on the same subject, and to inquire “what she should do to be saved?” and that she had not only said to her, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,” but she had explained the nature of faith, and the requisitions of God in reference to man, and the help which he would himself afford to all those who diligently seek him. This Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth mutually sought and found, joined the Methodist society, nor through all the succeeding years of their life did they ever turn aside from following after God, but continued to adorn his gospel in the world; and they were, to the end of their days, firm pillars in his temple. Mr. Butterworth’s mind was naturally extremely benevolent, and when to this was superadded the influence of religion, he cheerfully attached himself to works of mercy, and was glad to associate with Mr. Clarke in the various beneficent charities with which he was connected. Once inducted into a sphere of benevolent exertion, he gave free scope to the natural philanthropy of his mind and disposition, not only to follow up, but to project plans for the spiritual, moral, and intellectual benefit of his fellow-creatures, which we shall have to notice in the course of these memoirs.

Though the preachings of Mr. Clarke were at this time many, and his other duties extensive, yet by a strict redemption of time he found leisure to prosecute his studies; and on May the 28th of this year, he finished an entirely new translation of the New



Testament from the Greek, which he had begun June 10th of the year preceding.

This translation was made very carefully, and was illustrated with critical notes explanatory of the reasons why he either deviated from the received original text, or varied from the authorized translation.\* Thus duty and study went hand in hand, and time was bought up in order to improve himself, that he might be the better enabled to benefit others.

During the severity and scarcity of the year 1795, a number of the society of Friends united themselves into a body for the benevolent purpose of distributing bread and soup to the famishing poor of Spitalfields, and with this charity Mr. Clarke was early associated. This was Mr. C.'s first introduction to that respectable body of Christians, to whom he was always much attached, and by whom he was to the last highly esteemed. The beneficial effects of the charity itself can alone be appreciated by those who remember the severe pressure of the times, the want of money, and especially the scarcity of food, which then prevailed almost throughout the land.

The Wesleyan conference of 1796 was held in London, and to the Methodist body it was one of peculiar interest, inasmuch as during its sittings Mr. Kilham separated himself from his brethren, the preachers, taking away much people after him, and ultimately establishing himself as the head of a new sect.

During the whole of this year Mr. Clarke applied himself to his studies so indefatigably, from early dawn till summoned by his various pastoral duties to leave his books, that his health was injured by his close application; though it may be remarked, he never sat up late at night; ever observing, "a late morning student is a lazy one, and will rarely make a true scholar; and he who sits up late at night, not only burns his life's candle at both ends, but puts a red-hot poker to the middle."

In the year 1797 Mr. Clarke published a pamphlet, entitled, *A Dissertation on the Use and Abuse of Tobacco*, in which he dispassionately entered into many of its injurious effects, treating the subject not only philosophically, but considering it in a moral point of view; and as, from the nature of his calling, he was intimately acquainted with the circumstances and habits of the poor, in reference to them especially, he saw the evil of the use of this favourite weed; not unfrequently remarking, that the depth of poverty which he sometimes witnessed proceeded more from extravagance in the use of tobacco, in all its forms, and its attendant, drink, than from ordinary misfortune; and that among the "wretchedly poor," as he used to designate such persons, the quality of the food of one day commonly produced

\* This translation has, since the doctor's death, been destroyed, in consequence of his often repeated wish to that effect, as he considered it not sufficiently perfect to meet the eye of criticism.

great scarcity for several of the succeeding ones; and that there were many people who, though destitute of the mere necessities of life, would not only indulge themselves in drink, but in the use of tobacco and snuff; which Mr. Clarke contended, in the pamphlet in question, to be alike ruinous to the health, and inimical to all habits of industry and economy.

This pamphlet had a rapid sale, and went through several editions, and is still regarded as a curious production.

During the same year Mr. Clarke, in the course of his reading, met with a French epigram, which so much pleased him, that he brought it down to read to Mrs. Clarke and a young friend who was on a visit to them: the young lady and himself mutually agreed to give an English translation of it, and send both of them to the "Gazetteer;" and that whichever of the translations was admitted, to it should be adjudged the prize of pre-eminence. They were accordingly sent, accompanied by the following observations on the Reformation: both were forwarded without signature, bearing the date of January, 1797:—

"So deplorable was the intellectual darkness of Europe, previously to the Reformation, that many, even of the clergy, could neither write nor read. The sacred writings, which, under God, are the well-spring of life and knowledge, were universally neglected. Spurious traditions and worthless legends were the turbid fountains whence the doctrines of the church were derived, and the religious conduct of the people regulated: and there was scarcely a case in which the trumpet did not give an uncertain sound. Barbarism had nearly gained its ancient ascendancy. As the voice of *revelation* was not known, for the Holy Scriptures were locked up from the people as being dangerous to their salvation, so the voice of *reason* was little heeded; and the human mind, having little or nothing to excite or employ its energies, was deeply sunk into an abyss of intellectual torpor and degradation. *Learning* did not exist; *sciences* and *arts* were known by their names only; and the neglect of *education* was so universal, and the *inventive* faculty so overloaded with the mummeries of a false religion, sanctioned and enforced by that sacerdotal domination which was paramount to all other power and authority, that trade languished, commerce was almost totally unknown, and useful *discoveries*, for the amelioration of human life, were scarcely heard of in Europe.

"Not only *religion*, but the *republic of letters* also, is under the highest obligation to the Reformation. When the Bible was unchained, and translated into the vernacular tongues of the different nations of Europe, and disseminated by printing, piety to God, long cold, and nearly lifeless, became invigorated; all the moral duties, being better understood through the medium of the Holy Scriptures, were more conscientiously practised; genuine learning began to revive; good laws were enacted;

civil government became more mild and efficient ; and the political state of man, in consequence, was greatly improved and ameliorated ; then was sung by more than the heavenly host, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will among men. And, to the eternal praise of the author of this glorious work, the light which then sprang up has continued to shine with increasing lustre and benefit to the present time.

‘ When he first the work begun,  
Small and feeble was his day :  
Now the word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its widening way :  
More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail ;  
Sin’s strong holds it now o’erthrows,  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.’

“ Of the ignorance that prevailed at the beginning of the Reformation, even among the clergy, the following fact, modified into French verse by a poet of the Roman Catholic Church, will be a sufficient proof :—

‘ Quelqu’ un désirant être Prêtre,  
A l’évêque se présenta :  
Lequel lui dit, Si tu veux l’être,  
*Quot sunt septem sacramenta ?*  
Puis, il dit, *TRES.*—L’évêque, *QUAS ?*  
“ *Sunt Fides, Spes, et Caritas.*”  
Parbleu, tu as bien répondu ;  
Sus clerc qu’on dépêche son cas ;  
Il mérite d’être tondu.’

“ I ask pardon for the following free version :—

A crotchet came into a wiseacre’s head,  
To enter the priesthood for a morsel of bread  
Away to the bishop he instantly hies,  
Announces his business :—The prolate replies,  
*If you wish to be priested, and guide men to heaven,  
How many in number are the sacraments seven ?*  
Having studied a while, he replies, *They are THREE.*  
The prelate rejoins, *Pray, sir, which may they be ?*  
“ FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY,” the scholar replies :  
*By the mass !* said the bishop, *you’re wondrously wise,  
You’ve answer’d discreetly, your learning is sound ;*  
Few bishops at present have lore so profound.  
*See, clerk, that his orders be written with speed ;  
He merits the tonsure :—and you shall be feed.*

“ Here we know not which to deplore most, the *theology* of the *bishop*, or the *learning* of the *candidate*.”

In the July of the same year, his health becoming exceedingly

affected, he was recommended to go for a short time to the sea-side: accompanied by his steady friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bulmer, he accepted the kind invitation of his old acquaintance, Mrs. Collinson, who was for a short time staying at Margate; and being joined by Mr. Butterworth, the social party proceeded on a hasty tour, as described in a series of letters addressed to Mrs. Clarke, parts of which are extracted. The first is dated,—

*Margate, July 14, 1797.*

"Yesterday we left Margate for Ramsgate, and had a fine view of the Downs and Dover-cliff, which place gave rise to that most astonishing description of Shakspeare's in his *King Lear*. We also saw *Calais*—went to the top of the North-fore-land lighthouse, and saw *Deal*, *Sandwich*, and *Pegwell Bay*.

"After we had dined we walked to *Kingsgate*, calling on the way at *Broadstairs*, where was formerly a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, the remains of which are still standing: in days of old every vessel that passed this spot lowered its top-sails. Out of respect for the ancient chapel I took off my hat while I passed by it. *Kingsgate* is the place where Charles II. and the duke of York first landed, after their return from France: there is a gate raised in the place in commemoration of this event. We then came to a like-nothing-else-sort-of-a building, raised in memorial of the invasion of *Hengist*, when the *Britons* were expelled from the isle of Thanet. This curious-looking building is erected on one of the *tumuli*. This ground appeared to me next to sacred: without doubt it was the first inhabited part of *Great Britain*; and it was here *Julius Cesar* landed, and the *Roman* conquests began; and where, according to report, the gospel of Christ was first preached."

*July 24.*

"I will go on, my very dear Mary, with my journal:—On Friday we left *Margate* and proceeded to *Warwick*, and I preached in the evening in our chapel. Never did a more deathlike attention occupy an assembly, while, for sixty minutes, I insisted on Matt. vii, 7, *Ask, and ye shall receive, &c.*; and I believe great peace rested upon all. On the 25th it was agreed that we should take a view of *Warwick* and *Kenilworth* castles: the first is the most perfect edifice of the kind, and the second the finest ruin in the nation. After a delightful ride we arrived at the venerable castle of *Kenilworth*, which was built in the reign of Henry I., by *Geoffrey de Clinton*, lord chamberlain to the king, and where of yore kings and queens were feasted; for the amusement of whom men of fruitful imaginations racked their brains to find out and exhibit a sufficient variety of sports to please and entertain the conquerors of nations. Queen *Elizabeth* and her court were entertained

here for seventeen days with continued feasts, tilts, and tournaments, during which time the company drank three hundred and twenty hogsheads of beer. This entertainment was given by *Robert Dudley*, earl of *Leicester*, who spent £80,000 in buildings, beautifyings, &c. I examined every part of this ruin, ascended every tower that was ascendible, and made remarks that quite enchanted myself: several most beautiful rooms are yet entire. Had it been possible, I should have liked to have brought the whole castle on my back, in order that my Mary and her sons might have entered into the enthusiasm of their husband and father. This castle endured a six months' siege by *Henry III.*, and was nearly demolished in the late civil wars. But we were obliged to leave a place I could have admired for a year, and proceeded to *Warwick*, where we wrote a note to *Lord Warwick* for leave to visit his noble and ancient mansion. In the mean time, before an answer arrived, I went off to look at the old church, which I found, by a Latin inscription, was founded in the reign of King *Stephen* by *Roger de Novo Burgo*, (*Newbury*), and afterward re-edified by Sir (Somebody) *Beauchamp*, earl of *Warwick*. Permission to visit the castle having been granted, we proceeded to enter his lordship's domains. We were first ushered by the house-keeper, an affable old gentleman, into a spacious and elegant hall, adorned with paintings. I was almost absolutely a prey to astonishment and rapture, while I contemplated the painting of the wife of *Schneiders*, by *Rubens*: such a speaking canvass I never before beheld. The old lady perceived my revery; from which I soon found she argued well of my taste and knowledge. Among a profusion of fine and luxuriant sights, my eyes wandered to some old pots and pans, which I was immediately able to describe and designate: you will be pleased to learn that they were none other than the very *Etruscan vases*, so finely delineated by Sir *William Hamilton*, from whom the earl of *Warwick* received them. From being able to describe them so completely, I soon became the oracle of the company, and the old lady appeared rejoiced to find that she had not placed a wrong confidence in me. In the same apartment I saw some *bronze cups*, from the ruins of *Herculaneum*, some of which I found cost one hundred and fifty guineas. Through a noble window in this apartment you perceive the beautiful, gently flowing river *Avon*. In the next place we were shown *Queen Anne's* bed, in which she slept; and which, if report be true, she wrought with her own hands: it is in good preservation. Here also is a fine marble bust of *Edward the Black Prince*. We likewise got into the *armory*, where, being very much in the good graces of the old lady, I was permitted to fit on some of the armour, and felt almost the spirit of a knight-errant coming upon me. In short, we went through all this interesting and magnificent place; but I must reserve till I get home, to tell of *Guy*, earl of *Warwick's*

sword, which I endeavoured to wield, twenty pounds weight; also of his spear, his shield, his breastplate, his tilting pole, &c., all enormously gigantic: nor can I wait to mention particularly the rib of the *dun cow*;—the shoulder-blade and back bone of the wild boar, all of which I suspect are bones of large fish;—Guy's porridge-pot, which holds one hundred and ten gallons, and which is filled every time an earl comes of age; together with a multitude of other &c's, all of which must be now left."

By this little tour the health of Mr. Clarke was considerably improved, and he continued his usual ministerial and literary employments with renewed vigour.

That his literary labours were however in jeopardy will appear from the following incident:—He had gone from *Spitalfields* to preach one week evening, and had taken with him for some purpose his notes on the book of *Job*; and as Mrs. Clarke had accompanied him, he was persuaded to stop to supper at a friend's house in Hoxton; he put down his MS. on the sideboard, and on going away forgot it: early the next morning, finding he had left it behind, he went off in quest of it, and found, upon inquiry, that the servant, seeing some loose papers lying on the sideboard, had folded up in them the pieces of candle left after the supper of the preceding evening; and consequently, when they were reproduced, their appearance was most deplorable. He hastened home, however, with this his recovered store, declaring that had the servant burned instead of merely folding her ends of candles in ~~them~~, he could never, in all probability, have had the courage to rewrite those notes, nor possibly to have gone on with the comment itself; which, during its progress, was exposed to so many untoward circumstances, that very little additional difficulty would entirely have disheartened him from proceeding with it.

It must ever be kept in mind that Mr. Clarke was, from his youth, an extremely early riser, seldom remaining in bed after *four o'clock* in the morning. Thus he not only availed himself of a considerable portion of the time which many persons consume in sleep, but also of that elasticity of thought which the mind possesses after the rest of sleep, as well as that collectedness of ideas, and freshness of feelings, which as yet the events of the day have not disturbed. He not only gained time by this system of early rising; but he saved time by rarely accepting any invitations to dinner parties: when he did dine from home, he was almost invariably accompanied by Mrs. Clarke, and they returned home as soon afterward as possible: as neither of them ever took tea, nor any substitute for it, this was their apology for shortening their visits. With a few particular friends, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth were always associated, he was extremely intimate, and an interchange of social hospitalities frequently concluded the labours of a long day devoted to severe study. With these few families it was

their custom to sup soon after eight o'clock, after preaching, and they again with him in rotation at the same hour ; and when the business of the day was over, his naturally cheerful and social spirit expanded into unreserved and friendly conversation, enlivened by accounts of former times, and striking and interesting events. Such intercourse tended to keep alive the cheerfulness of his disposition, and invigorated the spirit.

During the three years Mr. Clarke remained in London he was, by his excessive application and various labours, acquiring extensive information, and also forming the nucleus of a library, which was, in subsequent years, second to few private collections in the kingdom. He possessed an accurate knowledge of books, and was skilful in his selection of them ; often acquiring great literary curiosities by promptitude in seeking them directly where he understood they were to be met with ; few bookstalls could be passed by him without at least a partial examination. Already he was pretty much known among the London booksellers, and was sure to have their respective catalogues forwarded to him directly on their publication : he lost no time in going over them, marking such as he was solicitous of possessing. On the publication of the catalogue of the library of the Rev. Mr. Fell, principal of the dissenting college at Hackney, Mr. Clarke observed advertised "*a black-letter Bible.*" The day fixed for the sale happening to be on what was termed among the Methodists a quarterly-meeting day, which is a time appointed by that body for the adjustment of their accounts, &c., &c., and which required his personal attendance during the very hours of sale, he therefore desired his friend and bookseller, Mr. William Baynes, to attend the auction, and purchase for him "*the black-letter Bible, if it went for any thing in reason.*" He did so : the book was put up, and Baynes had only one competitor, and on a trifling advance on a moderate last bid, it was knocked down to the bookseller. On inquiry, Mr. Baynes found that his opponent was by trade a goldbeater, and that he had bid for the book merely on account of the skins on which it was written, and as soon as he had gone to the extent of their value for the purposes of his calling, he had given up the contest ; hence the trifling advance secured its higher destiny and better fate.

When Mr. Clarke had concluded the quarterly meeting, he went from the City Road, where it was held, to Paternoster Row, to inquire after the chances of the auction : he found that the book he desired was secured, and on the slightest examination discovered that it was indeed "*a black-letter Bible,*" but of so ancient a date as to constitute it a great literary treasure : he had it immediately packed up into a parcel, (and it made one of no small dimensions, being nearly a hundred weight,) and putting it on his shoulder, walked beneath his burden to his own house in Spitalfields. He lost no time in making a more minute

examination of his purchase, the result of which he has inserted with his own hand in the flyleaf. "This *Bible*, the first translation into the English language, and evidently, from the orthography and diction, the oldest copy of that translation, was once the property of *Thomas a' Woodstock*, youngest son of Edward III., king of England, and brother to *Edward the Black Prince* and *John of Gaunt*. *Thomas a' Woodstock* was born A. D. 1355, and was supposed to have been smothered between two beds; or, others say, causelessly beheaded at Calais, September 8, 1397, in the forty-second year of his age, by *Thomas Mowbray*, earl marshal of England, at the instance of his nephew, King Richard II. His arms appear on the shield at the top of the first page, and are the same as those on his monument at Westminster Abbey. In many respects the language of this MS. is older than that found in most of those copies which go under the name of *John Wiclif*. This MS. was once in the possession of the celebrated Dr. *John Hunter*. It was found in a most shattered condition, and from the hay and bits of mortar that were in it, leads to this most natural conclusion, that it had been hid, probably during the *Maryan persecution*, in sacks of hay, and at other times built up in walls, and not unfrequently, it would appear, that it had been secreted under ground, as was evinced from the decayed state of many of its pages, especially the early ones.

(Signed)

"ADAM CLARKE."

But these parts of pages have been most carefully restored by the neat and diligent hand of Mr. Clarke, the writing itself being only in the first page affected, and all the rest he has curiously and carefully mended with parchment, which he has stained to the colour of the MS. itself. For this neatness, in reference to books, he was always remarkable; if it were possible to restore a tattered leaf, shreds of paper stained to the shade of the original were sure to be immediately applied to preserve what was left; and many of his female friends contributed to him of their stout, old-fashioned silks, with which he inlaid defective oriental MS. covers, or pasted down the backs, not trusting into the hands of bookbinders what they might easily injure, but could never restore; besides, many of such MSS. would not have admitted of the English mode of binding, and could only effectually be done in the very mode he adopted.

### BRISTOL CIRCUIT, 1798-1801.

THE period was now arrived in which, in conformity with the regulations of the Methodist itinerancy, the subject of these memoirs was to remove from London, with all its circle of duties,



friendships, and literary avocations, to which he had been so zealously and affectionately attached; and, by the appointment of the conference, he was, in the summer of 1798, removed to *Bristol*. This year and the succeeding one were marked by circumstances of peculiar national scarcity; all ranks of society felt and acknowledged the distress as a judgment; the rich voluntarily ceased from a consumption of flour in the mere gratification of elegant indulgences; the middle classes of the community found it difficult to support their families, from the actual scarcity of all provisions; and the poor sought from door to door a handful of food to save them from dying: alas! this they could not always meet with, and numbers of them perished of mere starvation. From the effects of this distress Mr. and Mrs. Clarke and their infant family suffered in common with others; but they concealed their necessities in order not to draw upon the sympathies of their friends, and frequently denied themselves a sufficiency of food, to save a part of each day's allotment of provisions to share with those wretched applicants who were in still greater need than themselves. Mr. Clarke would talk to his little ones on the subject, and show them their starving fellow-creatures, who, in cold, nakedness, and famine besought relief: their eye would affect their hearts, and each voluntarily put by a bit of its breakfast and supper for these distressed poor: at its distribution they were all present, and were thus taught to see and feel the blessings of self-denial in the happiness it produced to others. Thus did Mr. Clarke early train his little flock to feel for their fellows, teaching them that God made all men of one blood; and, consequently, that they ought to "love as brethren."

The two eldest of his children, being boys, used often in the summer months to be permitted to accompany their father to his preaching appointments, a few miles out of Bristol; when each, a *Goliath* in his own estimation, furnished himself with a stout stick, in order to defend their father, should he be attacked, previously settling the limb of the enemy each should break in case of such rencounter; and on the way the father amused them with tales of good and evil genii, and drew from each a moral to inspire courage, and an undaunted upholding of the right, under all trials, and even under adverse circumstances.

During the course of the autumn of 1798, Mr. Clarke learned that his father was in a dangerous state of health, and he earnestly longed to visit him; but his own ill health and domestic circumstances opposed themselves to his wishes; and he hoped that his father's life might be spared till he could feel able, and justified in going to visit him, and having the first ardent desire of his heart gratified, namely, his father's blessing on his head. In the mean time he wrote to an old and very intimate friend, John Berwick, Esq., of Manchester, begging him to watch over his parent, and to minister to him in all his necessities of every

kind. But the shadows of death were fast darkening down upon his father's head, and the pulse of life was beating languidly to mark that shortly it should beat no more for ever.

That his piteous request, in reference to his father's comforts, was faithfully executed, the following interesting letter will evince: it was written by the friend before mentioned. It is dated,—

“*Manchester, November 2, 1798.*”

“MY DEAR ADAM,—This forenoon I found a desire to go and see your father, whom, from many engagements, I had not seen for nearly a week. When I arrived they were just going to send for me. I found him much altered indeed, his pulse much sunk, and his cough had ceased for two days. It appeared to me that there was every appearance of death. The doctor came, and I found I was not mistaken; death was fast approaching. He was seated in his chair, but wanted to be removed into bed. I wished much to have your last wish of ‘a line from his own hand,’ and feared if he lay down it could not be done, as he would soon be gone: I therefore put a table before him, and paper, and put the pen in his hand, but found that without help he could not make a letter: he faintly said, ‘I only wish to send my blessing.’ Above you have what may, perhaps, be some little consolation to you. He was very happy, and very willing to die. After he had written those few words he was got into bed, and appeared better. I thought he might survive a few hours, and therefore took my leave of him, and told him I would go home to my dinner, and return afterward. He bade God bless me very loud. At my return, about half past one, I found he had just gone to glory, without a groan. I had spoken much to him respecting you: I told him I thought it well you had not been sent for, as you could have done him no good. He said ‘he was perfectly satisfied, for if you had suffered from the effects of the journey he should have been very unhappy.’ He added that ‘he had no pain, and that one moment in eternity would compensate for all he had suffered here.’

“Your mother is as well as can be expected. Wishing you every consolation, I am yours affectionately,

“JOHN BERWICK.”

On the same sheet of paper is the interesting document alluded to. It is as follows:—

“May the blessing of God, and a dying father's blessing, ever be upon you all, my children. I die full of hope, and happy.

“JOHN CLARKE.”

God bless you all,

Adam,—Mary,  
\*William,—Mary,  
Tracy—all—all. Amen.

\* His son-in-law, Dr. Johnson.

Under this sacred record are to be seen the following lines :—

“ These words my precious father wrote an hour and a half before he went to glory. ADAM CLARKE.”

At this unexpectedly speedy dissolution of his beloved and honoured father, Mr. Clarke was deeply affected : he expressed himself as if the bands of life were loosened from around him, and his mental and physical powers were almost brought down together to the sides of the grave. He sent immediately for his widowed mother, and as soon as possible she came, and resided with him till he left Bristol ; when she went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Exley, who was settled in that city. Mr. Clarke, sen., was buried in Ardwicke churchyard, in Manchester ; and on his tombstone was this simple inscription :—

“ Here lieth the body of John Clarke, M. A., who departed this life Nov. 2d, 1798, in the 62d year of his age.”

Ever afterward, on his son Adam's passing that churchyard, either on foot or riding, he invariably took off his hat, and kept it in his hand the whole length of the yard : an affecting token of how much he honoured as well as loved “ this guide of his youth.”

The distress of mind occasioned by this heavy affliction tended still more to impair the health of Mr. Clarke ; to which the pressure of the times, and deep solicitude in reference to some literary works he was prosecuting, added their depressing influence : but he ever had a firm reliance on the care of divine providence, watching its openings, and working with it for the benefit of others, and the upright maintenance of his rapidly increasing family, which he ever gloried in, as the highest honour God could confer upon him : indeed, after the labours of the study were over, he used to amuse himself with his little ones, who quickly assembled to his well-known call of “ Come all about me—come all about me.” Then was to be heard the joyous shout, and the rush of the youngsters to claim the first kiss, or obtain the best seat upon his knee : often would he dispose of them on his person : one around his neck was his collar ; one hanging on each shoulder were his shoulder-knots ; one around his waist was called his girdle ; and one seated on each foot, clinging their little arms around his knee, formed his clogs ; and with an infant in his arms would he, thus equipped, walk about the room, the happiest of the group. The sports of the evening finished, each alternately kneeled at the mother's knee to say its prayers : and when quite prepared for bed, Mr. Clarke, when not out preaching, invariably carried them himself up to bed, put or playfully threw them in, and tucked them up for the night ; but before retiring himself, he always visited each bed to see if all was right ; and to his well-known voice, pretty early in the morning, the little urchins would start up, unpin each its own bundle of clothes, (which from almost infancy it had been

taught to fold up,) and dress with all possible expedition ; for, from mere childhood, he would never permit waste of time by dilatory habits, any more than slovenly neglect through affected attempts at expedition.

Sometimes, when persons complained to him of the largeness of their families, and the necessary expenses produced by it, he would reply, in the language of a favourite Mohammedan sage :—“The best wife is she who loves her husband, and brings him many children : let your children and your family be increased, and know that it is on *their* account that God provides for you.”

In the year 1799, on the eleventh anniversary of his wedding day, Mr. Clarke wrote the following address to his wife, accompanying it with the present of a gold watch, remarkable for its elegance :—

“MY VERY DEAR MARY,—This gold watch, the beautiful dial of which is an emblem of thy face ; the delicate pointers, of thy hands ; the scapement, of thy temples ; the balance, of thy conduct in thy family ; the gold case, of thy body ; and the cap, of thy prudence ; thy affectionate husband presenteth unto thee, on this eleventh anniversary of our wedding-day. Bristol, April 17, 1799. ADAM CLARKE.”

It has already been remarked that Mr. Clarke was much engaged in prosecuting some literary work ; but he never on this account relaxed in his ministerial duties of preaching, and visiting the sick and the afflicted ; and such was the high estimation in which he was held for wisdom, prudence, and judgment, and such the character he had maintained for probity and integrity, that he was consulted in numerous cases of conscience ; and on these occasions his opinion and judgment were taken as the ultimatum, settling the question, and resolving the doubt.

In the year 1800 he translated and published *Sturm's Reflections*, which by its rapid sale afforded full evidence of the favour of the public toward this almost the earliest of his publications. To the first volume of this work were prefixed some good lines by his friend, the Rev. Thomas Roberts, of Bath ; and to the second volume were affixed some beautiful verses, composed by Mrs. Clarke, and which she, not without much persuasion, allowed to appear, and then only with her initials. The verses are the following :—

#### LINES ON READING STURM'S REFLECTIONS.

“I sing the Source of being, nature's Lord !  
In all his works continually adored !  
His works are great, and still his power proclaim,  
Sought out and known of those that love his name ;  
Who, pleased, trace down his wonder-working power,  
From the bright sun to its obsequious flower ;  
And what of *great* or *small* that stands between,  
In all, his skill and forming hand are seen.

But *chief* of all his works, since time began,  
 He summon'd into life, and named it MAN ;  
 A wondrous frame ! Of dust he made the whole,  
 And breathed into the clay a living soul ;  
 With intellect endued, and powers of sense,  
 To scan the wonders of Omnipotence.

Yet vain his efforts—all his wisdom vain,  
 The hidden *laws* of nature to explain,  
 Till NEWTON rose, chief in fair wisdom's van,  
 The *first* in science, and the boast of man.  
 He sought out nature in its varied forms,  
 Of softening dews, and widely wasting storms ;  
 Of pestilential wind, which all devours ;  
 Of gentle gales, and earth-refreshing showers ;  
 Of planetary worlds, in order ranged,  
 Fast moving on—the system still *unchanged*

Pervading ether, borne on learning's wings,  
 He follow'd nature to its latent springs ;  
 Of all its secret powers explored the source ;  
 Centripetal, and centrifugal force ;  
 Attracting here—and there repelling far  
 The elliptic comet, and the wandering star.  
 The gravitating power of earthly things ;  
 The course of tides—their equinoctial springs :  
 Of lights and tints he true adjustments made,  
 Defining colours with the prism's aid ;  
 Stopp'd at effects, explain'd their hidden cause,  
 And taught th' astonish'd world great nature's laws.

A train of sages after him arose ;  
 Their study, sacred wonders to disclose ;  
 They wrote of worlds and suns, a beauteous host,  
 To common sense and simple vision lost.

Others, again, of seas and hidden mines,  
 Of earth's vast treasures, and its measured lines,  
 Of all the beauties, (an exhaustless theme,)   
 Descant at large, and laud the wondrous scheme ;  
 Or rather *Him* who form'd it great and good,  
 First Cause of all—of all least understood.

Continuing on the philosophic race,  
 Some pass'd away, and more supplied their place ;  
 Till time had nearly run its ample course,  
 And still was hast'ning to rejoin its source.

Then STURM appear'd, deep versed in NEWTON's page,  
 Diffusing knowledge through this latter age,  
 To lead the simple in the path of truth,  
 And guide in wisdom's way unwary youth.  
 He spake of fields and meads—of deserts wild,  
 Of rending earthquakes, and of moonlight mild ;  
 From mountains vast, in many a distant land,  
 Down to the wonders in a grain of sand ;

Of frigid climes, where rest perpetual snows,  
And torrid zone, where heat intensely glows.

He spake of oceans, too, and earth's rich store,  
Of lovely coralines, and precious ore ;  
Of clouds and mists, and mist-dispelling rays ;  
Of *gradual-coming* night, and rising days.

Ascending still in being's mighty scale,  
He notes the oyster, and describes the whale.

Rising to middle air, he there descries  
The feather'd tribes, of every hue and size ;  
The tyrant eagle, and the gentle dove ;  
Of ~~POWER~~ the emblem *that*—and *this* of LOVE.  
The roaming wild beast, and domestic clan,  
(The bane of human kind—the friend of man,)  
Are noted too, with philosophic eye ;  
With snails that creep, and light-wing'd butterfly.

These are the embryos of his mighty plan ;  
Which now unfolding, rises into MAN ;  
Dissects his form with anatomic care ;  
Composed of fire and water, earth and air ;  
Which, modell'd by the forming hand divine,  
In perfect symmetry and beauty shine.  
A noble structure, rear'd with curious art ;  
The *whole* exact—exact its every *part*.  
Of ALL he spake, and taught, by simple rules,  
The true philosophy of learned schools,  
Without their jargon ; lovely all and free,  
Like nature's *purest self*, SIMPLICITY.

And what through this laborious work his aim ?—  
To magnify his great Creator's name ;  
Display his power, and spread his praise abroad,  
Till infidels, *confounded*, own a God.  
To profit those who knew a power supreme,  
And gloried in the soul-exulting theme ;  
Who fear'd, who loved, and joyfully adored,  
Their body's Maker, and their spirit's Lord.

*Thus STURM* design'd, and prosperous was his plan,  
Far as his native nervous language ran.  
Yet all was vain to those who knew not aught  
Of *German* tongue, by famous *Bachmaier* taught ;  
Nor yet were conversant with *Chambaud's* lore,  
To aid in reading *Constance*\* copy o'er.

Pity a work so good should be confined,  
Or *mutilated* transcripts vex mankind ;  
So reason'd CLARKE, and his diffusive soul,  
Disdaining *partial* good—translates the whole

\* The lady who translated the second German edition into French.

Hail ! blessed pair ! Your great design the same,  
 To publish, through his *works*, your Maker's fame !  
 And when our tribute of respect is paid,  
 We'll own that *time* this trifling difference made,  
 STURM *went before*, CLARKE, *following*, 'points the road  
 That leads through NATURE up to NATURE's GOD.'

M. C."

Bristol, March 12, 1801.

There are but few scholars who have not often felt that their want of books is a great hinderance to their progress in learning, and that the want of money is, in this instance at least, "the root of evil;" such was frequently the case with the earlier studies of Mr. Clarke. The following circumstance will illustrate the difficulties of a situation of this kind.

When he first began to entertain an idea of writing notes for a Commentary on the Old and New Testaments, though he had long studied oriental literature, yet, when he came to bring forth his knowledge in the form of criticisms on the word of God, he required the ablest consulting authority, and he had no good Arabic dictionary. It was utterly impossible for him to get on without one, so he wrote to his bookseller to procure for him "*Meninski's Thesaurus*," if it were possible to obtain it. The reply was, "One copy had the day before been sold at a public sale, to a brother in the trade, for thirty pounds; that he had been to see what he would let it go for, and he demanded forty guineas, saying he could make even more of it; but he would keep it forty-eight hours for the answer." The bookseller knew he could not treat, with Mr. Clarke's small means, for such a sum, without first writing to him, to know if he could pay for the book: Mr. C. immediately wrote to a friend, requesting to "borrow that sum for three months;" telling him that "without the *Thesaurus* he was utterly at a stand in the prosecution of his studies and projected Commentary, and that his income should faithfully discharge his kindness at the end of three months." At the same time he instructed his bookseller to call on Mr. — for the money. The following day but one, how was he confounded to receive a letter from his friend, stating "the seriousness of the sum required for the book;"—expatiating on "the little knowledge he had of the value of money;"—many instructions "to confine his wishes and wants to his circumstances;"—and finally the letter concluded by saying that "under all considerations he had and must refuse to lend the money." What was to be done? Another copy of *Meninski's Thesaurus* might not soon again be in the market, and Mr. Clarke was utterly at a stand without it. Thus circumstanced, he determined to ask his friend, Mr. Ewer, of Bristol, to lend him the necessary sum; and he called upon him, and said, "Mr. Ewer, I want to borrow from you forty pounds for three months, at the end of which I will repay you; will you lend me that

sum?" To which his kind friend replied, "Yea, Mr. Clarke, twenty times that sum for twenty times as long, if you wish it: you may have it to-day." He accepted the loan, enclosed it to the bookseller, who procured with it *Meninski*; which was his constant study companion throughout life, and without which he could not have gone on with his Commentary notes. It need scarcely be added that the forty pounds were duly returned at the end of the three months; and ever did he value him who was the friend in need.

While Mr. Clarke resided at Bristol, among a great number of valuable friends, he formed an intimate acquaintance with the late Mr. *Charles Fox* of that city, who distinguished himself as an oriental scholar, and was at the same time a man of great sense, of extremely refined taste, and pleasing manners. He translated a considerable quantity of Persian poetry; and, had his life been spared, he designed to have given it to the world: but he was prematurely cut off, without leaving his MSS. so far completed as to be fit to meet the public eye. He had, however, previously published a volume of poems, under the title of, "A Series of Poems, containing the Complaints, Consolations, and Delights of *Achmed Ardebeili*, a Persian Exile, with Notes, Historical and Explanatory." The poems themselves abound with beauties, while their style is, of course, truly oriental, and the notes not only evince the eastern scholar, but are pleasingly calculated to form and improve a taste for this department of literature. Though attributed to *Achmed Ardebeili*, there is every reason to believe that the poems sprang from the head and heart of the intelligent and amiable *Charles Fox* himself, who united the gentlest of manners with his elegance of pen, and added to his many and rare endowments the finest skill as a draughtsman.

In the frequent and friendly society of this gentleman, Mr. Clarke obtained occasional relaxation from labour with much delight and mutual satisfaction; while in thought, converse, and study, they roved together through the eastern world, and familiarized themselves with those scenes which in after years bore so strongly upon the necessary course of Mr. Clarke's Biblical studies.

For the restoration of his health, which had suffered very considerably from confinement and study, united with almost daily preaching, he was advised to take an excursion into Cornwall.

In reference to this journey there is a series of letters, parts of which are here extracted:—

*Launceston, March 12, 1801.*

"MOST EXCELLENT AND BELOVED MARY,—After we left Bristol, we got slowly to a place called *Cross*, a stage of eighteen miles, where we had breakfast. I took some cold beef, and made a breakfast like an ancient Briton, only I had not previously taken in hunting that on which I fed.



"With a straight course we proceeded to *Taunton*, without any thing remarkable occurring, except that there was a young lass and young man in the coach, the former possessing no beauty, almost no sense, and little prudence; the latter was singing or saying nonsense, to the lady especially, and to us collectively, in order to show that he was clever. By a principle to be explained by the laws of elective attraction, we soon naturally divided into two parties, like cleaving to like: they seemed to consider us a queer set of quidnuncs, wholly unworthy of their notice; and we, on the other hand, set their nonsense at sovereign defiance. At *Taunton* we found a dinner provided, consisting of roasted swine and boiled swine, and a miserable knuckle of veal, which I have much reason to fear had kept piggish company before it exhibited its parboiled appearance at our table. I asked for a bit of cold beef, and got some of a very miserable quality. However, our unconscionable providers did not consider this in the bill, as they charged four shillings and ninepence each.

'So the back of baith my hands to them.'

"When we arrived at *Crockerton Wells*, the good people of the inn had gone to bed; but the landlady rose, with her child of fourteen months old, (an armful,) which I lugged about while she made the fire, and boiled us some eggs.

"Being three of us, we had taken a post chaise, disliking our coach accommodation.

"Anxious to get to *Launceston*, Mr. Mabyn expecting us there, and having horses waiting for us, we pushed on almost beyond my strength, and reached the town in all safety. I dare say you have been praying for us: well, pray on Mary; it will do you good and me too. I have not undertaken this journey through any rambling disposition; duty has compelled me to undertake it. Tell our son John that there is a castle here very ancient and beautiful, overlooking the whole town and neighbourhood, which must have been nearly impregnable in the era of bows and arrows. I will tell him more about it when I return."

*Camelford, March 13.*

"On my way from *Launceston* to *Camelford* I passed by *Tregear*, once the residence of my old and affectionate friend, *T. Baron, Esq.* He went safely to heaven some years ago; and his nephew, who, when I used to be so much at his uncle's house, was then a young lad at school, succeeded as heir to his estates, and, if possible, more than supplied his uncle's place: he turned to God in early youth, and possessed, like his predecessor, deep piety: he married a young lady like minded, and they enjoyed in an increasing lovely family all that earth can afford of felicity. Affliction is the lot of all: death was permitted to make an inroad in this lovely domestic circle, by

removing a beloved child. Previously to her departure, she had suffered so much from fits that it was too much for the affectionate father to behold : the dart which passed through the child's heart, passed through his also, and gave him a death wound : he followed his child to the grave, and in the space of a week went *into* it himself, leaving his pious and amiable partner on the eve of again becoming a mother ! The ways of God are past finding out ; but he does all things well.

"Tell our sons, John and Theodoret, that I have observed, during this journey, several things which strongly indicate that the country around this spot has suffered much from some natural violence. I saw one place where a mountain appears to have been rent in twain ; the corresponding parts on either side are nearly half a mile from each other ; there is a deep valley between them, at the bottom of which a river has found its readiest course. The parts on either side of this fissure are so absolutely similar, as to leave no doubt of their having once been in the closest contact.

"On my return, *Rough Tor*, the highest mountain in *Cornwall*, rose on my right hand : on its top are two peaks, or rather large rocks : on the western point there is, I am informed, a very fine *druidical* monument ; an altar, a stone of immense size, poised on the top of another stone, and so equally balanced in the centre that a person can move it ; around about are large basins scooped out of the rock, which communicate by little conduits with each other, and appear to have been used for libations, or to receive the blood of their sacrifices : but from these times of darkness and superstition God hath delivered the land."

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*March 15.*

"According to appointment, my very dear Mary, I rode yesterday to *Tintagel*. This would have been pleasant had it not been for the tempestuousness of the day : I had, however, a fine view of the sea from *Padstow* to *Bas Castle* : Arthur's island and castle I could not approach, because of the tempest. You may tell the boys that the narrow strip of land between the castle and the sea, over which I once passed at the hazard of my life, is now fallen down, so that the castle stands on the perpendicular cliff, the wall and the precipice making nearly one line ; and it is likely the castle itself will, ere long, tumble into the great deep : the ground, therefore, which I once trod on, shall be trodden by the foot of man no more for ever !

"Notwithstanding the storm, I determined to visit *Nathan's Kieve* : it is difficult to describe this place ; you must conceive a large mountain, cleft in twain by an earthquake : a river has found its path at the bottom of the chasm, as in the case I described before ; but the cleft here is not one-fiftieth part so wide as in the former instance : there is a precipice of solid rock, upwards of a hundred feet high, over which the river tumbles. A

part of the rock projects in three different places, on which the water forms three several cataracts. On one of these projections the water falls from a greater height, and consequently with more violence, into a large round basin, called here the *Keeve*, formed, in my opinion, entirely out of the solid rock, by the violent fall of the water, a full proof of the adage, *Gutta cavat lapidem sæpe cadendo*. Out of this basin the water forces its way through a nearly circular hole in the rock, and thence tumbles to the bottom. The country people think the *Keeve* to be exceedingly deep; but I am of a different opinion. There is a tradition here, which I learned from my guide, that there is a silver bell in the large basin; that in former times men fished for it with tackle, and brought it above the water, when one of them, seeing it, exclaimed, 'Thank God, here it is,' but on another replying, 'No thanks to him, we have got it without him,' the bell immediately tumbled in again, and there remains. This story is true or otherwise; but it shows that the common people, however irreligious, believe that blasphemy against God will ever be resented and punished. It is supposed that this place was once the residence of a hermit, whose name was *Nathan*: close by the water are the remains of a house, here called the chapel, which I measured; it is twenty-one by twelve feet.

"Remounting my horse, I left this wild place, and on my way to *Camelford* rode over the ground where the famous battle was fought between King *Arthur* and his son-in-law *Mordred*. I marked the different routes which the two armies had taken; the spot where the great conflict took place in which *Mordred* was killed, and *Arthur* obtained a complete victory: a small river runs through a little vale, on each side of which the two armies stationed themselves. Tradition adds that *Mordred* fell on the little bridge which crosses this river, and which is still called *Slayman's bridge*. I had not time to visit the tomb at that time; but on the following day I determined to find it out if possible, and take off the inscription. In the course of my examinations I found the remains of several crosses, like this, but only one of them was entire; it stood about six feet high out of the ground; the first circle was cut a few inches within the outward edge, and a cross scooped out in four different compartments, as you see here represented: the circle was, I believe, intended to denote a glory, or to be the emblem of eternity: these crosses are manifestly the productions of the Christian era, and lay claim to great antiquity.



"I have had a pleasing interview with a young gentleman from the East Indies. He reads *Persic* and *Arabic* with the true accent, and they flow out of his mouth like oil : he intends riding with me wherever I go, while I remain in Cornwall ; but the longer I remain here, the more earnestly do I long for home."

Among other letters of this period is a copy of verses, in a kind of old ballad style, inscribed, "To Mary, the wife of Adam Clarke, on the thirteenth anniversary of their wedding-day."

## I

Behold the beauteous day return  
That join'd our loving hands,  
By bounteous goodness still upborne,  
More strengthen'd are our bands ;  
Though thirteen years with rapid flight  
Have fled from time away,  
They leave with us their brightest light  
To cheer our wedding-day.

## II.

In passing through life's checker'd mase  
We've felt distress and pain,  
But, still upheld in all our ways,  
Unshaken we remain ;  
To Zion's courts, with strength renew'd,  
We urge our joyous way ;  
And praising still the Source of good,  
We hail our wedding-day.

## III.

What though no lands, nor store of gold,  
Have raised us up on high ;  
Seven babes we've here of sweetest mould,  
And three more in the sky ;  
With many friends of heart sincere,  
Who love, and for us pray :  
Let's join with theirs our praise and prayer,  
And greet our wedding-day.

## IV.

Hail ! love divine, which made us thine,  
And saved us by thy grace ;  
May mercy still with might combine,  
And keep us in thy ways.  
May we, our friends, and children dear,  
Be kept through life's decay,  
Till *all* before thy face appear,  
In heaven's eternal day. Amen.

ADAM CLARKE.

In the year 1802, Mr. Clarke edited and published "A Bibliographical Dictionary, containing a Chronological Account, alpha-

betically arranged, of the most curious, scarce, useful, and important books in all departments of literature, which have been published in *Latin, Greek, Coptic, Hebrew, Samaritan, Syriac, Chaldee, Ethiopic, Arabic, Persian, Armenian, &c.*, from the infancy of printing to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Including the whole of the fourth edition of Dr. Harwood's *View of the Classics*, with innumerable additions and amendments; to which are added, *An Essay on Bibliography*, with a general and particular account of the different authors on that subject, in *Latin, French, Italian, German, and English*, with a description of their works; the first and best editions, with critical judgments on the whole, extracted from the best Bibliographical and typographical authorities: and an account of the best English translation of each Greek and Latin classic."

This work was originally published in six volumes, to which, in the year 1806, were added two volumes more of "*Bibliographical Miscellany, or Supplement.*"

In after years he corrected and interleaved a copy with many thousand additions and corrections.

About the same time Mr. Clarke published a small work, chiefly extracted from the preceding, entitled, "*A Succinct Account of Polyglot Bibles*, from the publication of that by Porrus, in the year 1516, to that of Reineccius, in 1750; including several curious particulars relative to the London Polyglot, and Castel's Heptaglot Lexicon, not noticed by biographers."

He also published "*A Succinct Account of the Principal Editions of the Greek Testament*, from the first printed at Complutum, in 1514, to that by Professor Griesbach, in 1797."

These works contain a mass of information, and are a guide to the study of Biblical literature: they evince great research, and were, unquestionably, to Mr. Clarke's own mind, able pioneers to smooth the way to that arduous work to which he appeared to be thus unconsciously led, and for which his constant habit of critical examination so eminently qualified him.

Some time about this period he received a very singular account from the celebrated Dr. Fox, of the city of Bristol. That gentleman had a large and admirably conducted establishment for the reception of deranged persons; and with reference to one of them he told Mr. Clarke this story:—

In my visits among my patients, one morning, I went into a room where two, who were acquaintances of each other, were accustomed to live: immediately after I entered I noticed an unusual degree of dejection about one of them, and a feverish kind of excitement in the other. I inquired what was the matter. "Matter," said the excited one, "matter enough! he has done for himself!" Why, what has he done? "O, he has only swallowed the poker!" During this short conversation the other looked increasingly mournful; and on my inquiring what was

the matter with him, he replied, "He has told you true enough; I have swallowed the poker, and I do not know what I shall do with it!" "I will tell you how it happened," said the first. "My friend and I were sitting by the fire, talking on different things, when I offered to lay him a wager that he could not eat any of the poker: he said he could, and would; took it up, twisted the end of it backward and forward between the bars of the grate, and at last broke off some inches of it, and instantly swallowed it; and he has looked melancholy ever since." I did not believe, said Dr. Fox, a word of this tale; and I suppose the narrator guessed as much, for he added, "O, you can see that it is true, for there is the rest of the poker." I went to the grate and examined the poker, which, being an old one, had been much burned; and where the action of the fire had been fiercest, and had worn away the iron, a piece of between two and three inches had been wrenched off, and was missing. Still I could hardly credit that the human stomach could receive such a dose and remain "feeling," as the professed swallower of it said, "nothing particular." However, the constant affirming of the first, united to the assent and rueful looks of the second, induced me to use the patient as though the account were true; I administered very strong medicines, and watched their effects constantly. The man ate, and drank, and slept, as usual, and appeared to suffer nothing but from the effect of the medicines. At last, to my astonishment, the piece of the poker came away, and the man was as well as ever. The iron had undergone a regular process of digestion, and the surface of it was deeply honeycombed by the action of the juices. This was a most singular case, and proves how the God of nature has endowed our system with powers of sustaining and redressing the effects of our own follies.

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### LIVERPOOL CIRCUIT, 1801-3.

(Second Time.)

AFTER remaining in the city of Bristol three years, Mr. Clarke was appointed by the Wesleyan conference to remove to *Liverpool*; and though it afforded him the prospect of again seeing many and kind friends, yet, at the same time, it involved the leaving several intimate and literary acquaintance, as well as friendly associates, in *Bristol*; among which are recorded the names of Mr. and Mrs. Stock, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Ewer, and Mr. and Mrs. Roberts; these were friends with whom Mr. Clarke always felt himself at home, was received at their houses as a brother, and with whom he maintained the most unbroken intimacy; the friendship was founded on mutual esteem, proved on both sides by unintermitted good offices, and

often have both he and Mrs. Clarke mentioned that they "never met with more kind, more estimable, or more endearing friends than in Bristol." With these, and others, he maintained a frequent correspondence. A few of these letters have been preserved; among the rest is the following one from his friend, Mr. Charles Fox, of Bristol:—

*Bristol, December 10, 1802.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I begin this letter with shame and confusion of face, from the circumstance of having so long, since the receipt of your first kind letter, refrained from making a reply, though I can most truly assure you it has not arisen from forgetfulness or disregard of one who is hourly in my thoughts, and who will ever hold a first place in my kindest and most affectionate recollections. The hand of sickness has been laid heavy upon me; but, thank God, though it has prevented me from enjoying those spirits that could exert themselves agreeably in epistolary intercourse, it has tied me down to do something. I have finished my *Mejnoon*, and almost enough of other translations to make a volume.

"I am exceeding glad to find that you have got a house with an agreeable study—it is one half of the battle; for my part, I should perhaps have been down on the shores of *Mount's Bay* ere now, had not the want of a good shady room, with a chimney in it, fit for a study, been wanting. I found out the deficiency just as the bargain wanted only *one word* to complete it; and that of course put an end to it; and now, whether Bristol is appointed by destiny to have my last breath mingled with its smoky atmosphere, I know not, and much I care not, for I am assured it is in better hands than my own; but I have still strange cravings and longings after my native country, Falmouth. However, to say nothing of the result, the wish still continues.

"I hope ere this you have found some literary friends in Liverpool; though a place of dashing speculative trade is not likely to be their resort. The account you give me of the oriental teacher is truly curious. I have lately met with a *Jew rabbi*, a man of more learning than they generally possess, who was formerly the priest of the synagogue at *Falmouth*, where I knew him about twenty-four years since. I have half a mind to get him to teach me the rudiments of *Hebrew*, which he understands grammatically; but I am afraid it may prove a mistress that may provoke the jealousy of my *Persic* wife, and not unjustly, by estranging her for a while from my bosom, and I love the latter more dearly than ever.

"I have been ploughing up the soil of various authors; *Jamy*, *Shahy*, *Asaphy*, *Hafiz*, *Kosroo*, and *Saady*; and am now more than ever convinced that none but a mere dead, dry, flat-souled grammarian can ever find delight in making prose translations of poetry. I hope you will never attempt any thing in that

way, beyond that kind of analysis which may prove of the utmost service to your progress as a student in the language. I like your mode of going through 'Jones' Grammar' exceedingly; it tends both to explain and infix; but from poetical quotations we can never obtain the true knowledge of a language. Some of *your oldest prose works* will give you the real idiom. The *Arabic* has been grafted very profusely on the old stock. If I were in the habit of swearing, I should load that abominable hermaphrodite mixture with maledictions enough to sink every ship in the Persian Gulf. Any one who can admire it must be more void of taste than a *Calruc*, or *Yakutskan Tartar*. The enlightened president of an Asiatic society at *Calcutta* might do much toward putting it out of vogue; the people themselves do not love it; pedantry is now its chief support.

"A gentleman who lately stood during the service at the door of a mosque in Bengal, and who knew the Imaum, asked him what he had been reading and praying for? He replied, 'I cannot tell, any more than the congregation.' 'Why so?' 'Because,' said he, 'it is in Arabic, which we learn to read by rote, but none except an *Arabian*, or a *conjurer*, can ever fully understand it.'

"My translations of poetry are about two inches and a half in thickness, closely written; I mean those yet unpublished. *Leily and Mejnoon* is a serious and extensive work: it increases in interest and beauty to the end. I really think it one of the finest poems ever written. I lament the insufficiency of the English language to do it justice, especially in my feeble hands; but you well know pains have not been spared as far as my efforts were adequate to the attempt. The translation of poetry is no easy task: no one can do it successfully who is incapable of producing *originals*: the translator of words will never do it; neither will he who can spare one thought for the world, or its concerns, while he holds the pen: it requires the whole man."

Dec. 21. "More illness has made me pause since writing the above: a very lethargic state overtook me for more than a week, attended with headache, and stupor; but a warm pediluvium last night greatly relieved me, and enables me to take up my pen again. Dr. Ryland has shown me this evening a very curious letter written to him by a convert made by the Baptist missionaries in India. It is beautifully written in *Sanscrit*, and accompanied by a translation.

"You have been very fortunate in meeting with so many MSS. I hope you will find an adequate satisfaction in them: my wishes in that way are more bounded: *I seek poetry*: there my talent for translation lies, rather than for history or other prose works.

"Your mother and sisters are well: I saw them last night, and they desired to be affectionately remembered to you. As for news, I can tell you none from hence. Dr. Fox wrote to



you a letter by *Dr. Jardine*, who has lately returned from America, and settled in *Liverpool*.

"You have doubtless heard of *Southey's* appointment to be secretary to the chancellor of the exchequer in *Ireland*. I had almost forgotten to say that I have met with three Indian paintings very neatly executed, with fine writings on the backs of two of them; in one of which eight beautifully coloured birds from nature are introduced; a fine miniature portrait of *Jehangeer*, and his *amanuensis*. The second painting represents two fighting elephants, finely done, made up of animals and men, like the painting of the horse which you have, but in a state of hostility, and ridden by demons armed with strange weapons of destruction: they are finely drawn and well coloured. The third is of two finely painted ladies in a landscape, with a very richly ornamented gold border, in which are introduced finely written inscriptions. If the *Anvary Soheily*, by *Cashefy*, is in tolerably easy *Persic*, I think it might answer to translate it. Your ever affectionate friend,

"C. FOX."

It was not possible for Mr. Clarke to remain long inactive in either gaining or endeavouring to diffuse useful knowledge: and though his various duties occupied the chief part of his time and attention, yet he sought out and found opportunities of cultivating literature, and science in general: but, in order to embody and give consistency to his views and feelings, we find him shortly after his arrival in *Liverpool* projecting and forming a society for literary and scientific purposes; for which he drew up rules, and organized its constitution. This society was instituted at *Liverpool*, December 18th, 1801, and put forth a printed copy of rules, under the title of "*Rules of the Philological Society*." To these rules of the *Philological Society* succeeded a printed list of questions to be considered by the different members of which it was formed, all important to the cause of science and general literature. It is well known that both the rules and questions, as well as the introductory address, were the suggestions and drawing up of Mr. Clarke, he having been unanimously chosen its president. This society produced many very excellent papers, and excited a considerable inquiry into scientific knowledge and useful philosophy.

Mr. Clarke's health again fell beneath the accumulated load of fatigue. He was often taken suddenly ill, so much so, indeed, as in an instant to be deprived of all sensation; and about this time he had so serious a seizure of the kind, that his family and friends anticipated the most distressing results. These attacks were the results of severe application to study, added to his heavy duties as a minister; for, while keenly alive to the interests of learning and science, they were never permitted in the slightest degree to interfere with his ministry, or the more private duties of his function: as the minister of Christ, he visited

the sick, and poured the oil of consolation into the wounded spirit : regardless of his ease, or the previous labours of the day, he has risen in the night, and frequently gone a distance of several miles, to pray by the bedside of the sick, or to receive the confessions of a labouring conscience.

A remarkable instance of this latter kind may here be narrated, as nearly as possible in Dr. Clarke's own words. The facts of the case are indubitable :—

A gentleman in — attended Mr. Clarke's preaching, and shortly afterwards was deeply convinced of sin, of his fallen nature, and of his actual transgression. He became diligent in his attendance on the public ministry, deeply deplored his sins ; and with strong prayer and tears sought pardon of God for his transgressions, through the blood of Jesus : he sought, but found not : he mourned, but was not comforted. Shortly afterwards he was confined by sickness, and sent for Mr. Clarke to pray with him, and for him : he did so ; and when he learned how long he had thus mourned, and saw its apparent sincerity and earnestness, he secretly wondered at God's so long withholding a manifestation of pardon from such bitter, such deep repentance : but he charged not God foolishly ; but rather, on finding after such oft-repeated visits that the lamp of life was burning low, and that the mental agony of the penitent was even hurrying on its extinction ; with tender but firm language he said, " It is not often, Mr. —, that God thus deals with a soul deeply humbled as yours is ; and so earnestly, in his own appointed way, seeking redemption through the blood of his Son : sir, there must be a cause for this ; and you have yet left something undone, which it was and is your interest and duty to have done : God judge between you and it."

The gentleman fixed his eyes intently on the face of Mr. Clarke, raised himself up in bed, and gave the following narration :—

" In the year —, I was at —, and took my passage in the ship —, for England : before we sailed, some merchants of that place came to the vessel, and put on board a small bag of dollars, which they gave into the charge of the captain to carry to such and such parties. I saw this transaction, and marked the captain's carelessness ; for instead of putting the bag of dollars in a place of safety, he left it carelessly day after day rolling on the locker. For the simple purpose of frightening him I hid it : he made no inquiries, and we arrived at —, and I still detained it till it should be missed : month after month passed away, and still no inquiry was made for the lost property. The parties to whom it was consigned, and who had notice of its being sent, came to the captain for it : he remembered its having been given into his charge at —, but nothing more : it might have been left behind. Letters to that effect were written to the correspondents, and a search was made, but

nothing could be learned ; no trace of the lost treasure could be discovered. All this necessarily occupied many months : I had now become alarmed, and was ashamed to confess, lest it should implicate my character. I then *purposely* secreted the property. The captain was sued for the amount ; and, having nothing to pay, he was thrown into prison, firmly maintaining his innocence of the theft, but pleading guilty to the charge of carelessness respecting his trust. He languished in prison for two years and then died. Guilt had by this time hardened my mind ; I strove to be happy, by stifling my conscience with the cares and amusements of the world : but all in vain. I at last heard you preach ; and then it was that the voice of God broke in upon my conscience, and reasoned with me of righteousness, and of judgment to come. Hell gat hold upon my spirit ; I have prayed ; I have deplored ; I have agonised at the throne of mercy, for the sake of Christ, for pardon : but God is deaf to my prayer ; Christ casts out my petition : there is no mercy for me ; I must go down into the grave unpardoned,—unsaved !”

O what a tale was this ! How fine a scheme of Satanic device did it reveal ! The captain was, however, dead ; and that, too, without learning that his name was rescued from infamy : but his widow and fatherless children still lived ; and Mr. Clarke suggested to the dying penitent that God claimed from him not only repentance, but *restitution*. To this the gentleman willingly consented. This sum, with its interest, and compound interest, was made up ; the circumstances of the case, without the name, were declared to the widow, and the parties concerned, through the medium of Mr. Clarke, who obtained an acknowledgment for the sum : (which he kept to his death, and which still remains among his papers :) shortly afterward the troubled mind of Mr. — was calmed ; and in firm assurance of the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ, this penitent soul exchanged worlds ; a warning to all the workers of iniquity ; a lesson to all the ministers of Christ not to charge God foolishly, when any such cases come before their spiritual cognizance ; an exhortation to such as have received the wages of unrighteousness, not only to confess, but to restore to the full all ill-gotten gain ; and a loud call upon all who think, like this gentleman, that they stand, to take heed lest, like him, they fall.

In April, 1802, Mr. Clarke's health being exceedingly bad, he was taken by a friend to London, for the advice of the faculty in that city. Among others, he consulted Mr. Pearson. The following is a copy of his letter to his wife after this interview :—

“ I went this morning with Mr. Butterworth to consult Mr. Pearson, who said, ‘ You must totally cease from all mental and bodily exertion, except such as you may take in cultivating a garden, or riding on horseback. I know not whether your disease be not too far advanced to be cured. The ventricles of

your heart are in a state of disease; and if you do not totally and absolutely abstain from reading, writing, preaching, &c., you will die speedily, and you will die suddenly. Did I not believe you to be in such a state of mind as not to be hurt at this declaration, I would have suppressed it; but, as matters are, I deem it my duty to be thus explicit, and assure you that if you do not wholly abstain, for at least twelve months, you are a dead man.' Now, my dear Mary, you must not believe all this, but we will talk the business over when I see you. If I find I cannot do my work, I will give it up; I will not feed myself to starve the church of God: I will seek out some other way of maintaining my wife and my children."

Thus wrote and thus felt the minister, the husband, and the father; nor did his future conduct ever bespeak any other language. Distressing indeed must have been this communication to his family: especially as the judgment was confirmed by the opinion of some of the most able of the faculty in many of the principal towns in England: but God had yet work for him to do, both in his church and in the world; and he spared his life for many years.

It was during this visit to town that the following letter was written, addressed also to his wife. It is dated *London*, April 4, 1802. After giving an account of his health, he proceeds thus:—

"I have been very little out since I came here; but, through the medium of Mr. Baynes, I have had an interview with the secretary of the Royal Society of Antiquarians, who informed me that they had just received from Egypt a curious stone, with a threefold inscription; one hieroglyphics, the other Greek, and the third *utterly unknown*. He offered to take me to the society's apartments in Somerset house, and show it to me. 'All,' he continued, 'of the literati of the metropolis have been to see it, several members of the Asiatic Society, the famous Sanscreeet scholar, Charles Wilkins, F. R. S., &c., &c., and not one of them can find out the *matter* of the stone, nor the third inscription. Sir, it pours contempt upon all modern learning, and is a language that has been utterly lost. As the Greek inscription shows that it relates to the deification of one of the *Ptolemies*, it is evidently several hundred years older than the Christian era: however, if you choose, sir, you shall have the privilege of seeing it.' He seemed to treat me with such a more than *quantum sufficit* of hauteur, that I really did not wish to lay myself under so much obligation: however, I endeavoured to thank him in the best manner I could. He then said, 'If you are conversant in Greek, I can repeat part of the last lines of the Greek inscription to you.' I bowed, and said nothing. He then began, and interpreted as he went on. Among many things, he said, 'The stone is so hard that no

instrument we have could cut it; and the inscription itself points this out, for the decree is, that it should be cut *on a hard stone*.' A. C.—Sir, I do not think, whatever quality the stone may be of, that *σχετος* here signifies *hard*; its ideal and proper meaning is *firm*, and it probably refers to the local *establishment* of the stone: it means to be *set up firmly* in an obvious place. He was not willing to give up his own opinion; but he would not maintain it: the interview ended.

On Saturday morning I called on Mr. Baynes, and found the doctor had been there again, inquiring for me, and wishing me to meet him there at twelve o'clock, and he would take me in a coach to Somerset house. I appeared indifferent about it; however, Mr. B. and Mr. N. pressed me so much to accept the offer, for they wished to have a peep also, that I consented to go.

"The doctor came precisely at the appointed time, and behaved himself with less stiffness; we entered the coach, and drove forward; the conversation was chiefly about the 'stone and its indescribable inscription, with the contempt which it poured on the learning of the most learned,' &c., &c. He talked also about Persian, and 'assured me that we had derived many English words from it,' and mentioned some. I mentioned others. I soon had the ground to myself. Arrived at Somerset house, we entered, and I was led to the apartment where the stone was. Doctor.—'Here is this curious and ancient stone, which Sir Sydney Smith took from General Menou, and which he valued so much that the French government endeavoured to make the restoration of it one part of the definitive treaty.' I had only begun to look at the stone when the member who is employed in making out the Greek inscription came in, I suppose by appointment. I viewed it silently for some time. Doctor.—Well, sir, what do you think of it? A. C.—Why, sir, it is certainly very curious. Doctor.—What do you think the stone is? Some suppose it to be porphyry, others granite; but none are agreed. A. C.—Why, sir, it is neither porphyry nor granite; it is basalt. Doctor.—Basalt, think you? A. C.—Yes, sir, I am certain it is nothing but basalt, interspersed with mica and quartz. I pledge myself it will strike fire with flint. This produced some conversation, in which the other gentleman took a part; at last my opinion became current. I then measured the stone; and the doctor, finding I was doing it *secundum artem*, was glad to take down the dimensions. Then the 'unknown inscription' came into review. A. C.—This inscription is *Coptic*, and differs only from the printed *Coptic*, in Wilkins's Testament, as printed Persian does from manuscript. Dr. Woide's Coptic grammar was brought out of the library, and I demonstrated my position. Thus in a few minutes was delivered into their hands a key by which the whole may be easily made out. I am on the eve of leaving

this bustling place, where invalids have no business. Lord Kenyon is this morning dead; so a great man and a prince is fallen in Israel: he was an upright judge, and an ornament to the nation. Your affectionate husband, ADAM CLARKE."

During Mr. Clarke's abode in Liverpool, his domestic sorrows were renewed by the illness and ultimate death of his dear and only brother. The duties of a medical man in a small town or village are always arduous; but, at the period we are now speaking of, they were more especially so, when the study of the healing art was much more limited, and its practitioners but comparatively few in number. Mr. Tracy Clarke being naturally of an extremely urbane character, and of kind and elegant manners, and being also deservedly held in high repute for his medical knowledge and skill, his practice was very great, and widely extended. After all the ordinary labours of the day, he has frequently been called up for five successive nights, and had often to ride on horseback many miles, alike exposed to the night air, cold, or tempest; for this severe labour he was not constitutionally fitted; not naturally strong, his health soon became impaired, and, in the end, symptoms of decided consumption too plainly proved that his life would fall a sacrifice to the hardships to which it was exposed.

Mr. Clarke diligently and affectionately attended this dear brother during his illness, and on his death-bed. In reference to this painful event, he makes the following entries in his pocket-book:—

"Sept. 6, 1803. I went to see my dying brother: he is in a very happy state of mind.

"Sept. 15. I went to *Maghull* and gave the sacrament to my dying brother: he is in great pain of body, but steadfast in his confidence in the Lord.

"Sept. 16. I preached at *Aintree*, from Isa. liv, 13, 14. My blessed brother died at nine o'clock this evening.

"Sept. 17. I went over to see my dear brother's remains. *O quantum mutatus ab illo.*

"Sept. 20. I attended the remains of my precious brother to the earth in *Melling* church-yard, Lancashire."

Hard, indeed, must it have proved to part with one who had been his companion almost from childhood, and his friend from the very dawn of his conscious being; and, it may be added, the peculiarly affectionate and interesting recollections of childhood—the alternate day of toil and school—the lesson taught and communicated—all these remembrances must have added poignancy to a loss which is, under any circumstances, felt to be severe; but, while he bitterly sorrowed for an only brother thus cut off in the prime of his life, it was not without the hope of joining him again in the paradise of God.

Mr. Tracy Clarke died at *Maghull*, near Liverpool, in the

forty-fifth year of his age; but his memory still lives in the respect and esteem alike of the rich and the poor throughout the neighbourhood.

A curious circumstance occurred some little time previously to the death of Mr. Tracy Clarke, which deserves notice, both as being singular in itself, and as resting on more indubitable evidence than most recorded facts of the kind. Mr. Tracy Clarke was accustomed to visit the Isle of Man occasionally for the recovery of his declining health: the last time that he was there, he took his third son, Thrasycles, with him, leaving his fifth son, about seven years old, with his mother. After staying some days in the island, he proposed to return to Maghull, and, while his son and he were walking to the packet, he said, "Thrasycles, I have been last night to see your mother; she was sleeping in the best bed-room, which she is not accustomed to sleep in, and looked very well." By the time that he had finished the account, they came to the packet, set sail, and arrived safely in Liverpool. Mr. Tracy Clarke and his son went at once to his brother's house in Leeds-street; and in the course of conversation, without thinking particularly of the matter, he told his *dream* about having gone to Maghull. But the singular part of the story is this. Early in the morning of the same day in which Mr. T. Clarke left the Isle of Man, Mrs. Clarke at Maghull woke her young son and said, "I am very much distressed; I fear some evil has happened to your father; for, last night, while lying in bed, I heard him come in; he rode up to the stable, put his horse into it, brought his saddle and bridle into the house, and hung them up as usual. I then heard his footsteps ascending the stairs, enter the room, and walk around the bed; all this I heard distinctly, though I saw nothing; and that it was your father's footstep I am certain, as I should know it from any other in the world; and I am sadly afraid that some misfortune has befallen him."

The day on which Mr. T. Clarke and his son arrived in Liverpool, his brother persuaded him to spend at his house, and to sleep there that night, sending his son Thrasycles forward to *Maghull*, to inform his mother of their safe arrival. When Mrs. Clarke saw Thrasycles coming without his father, she broke into the most passionate exclamations of grief, and it was a long time before her son could persuade her that his father was safe in Liverpool, so alarmed was she at seeing him *alone*, and so convinced did she feel that this visit of her husband's spirit, for such she always believed it to be, boded him no good. A very short time after this, Mr. T. Clarke's illness increased so rapidly as speedily to terminate his life.

The above appears to be a most singular fact:—one person *dreams*, if such it were, in the Isle of Man, and tells the dream the next morning to his son:—his wife, eight miles from Liverpool, hears, on the same night, and tells it next morning, that

she had heard him do what he himself dreamed he had performed. The circumstance was told to others before the parties met; by the husband in the course of casual conversation, and by the wife as a subject of alarm: he supposes it to be a dream, and she an omen: and when her son appeared without the father, she thought that her forebodings were accomplished. There had been neither time nor possibility for intercourse between the parties: he had dreamed that he saw what was the *fact*, her sleeping in a room where she was not accustomed to sleep, and she actually believed she had heard him in that very room. However it may be accounted for, it is a most singular coincidence; and were we inclined to speculate, it might afford room for the supposition for *mental sympathy and knowledge* between persons far separated, or of the *communion of spirits*, when individuals could not personally have intercourse

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### MANCHESTER CIRCUIT, 1803-5.

#### (*Second Time.*)

In the year 1803, Mr. Clarke was sent by the conference to Manchester, where he engaged in his usual pastoral labours, for which the hours of the day were barely sufficient; but the early part of the morning, as it was voluntarily rescued from the hours generally ceded to sleep, he considered as peculiarly his own, and therefore made it subserve the interests of learning. There were a few young men to whom he was partial, and who anxiously desired an insight into the *Hebrew* and *Greek* languages; for which purpose his study was open to them every morning from five till seven, and during these hours Mr. Clarke taught them a language useful to all students; to three or four of these it proved so especially, as they afterward entered the ministry, and this knowledge fitted them the more ably to fulfil one branch of their high and holy calling.

During his first residence in Manchester, visiting as he did the poor, the sick, and the friendless, his heart had been deeply affected on account of the miseries of his fellow-creatures; he had sympathized with them, nor did his compassion stop here; for he knew that effectually to say, "Be thou warmed and be thou fed," required a supply of means far beyond the limits of his contracted income; but he felt, at the same time, that if God in his providence had not given him the talent of money, he had largely bestowed upon him an influence and a favour in the sight of the people which might, if exerted, be equally serviceable. This influence, therefore, he determined to exert, and for this purpose he first called upon a few friends, and laid before them his plans and the object they had in view, namely,



relieving the almost intolerable burden of poverty, accompanied by sickness, and pressed down upon the spirit by friendlessness.

On a printed sheet of folio paper, casually found, is the original plan and rules of the society advertised, accompanied by a short address to the people of Manchester, written by Mr. Clarke, and signed by his senior colleague and friend, the Rev. S. Bradburn, and himself. These rules are simple, and but five in number : at the end of them is the following note :—

“ N. B. Though this society is instituted by the Methodists, yet their own poor shall not be entitled to any relief from it ; a fund for supplying their wants being already established.

(Signed)

“ SAMUEL BRADBURN, and

“ ADAM CLARKE.

“ *Manchester, March 7, 1791.*”

From a MS. paper in Dr. Clarke's hand-writing, the following particulars of the origin of the society now known under the appellation of *The Strangers' Friend Society*, may be learned :—

“ *The Strangers' Friend Society* was formed by the Rev. Mr. John Wesley and myself, in *Bristol*, in the year 1789, on the foundation of a small meeting, the members of which subscribed one penny per week for the relief of the poor.

“ I went the next year, 1790, to *Dublin*, and there I formed a society of the same name, but as yet nothing was published. From *Dublin* I went to *Manchester*, in the August of the same year, and there I again formed another society of the same name and kind ; but I there drew up a paper in the March following, which I read myself in the public congregation in *Oldham-street* chapel, and begged that those who were friendly to such an institution would meet in the vestry after service. Many did, and all agreed that the paper which had been read should be printed ; it was so, and met with universal acceptance. I went from *Manchester* to *Liverpool*, and formed a similar society there.

“ In 1795 I removed to *London*, and formed at *Wapping* ‘ *The Strangers' Friend Society* ;’ nothing having the same rules or name having ever been there before. From *Wapping* it extended to *City Road*, *Spitalfields*, and indeed over the whole city and suburbs. There was a small society in *Long Lane*, *West Smithfield*, *London*, the pious members of which gave one penny per week to assist in relieving the wants of poor persons in the Methodist society ; but its name and rules were different, and it was chiefly managed by the late Mr. *John Owen*, and possibly sunk when *The Strangers' Friend Society* was established at *Wapping*, and afterward at *City Road* ; and probably into this the ‘ *Penny-a-week Society*’ was merged ; but I rather think that, as a society, it died a natural death, its very

few members becoming visitors in *The Strangers' Friend Society*.

"The name 'Benevolent' was afterward used, I believe, first in City Road; and these institutions, wherever established, meet with the most extensive patronage. This is the simple truth in reference to the origin and formation of *The Strangers' Friend Society*. (Signed) ADAM CLARKE.

"Stoke Newington, May 22, 1830."

But to return. Mr. Clarke found *The Strangers' Friend Society*, which he had, in 1791, established in Manchester, still not only in being, but in active operation. Small indeed had been its beginning, but truly benign were its effects; and its object was so entirely benevolent, and went so immediately to the accomplishment of its purpose, that such a society needed but to be known in order to its being supported. Nor can it be described with what sentiments of delight Mr. Clarke beheld the progress of this excellent institution. If indeed it arose as a cloud on the horizon, "little as a human hand," by the providential blessing of "the Father of the spirits of all flesh," he now beheld it rapidly spreading along the sky, and ultimately watering with its ten thousand blessings all the thirsty land.

Institutions of this nature are now, thank God, so established in almost every town, that they do not require any minute detail; and wherever they have appeared, they have as invariably lessened the extent and poignancy of human wo, and have not unfrequently been accompanied by an improved state of morals, and sometimes been followed by genuine Christianity; for when the heart is softened by affliction, then the voice of religion is often heard as "the voice of the charmer," to which the conscience will no longer turn a deaf ear.

In 1804 we find Mr. Clarke publishing a new edition of "Manners of the Ancient Israelites; containing an account of their peculiar customs, ceremonies, laws, polity, religion, sects, arts, and trades; their division of time, wars, captivities, dispersion, and present state: written originally in French, by *Claude Fleury*, Abbe of Argenteuil, and one of the forty members of the Royal Academy, Paris: with a short account of the ancient Samaritans. The whole much enlarged from the principal writers on Jewish antiquities, by ADAM CLARKE."

This work is one of great interest, not only as its object is to illustrate the Bible, but it contains much curious information connected with the ancient people of God: and gives an insight into their religious, civil, and social polity. The history of the Old and New Testaments is so indissolubly linked together, that whatever tends to throw light on the former should be hailed as additional testimony in favour of the latter, and be diligently studied as matter of pious and pleasing investigation.

In the course of this year the first number of the *Eclectic Review* made its appearance; and previously to its publication one of its chief managers, Mr. *Samuel Greatheed*, requested Mr. Clarke to become a regular contributor to the work. This appears from the following letter, dated,—

London, October 6, 1804. -

“DEAR SIR,—With a copy of the prospectus of the *Eclectic Review*, I have to address to you my earnest request that you will exert your literary attainments for the assistance of this benevolent and important undertaking. Though I have not enjoyed the privilege of a personal acquaintance with you, I am not a stranger to the laudable assiduity with which you have applied yourself to literary pursuits; and I understand that *Hebrew*, and other oriental languages, which are highly useful to Biblical criticism, have especially engaged your attention. Your help as a reviewer in this department, or in any other which may be agreeable to you, is entreated. Favour me with an early reply, and I will transmit to you a copy of the rules proposed for the private conduct of the reviewer, together with such books as have been selected, or may be pointed out by you from those which have been published within the present year. Hints for the improvement of the annexed prospectus which you may suggest for the advantage of this undertaking will be very acceptable. I am, dear sir, with great esteem, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL GREATHED.”

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*From the Same.*

London, October 12, 1804.

“DEAR SIR,—Accept my thanks for your favour of the 9th, with the remarks on the prospectus. Several of them have been adopted in a large number of copies now printed. I have seriously attended to the difficulties which you have stated, against taking a part regularly in the execution of the task which has devolved upon a few of us; but I trust you will be able to surmount them. Our pressure for time is extreme, and I have ventured to send you Mr. Sharp's two recent publications, and a small *Hebrew* grammar, of which only the introduction is new; and as it contains the best examples of the paradigms, and is most commonly used in dissenting academies, it is worthy of notice. I know not your judgment on the *Hebrew points*, but you are well aware that much may be said on both sides of the subject. You will greatly oblige me by your remarks on Mr. Sharp's *Hebrew* tracts, or at least upon one of them in the course of the month, in order that we may insert them in our first number. Relying on your zeal in this Biblical department, I remain your obliged servant,

“SAMUEL GREATHED.”

*From the Same.*

*Newport-Pagnell, November 7, 1804.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—It has given me some uneasiness not earlier to have been able to acknowledge your very acceptable letters of the 24th and 27th of October, and to thank you for the valuable reviews accompanying the latter, all of which were duly forwarded to me from town. Instead, however, of occupying you with a detail of my hinderances, I rely on your candour to give me credit for an earnest wish to have obviated them, had it been practicable,

"Every instance of your zeal for the important work in which we are engaged demands my cordial thanks, and none more than the exertion of your talents to render the work respectable by your review of Sir William Jones's grammar, which will appear in the first number. Our printer will get the *Persian* set up at another house where they are competent to the business, and the sheet shall be sent to you by post for your revision, to guard against mistakes in a business in which we are ignorant. I likewise beg the favour of you, as early as convenient, to attend to what relates to *Persian* literature in *Lord Teignmouth's Life of Sir William Jones*: any remarks that occur to you in perusing the work will be acceptable, though we would not trouble you to draw up a finished review, another person having undertaken it. It will depend upon the materials that may be ready, whether your reviews of the *Greek* and *Hebrew* grammar are inserted in the first or following number; if all were put in at once, our readers might, perhaps, join with your own complaints, and cry out, *Ne quid nimis*.

"I have not had time to examine the force of Mr. Sharp's arguments on the *Greek* articles: if you think the ground not tenable, it may be better for us not to occupy it: thank God, the proofs of our Lord's divinity do not rest upon such points. On you we rely for eastern criticisms, and these may perhaps occupy as much of your time as you can comfortably afford us. As we propose an article of *correspondence* on literary subjects, I should think your list of passages in the *Zendavesta*, if not too extensive, very proper for that department. I have a list of all the translations of the Bible in the *duke of Wirtemberg's* library for the first number: if you prepare such a paper, it may be introduced in the second. If we had many friends as zealous as yourself, we should not fear for our final success: our aim is to do good, and serve the cause of religion. Forget not the need of yours sincerely,

SAMUEL GREATHERD."

*From the Same.*

*Newport-Pagnell, November 17, 1804.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been carefully revising your account of the Persian grammar, and though I have found very little that could be omitted or much abridged, I have ventured to make some transpositions and verbal alterations, which I judged for the better; wishing that so accurate a piece of criticism should be, even in minor points of style, as complete as possible. I hope you have received 'Lord Teigamouth's Biography of Sir William Jones,' and that you will favour us with your remarks upon it, at your earliest convenience, as our respected friend wishes to complete his review of the work for the second number. Your account of the *Greek and Hebrew grammars* will be inserted in succession. Haste obliges me to close abruptly. Yours sincerely,

"SAMUEL GRANTHEED."

During this year (1804) Mr. Clarke published a tract, entitled, "*A Succinct Account of the Principal Editions of the Greek Testament, from the first printed at Complutum, in 1514, to that by Professor Griesbach, in 1797, arranged in chronological order; together with the chief editions of this sacred book in three or more languages, commonly called Polyglots; with a short account of its principal ancient and modern versions, alphabetically arranged.*" To this useful tract was also added, "*Observations on the Text of the Three Divine Witnesses, accompanied with a plate, containing two very correct fac-similes of 1 John v. 7, 8, and 9, as they stand in the first edition of the New Testament, printed at Complutum, in 1514, and in the Codex Montfortis, a manuscript marked G 97 in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.*"

This tract contains a great variety of curious and important knowledge, such as every scholar will appreciate, especially if he stand more immediately connected with theological matters, and it will save him from a vast expense of labour and time in having the subject so amply investigated for him, and that too from authorities to which probably he could not himself have access.

Towards the latter end of this year Mr. Clarke drew up an anniversary address as president of the Philological Society, which, at the request of the members, appeared in print. This paper is too long to introduce here, but it will be published among his miscellanies.

During Mr. Clarke's abode in Liverpool he had been acquainted with that excellent and literary character, *William Roscoe, Esq.*, and as that gentleman was about to publish his *History*

of *Leo the Tenth*, Mr. Clarke, believing he had a MS. book in his library which would assist Mr. Roscoe in the prosecution and perfecting of his work, offered to lend it him for that purpose.

Mr. Roscoe's letter in reply, is dated,—

Allerton, Nov. 5, 1804.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Bullock communicated to me your very obliging offer of lending me a MS. entitled, *Relazione ed Essame della Rep. di Venetia fatta da Conte dalla Torre*, which you thought might probably be of service to me in my history of Leo X. From the title I should conjecture the work you mention to be rather political than historical, and as I do not enter particularly into the consideration of the constitution of Venice, nor indeed its history, farther than as that government had an important share in the wars consequent on the league of Cambray, and in the other commotions of Italy, I think I may with safety avoid giving you the trouble of sending me the work, which I cannot however do without desiring you to accept my warmest acknowledgments for so kind an offer. My very respectable friend, Mr. Warrington, vicar of Old Windsor, well known as an author by his *History of Wales*, has written a *History of Venice*, which he has for some years past had an intention of publishing; to him your MS. would probably be highly worth inspection, and as it might be the means of laying before the public any valuable information which it may contain, I shall be happy, with your permission, to mention it to him, and should he wish to see it, I shall esteem it as a favour done to myself, if you will allow him an opportunity of inspecting it. I recollect to have seen in your very valuable library a beautiful MS. volume of *Italian* poetry, which, although not of very ancient date, seemed to me to possess considerable merit. Your kindness in offering to favour me with the loan of one work, induces me to request that of another, and whenever you can spare this volume, and a safe opportunity occurs, I shall esteem myself much obliged by a sight of it; with your permission to keep it for a few weeks. I am, with very sincere esteem, dear sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"WILLIAM ROSCOE."

For two years Mr. Clarke continued his active ministerial and literary labours in Manchester, his health was improving, and the affectionate attention of his friends assisted to perfect his restoration: but affliction assailed his peace, and he was called to experience severe sorrow by the protracted illness and ultimate death of his youngest little girl: she was peculiarly lovely in person, but being seized with the whooping cough, she had not strength of constitution to contend with the disorder; it fell upon her lungs, and bowed her down to the grave.

During her sickness, her parents were chiefly her nurses; and after writing for some time, her father would go into the room and carry her about till he was nearly exhausted, and then return again to his labours. The child was remarkably attached to her parents, and though she would often express her fear that carrying her so much would hurt her dear father, and nursing her so long would tire her dear mother, yet the relief both ministered to her in her weakness and pain, and the beaming of pleasure which displayed itself in the additional lustre of her eye on these occasions, were eloquent witnesses against the arguments her tongue framed into words. Being naturally a very clever child, she had early acquired the power of reading, and was exceedingly fond of Scripture stories; and when, during her illness, she was disabled from reading much, she would converse on what she had read, and delight herself in repeating hymns and passages of Scripture which she had committed to memory. When additional weakness prevented her from kneeling at her mother's knee to say her prayers, her distress was very great, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed, "Mother, I cannot pray." Yes, my dear child, you can, replied her mother. "How? I cannot kneel down!" But without kneeling, my dear Agnes, you can lie and think your prayers, saying them to yourself, for God, you know, can see your heart, and hear what you have not strength to say aloud, as you used to do. You often lie and think of your father and mother, and talk to them in your mind, do you not, when they are out of the room? "Yes, my dear mother." Well, then, my Agnes, do the same now in reference to your prayers. Think of God as near to you, which he is, and then your heart can pray to him as well as if you could kneel down and say your prayers at my knee. She was lifted into her crib, which was at the side of her parents' bed, and closing her eyes, and clasping her hands on her breast, she remained in this attitude for a few minutes; then opening her eyes, she exclaimed with strong emotion, "O yes, mother, I feel that I can pray;" and she ever afterwards continued this silent posture of prayer. During the whole of her illness she was most affectionately attended by Dr *Agnew of Manchester*, who was an intimate friend of the family; and he marked with concern the deep sorrow and continual fatigue and anxiety which this dear child's illness occasioned to her parents. One day coming in and seeing Mr. Clarke almost sinking in mind and body beneath his lovely burden, he said, "Mr. Clarke, if God does not soon see good to take that child, death will take you." But that time was nearly arrived; and in calmness and peace she yielded up her spirit into the hands of her great Creator, having just completed her fifth year.

A week before this painful event, Mrs. Clarke was herself confined of a little girl; but, owing to her previous fatigue and anxiety, it only survived its birth a short time. Deep and

settled was the grief which Mr. Clarke experienced in the loss of this child ; and it was long before he recovered his ordinary tone of mind and feeling : throughout life he could never bear her name mentioned without considerable emotion. To a friend, in writing, he expressed himself thus in reference to her :—“ Agnes was a most interesting and promising child ; few children of her years ever possessed a finer understanding, or a more amiable or affectionate disposition. She was led to remember her Creator in the days of her youth ; she truly feared him, and dreaded nothing so much as that by which he might be offended, and his good Spirit grieved. Young as she was, she evinced that she possessed a pious heart : she loved prayer, attended public worship with delight, and had such a firmness and constancy of resolution, that nothing could make her change a purpose which she had formed, when convinced that it was right. Had she lived, she would have made, under proper cultivation, an eminent woman : but God saw it best to take her, and having sowed in her heart the good seed of his kingdom, took her to heaven, where it should bring forth all its fruits in their native soil, and in their fullest perfection.”

During the course of this year (1805) the first edition of *Claude Fleury's Manners of the Ancient Israelites* having, owing to its favourable reception with the public, become scarce, and a second edition being called for, Mr. Clarke applied himself to add to and improve it ; to which, when completed, he prefixed a sort of *epistle dedicatory*, which he had printed, and sent the proof to two friends, to whom it was addressed. The dedication was returned with the joint thanks of the two friends ; but they each declined having their names affixed to the work. The dedication was consequently suppressed, and the book once more presented itself to the world on the evidences of its own utility. Again it was received with favour by the public, unpatronised it is true by names to which it would have done credit. It will not be wondered at, that the refusal of this dedication hurt the feelings of Mr. Clarke, and caused him ever afterwards scrupulously to avoid putting his literary productions in the same kind of jeopardy.

Previously to his quitting Manchester for another station, he received the following gratifying token of respect and esteem from the members of the Philological Society :—

“ At a meeting of the Philological Society of Manchester, held on the 9th day of August, 1805, it was resolved unanimously, ‘ That in consideration of the many obligations which the Philological Society is under to the Rev. Adam Clarke, their original and learned president, for his unwearied solicitude for its welfare ; his able and impartial conduct in the chair ; and for the high honour which his uniform attachment to its interests has conferred upon it ; the respective members of it most



respectfully present him with this their vote of thanks previously to his removal from Manchester.'

"Signed by order and in behalf of the Philological Society.

"WILLIAM JOHNS, *Vice President*.

"JOSEPH BARBER  
and  
"JOHN FOX, } *Secretaries.*"

To this vote of thanks was added the following still stronger expression of regard :—

"DEAR SIR,—The members of the Philological Society of Manchester cannot suffer you to remove from this place without giving you, in addition to their 'vote of thanks,' a farther collective expression of regret for the loss of so valuable and so amiable a member, and so inestimable a president; without again expressing their thanks for the very great attention which you have uniformly paid to the welfare and interests of the society, as well as for the very handsome manner in which you have so recently laid it under a heavy and lasting obligation by the bond of union which you have provided them with, in your present of a classical and elegant diploma plate, which likewise does the highest honour to the artist whose love of science spurred him so successfully to exert his talents upon the occasion.

"The Philological Society begs you to accept its best wishes for your happiness, and that you will be assured that while it has existence, the name of ADAM CLARKE will be always dear to its recollection, and will operate as a perpetual exciter of gratitude in the breasts of its present members, who will often revert to the hours of happiness which they have enjoyed in their association with you, and to the intellectual improvement which they have derived from it.

"Signed by order and in behalf of the Philological Society.

"WILLIAM JOHNS, *Vice President*,

"JOSEPH ASTONE,

"W. M. CRITCHLEY.

"To the Rev. Adam Clarke."

It appears that during Mr. Clarke's residence in *Manchester*, he had sent a copy of the "rules and questions of the Philological Society," through the hands of Mr. Joseph Butterworth, to the late excellent and scientific Earl Stanhope.

The following is the reply of his lordship to Mr. B.'s communication :—

"SIR,—May I beg you to return my best thanks to your brother-in-law, Mr. Adam Clarke, for his kind communication of 'the rules' of the literary society at *Manchester*, and for the one hundred and seventy-one questions thereunto annexed. It rejoices me to see such commendable efforts making to diffuse intellectual light. May almighty God grant that those efforts

may be attended with success. Both Mr. Clarke and you will be pleased to hear of the success of the *stereotype* office of Mr. Wilson, in Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields: and likewise of the printing-press which I have invented. I hope that a few years will make an alteration in the state of learning and literature. I have great expectations from the well-directed and persevering exertions of well-intentioned men. I trust I shall some day request Mr. Clarke's acceptance, and yours also, of two *works* which I intend to publish. The one is on the art of printing, and its recent improvement; the other on logic, and it will have, I believe, for title, 'The Science of Reasoning clearly explained upon New Principles.' It is a subject which I have been considering for upwards of thirty years, and relative to which I have made the most important discoveries.

"I wish you many happy new-years.

"I beg you to believe me ever your most faithful fellow-citizen,

" STANROPE.

" *To Mr. Joseph Butterworth.*"

From a letter which Mr. Clarke wrote at this time to his eldest son, then in Liverpool, we learn that the *Philological Society* did not simply content themselves with a mere written testimony of regard, but imbodyed their thanks in a more enduring form.

The following extract from the above-mentioned letter will best explain the circumstance:—

"You remember, my dear lad, that my motto is, 'Be diligent, lose no time.' If I did not act thus, I should never be able to profit myself or others. During my late absence from home, the *Philological Society* have held a meeting, not only without my consent, but even without my knowledge: and what think you is the result? Why, they have got two large silver cups made, each holding a pint, and beautifully ornamented with a border of *oak leaves* around the outer brim: and they have, in a very formal manner, presented them to me, by two of the vice presidents. They are each finely engraved with the following inscription:—

Ex Dono  
Societatis Philologicæ Mancuniensis  
Reverendo ADAMO CLARKE,  
Præsidi Dilectissimo et Diligentissimo,  
In  
Amicitia  
Gratque Animi  
Plurimis promeritis  
Testimonium.  
XIV. Die Februarii,  
MDCCCV."

## BOOK VI.

## LONDON CIRCUIT, 1805, ET SEQ.

*(Second Time.)*

AFTER remaining in Manchester two years, Mr. Clarke was again to leave it; being appointed by the Wesleyan conference to *London*. He parted from his many friends there with regret and affection; and the same may be said also of his feelings in reference to his literary associates, many of whom afterwards removed to London themselves, and thus weakened the interest of the Philological Society, which, being but itself in a state of infancy, could not bear these successive diminutions without endangering its very existence: and in the course of years it ultimately fell a prey to the necessary, but ruinous desertion of its various active members.

On Mr. and Mrs. Clarke's arrival in London, with their family, they went to reside in the City Road, adjoining the large Wesleyan chapel. Since his last station in the metropolis many new chapels had been built; and consequently the walks were still longer, and the ministerial labour not lessened. London is now divided into six circuits, each having its own superintendent preacher: at the time we are now speaking of it was otherwise, and Mr. Clarke was called to the superintendence of the whole of the London societies and chapels. This labour was very heavy, and the detail of it would have been too much; but Mrs. Clarke was, indeed, a helpmate to him, for she kept his pecuniary accounts of every description, as well as first saw every stranger, and, if possible, dismissed all general and unimportant inquirers.

The late Rev. *John Pawson* had always entertained a very high regard for Mr. Clarke: they had been colleagues in London and Liverpool, and had often together borne the burden and heat of the day. Mr. Clarke, hearing, in the spring of 1806, that his old friend and brother was sick, invited him to come to his house, in the hope of its doing good to his health and worn-out spirits. The letter in reply to this kindly intended invitation breathes too much of Christian dignity and tenderness of character not to be inserted. It is dated,—

*Wakefield, Friday, March 28, 1806.*

"O my Adam, my most affectionately beloved and esteemed friend and brother, for whom God knoweth I ever had a sincere regard, but now tenfold more so than ever, I return you my sincerest and most cordial thanks for your kind invitation to me to come up to *London*, and to take up my abode at your house

Alas ! how little did you know the state I was then in. Nevertheless, your love and kindness, so tenderly expressed, call very loudly upon me for suitable returns of gratitude and love to you and good and tender-hearted Mrs. Clarke, as well as to kind and generous Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth, to whom return my warmest acknowledgments.

"O, my dear brother, what I have suffered, what I now continue to suffer, and what still lies before me, is only known to my God : but glory to God in the highest, I am in the hands of Him who ever was, and who can never cease to be, infinitely wise and infinitely good ; whom I have found to be so to me, an unworthy worm, to the present hour ; blessed be his glorious name. What I have experienced of the power, goodness, unmerited mercy, and love of God, during this affliction, is not to be described by me. O, the views, the soul-transporting views of that heavenly felicity with which my soul hath been favoured. My loving friend, praise the name of the Lord with me, and for me ; and you may tell all my beloved London friends that *John Pawson* dies a witness of the saving power of those precious truths which have been taught, and believed, and experienced among us from the beginning of Methodism. Alas, for all the double refinements which some have found out : give me Methodism in its unadorned simplicity,—in its spirit, life, and power. I write thus freely to you from the grave's mouth, because I know your soul loves the good old truth, and I trust you will live and die by it, and in full possession of it in your heart. But I must give up, I can do no more : I have had much pain with this incoherent scrawl, and whether you will be able to make it out or not, I cannot tell : my head is so weak that I can scarcely spell a word right. Ten thousand times ten thousand blessings attend you, your beloved Mary, and all your family. God Almighty bless, preserve, and keep you, and make you an abundant blessing to your family, the church, and the world. John Pawson's dying prayer for you is, 'that goodness and mercy may follow you all the days of your life, and that you may dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.'

"Surely, if the love of the people and the preachers joined together could keep me from the grave, I must not die at this time : I never saw any thing like it in the whole course of my life.

"Farewell for ever. Bless the Lord for me ; and we shall all unitedly enjoy him very soon.

"I am most affectionately and eternally yours in Christ Jesus,  
JOHN PAWSON."

Under this affecting epistle Mr. Clarke has inscribed the following record :—

"The last letter written by Mr. John Pawson, and the last act he did."

But though in Manchester Mr. Clarke had been exceedingly engaged, yet in a short time in *London* his time was so completely occupied, that it was impossible for him to resume, under his then heavy duties, any of his merely literary avocations; he twice preached on the Sabbaths, and twice or thrice on the week evenings, besides managing the spiritual and temporal concerns of the various societies, in conjunction with his colleagues. These duties appear sufficiently arduous in themselves to claim all the time and attention of any ordinary man: but the talents and industry of Mr. Clarke soon developed themselves in a far wider sphere of usefulness: he was in short just beginning his public career, and its engagements gradually came upon him; and that, too, in such a way as scarcely to leave him the option of choice.

In the July of 1806, he was obliged to attend the Wesleyan conference, which was that year held in *Leeds*; and as it was his constant habit to write to Mrs. Clarke every day, if possible, during his occasional absences from home, the reader, by extracts from these communications, will be enabled to trace, in his own language, his occupations, feelings, and thoughts:—

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*Leeds, July 27, 1806.*

"I have been appointed to preach in the largest chapel in this town, and I am informed that the people are coming to the preaching from upwards of twenty miles around. The following anecdote will show you in some measure their spirit and temper. One of the Society of Friends, walking up and down the street, near his own house, at six o'clock in the morning, seeing a very plain-looking countryman, covered with dust and carrying a large great-coat, thus accosted him: 'Friend, whither art thou come! thou appearest to have travelled far, and to be much fatigued.' 'Glory be to God,' says Blunt-spurs, 'I am cooming to the Methodist conference; I am coomd forty mile, and ha walked all night: I ha got fifteen shillin, mon, and ha savd it fro my wage these twalve week at upwart o' a shillin a week.'

"The Friend, struck with his appearance and honest bluntness, said, 'Friend, I like thy spirit; thou seemest sincere and zealous in thy way; turn in hither and refresh thyself, and thou shalt be welcome to what the place will afford.'

"Poor Gruff turned in, and found a hearty welcome and plenty to eat. How valuable is this simplicity of spirit; how much more happiness do these people feel, who take God at his word, than those experience who are disputing with God himself every particle of his own revelation. Julius Cesar Scaliger, who perfectly understood thirteen different languages, seeing the comparative happiness of the simple and the ignorant, exclaimed, 'O that I had never known my alphabet.' But it is probable that from these uninstructed persons as many sources of

comfort are sealed up, as there are causes of distress to those whose understandings are properly cultivated."

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*To the Same.*

*Leeds, July 28, 1806.*

"This morning our conference began, and as I had heard from all quarters that they designed to put me in the chair, previously to the ballot I addressed the conference, and after having told them what I had understood, I proceeded to give my reasons why I could not go into the chair, and begged no brother would waste a vote on me, as my mind was made up on the business. This produced a conversation I little expected: all the old preachers said that I was the most eligible person, and entreated me not to refuse. I insisted upon it that I would not, and solemnly charged every one who had intended to vote for me, to give his suffrage to some other person. I then wrote my vote for Mr. John Barber, and showed my paper, and all about me followed my example. However, I trembled till this business was concluded; and what think you was the result? I was chosen by a majority of more than one half beyond the highest, and was called to the chair in the name of the conference. I still refused, begging that the next person in the number of votes might take the chair. We were thrown into a temporary confusion, during which Mr. Thomas Taylor and Mr. Joseph Bradford by main force lifted me out of my seat, and placed me upon the table. I was confounded and distressed beyond measure, and against all my resolutions was obliged to take the seat.

"As you now know the situation in which I am placed, you must not expect any more regular epistles, as I shall now only have Saturday afternoons to myself, and perhaps scarcely them. Pray, pray much for me, my Mary, for I am far, very far from being comfortable in my mind: the thought of having to preach next Lord's day before the conference, and to admit into full connection those preachers who have travelled four years, quite absorbs my spirits."

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*To the Same.*

*August 5.*

"This day has been one of very great fatigue. I have been the chief part of the afternoon examining the seventeen young preachers, in the presence of the conference, on all the doctrines preached by the Methodists. Each doctrine I particularly defined and explained, and, though it almost totally exhausted me,

I got through all with as much clearness and precision as I could nearly wish. Conference is just now broken up for the day, and I have in about half an hour to go and admit all these young men in the presence of an immense congregation, crowds of whom were rushing into the chapel before I could get off the conference board. I shall no doubt be 'welly kill't,' as they term it here; but I must go through it if it please God to give me power."

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*To the Same.*

*August 6.*

"I was obliged to close my letter yesterday before I had received the young preachers. I went to the chapel half an hour before the time, and, finding it excessively filled, I immediately began. I first sung, then prayed, and afterwards called over the names of the seventeen young preachers to know if all were present. In my best manner I then informed the congregation how persons were brought into the ministry among us; what examinations and trials the persons in question had passed through; the doctrines on which they had been especially examined; and then I gave a short definition, 1st, of the doctrine of original sin; 2dly, of the divinity of Christ; 3dly, of the atonement; 4thly, of justification by faith; 5thly, of the witness of the Spirit; 6thly, of Christian perfection; 7thly, of the eternal duration of rewards and punishments. When all this was finished, I called upon each by his name to give an account of his conversion to God, and his call to the Christian ministry; and each did so with a precision and excellence which did honour both to themselves and to us.

"When this was ended, we sung *Praise God from whom all blessings flow*, &c. Mr. Thomas Taylor then gave them a charge, which, for about eight minutes, he did with great feeling and excellence. I then addressed them in a short speech, and pronounced the form of reception in the name of God, whose mercy and love they were to proclaim;—in that of Jesus Christ, whose atonement they were to witness;—in that of the Holy Ghost, by whose influence they were thus fitted for the ministry, and by whose unction they were to be instrumental in alarming, convincing, converting, and in holiness building up the souls of men:—also in the name of the Methodist conference, by whose authority I acted;—and in the name of the many thousands who constitute that Church connected with them;—I thus admitted them into full connection and union with the whole body of itinerant preachers! Much solemnity rested on the whole assembly. Mr. Moore then prayed, and I pronounced the dismissal. Preachers and people seemed exceedingly pleased, and, after occupying three hours in this business, I got home quite worn out. I believe I have acquitted myself

to the satisfaction of the brethren, and I feel that I have acted with entire uprightness towards my God.

"You talk of going to Trowbridge, to see your mother and our little Mary : I own I should feel home to be but a waste, if you were not there to receive me at my coming ; and yet I wish you by all means to go : it would rejoice me to accompany yourself and Mrs. Butterworth there, after I had rested a few days at home. For all your sympathy on Sunday last accept my most affectionate thanks. You know, my dear Mary, that there never was any love lost between us. Yourself and the children are all I have on this side the God of heaven.

"I will see you as soon as I can, and I shall come home to you with *at least* as much cheerfulness and joy as the day I went into Trowbridge church to take you by the hand as my everlasting wife ; so says your affectionate husband,

"ADAM CLARKE."

It has often been observed, that those individuals who can and who will work, have always an abundance of employment. The truth of this was probably never more fully exemplified than in the case of the subject of these memoirs ; for the extraordinary talents and industry he possessed were soon called to a yet wider sphere of usefulness, which, however, did not supersede, but was rather added to all the rest.

"*The British and Foreign Bible Society*," which was then in its infancy, soon nominated him a member of its committee, and his Biblical knowledge and oriental studies constituted him a powerful auxiliary in many of its important objects. His brother-in-law, Mr. Butterworth, who was one of its earliest members, besought him to add this one other duty to his already long catalogue of engagements ; and the importance of the object itself, joined to his desire for the instruction and salvation of all the human race, determined him to give a portion of his time and attention to this new call from God and his servants.

The subject of printing a Bible in the *Arabic* language occupied at this time the deep attention of the committee.

On this subject there is a rough copy of a letter addressed to the Right Hon. Lord Teignmouth, president of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a nobleman equally known for his literary acumen as for the benevolence and urbanity of his character. This nobleman ever treated Mr. Clarke's opinion on all subjects with the most respectful attention, and he felt for him the kindest personal regard. The letter in question will give some notion of the nature of the arduous labour which devolves upon the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the cautious wariness with which they are ever obliged to act :—

"MY LORD,—I am favoured with a note from the Rev. Mr. Usko, enclosing a sheet of the quarto *Arabic* Bible now printing



at Newcastle, at the same time expressing a desire that I would transmit it to Mr. Dawes, at the Sierra Leone office, for his opinion. I did so, and have only received it back this morning, when I lost no time in immediately laying my opinion on the subject of a new edition of the *Arabic* Bible before the committee; they desired me to transmit the substance of it to your lordship, which I most gladly do, fully convinced that your judgment on the case is that by which the committee and myself ought to be governed. In reference to the printed specimen,—

“1. I allow that the type, for its size, is very beautiful, and seems to be well distributed over the page; so that the words are everywhere sufficiently distinct, which is not a common case in the *Arabic* or *Persian* books printed either here or at Calcutta.

“2. The paper is good enough, the ink very good, and the typographical execution very respectable. But I object, first, to the *form*, which I think is not the most convenient. Few *Arabic* or *Persian* books are written in quarto: even where the page is quarto, the written part is narrow in proportion, and often is not wider than what would be proportionate to an octavo page. Long lines on a quarto page, especially where the characters are small, are very inconvenient to be read, as it is difficult to carry back the eye over such a length of surface, so as to begin at the proper ensuing line. I would, therefore, advise it to be printed in quarto, and in two columns, to be separated by a neat double brass rule. Secondly, the character, though beautiful, is too small. I believe your lordship knows that the Asiatics hate our small types; and though many *Persian* works, especially the poets, are written in small characters, yet the penmanship is so very elegant, (far surpassing any thing which can be imitated by moveable types,) that they are very easily read; yet I believe *Arabic* works are seldom written so. *Arabic* writers seem to delight in a large, bold character, with the *nexus* greatly protracted in most of those letters which can admit of it, which is not only an elegance in their notions of calligraphy, but serves greatly to relieve and conduct the eye.

“The college *De Propaganda Fide* have carefully consulted this taste of the Mohammedans, and therefore have issued among them both the Scriptures and other theological works in a large, well-cut, beautiful character, resembling, as nearly as possible, those in their best written MSS. The same line is pursued at the Catholic establishment on Mount *Lebanon*, at the monastery of *Mar-Hanna-Shouair*, where they have a printing-press, from which, as Mr. Usko informs us, parts of the Holy Scriptures and certain devotional books have been issued in *Arabic*, executed in a large and beautiful type, and with great typographical accuracy.

“3. This edition is without the vowel points. I have no doubt that *Arabic*, as well as the *Hebrew*, was originally desti-

tute of its present vowel points, and consequently shall say nothing against or for the origin, necessity, and utility of this system, merely considered in itself; but I beg leave to observe to your lordship that the points are considered by the Mohammedans themselves as essential to a *divine revelation*.

"Hence the *Koran* is invariably written with the points, in all the forms in which it appears; indeed, so scrupulously attached are they to these points, that though in all their own works, except those of an elementary kind, they omit them, yet they affix them to every passage they quote from the *Koran*, in their other works, and often distinguish it by a different letter. Your lordship is no doubt well acquainted with the *Tufseer Husseng*, a celebrated commentary on the *Koran*, and you may have observed that, though the text is introduced in very small parcels, often only in single words, yet the *points* are continually affixed with the most scrupulous exactness. Now, my lord, as the points are always added among the Mohammedans to every portion of what they call a *divine revelation*, not only in token of profound respect, but also as essential to the *fixing of the sense* of that revelation, and without which, in the present state of the Arabic tongue, it would be liable to continual misconstruction; what must they think of our Scriptures, which we send among them as *divinely inspired*, destitute of an appendage which they deem essential to the respectability, accuracy, and perfection of the words of God? Your lordship knows well that, in the Arabic tongue, the preterite and future tenses, through the singular, dual, and plural numbers, in the passive voice, are, as to their letters, precisely the same with those of the same denomination in the active voice; and that the infinitive is the same with the third person masculine dual of the active voice, and that these tenses, in all their persons, are distinguished only by the *points*. A person well acquainted with the Arabic finds but little difficulty in understanding an Arabic author, though unpointed. Yet still those tenses are perpetually liable to be interchanged, and the meaning of the author, in such cases, is liable to be misunderstood. On this point the Mohammedan maxim is, 'that it would be perfectly unworthy of the divine Wisdom to give a revelation in which, from the uncertainty of the terms, the divine oracle should be liable to misconstruction.' Now, my lord, as the sacred Scriptures abound in historic details and predictions relative to the future, these tenses must frequently occur; and if there be not some method of determining the *voice* and *mood* in which they are used, what confusion may ensue, and in some cases conclusions may be drawn, from tenses thus misapprehended, which may be pregnant with ruinous consequences. I grant, my lord, that a Christian is in no danger of stumbling in this way, even in reading an unpointed Arabic Bible. And why? Because he already knows what he is reading, having learned it from a

Bible in his own native tongue : but the case is widely different with a Mohammedan. He knows nothing of any other version but that in his hand, and, consequently, to certain equivocal words he will fix that sense which to his fancy or prejudice may appear most proper.

"What may be the consequence ! A confirmation of his errors, and in some cases a persuasion that God could not have spoken as he understands what he has been reading. If, therefore, the structure of the language will permit the Christian to put into the hands of the Mohammedan a Bible which, in these respects, cannot be misunderstood, let it be done, in God's name, whatever the expense or difficulty may be. I know arguments may be adduced by learned men to prove that the difficulty of apprehending the meaning of an *unpointed text* is not so great as I appear to make it ; but still I cannot give up the opinion, and must insist that the sense in many places would not be sufficiently obvious, to common and prejudiced readers, to prevent the evils I apprehend. I am also aware that the Christians in the east are not friendly to the *points*, particularly those on Mount Lebanon, as Mr. Usko informs me : but are they not opposed to them because they see the Mohammedans so superstitiously attached to them ! And is the projected Arabic Bible to be published for the use of the Christians or the Mohammedans ! Of the latter, undoubtedly ; and for the use of that very people who are superstitiously attached to the *points*. Hence the higher reason why they should have it in that way which is likely to shock their prejudices the least. I believe your lordship is anxious, as are also the committee, that an edition of the Arabic Scriptures should be procured without delay. It seems the right honourable the lord bishop of Durham, that incessant patron of learning and learned men, has taken the lead in this business : I hope he has not proceeded far in his edition, and that it is still capable of receiving those improvements which may most effectually accomplish his lordship's benevolent design.

"I would therefore propose to you, my lord, that the British and Foreign Bible Society should engage to take so many copies ; say one, two, or more thousands, the whole expense of which they should defray, on condition that the Bible be printed with *points throughout*, or at least in *those places* where the sense may be liable to be misunderstood. If the *points* be cast on a fine pearl body, they will add a little more than one half to the quantity of letter press ; and the present types, though smaller than might be wished, will look much better, and the lines be more distinct when the vowels are added. As the letter is ready, and other typographical arrangements made at Newcastle, there need be no farther delay than merely what may be requisite to procure the *points*. The expense, it is true, of composing, &c., will be considerably greater than it would be on

the plan of the specimen: but what is this, when the question relates to the diffusion of the word of God among many millions of deluded people! A pure edition of the Arabic Scriptures is still a *desideratum* in Biblical literature: the time, I hope, is at hand in which it shall cease to be so. Under the auspices and the direction of your lordship, and the British and Foreign Bible Society, I am led confidently to expect an edition of the *Arabic Bible* which shall be worthy of the subject, a credit to your lordship and the society, and an honour to the British nation. I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's sincere and obedient servant,

ADAM CLARKE."

To many readers the preceding letter will be highly interesting: to all it will evince the anxious care requisite for a proper discharge of the duties belonging to the dispensing of the word of the living God among nations who know not his Christ: among a people who might regard him not, if in an unlearned or in an injudicious manner that word was published among them. The following letter on the subject of the *text* to be used in the new edition of the *Arabic Bible*, written by Mr. Clarke to the oriental committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, is also interesting and important.

Extract from the minutes of the oriental sub-committee, held at the new London tavern, January 21, 1807:—

"Read a letter from the Rev. Adam Clarke, containing several observations of great importance, relating to the text of the Arabic Bible.

"Resolved the same be entered on the minutes, as under, *viz.*—

"To the Oriental Sub-committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

"GENTLEMEN,—As indisposition prevents me from having the pleasure of meeting with the oriental committee this morning, I think it necessary to state in this paper what I probably should have said had I been present.

"I suppose I am to take it for granted that the British and Foreign Bible Society has come to a resolution that an edition of the Arabic Scriptures should be printed for the use of the Mohammedans. This being granted, it is a question of considerable importance what *copy*, or *copies* shall be used, in order to form this projected edition.

"It is well known that various editions of the whole or parts of the Holy Scriptures have been published in Arabic, since about the middle of the sixteenth century; and it is equally known that these possess various degrees of merit, and that no proper standard or authentic Arabic text has yet been published, as there has been no regular translation of the Hebrew text into this language.

"Of the Arabic versions already known, (none of which takes

in the whole Scriptures,) some have been made by *Jews*, some by *Samaritans*, and some by *Christians*.

'The version most noted is that of *Rab. Saadiah Gaon*; or rather, the version is attributed to a person of his name; for the author is not satisfactorily ascertained. This version properly takes in no more than the Pentateuch, and was first published in Hebrew letters, Constantinople, 1546, fol.; republished in the Paris Polyglot, 1645, and afterwards in the London Polyglot of 1657. This is known by the learned to be a miserably lax, paraphrastical work. Sometimes the author follows the *Hebrew*, sometimes the *Chaldee Targum of Onkelos*, and sometimes the *Greek version of the Septuagint*. Besides, it is allowed to be carelessly executed; the Arabic is not pure, as the Hebrew idiom in general prevails; but this is probably its lightest imperfection.

An Arabic version of the Pentateuch, taken from the *Samaritan*, is also in existence, but has never been published, except a specimen, by *J. Hen. Hottinger*, from Genesis eleventh, printed at *Heidelberg*, 1658, quarto.

'Of the Arabic versions made by *Christians*, perhaps not one was made solely from the Hebrew text, some being formed partly from the *Septuagint*, and some from the *Syriac*.

'In 1623 *Erpen* published, at *Leyden*, the Arabic Pentateuch, in quarto, taken from a MS. once in the possession of *Scaliger*. This seems to have been made by some African Jew, who had a thorough knowledge of both languages; and, what is essential to a translator of the Scriptures, a conscientious heart. This version is made immediately from the Hebrew text, which it almost universally expresses as closely as the nature and idiom of the two languages can well allow. I need not add that this work is invaluable.

'Great expectations were formed relative to the Arabic text which was to appear in the *Paris Polyglot*; the editors were known to be men of eminent abilities in oriental learning, but they fell out by the way, and the work was essentially marred. The Pentateuch of this edition is that generally attributed to *R. Saadiah Gaon*; the other books are the work of uncertain authors, and the version evidently made partly from the *Septuagint* and partly from the *Syriac*: indeed, so closely does this version in some books follow the latter, that in the *London Polyglot* the same Latin translation, with a very few alterations noticed in the margin, answers to both the *Syriac* and *Arabic* texts. This version was also very imperfectly edited, for not only many words were omitted, but often whole verses, and sometimes entire chapters. I need not tell the committee that the Arabic text of the Paris Polyglot is that which is reprinted in the London Polyglot, only the lacunæ are filled up by Bishop Walton, from one of the Selden MSS. in the University of Oxford; the additions from which the conscientious editor has, in

every place where they occur, distinguished from the Parisian texts by enclosing them in crotchets.

'An edition of the Arabic Bible, in 3 vols. folio, was printed at Rome by the *Propaganda*, in 1671. The work was superintended by *Abram. Ecchellensis* and *Lewis Maracci*, both eminently skilled in the Arabic language; but they sacrificed their conscience and judgment to the creed of their church, and corrupted the text from the Vulgate.

'Another edition from the same place, in 1753, is in the main taken from the former, with several corrections; but the peculiar readings of the Vulgate still predominate.

'An Arabic Bible, printed Ducorestii, (Bucharest, in *Walachia*), cura et studio Patriarchæ Antiocheni Milchitarum, 1700, fol., has been spoken of as being very correct: but I find no critical account of it anywhere, nor can I learn that a copy of it is to be found in England.

'Two important editions, one of the Psalms, and one of the whole *New Testament*, have been printed in London, by the Society for Promoting Christianity in the East: the former in 1735, octavo; the latter in 1727, quarto. The text of the Psalms is different from any Arabic version previously published, and is more concordant with the Hebrew text. The text of the New Testament is evidently taken from that in the Polyglot, but altered in a great number of places to make it correspond to the Greek text. 1 John v, 7, is here inserted, though not found in the ancient Arabic versions. At this we need not be surprised, as those versions were chiefly taken from the Syriac, which never acknowledged this verse. The Syriac also omits the passage John viii. 1-11, concerning the woman taken in adultery; the whole of the Second of Peter: the Second and Third Epistles of John; the Epistle of Jude; and the Revelation.

'Both these editions were corrected and edited by *Solomon Negri*, who, it appears, had orders from the society to correct and amend the Arabic text, and bring it as near as possible to the Hebrew and Greek originals.

'The Arabic Testament, published by *Erpen*, at Leyden, 1616, quarto, from a MS. of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, is allowed by the learned to be, in matters purely critical, of very great importance; but learned men who have examined it find that it has been made chiefly from the Syriac and Coptic versions; and perhaps few books, if any, simply from the original Greek.

'What I have hitherto said is in reference to the following conclusions:—

'1. From all the information I have been able to acquire on the subject, it appears to me that no edition hitherto published of the Scriptures in Arabic should be exclusively followed.

'2. That the text of the edition projected by the British and

Foreign Bible Society should be made up from different editions. And,

‘3. That these should be collated with some of the most authentic MSS., particularly in obscure, dubious, and difficult places.

‘With the utmost deference to the superior judgment of the oriental committee, I would advise, first, that the *Pentateuch* be printed from the Erpenian edition, Lugd. Bat., 1629, quarto, with the *addition* of the vowel-points. Secondly, that the historical and prophetic books be printed from the London Polyglot. Thirdly, that the *Psalms* be printed from the *London edition*, octavo, 1725. Fourthly, that the whole of the *New Testament* be printed from the London edition, quarto, 1727. Fifthly, that the work be preceded by a short dissertation, or preface, containing a mild address to the Mohammedans relative to the integrity of the Old and New Testaments, which they, to a man, deny; asserting that the Jews have corrupted the former, and the Christians the latter. An attack upon their religion, such as that in the Karass pamphlet, may excite their indignation, but will, I am afraid, go little way to remove their prejudices. In such prefatory discourse particular attention should be paid to explain the terms *Father*, when applied to *God*; *Son of God*, when applied to *Jesus Christ*; and *sons and daughters of God*, when applied to believers. If possible, let these forms of expression be vindicated from the *Koran*, and from Arabic theological and poetical writers. I hope this will not appear of small moment to the committee, as I have often witnessed that the use of these terms fills conscientious Mohammedans with terror, as they are not yet persuaded that we do not use them in their grossest acceptation.

‘Long as this letter is, I should have felt it my duty to have entered more particularly into the question, had health and time permitted.

‘With the greatest respect for every member of the committee, and the heartiest prayers for the prosperity of their excellent and arduous undertaking, I am their cordial servant, and fellow-labourer,

ADAM CLARKE.’

“Resolved, That the thanks of this sub-committee be presented to the Rev. Adam Clarke for the above important communication.

“The right honourable the president having signified his willingness to communicate with Dr. Ford, of Oxford, on the whole subject, his lordship was requested to obtain information on the following points:—

“1. Whether Dr. Ford would be willing to undertake, for a suitable remuneration, the superintendence and correction of an edition of the Arabic Bible for this society.

“2. What Dr. Ford’s opinion is upon the text which ought

to be employed as a standard for such an edition; and also what is his judgment upon the Rev. Adam Clarke's letter."

The insertion of the following letter will gratify the reader, as it bears immediately upon the same interesting subject:—

*To the Right Honourable Lord Teignmouth.*

*City Road, Feb. 2, 1807.*

"MY LORD,—As I find my communication to the oriental committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, on the subject of the projected edition of the Holy Scriptures in Arabic, has had the honour to meet your lordship's eye, trusting in your lordship's candour, I beg permission to explain myself a little farther on the same subject.

"Though I have taken the liberty to recommend Erpen's edition of the Pentateuch, quarto, Lugd. Bat., 1622; the historical and prophetical books in the London Polyglot; the Psalms printed by the Society for Propagating Christianity in the East, octavo, London, 1725; and the New Testament, printed by the same society, London, 1727; as the copies which should be chiefly followed in the new edition, yet I would not be understood as recommending these to be taken up just as they are: they should all be collated and carefully corrected before they are put to the press; for this they all require, in a very extensive degree, the Pentateuch of Erpen alone excepted. This was printed under his own eye, and may be considered a faithful, accurate ec-type of the MS. from which it was taken.

"In my enumeration and comparison of Arabic editions, which I had the honour to submit to your lordship and the oriental committee, I should have mentioned, had time and the state of my health permitted, that edition of the four evangelists, folio, *Romæ, in Typographia Medicea*, 1591, with an interlineary Latin translation. Though this work was published in the very infancy of Arabic learning in Europe, yet the typographical beauty has never been surpassed, perhaps not equalled, by any subsequent efforts of the press. As this is the *editio princeps* of the four evangelists, it deserves to be particularly examined. Suspecting from some information, the source of which I cannot now trace, that it was either a translation from the Vulgate, or greatly interpolated from that version, I examined it in a number of places where the coincidence might be readily ascertained, did it really exist. From this examination, as far as it has extended, I am led to form the positive conclusion that it was not taken from the Vulgate, nor interpolated from that version. I also collated it in several places with the Polyglot Syriac, and though I found a coincidence, yet it was chiefly in those things which the Syriac has in common with the Greek text. It is true my examination of this edition has not been



very general, nor very minute : lack of time prevented this ; but, from what I have seen, it stands higher in my esteem than it did at first, and I have no doubt it was originally taken from the Greek text. The interlineary Latin translation, Michaelis asserts, ' was taken from the Vulgate, in some measure altered to make it correspond to the Arabic.' I believe this to be a mistake. I have in many places collated this translation and the Vulgate, and do not find such a general consent as is sufficient to justify the opinion of Michaelis. That the translator consulted the Vulgate I can readily believe, but the translation appears to be constructed simply from the Arabic, and to have been connected with the original merely to facilitate the acquisition of the Arabic language.

"This, with Erpen's edition of the New Testament, L. Bat., 1616, and the London edition of 1727, should, in my opinion, be carefully collated. And probably it will be better, in the main, to follow the Erpenian edition than that of the London Society of 1727, though I was once led to give the preference to the latter. I should probably have reconsidered the whole subject, but having learned this morning, from the minutes of the last oriental committee, that your lordship intends to consult Dr. Ford on the business in general, I rest satisfied that from his extensive and superior erudition he will be able to give the very best counsel in the case ; and to your lordship's judgment and his I shall bow with all possible deference and respect.

"Should your lordship and the committee think right to take the Pentateuch of the projected edition from that of Erpen, it must have the grammatical points added ; for I hope the society will not think of printing an Arabic Bible without the points : in that case, permit me, my lord, to recommend Mr. Keene, a young gentleman lately come from the East Indies, who is a good proficient in Arabic and Persian, and ranked high in Fort William College, in which he had his education. I have reason to think he would undertake to affix the points to Erpen's edition, and do the work well. This your lordship knows is a work of importance and difficulty, and requires a clear head and an accurate hand.

"Begging pardon for this long intrusion on your lordship's time, which the occasion alone can justify, I am, my lord, with great respect and esteem, your lordship's obedient, humble servant,

ADAM CLARKE."

On referring to the Rev. John Owen's "History of the British and Foreign Bible Society," he states, in reference to this subject, that "the difficulties of this work consisted also in the adoption or rejection of the text to be followed. The text of the Polyglot in *Professor Carlyle's* edition, and which was by many warmly espoused, both Mr. Usko and Mr. Adam

Clarke pronounced to be incorrect; and which has since been declared to be, by the late pious, learned, and enterprising Martyn, defective both in printing and elegance."

But not alone to obtain this Arabic Bible did Mr. Clarke thus labour: in Mr. Owen's History, before quoted, we also find the following information:—

"To translate the Scriptures into the *Calmuc dialect* now became a most desirable object; and though attended with many difficulties, yet, as these were progressively removed, the prospect opened of being able to circulate the Scriptures among a population extending from the banks of the *Volga* to the regions of *Thibet* and *China*. To obtain this *Tartar New Testament*, became a subject of deep and lively interest: the preparation of types was diligently followed up by the Rev. Adam Clarke, to whose learned and judicious superintendence this concern had been implicitly confided. A scale of types, constructed by himself, and executed with singular beauty, was submitted to the consideration of the committee, and a fount was cast, agreeably to the model recommended by Mr. Clarke, and sanctioned by the approbation of the president, (Lord Teignmouth, late governor of India,) and other competent judges of oriental literature."

This scale of types, constructed by Mr. Clarke, was a work of neither small labour nor of trifling consequence; on the contrary, it took much time, and required a considerable knowledge, and a nicety of typographical calculation, which is not easily appreciated by those who know not the difficulties of such an undertaking, especially in a foreign language. Not only in these higher subjects of inquiry did Mr. Clarke labour, but also in all the detail of the interests of a society which was to be, in the hand of divine Providence, the means of carrying the word of God, without note or comment, to every language, and people, and tongue, on the face of the globe. True, he did not enter into any of the debates between the friends and opponents of this institution: a paper war, even in a good cause, he never liked; but he was a laborious committee-man, and was for ten years rarely absent from his post.

It will but be doing justice to this part of the subject to make one more extract from Mr. Owen's History of the British and Foreign Bible Society:—

"As the assistance," proceeds Mr. Owen, "of Mr. A. Clarke in the *Arabic* business has been referred to, it appears proper to state that, with the expression of their thanks for this and other eminent services which had cost him no ordinary sacrifice both of time and labour, the committee requested permission to present him with fifty pounds, an offering which that learned and public-spirited individual respectfully but peremptorily declined to accept.

"Gratuitous exertion in the cause of the British and Foreign

Bible Society, and refusals to accept pecuniary returns, have abounded so greatly in every period of its history, that it is not intended, nor would it indeed be practicable, to specify the occasions on which they have been made. Mr. Adam Clarke is, however, not to be classed with ordinary benefactors; and the circumstance has been mentioned principally with a view of introducing his reply to the committee's address on this subject: a document which the author of this history considers as too important to be sacrificed to the modesty of living merit:—

*To Messrs. Rayner and Mills.*

'GENTLEMEN,—With great respect and gratitude, I return the *fifty pounds* which have been kindly sent me by the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

'To no principle from whence my services proceeded, to no feeling of my heart, can I reconcile the acceptance of the society's bounty. What I have done was for the sake of God and his truth; and I feel myself greatly honoured in having a part in this blessed work, and only regret that I have but a short time to devote to so useful an employment. To have in any measure deserved the respectful attention with which my feeble services have been honoured by the committee, is a subject of sufficient gratification to my mind, and brings with it the amplest remuneration.

'God forbid that I should receive any of the society's funds: let this money therefore return to its source, and if it be the instrument of carrying but one additional Bible to any place, or family, previously destitute of the words of eternal life, how much reason shall I have to thank God that it never became part of my property!

'Have the goodness to assure the committee of my perfect readiness, whether present or absent, to promote, as far as my time and abilities will permit, the great objects of this most benevolent association, which, like the apocalyptic angel, is flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue.

'With best respects to the committee, I am, gentlemen, your very affectionate fellow-labourer in the British and Foreign Bible Society.

ADAM CLARKE.

'*City Road, June 20, 1807.*'"

Mr. Clarke laboured to bring about a translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Tartaric and Arabic languages, and likewise into the modern Greek; and he sought to obtain the printing of a Syriac New Testament.

The time was however fast approaching when, in the ordinary course of the rules of Methodism, he was to be removed from London. On learning this, the British and Foreign Bible So-

ciety, highly estimating the importance of his services to that institution, formally petitioned the Methodist conference to suspend the rule of removal in the case of Mr. Clarke, and allow him to remain in town beyond the limits of the time otherwise prescribed for removal. The document referred to is as follows :—

Extract from the minutes of the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, June 15, 1807.

"The committee, having learned with great regret that they are likely soon to be deprived of the valuable assistance of the Rev. Adam Clarke, in executing various parts of their foreign translations, by his removal from London, *unanimously resolve*, That a respectful application be made to the conference of the religious society with which he is immediately connected, stating the interruption which must be occasioned to such parts of the society's business, should Mr. Clarke be removed, and earnestly requesting that he may be permitted to continue his labours among them. Signed by order of the committee,

"JOHN OWEN,  
"JOSEPH HUGHES, } *Secretaries.*"

To this resolution of the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society was subjoined the following letter, addressed by the Rev. Messrs. Owen and Hughes to the conference :—

"REVEREND SIRS,—In obedience to the instructions of the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, we transmit to you a copy of their resolution, which will be found enclosed. The committee are very far from presuming to interfere with the peculiar regulations of any society of Christians, and nothing would have induced them to make the application contained in their resolution, but a solemn conviction, in which they unanimously concurred, that the object of it was essential to the successful execution of many plans now under consideration for supplying Mohammedan and Pagan nations with the Holy Scriptures. Mr. Clarke has already rendered such and so many services to the British and Foreign Bible Society, that the committee may scarcely appear justified in requesting a continuance of them : but the fact is, that services of that description which Mr. Clarke has rendered are indispensable to the successful prosecution of the society's plan ; and they know not any man, Mr. Clarke excepted, from whom they could expect to receive them.

"The committee are sensible that the talents, erudition, and zeal of Mr. Clarke may be employed with great promise of usefulness in any part of the united kingdom ; but they submit to you, reverend sirs, whether any sphere of usefulness could be found so worthy to engage the labours of Mr. Clarke, or so likely,

under God, to extend and perpetuate their efforts, as that which is now afforded to him by his connection with the British and Foreign Bible Society.

"In requesting, therefore, reverend sirs, which they unanimously and earnestly do, that Mr. Clarke may not, under present circumstances, be removed from London, the committee trust that they shall be understood to have no other object in view than that which the conference will appreciate as well as themselves, the employment of Mr. Clarke's qualifications in such a manner as may promote most extensively and permanently the interests of our common Christianity. We are, reverend sirs, your obedient servants,

"JOHN OWEN,  
"JOSEPH HUGHES, } *Secretaries.*

*"To the reverend the preachers of the Methodist Society assembled in conference."*

In order not to interrupt this succinct account of Mr. Clarke's connection with the British and Foreign Bible Society, the chronological order of events has been rather anticipated. At the time referred to, the British and Foreign Bible Society was almost a new thing in the earth; it had to contend with mighty opposition, and against strong prejudices; it required party spirit to be entirely laid aside, and a perfect co-operation of energies to exist in their stead: a blow was thus at once struck at what might essentially be termed caste; and this foe to general philanthropy fell at the onset, for the society was the cause, and the work of Him who has "the hearts of all men," and these he appeared to sway beyond even the sanguine expectations of those excellent men who were the first movers and labourers in this glorious work: but "He who bringeth mighty things to pass, hath gotten himself the victory; and the word of the Lord hath had free course; it hath run, and it is glorified." Those committee-men of this institution who were in labours often, and who are still spared to see the bright day of the British and Foreign Bible Society, can look back and recollect with what emotions of grateful surprise they beheld the first dawning of the society's efforts, which broke upon the spiritual and moral wants of our own and other countries: but, in remembering this, they thankfully praise God that since that period "its line hath gone out through all the earth, and its words unto the end of it."

Alas! by far the greater number of those first servants of the society are "gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns:" but their record is on high, and it will be rehearsed when "the book of remembrance shall be opened, and the dead, small and great, shall stand before him." It is, however, grateful to the heart to note, in connection with this institution, on even these pages, the names of such men as the Rev. John Owen, the

Rev. Joseph Hughes, the Rev. Dr. Steinkopff; to whose persevering industry and unshaken fidelity to the minutest interests of the society, too much credit cannot be given: their widely different powers, and varied habits of thinking, admirably qualified them for taking those diversified departments of the society's concerns, which were important to form a perfect and consistent whole.

As a public speaker, the Rev. John Owen stood pre-eminent. Adding solid arguments to an unquestionably good cause, he joined in his public speaking energy of manner with brilliancy of conception; dignity of thought with purity of speech; a vividness of apprehension with the ingenuousness of a liberal construction of the views, and a regard for the feelings of others; while at the same time persuasion hung upon his lips, and all the beauties of oratory, and the stores of language, seemed to come forth at his bidding, and to do him reverence. While he could not but feel his power over his captivated auditory, he abused it not to inflame the passions or the fancy; these he merely touched to gain admittance to the heart and to the conscience, there to enthroned the solemn majesty of truth. But his eloquence is now silent, and from his labours he is for ever at rest!

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Early in the year 1806 Mr. Clarke was requested by the editor of the Eclectic Review to furnish an article on *Holmes's Septuagint*, which review was published in that periodical: an allusion to it is contained in a note from the gentleman who was then its editor, Mr. Daniel Parken, a barrister; a young man of great natural talents, and of extensive intellectual attainments; but who was unexpectedly cut off in the midst of his days, having been mortally injured by a fall from his gig, as he was going one of his circuits.

The note referred to is dated May 15, 1806, and contains this sentence:—"Your review of *Holmes's Septuagint* is performed, not only to my own satisfaction, but to the entire approbation of all who have seen it, and to the credit of the Review itself."

There is also a reference to this review in a letter from his friend, Professor James Bentley: it is as follows:—

*King's College, Aberdeen, March 20, 1806.*

"Thus far had I proceeded in my letter, when I had the pleasure of receiving the Eclectic Review for March: my first object was to read the performance of my friend, which is, I must say, more conformable to my ideas of what a Review should be, than is generally to be met with in the periodical publications of the present day: it is such a complete account and analysis of the work as will enable a person to form a just opinion of it. There is one observation which struck me on

its personal; it is this: the article contains many particulars of additional information more than *Holmes* has given, and these you have so intermingled with those drawn from *Holmes*, that the generality of readers will not perceive to whom they are indebted for them. The opposite to this is, I believe, the usual practice of reviewers: they often display information as their own, which they owe altogether to their author, whom they are perhaps abusing; and thus make it more their object to seem knowing themselves than even to give a proper and just account of the author whose work they are professing to review."

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*From the Same.*

*King's College, Aberdeen, Sept. 16, 1806.*

"In reply to your last communication, dated August, in which you mention your intention of going into the country, I scarcely know what to say; the kindness of its tone and its desire to serve me, by making me rouse myself, the better to serve myself; its counsel, and the favour and pleasure of your correspondence, all lay me under great obligations.

"Your numerous, diversified, and important labours are often the subject of my thoughts; and if they do not excite me to increase my diligence, they induce me to think and to wish beyond the bounds of my present exertions.

"The introduction to the review of Wilkins's edition of the Persian Dictionary I read with great pleasure, and think it very appropriate. You justly object to it as an Arabic Lexicon: it is only so far Arabic, as Arabic is Persian. An Arabic and English Dictionary is still a desideratum: it will be a shame for them, if some of the literary oriental institutions do not produce such a work. The difficulty and unprofitableness of it are, to be sure, very great; but I expect much from the *Hertford College*. This month's Review has not yet reached *Aberdeen*; but I daily look for it, and another part in it on the Dictionary. Success to you also in your other works,—the 'Bibliography' and 'Succession of Sacred Literature.'

"You gratified me highly by the present of your Mohammedan friend's likeness, and the interesting particulars respecting him; but do you think that it will satisfy me instead of my Christian friend's likeness? I sent for a Christian, and you have returned me a Turk! Pray do not put me off so, unless I be to you as a Turk. Do not such excellent traits as you mention in the Mohammedan's mind and character make you earnestly desire his conversion? What a zealous, ardent, pious Christian he would make; and how does his attachment to his religion reproach many of us who are called Christians! Whether on solid or prejudiced grounds I will not say; but I have

long been more interested in the conversion of Mohammedans, than in any heathen nation or infidel tribe, and for that reason I feel a lively interest in the missions from this country to the *Tartars, Circassians, and Kabardians*, near Mount *Caucasus*, on the confines of the *Russian and Turkish* empires, where the natives are partly Mohammedans and partly heathens.

"With best respects to Mrs. Clarke, I am, my very dear sir, most gratefully and affectionately yours,

"JAMES BENTLEY."

The journey mentioned in the preceding letter was one in company with Mrs. Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth, to Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, to see the mother of Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Clarke's youngest daughter. The course of the journey was detailed in letters to his second son, Theodoret.

The first is dated,—

*Trowbridge, August 24, 1806.*

"MY VERY DEAR LAD,—We had rather a tedious, though, on the whole, a pleasant journey to this place, and had the satisfaction of finding your grandmother Cooke, little Mary, and all friends well.

"I was soon informed that they had published for me to preach on the succeeding evening, which I did to a pretty large company.

"As Mr. Butterworth had come out for the sake of his health, and wished me to improve mine, he determined to make a pretty wide circuit through the most remarkable places in Wiltshire; he accordingly hired two post carriages; and on Thursday morning Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth, Mrs. Bishop, and your cousin Henrietta Pond, got into one of them, and your mother, cousin Martin, your sister Mary Ann, and myself into the other, and off we set for *Devizes*, ten miles, where we dined with your mother's relative, Mrs. *Locke*. If I had time to give you a description of her extensive gardens, which we had the pleasure of roaming in, you would be delighted with it; there was every kind of fruit that the season afforded and that the heart desired, and the whole grounds are laid out in great taste and elegance.

"After dinner we set off for *Stonehenge*, that most interesting ancient monument of antiquity in the British dominions. It is about sixteen miles beyond *Devizes*, and a chief part of the journey lay over *Salisbury Plain*. I suppose we travelled twenty miles this day, without meeting with a single house except at a turnpike gate; but the roads were all good, and the views on this vastly extended plain often very fine.

"The *shepherds*, with their immense droves of sheep, each attended with his dog, and furnished with his crook and scrip, we frequently saw. Some of them were on the wayside, and



we had thus the opportunity of seeing them closely. Though these men live almost entirely in the open air, without any of the comforts and conveniences of life, yet they appear to enjoy the most perfect health: the young fellows of them were thick and compactly made; their countenances open and cheerful; their skin a fine brown, tinged with a *quantum sufficit* of red; and possessing such a decisive firmness of character as stamped them with a considerable dignity in my eyes. When I considered these men, and the great utility of their employment - and when the skill and industry requisite to the guarding, preservation, and increase of their flocks, are also considered, we need not wonder that their employment became the emblem of the regal dignity, and that good kings, both in sacred and profane history, in all parts of the world, were designated by the honourable name of ποιμενες *laon*, *shepherds of the people*. Their *dogs*, could I dare say that they are rational, would be entitled to much of my admiration, and a considerable share of my praise. These animals drive on, collect, bring back, and guard the flock, with more sagacity than we can account for on the principles of instinct alone; but I must leave these and the various reflections which their importance and different excellences naturally suggest, in order to proceed on our journey, else I shall not soon reach *Stonehenge*.

"I have long desired to see this place, but never before had the opportunity; and so impatient was I to walk among these venerable stones, that, seeing a nearer way of access to them across a field, I sprang out of the carriage, ran forward, and enjoyed some minutes of consummate gratification, before the rest of the company could come up.

"The whole of this stupendous work is situated on an open plain, many miles from any kind of dwelling, and is composed of huge stones in different circles, placed perpendicularly at a few feet distance from each other, with one great stone laid on the top of the two others: but many of the flat stones have fallen off, and several of the upright ones become prostrate. Originally, I think, it was composed of three circles, included within each other. I took some pains to ascertain the number of the stones. The outward circle, which is the most entire, contains thirty-three vast stones; the second, twenty-four, some large and some small; and the third, twenty-six. Many of these are fallen down, and several of those which I have counted as distinct stones are no doubt fragments or halves of some which have been broken by their fall. At the side which fronts the road, at a distance from the great outward circle, and on opposite sides of it, stand two vast stones, one of them much larger than the other, which appear to act as sentinels to the great group. The matter of the stones is of two sorts: the first a strong, amazingly hard *iron stone*, the second *free or sandstone*. The largest stones are all composed of this last-

mentioned substance. To give you some idea of their size, I measured one which fell down in the thaw of Christmas, 1803, and found the average length to be twenty-one feet, breadth seven feet, and thickness three feet: but this stone was by no means the largest: the greatest were those which are perpendicular, to whose top I had no possibility of ascending. We spent upwards of an hour among these stones, which indeed bear every mark of the most remote antiquity, and are well calculated to inspire an attentive observer with sentiments of deep veneration and respect.

"I shall hope to proceed with an account of our succeeding travels to-morrow.

"I hope, my dear Theodoret, that you are still very punctual in your employment; endeavour by every proper means to cultivate the esteem and affection of all; study to be obliging: this is not only a most amiable, but a most profitable disposition; do not be too familiar with any persons, and at the same time do not be too distant: both of these qualities produce contempt. Pray much to God; and neglect no opportunity of cultivating your mind. Your affectionate father,

"ADAM CLARKE."

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*To the Same.*

*Trowbridge, August 25, 1806.*

"MY DEAR LAD,—I told you that *Stonehenge* was a place well calculated to impress the mind with sentiments of respect and veneration. It was doubtless a place consecrated to the purpose of religious worship. I have no doubt that the power or strength of the divine nature was the attribute principally contemplated by our rude ancestors, and indeed by all the primitive inhabitants of the earth. Hence colossal statues, immense rocks, and massive temples were dedicated to this power or strength, which at last the licentious imagination of man personified, and adored in a monstrous human form, under the name of *Hercules*, among the *Greeks* and *Romans*; *Baal*, among the *Canaanites*; *Bramah*, among the ancient *Hindoos*, &c.; and *Tuisco*, &c., among our *Teutonic* and *Celtic* ancestors; and hence every strong man was supposed to be the principal favourite of the Deity, and to be under the peculiar direction of this strength or power. It was this which gave rise to the histories of *Hercules*, *Theseus*, *Bellerophon*, *Rustum*, and the giants of different countries. I suppose, therefore, that these stupendous monuments of huge rocks, placed in a certain artificial manner, which are found not only here, but in every nation of the world, were the temples dedicated to the *God of strength* by the primitive inhabitants of the earth, and by which, while beholding his

stupendous operations in the kingdom of nature, they expressed at once their belief in his being, and their veneration of his power.

"One surprising thing relative to *Stonehenge* is, that the rocks of which it is composed are certainly not natives of the place : there are no stones like them in all this country, nor within many miles any stones at all : they must therefore have been brought from a very great distance, and it would puzzle the most scientific engineer to conceive machines adequate to such carriage, and others not only capable of erecting the stones when brought to the place, but of elevating those which form the horizontal coverings, which are many tons' weight, to a height of between twenty and thirty feet. This consideration alone is sufficient to impress us with respect for the ingenuity of our ancestors. Every succeeding generation fondly imagines itself wiser than the preceding one, and it is on this principle that we suppose our ancestors must have been savage and barbarous ; and rather than acknowledge that they must have cultivated some arts at least to a higher degree of perfection than ourselves, we make use of the most sottish hypothesis to account for the formation of *Stonehenge*, and similar monuments : not only country people, but grave scholars, have conjectured that these immense stones are a composition of sand with something else, which our ancestors kneaded together, and *stratum super stratum* composed these huge stones, as the tinners in *Cornwall* do their coble houses. With great difficulty I broke off a few fragments of the stone, and gathered some of the ancient moss, which I hope to bring home with me, and give them an honourable place among my other antiquities.

"With the history of this place, and the derivation of the name as given by other writers, I will not trouble you : on consulting 'Camden's *Britannia*,' or 'Chambers's *Cyclopædia*,' you can find them. As night was coming fast on, and the female part of our company became desirous of proceeding to a place of refreshment and rest, which indeed we had yet to seek, I was compelled to bid a reluctant adieu to this venerable monument, and confine myself once more to our chaise. In a ride of about three or four miles we reached a small town, or rather village, called *Amesbury* ; it is situated among the hills, in a chalky soil, and is dry, neat, and clean ; there is one inn in the place, the George, which, much to our satisfaction, afforded us a tolerable supper and beds, and also stabling for our horses. Almost our first inquiry was, 'Are there any religious people here ?' The waiter, who was an intelligent man for his station, told us that there was a people who had left the Church, and were much under the direction of a baker, whose name he did not know : determined to find out this ecclesiastical baker, Mr. Butterworth, Miss Martin, Henrietta, your little sister Mary, and myself sallied out : it was a fine moonlight evening, and

the sky perfectly serene : we knew not the man's name, nor where he dwelt, but inquiring of a woman on the way, she gave us full directions, and said the baker's name was *Edwards*. I rapped at his door, and a decent woman opening it, I asked if Mr. Edwards was within? Being answered in the affirmative, I desired to see him. He soon came and invited us in : we entered, and told him that we were strangers, passing through the country, and that, on coming to the village, we had inquired if there were any religious people there, and that we were directed to him. As soon as we sat down, I asked him to what class of religious people he belonged? He replied, 'To Mr. Wealey's people.' We found that preaching had been established there about twelve months, and that they had eleven members in class, and that six of these enjoyed a clear sense of their acceptance with God : that he had come to reside in the village on purpose to introduce Methodism into it, and that it had previously been tried upwards of thirty years without effect, the preachers having been constantly beaten out of it. We easily perceived that the decent, upright, steady conduct of this worthy couple had done honour to their profession ; for there was now a large congregation, and nothing but peace : their own light shining steadily before them, they had seen their good works, and glorified their Father who is in heaven : we were so pleased with them ourselves, that we invited them to sup with us at our inn, where we spent a comfortable hour together.

"Having determined to visit *Wilton house* the residence of the earl of *Pembroke*, we rose early the next morning, and having assembled our little troop, always eight in number, and finding that there were two roads to *Wilton house*, one past *Stonehenge*, the other through *Old Sarum* and *Salisbury*, I felt strongly desirous of repassing the venerable monument which I have already described, as I purposed making certain measurements, which I had not time to make the preceding evening : the females, however, all declared for *Salisbury*, and being outvoted, I was obliged to proceed in the train : of this I was afterwards heartily glad. The morning was fine, and lovely beyond description, and we again got upon *Salisbury plain* ; in the distance we could perceive *Old Sarum*, the place where the ancient city stood ; here it appeared like a large hill, with extensive intrenchments around it, and on the top some ruins easily discernible. I asked our postillion if there was any thing to be seen there ; he said, 'No,' and that no person went to see it. The nearer we drew to the place, the more I was impressed with its appearance ; and finding that the road passed by a little to the left, I was determined to visit it. Having got out of the chaise to communicate my intention to Mr. B., I found that he felt a similar desire : all the females, except your mother and aunt Bishop, begged leave to accompany us : we all set forward,

and to me this was a very high treat. We found here the remains of a very ancient city and fortress, surrounded by a deep trench, which still bears a most noble appearance: on the top of the hill the castle or citadel stood, and several remains of a very thick wall, built all of flint stone, cemented together with a kind of everlasting mortar, which are the only remains of its ancient grandeur. The castle and city were destroyed in the 525th year of the Christian era. What is remarkable, these ruins are still considered in the British constitution as an *inhabited city*, and send two members to parliament: within the breadth of a field from this noble hill there is a small public house, the only dwelling within a very great space, and containing a very few persons; which, excepting the crows, hens, and magpies, are the only beings which the worthy members have to represent in the British senate. I went through this small house, in order that I might have it to say I had been all over the borough of *Old Sarum*. I brought nothing out of the ruins but a large round flint, about as big as a twelve-pound shot. Having assembled our company, and got aboard our 'leathern conveniences,' we proceeded to *Salisbury*, where we breakfasted, and afterwards went in and about the cathedral. It is a beautiful Gothic building, about six hundred years old, with a tower and spire, which are upwards of four hundred feet in height. I also observed some old monuments in the cathedral, but as it was the hour of service, and there was no one to explain any thing to us, and we had so little time to examine inscriptions, &c., and not liking to do so in the hour of service, even though outside the chapel itself, we left this noble building, and proceeded to Wilton house: on the road we passed by, I think it is called, *Layton Church*, where that blessed man of God, Mr. *Herbert*, author of the excellent collection of poems republished by Mr. Edwards, formerly preached: it is entirely surrounded with very fine tall yew-trees, and the mere sight of the place where such an eminent minister of God had dispensed the word of life, impressed my mind with solemnity and reverence.

"Arrived at Wilton, and having put up our horses at an inn by one of the gates leading to the earl's grand building, and ordered our dinner, we requested and obtained admission: our visit was unfortunately at an improper time, for the house is undergoing a thorough repair, and £80,000 are to be laid out on an additional wing. Except in a few rooms where there are many and elegant paintings, all things were in sixes and sevens. The finest collection of *coins* and medals in any private possession in Europe are preserved here: these we did not see, nor did I so much lament it as I should otherwise have done, had I not, as you know, engravings of them in a large 4to volume; what particularly interested me was the very extensive collection of *antiques*. Many of the earliest and finest pieces of

Grecian and Roman sculpture adorn this building ; but, from the cause already assigned, they were almost all out of their places : one of the most ancient pieces I remarked, was a marble about two feet long, and one broad, in which two persons, in the act of sacrificing, were represented, with a Greek inscription in the *Boustrophedon* form ; had I had time, I could have copied and made out the inscription, but being hurried from apartment to apartment, I had not leisure even to make notes. There was a vast profusion of ancient busts in marble, porphyry, agate, &c., of the finest workmanship, among which I principally noticed the following :—*Horace*, (in porphyry,) *Isocrates*, *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Pindar*, *Callimachus*, *Anacreon*, *Aristophanes*, *Aristotle*, *Socrates*, *Lucan*, *Sulpitia* the poetess, *Sappho*, *Cicero*, *Demosthenes*, *Achilles*, *Paris*, *Helen*, *Trajan*, *Vespasian*, *Domitian*, *Caligula*, *Otho*, *Vitellius*, *Geta*, *Gallienus*, *Nero*, *Augustus*, *Marcellus*, *Anthony*, *Cleopatra*, *Cesar*, *Isis*, *Osiris*, *Mercury*, the *Ephesian Diana*, *Bacchus*, *Hebe*, *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Venus*, *Silenus*, *Acis* and *Galatea*, *Nereids*, *Tritons*, &c., &c. Had I not been so much hurried, I should have had a very high treat with these ancient school-fellows of mine ; but, even as it was, I felt most highly gratified, and should, even under these circumstances, have been more so, but for the mortification I endured at seeing many of these invaluable relics of antiquity injured, and in the progress of being injured, by the joiners, plasterers, &c., &c., who had even erected their benches against some of the finest productions of the sculptors of ancient Greece.

"After we had gone over the house, Mr. B., myself, and little Mary, wandered over the grounds : they were both elegant and grand ; plantations, vistas, temples, bridges, &c., formed a delightful piece of romantic and artificial scenery ; we also saw what you would have been highly delighted with, droves of pheasants, and partridges so very tame as to come almost and eat out of your hand : we had several scores of these lovely fowls within a few feet of us. Having thus spent our time, we left this interesting place, to which, for its antiquity's sake, I feel my heart warmly attached, and returned to our inn, where we partook of a most comfortable dinner : we were all as hungry as Greenland bears, and devoured our dinner like half-starved hounds : I have seldom needed a meal so much, and have not often been more thankful to God for one. Shortly after, we drove off to *Wardour Castle*, the seat of the earl of Arundel ; but the description of this place must be reserved for another letter.

"Your mother and Mary Ann join with the rest in love to you. I am, my dear Theodoret, your affectionate father,

"ADAM CLARKE."

*To the Same.*

August 27, 1806.

"MY VERY DEAR LAD,—I found it quite impossible to write to you yesterday, but I will now continue, as I promised you, an account of our tour. On leaving *Wilton* we set off for *Wardour Castle*, the seat of the earl of *Arundel*: this place we did not reach till six o'clock, and, on going to the house, were informed that we were an hour too late: however, the steward was very easily entreated to admit us. We found the family all at home; and they with uncommon condescension left their respective rooms, in order that we might examine them at leisure, and without embarrassment. Of this house I cannot give you a very minute description, as evening was coming on, and we had but little time for detail. The paintings here were numerous, and exquisitely fine, far beyond those of the earl of *Pembroke*: a *dead Christ*, by *Spagnoletti*, struck me both with wonder and awe. He is represented as just taken down from the *cross*, the countenance indescribably expressive of death, and yet highly dignified, fully verifying the words, 'No man taketh my life from me; I give up my life for the sheep; I lay it down that I may take it again.' For, though he groaned and gave up the ghost, after he had cried with a loud voice, yet it could not be said of *him*,—

Vita cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras :

no, you could see, according to the Scripture, that 'he was free among the dead.' Free: at liberty to resume his life whenever he pleased, as he had given it up according to his own good pleasure. The appearance of his hands was very striking: you could plainly see the blood congealed in the fingers, when in its last transmission from the heart it had reached the extremities; but the *vis vitæ* had departed just as the veins were in the act of receiving it from the arteries to return it to the heart. The virgin was kneeling by his side, with her hands clasped and her eyes lifted up to heaven, in all the silent agony of grief; and yet the most perfect and sublime resignation to the will and dispensation of God was strongly marked in every feature. Another figure in this painting I could scarcely look at without weeping: it was Mary Magdalene, kneeling down and kissing the wound made by the nail in the sole of our Lord's foot. The whole piece was exceedingly affecting, and almost incapacitated me from receiving any pleasing sensations from the great variety of beautiful landscapes, buildings, ruins, &c., which appear in vast numbers in other parts of this elegant mansion. Another subject, very intimately related to that already mentioned, is all I shall describe at present: I mean the *family chapel*: this is one of the finest and most solemn little buildings I

ever saw. You must know that the earl of Arundel is a Catholic nobleman, and the chapel belonging to it is laid out in the Romish taste: two lamps perpetually burning before the altar, on which is placed an elegant and costly crucifix. Through a window of stained glass, of exquisite workmanship, a sufficient measure of light is admitted to make every object visible enough, in conjunction with the two lamps already mentioned: indeed, the mixture of these two lights produces a sort of illumination which partakes at once of the cheerfulness of day, and the solemnity of night, and yet the spectator cannot tell where the one acts separately from, or independently of the other; except in the narrow limits of the silver lamps themselves, and the surface of the painted window: in all other parts of the chapel they are imperceptibly blended.

"Your sister, Mary Ann, on coming into this chapel, as if suddenly influenced by the spirit of devotion, immediately kneeled down before the altar, and continued in this posture, without opening her lips, for several minutes. The steward, who followed up, appeared to be a deeply serious and devout man. As soon as he entered he bowed himself before the altar; and on leaving the chapel he walked backward, with his face to the altar, till he got to the door, and then bowed both his head and knee. To superficial and irreligious minds all this might appear superstition; but I confess, where I meet with so much solemnity, decorum, and reverence, I feel no hesitation to ascribe these acts to a more heavenly principle: he who can enter a church or a chapel, or any place dedicated to the worship of God, as he does into his own habitation, or into that of his horses, which is a very common case, has, in my opinion, no proper notion of religious worship, and is never likely to derive much edification to his own soul from his attendance on the ordinances of God. Twice we had the privilege of seeing the earl: we also saw his domestic priest, and other members of his family. His character in the country is excellent for personal probity, irreproachable conduct, and charity to the poor. I could plainly see pleasing evidences of his lordship's influence through the whole country: the people were decent, sober, amazingly affable, and well bred. How much good might our noblemen do, and how much evil might they prevent, were they all actuated by the same amiable principles and benevolent conduct.

"Another thing particularly impressed us; it was the number of religious books which we saw in almost every apartment: such as 'The History of the People of God;' 'Thomas à Kempis, on the Imitation of Christ,' &c.; and all these books seemed as if they were in frequent use. In departing from this place, my heart most cheerfully and affectionately said, 'May the blessing of God rest upon this noble mansion, and upon its worthy inmates.'



"God be with you, my dear lad: live to God, and be what you know you should be, and we shall rejoice that ever you were born. Your mother sends her blessing. Your affectionate father,  
ADAM CLARKE."

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*To the Same.*

*August 28, 1806.*

"MY VERY DEAR LAD,—After leaving *Wardour Castle* we came straight to the *Arundel Arms*, a large inn situated outside of the castle enclosure: here we got supper and beds. Early the next morning we set out for *Fonthill*, the residence of William Beckford, Esq., which we reached by breakfast time.

"This is a beautiful mansion, and I think more delightfully situated than any we have yet visited: all the circumjacent hills and dales are skirted with woods, and before the house is spread a large and beautiful lake, covered with wild and tame fowl in abundance. Of the house itself I shall say but little: it did not please me: it is true I never saw any place so elegant by many degrees: gold, silver, ivory, corals, agates, porphyry; the finest marble, cedar, ebony, &c., met the eye everywhere: invention had been tortured to find out places, and sufficiently varied forms, to permit wealth, elegance, and luxury to pour out and arrange their vast profusion of what might be termed superb, gay, gariish, and gaudy. In ancient times it would have been considered rather as the temple of *Plutus*, or of *voluptuousness*, than the residence of any human being. A vast number of the utensils were not only of silver in the finest forms, but also of massive gold: dishes, spoons, and very large candlesticks were of this last-mentioned metal: even the very *backs* and *seats* of the chairs were all gilt over; and the beds, and bed-room furniture, superb and costly beyond all you can imagine. We were shown some cabinets, which cost only for the making £1,500, and others £1,700. The pictures were many, and were very fine; some of them by the first masters in *Italy*, *Holland*, and *France*. We were shown the picture of a little laughing boy, about fifteen by twelve inches, which cost £2,000; and two landscapes, I think by *Claude Loraine*, which cost seven thousand guineas. Though the general merit of the paintings must be allowed, yet the workmanship and costliness of their frames, in many cases, destroyed the effect, and exceeded the worth of what they enclosed.

"Having taken our leave of this place, we set off for *Stourton*, the seat of Sir Richard Hoare, Bart.; this met our every wish, and gratified our most extensive desires: to describe it, is altogether out of my power: the situation of the house, the extensive grounds, the astonishing variety of wood and water,

hill and dale, lawn, vista, foliage, temples, grottoes, &c., &c., are grand, elegant, and noble, beyond any thing I had ever met with: imagination itself can scarcely conceive any thing more beautiful or picturesque than what is here exhibited, and apparently with but little art, in this abode and these extensive and variegated grounds belonging to the intelligent and worthy proprietor: to a heathen the place and its environs would appear to be the peculiar residence of the goddess of nature. We first went over all the house, which is elegant without any thing gaudy: the paintings are not so numerous as in *Fonthill* house, nor are they in general so fine; yet there are several of first-rate merit: what I saw not in any of the other places I met with here—a library of good books, not very extensive, but systematically arranged; the room in which they are contained is lofty and elegant, and has a very superb painted window, the classical subject of which is, the ancient philosophers instructing their pupils, and perfectly appropriate to the place. But I must leave the house—a minute description of which I believe your mother wrote twenty years ago, and to which I must beg her permission to refer you. After finishing our view of this elegant mansion, we returned to our inn to dine, and then, procuring a guide, walked out into the grounds. A fine lake, formed by the river *Stour*, and almost at its source, caught all our attention: it is skirted with laurel groves, and is a safe retreat for wild ducks, teal, widgeons, &c.; of these we saw several. I had heard much of the grotto in which the *Stour* had its source; we went to see it: it is situated under a hill, and constructed of great rough stones, without any apparent order: over the entrance was the following inscription:—

*Intus aqua dulces vivoque sedilia saxo  
Nympharum Domus.*

“When we got quite within it we saw a beautiful marble figure of a *water-nymph* stretched in a sleeping posture, with a murmuring rill flowing out close beside her, which fell into a fine marble basin, on the edge of which were the following lines:—

‘Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,  
And to the murmur of these waters sleep:  
Ah, spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,  
And drink in silence, or in silence lave.’

“On the other side of this grotto was another inscription, which I also copied:—

‘Hæc domus, hæc sedes, hæc sunt penetralia magni  
Amnis: in hoc residens facta de cantibus antro,  
Undis jura dabat, Nymphisque colentibus undas.’

“Opposite to this, in another cave, only distant a few feet, was a gigantic marble figure, representing the river *Stour*.

which here gushes out in a pretty copious stream, through the medium of a large water-pot, placed on its side, at the feet of the figure, where the river first begins to burst out of the earth. The left hand of this water-god is so placed on the side of the vessel as to make it appear that he is just in the act of pouring the river out of his pitcher. This was really a very interesting sight, and necessarily brought to my remembrance the ancient mythological accounts of the origin of rivers. Having left this place, after literally drinking at the 'fountain-head,' we came above ground, and proceeded through a most delightful grove, along the side of the lake, to a fine temple, called the *Pantheon*: in this we found some very fine statues, and some of them genuine antiques: we then came to the *temple of the sun*, built exactly after the model of that at *Baalbec*: the image of the sun in the roof, with his vast profusion of golden rays, is very splendid. We finished this part of our entertainment by visiting what is called the *hermit's house*;—ill-shapen rocks and logs of wood, covered very meanly with *thatch*, and a rough stone table standing in the centre, formed a great contrast to the temples we had just visited. In a few minutes after this we regained our inn, took to our respective chaises, and at about nine o'clock on Saturday night arrived at your grandmother's, in Trowbridge.

"Thus, my dear Theodoret, I have given you, as time and recollection would admit, a general account of this little excursion, from which we have returned without the slightest accident, and during which your uncle treated us like a nobleman, and from which I hope we have all derived both health and information. With every good wish and prayer, I remain your affectionate father,

ADAM CLARKE."

From a subsequent letter it appears that, on the Sabbath morning, the following day, Mr. Clarke "preached at *Bradford*, to a large and deeply attentive congregation. This was the first circuit I travelled in, and it brought old things to the remembrance both of the people and of the preacher. In the evening I preached again at *Trowbridge* to an overflowing congregation: this was the *first place* I preached in as an *itinerant preacher*; and I recollect, as I was passing down the chapel, hearing a man on that occasion say, as if to himself, 'Tut, tut, what will Mr. Wesley send us next?' I was then young, and extremely slight and juvenile in my appearance.

"I have paid dearly for my exertion, as I have had little or no rest all night, and am poorly enough to-day: but I must proceed to *Bath*, and preach there to-night: thence to *Bristol*: and, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth, we hope to see you in *London* some time on Saturday next. Your affectionate father,

"ADAM CLARKE."

In viguerated by this journey, Mr. Clarke returned to London, and reassumed his usual duties and studies. His literary character had by this time brought him into public notice : the celebrated Professor Porson formed an acquaintance with him, and entertained a high opinion of his learning and abilities. A mutual friend suggested to the professor his recommendation of Mr. Clarke to the King's College, Aberdeen, for the diploma of M. A. As the application had been made without the knowledge of Mr. Clarke, he no sooner heard of it than he hastened to address the following letter to the professor on the subject :—

*To Mr. Professor Porson.*

*January, 1807.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is only within a few hours that I have been informed of a request made to you by one of my friends for your recommendation to King's College, *Aberdeen*. This was utterly without my knowledge, nor had I even the slightest intimation that any thing of the kind was projected, or even thought of.

"I have such high notions of literary merit, and the academical distinctions to which it is entitled, that I would not in conscience take, or cause to be taken, in my own behalf, any step to possess the one, or to assume the other : every thing of this kind should come, not only unbought, but unsolicited : I should as soon think of being learned by proxy, as of procuring academical honours by influence ; and could one farthing purchase me the highest degree under the sun, I would not give it : not that I lightly esteem such honours ; I believe them, when given through merit, next to those which come from God ; but I consider them misplaced when conferred in consequence of influence or recommendation, in which the party concerned has any part, near or remote.

"As I wish to stand as high as justice will permit in your good opinion ; and as I should justly conclude I had deservedly forfeited it, if known to hunt after a title ; I deemed it necessary, on the hint I had received of this matter, to trouble you with these lines.

"What you have said of me I know not, but I am satisfied you would say nothing but what is kind and just ; and to deserve and to have the smallest measure of the approbation of a man who I am so fully satisfied stands eminently at the head of the republic of letters, would be to me a very high gratification. I am, dear sir, with sentiments of high respect, yours affectionately,

ADAM CLARKE."

Shortly after this, a letter was received from Professor Bentley, announcing that the literary honour of M. A. had been conferred upon Mr. Clarke : the following is a copy of the letter in question :—

*King's College, Aberdeen, Jan. 31, 1807.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have the pleasure to announce to you that the university of King's College, *Aberdeen*, have this day unanimously conferred the degree of Master of Arts on Mr. Adam Clarke, member of the Philological Society, Manchester, and author of several literary works of merit. Mr. Scott is the promoter in this faculty, and I was obliged to him in seconding me in my proposal. Let me assure you I look not on this as the measure of your merit, but it may be considered as a step; and while I live I shall not cease to wish, as far as it may be in my power, and endeavour to promote, your due honour and fame.

"With kind respects to Mrs. Clarke, I am yours affectionately,  
JAMES BENTLEY."

The reader will be pleased to peruse the following letter from Lord Teignmouth to Mr. Clarke, evincing the deep interest he took in the subject of translating the Scriptures into Arabic. It is dated—

*Clapham, February 6, 1807.*

"DEAR SIR,—I take an early opportunity of returning you my thanks for your valuable additional observations on the various editions of the Arabic Scriptures. The publication of an edition by the British and Foreign Bible Society, should it be resolved upon, free from the errors of former editions, is a matter of so much importance to their credit, and, what is of weightier consideration, to religion, that I fully participate in your anxiety that it should be, as far as possible, *omni exceptione major*. The oriental committee, with myself, feel highly obliged to you for your remarks and assistance, which have thrown great light upon a subject which you have so thoroughly considered. I am now engaged in a correspondence with Dr. Ford on the subject, and I trust that it will be sufficiently matured for the discussion of the committee at our next meeting. I am, dear sir, your obedient, humble servant,  
TEIGNMOUTH."

There are few persons connected with the religious world, and especially its *missionary* department, wholly unacquainted with the name of Robert Morrison, who, in the early part of the year 1807, went out to *China*, to found and superintend a mission in that country; a work, perhaps, as difficult as any other, from the very genius of the people themselves; their jealousy of strangers; and their cautious vigilance to keep their country as little known and as little visited as possible; but he appeared extremely solicitous to try if any thing could be done towards enlightening her ignorant and morally degraded multitudes.

Mr. Morrison went out to *Canton* under the auspices of the "London Missionary Society," and early and successfully

applied himself to the study of the Chinese language; forming a dictionary, and afterwards writing some religious tracts in that difficult tongue: ultimately he translated large portions of the Holy Scriptures into Chinese.

Having been acquainted with Mr. Clarke previous to his going abroad, he kept up for many years a correspondence with him. As an intelligent man, Mr. Morrison's observations on the people of the country itself, as far as he was permitted to visit it, and the genius of their language, were all matters of high interest to Mr. Clarke, who was solicitous to view every subject in all its bearings,—every people in all their varied relations,—and every country in its religious, moral, social, civil, and natural character. On the other hand, removed so far from all the scenes of his previous life, from the usages of the religion of his forefathers, from every species of literary information, it must have been peculiarly gratifying for Mr. Morrison to have shared the correspondence of Mr. Clarke, who could so well inform him of the progress both of religion and literature in his native country. Some of Mr. Morrison's letters are still extant: and the first he wrote upon his arrival in the Chinese sea, and finished on his landing in *Canton*, shall here be inserted. It is dated,—

*Chinese Sea, Aug. 28, 1807,*

*On board the Trident, Capt. Blakeman.*

"DEAR BROTHER,—By the gracious guidance of our Lord, I am brought thus far on my way to the heathen. On my arrival in America, Mr. Eastbourn, to whom I delivered your parcel, showed my companions and myself brotherly regard.

"I left America on the 12th of May. The first part of this passage was pleasant, but when sailing in the higher southern latitude we experienced very heavy gales of wind. However, the Lord on high, who commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, preserved us in the midst of it.

"On passing the straits of Sunda, I was on shore at a Malay village, called Aujer, on the island of Java. There are here four Dutchmen, who preside, with authority from Batavia, over about two thousand Malays. These Malays are permitted to have, at the same time, chiefs and a king of their own people. The king resides at a town about a day's journey from Aujer, and which is called Bantam.

"I was a good deal entertained by the appearance of a Malay in one of their smallest prows: it was no larger than the person it contained; hollowed out of the solid wood; and so 'crank,' that no small skill was required to prevent its upsetting. The two paddles were formed of one piece of wood, flattened at each end. The sailing prows have a piece of wood running parallel with their side, at the distance of three or four feet, to prevent their upsetting.

"The Malays brought off, for sale, yams, cocoa-nuts, bananas, fowls, eggs, monkeys, and so forth. The Dutch boat, which afterwards came, brought turtle. These Malays were middle sized, of a dark copper-colour, and seemed active in the management of their prow. By constantly chewing a mixture of opium and betel-nut, their teeth were disagreeably foul and black. They seemed fond of opium; during the whole day, on ship-board and on shore, they were asking, whenever they found an individual aside, whether or not we had opium to sell. Their clothing consisted only of a garment thrown loosely around the middle of the body, and around their heads was rolled a piece of cloth.

"On shore, Capt. B., Mr. P., the surgeon, and I, had an interview with their chief. He was a genteel, elderly man; wore over his shoulders an embroidered garment, sandals on his feet, a large plate a little below his breast, and a dagger by his side. It was literally an *interview*, for we could not converse with him.

"The sides and roofs of their houses consisted of wattled bamboo: withinside dark and filthy. They had no flooring but the earth. In the middle, an area of wickerwork was raised about two feet from the ground: on this mats were laid, which, together, constituted their bed and bedding. The houses were arranged so as to form lanes, in which were sheds, where various articles, chiefly fruits and fish, were exposed to sale. I found a Chinese among them, who had a few Chinese commodities for sale. Most of the men were armed. I bought a weapon, called a 'kalabang,' from the side of one. It was very similar in form to a butcher's chopping-knife, and is used by the Malays for any purpose to which they can apply it, as well as for war.

"They marry as early as twelve years of age. The wife confines herself the greater part of the day: female slaves go about, and do the work that is necessary. Many of their children were running about quite naked; decorated at the same time with earrings, necklaces, and large rings about their wrists.

"The poorer females, and men also, sometimes wear wooden sandals; which are kept on the foot by a wooden knob, which passes between the great toe and next one.

"The small pox is more frequent at the age of twenty, than when they are children.

"Some of them live to the age of eighty or ninety years. They build over the graves of their dead a brick covering, to the height of about three feet, and strew on the top fragrant herbs.

"There is at Anjer a mosque; being an infidel, I could not be admitted. Supposing there was no person within, as my Dutch guide had told me so, I stood on some pieces of timber and looked through the window; there was a person sitting

cross-legged, in the middle, muttering his devotions. He perceived me, but turned away his head and continued. The building was very plain; and contained nothing, save a desk or pulpit in one corner. Withoutside was a pool of water, at which the people wash their feet before entering into the mosque.

"The day on which I was on shore was Friday, the day observed as a weekly Sabbath. The Malays seemed to observe it in much the same way that our casual Christians do—lounging about at their ease, or begging and selling.

"As I sat in the Dutchman's outer apartment, I observed a person, squatted on the ground, cutting hairs off his chin. I supposed that the knife with which he did it, which was a very clumsy one, was their razor; but, on inquiry, found that they pluck out their beards with a pair of tweezers. I would have bought a pair as a specimen, but could not obtain them. I inquired in vain also for some of their school or other books. They promised to ask their priest, who acts as school-master, to sell me some, but we left very early the next morning.

"Fire is obtained by this people from the friction of two pieces of dried bamboo. One piece is slit, into which, putting a piece of cotton, the other is rubbed across till the cotton is ignited.

"They fish by means of strong lights, during the night season. These lights are produced by rags mixed with a resinous substance obtained from certain trees. This candle, if I may so term it, is eight or ten inches diameter.

"Thus, sir, I have run over a dry detail of a few circumstances which attracted my notice. Among the Malaya, who form a numerous body of men, spread over a great number of islands, as well as in the peninsula of Malacca, is opened a wide field for missionary exertion. Many of them, it is true, are ferocious and cruel in their dispositions. They infest the straits of Sunda and Banca as pirates: and, when they do overpower a European vessel, they put all on board to death. A case of this kind occurred about two months before our passing this way. But where Europeans are settled, as at Malacca, Bencoolen, &c., a missionary might with safety reside. I trust that the day is not distant, when these islands, which have waited for, shall receive 'God's law.' And that 'the dark places of the earth,' which 'are full of the habitations of cruelty,' shall be illumined by the 'Sun of righteousness,' and become subject to the 'Prince of peace.' Hasten it, O Jehovah, in thy time!"

*Canton, Sept. 12.*

"Last Lord's day I arrived at this place. I am at present considerably engaged: my residence here, and other things of importance, occupy, and, in some measure, distract my mind. If the Lord spare me, I will, on a future occasion, communicate the result of a little observation relative to the Chinese.



"I hope to hear from you: literary information will be exceedingly acceptable. A letter addressed for me, and left at Messrs. Harcastle and Reyners, Old Swan, will be forwarded the first opportunity.

"Be particular in *not* attaching *Rev.* to my name.

"May the God of love and peace be with you! I am, in the hope of eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord, yours, &c.,

"R. MORRISON."

In July, 1807, Mr. Clarke attended the Wesleyan conference, held that year in *Liverpool*, and ever being sensibly alive to the comfort of others, especially the aged and infirm, and more particularly those of his brethren in the gospel, he projected a plan for their additional support and comfort, which he drew out in the form of the following simple rules and propositions; which evince at once the benevolence of his heart, as well as a sense of what is just and right towards those who, in labours often, have failed under the burden and heat of the day: the paper is subjoined, just as it was presented to the president of the conference, the Rev. John Barber, and signed by himself, and Dr. Coke, as secretary. It is as follows:

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

\* Taking into consideration the very desolate state of the superannuated preachers and widows in the Methodist connection, and well knowing that the provision made by the Itinerant Methodist Preachers' Annuity Society must in *every case* fall very far short of even providing them with the necessaries of life, it is proposed—

"1. That an asylum or college be erected, with as much speed as possible, for the reception of superannuated preachers, and the widows of those who have died in our Lord's work.

"2. That the asylum be erected in the vicinity of some large town, in a healthy situation, where the necessaries of life may be had cheap.

"3. That the asylum consist of        houses, each containing a sitting-room, two lodging-rooms, a study, a small kitchen, and a garden,        feet long, and the breadth of the house.

"4. That the building enclose a large square of        feet, and that a commodious chapel, for the use of the institution and the vicinity, be built in the centre or one end of the square.

"5. That the place itself be taken in by the travelling preachers as one of the regular places in the circuit where it is situated; and that all the residents in the asylum shall meet regularly in class, and be subject to the rules, regulations, &c., common to the Methodist societies.

"6. That no person shall be entitled to a place in this asylum,

or college, who has not been a regular travelling preacher for the space of twenty years, and who has not been declared superannuated by the conference *merely on account of such bodily infirmities* as render it impossible for him to continue in his work.

"7. That no widow be admitted who has not been the wife of a travelling preacher for at least twenty years, and who has not ceased to travel with her husband during that time, and has maintained an unblemished character.

"8. That if any of the widows remarry with one of the superannuated preachers, she shall go to the apartments of her husband; but should she marry with a person who is not a resident in the asylum she shall leave it.

"9. That each family have the house free of rent and taxes, and a certain sum be allowed annually for coals and candles.

"10. That the superannuated preachers and widows resident in the asylum, have the whole of the annuity which they can legally claim from the itinerant Methodist preachers' fund, independent of all the privileges and advantages arising from their residence in the asylum.

"11. That no preacher or widow be obliged to enter into this institution, nor any be entitled to its privileges who are not residents in it, unless there be no room for any proper claimant, and the funds of the institution should be in such a state as to enable the managers to grant a certain portion of help to such persons.

"12. That the principal friends throughout the Methodist connection be solicited for subscriptions to purchase freehold premises on which to erect the necessary buildings for the above-projected institution."

"P. S. The preceding plan was laid before the conference by brother Clarke, and he was required by the conference to write an address to the members and friends of the Methodists' societies, accompanied with the plan, soliciting subscriptions for the above laudable purpose; and the conference order that the address and plan be printed on the Minutes and Magazine.

"J. BARBER, *President*.

"T. COKE, *Secretary*.

"*Liverpool conference, Aug. 11, 1807.*"

In the month of September, this year, Mr. Clarke published the first volume of a work entitled, "*A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the invention of Alphabetical Characters to the year of our Lord 345.*"

It was the full intention of Mr. Clarke to have added a second volume to this highly useful work as soon as possible. This, however, did not take place: a multitude of other engagements so pressed upon him that he found himself obliged to relinquish

the undertaking; and in the process of years (as late as 1831) it was taken up by his son, the Rev. J. B. B. Clarke, M. A., and brought to a conclusion in one large octavo volume; thus finishing the work at the expense of much time and severe toil.

In the month of November, Mr. Clarke, having terminated his laborious task in reference to the Arabic type, had a specimen of it set up, and forwarded a copy of it to Lord Teignmouth, to which communication his lordship returned the following letter in reply:—

*Broadstairs, Kent, Nov. 14, 1807.*

“DEAR SIR,—I lose no time in returning you my best thanks for your letter of the 4th, which I only received yesterday, with the specimens from the types provided for the missionaries at *Karass*.

“They are plain, distinct, and elegant; and the selection of them does great credit to your zeal and discernment, to which the British and Foreign Bible Society are so much obliged. The missionaries at *Karass* will, I trust, follow your recommendation, in printing after the model which you have made for them; indeed, they would be inexcusable if they do not produce the Scriptures in an elegant and inviting form, after your care to furnish the materials and a specimen of the mode in which they should be used.

“Allow me also to thank you very sincerely for your present of a work which I thought a desideratum,—your ‘Succession of Sacred Literature:’ the title of the work is of itself a recommendation of it, and the perusal of several articles has convinced me that you have given to the public a work of real utility; and I most anxiously hope that it may hold that place in the public estimation which it does in mine. I am not unacquainted with your former labours, having derived much pleasure and more information from your ‘Bibliographical Dictionary and Miscellaneous Supplement,’ particularly since my residence in this place. I pray God that he may preserve your life and health, and enable you to complete the very important works which you have on hand, as well on account of the public as on your own. I have the honour to be, dear sir, your obedient and obliged humble servant,

TEIGNMOUTH.”

In the early part of the spring of 1808, Mr. Clarke had the honour of being presented with a diploma of LL. D. from the university and college of King's College, *Aberdeen*; intimated to him in the following letter from Professor Bentley:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that this university has this day given another proof of its estimation of your merit, by unanimously voting to you the highest designation in its gift, that of LL. D. Permit me to add my sincere

congratulations on the occasion, and to wish that you may long live to enjoy the rewards and fruits of your useful and meritorious labours.

"You are already as much possessed of the *degree* as it is possible to be, but I shall soon have the honour to transmit to you the demonstration of it in the *sign manual* of all the members of the *senatus academicus*.

"With best respects to Mrs. Clarke and family, I am, my dear sir, with warmest regard, yours, JAMES BENTLEY.

"To Adam Clarke, LL. D."

This new literary honour Mr. Clarke acknowledged in the following letter to Dr. Alex. Daunev, J. C. P. of the same college :—

March 9, 1806.

"DEAR SIR,—It was not till yesterday that I had any intimation of the honour done me by your learned university; for though I was favoured with a letter last week from Mr. Professor Bentley, he did not drop the slightest hint that such a design was even on foot. This circumstance, however, shows the act of your university in a still more honourable light, and that honour is considerably enhanced, not only by the great respectability of the *promoter*, but by the manner in which I am informed he conducted the whole business.

"You will still, my dear sir, lay me under greater obligation to yourself by receiving the expressions of my gratitude for your kindness, and by making similar acknowledgments as acceptable as possible to your learned university.

"To add any thing to the respectability of King's College, though out of my power, will, notwithstanding, be an object of my sincerest desire; and were even other motives wanting, this would induce me to pay such respect to every part of my moral and literary conduct, that if no act of mine could honour, none should discredit, a university which has been the *alma mater* of some of the first characters in the republic of letters. I am, my dear sir, your obliged, humble servant,

"ADAM CLARKE."

The two diplomas of M. A. and LL. D. were sent to Mr. Clarke in the most honourable and flattering manner, the college refusing to accept even the customary clerk's fees given on such occasions.

## BOOK VII.

WE must now notice those important engagements under government into which Dr. Clarke was thrown, wholly without his seeking, or his knowledge. This occurrence, so far as regards its immediate rise, could have been but imperfectly narrated, had not the following account of it been left in Dr. Clarke's own handwriting, entitled, "The Origin of my connection with his Majesty's Commissioners on the public Records of the Kingdom."

"Some time in February, 1808, I learned that I had been recommended to his majesty's commissioners of the public records of the kingdom, by the right honourable Charles Abbott, speaker of the house of commons, and one of the commissioners, to whom I was known only by some of my writings on Bibliography, as a fit person to undertake the department of collecting and arranging those *state papers* which might serve to complete and continue that collection of state papers generally called '*Rymer's Fœdera*.' This department had lain unoccupied from the date of the commission, now more than seven years, no person being found that would undertake it, and was thought to be sufficiently qualified to be trusted with that department; though the completion and continuance of that work was one of the first measures proposed to be executed under the commission.

"John Caley, Esq., secretary to the commission, was appointed by the commissioners to see me, and to report the answer at the next meeting.

"Mr. Caley accordingly called on the late Joseph Butterworth, Esq., whom he knew to be related to me, and desired him to procure an introduction for him to me on the following Thursday.

"Mr. B. laid the matter before me, but could give no information as to what was the object of Mr. Caley's business, for that he refused to impart. I attended the appointment, and was introduced accordingly to him in Mr. B.'s study.

"After the usual compliments, Mr. Caley said, 'Mr. Clarke, I am desired to call on you to know whether you would be willing to undertake a work in which his majesty's government would wish to employ you.'

"A. C. Pray what is it in which his majesty's government could employ so obscure an individual as myself?

"Mr. Caley. Sir, I am not at liberty to specify it at present.

so forth. I would have written to you long ago; but I wanted to be able to give you some more certain information concerning this government business; and even now, after so long waiting, I can give you but little. Since I wrote last, there have been several *pros* and *cons* between the secretary and myself. He would have me write an essay for the inspection of the right honourable the commissioners, and yet could not furnish me a *specific subject* to write on! This appeared to me to be an Egyptian task; a full tale of brick required, and yet no straw granted! However, it came at last into a narrow compass, and the essay *must* be prepared in fourteen days, and then it was specified to be '*An Essay on the best Mode of carrying into effect a Compilation from unedited and latent Records, to form a Supplement and Continuation to Rymer's Fædera.*'

"These records were to be found in,—1. The British museum. 2. The tower. 3. The chapter house; Westminster. 4. The rolls chapel. 5. The state-paper office. 6. The privy council office. 7. The signet office. It was in vain my saying I did not know the contents of these repositories, and could not describe, and had not now time to examine them: write I must. '*The commissioners have desired you to prepare this essay.*' Well, I thought, for the honour of my God, and for the credit of my people, I will put my shoulder to a wheel deeply stuck in the mud, and raise it if I can.

"To do any thing to effect, I must examine sixty folio volumes, with numerous collateral evidence, and write on a subject (*diplomats*) on which I had never tried my pen, and in circumstances, too, the most unfriendly, as I was employed in the quarterly visitation of the classes during the whole time! I thought, I prayed, I read; and, like John Bunyan, 'I pulled, and, as I pulled, it came.' To be short; my essay was completed, and sent in to the commissioners this day se'nnight. At the same time I sent them word that I was an 'itinerant preacher among the people called Methodists, lately under the direction of the Rev. J. Wesley, deceased.' Mr. Butterworth and Mr. Creighton thought it was one of the completest things of the kind ever drawn up.

"As soon as the speaker, who is the soul of the record commission, heard that the *essay* was done, he sent for it from the secretary: what impression it made on him I cannot justly say, and cannot yet fully know, as the annual meeting of the commissioners was yesterday. But the secretary called on Mr. Butterworth on Tuesday, and said, 'Mr. Butterworth, I can give you no *official* information concerning Dr. Clarke's essay, as the commissioners have not yet sat; but I can say to you, *sub silentio*, that it will be received favourably; yes, Mr. B., I can say in confidence that it will be received *VERY FAVOURABLY.*' Here the matter rests; and I suppose I shall hear something farther in a few days.

"I will go to Ireland if I possibly can. If Mr. Cox should call to-day, I will send this by him, if not, you shall pay postage. Kindest love to Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Randolph. I am, my excellent friend, yours, most affectionately,  
"ADAM CLARKE."

We have seen how singularly Dr. Clarke became connected with this department of government, as well as with what caution and Christian solicitude he was jealous over it and himself. We must now inquire something into the nature of the work itself, and this will best appear from an examination of the essay itself.

"In the beginning of the year 1800, a select committee of the house of commons was appointed to inquire into the state of the public records of this kingdom, and of such other public instruments, rolls, books, and papers as they should think proper, and to report the same to the house; together with what they should judge best to be done, in order to the better arrangement, preservation, and convenient use of the same. The committee presented their report to the house of commons on the 4th of July, in the same year; and, on the foundation of that report, an address from the house of commons to his majesty was presented, couched in the following terms:—

"That, having taken into consideration the state of the public records of the kingdom, and that, although in several offices they found them preserved with order and regularity, yet in many of the most important offices they were wholly unarranged, undescribed, and unascertained. That some of them were exposed to erasure, alteration, and embezzlement; and others lodged in places where they were daily perishing by damp, or incurring a continual risk of destruction by fire. That it becomes highly important, therefore, and beneficial to the public service, that the *records* and *papers* contained in many of the principal offices and repositories should be methodized, and that certain of the more ancient and valuable among them should be printed. The committee, therefore, beseech his majesty that he would give such directions thereupon as in his royal wisdom he should think fit."

Upon the 19th of July, 1800, the chancellor of the exchequer informed the house,—

"That their address having been presented to his majesty, his majesty had commanded them to acquaint the house that he would give the necessary directions."

A commission for carrying into effect the measures recommended by the house was accordingly issued under his majesty's *sign manual*.

Among these measures of the select committee, and for which the royal commission gave authority, were the following:—

"To make a selection of such records as it may be expedient to print, under the authority of parliament."

In reference to this point, they thus expressed themselves:—

"The state papers published together in Rymer's *Fædera* form a most valuable collection. They commence from the reign of Henry I., 1131, but they do not come lower in date than the first six years of Charles the Second, during the usurpation; and it appears to your committee that it may be very desirable to have this work completed by a supplementary selection of such other important papers as were omitted by the original compilers."

Such was, in part, the nature of the work assigned to Dr. Clarke: and his first task was,—

"To examine the different public offices, to ascertain what different articles they afforded towards supplying the deficiencies of Rymer and his associates."

On the recommendation of Dr. Clarke, the commissioners resolved "to begin the work with the Norman invasion, A. D. 1066, instead of the first year of Henry I.;" and at a subsequent meeting of the commissioners, it was agreeably to the still farther suggestion of Dr. Clarke, "resolved that the work should be brought down to the accession of George III., instead of ending, as the commissioners had proposed, at the revolution."

The plan being thus finally arranged, searches were commenced in the following places:—

"1. The *tower* of London, where the principal part of the instruments printed in the earlier volumes of the *Fædera* still remain; and where a multitude have been lately discovered in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I., by the keeper of the records.

"2. The *chapter house*, *Westminster*, where the principal part of the ancient bulls were found, as also the authentic transcripts of many important instruments in two large register books, denominated *Liber A* and *Liber B*. This office also contains some *royal wills*, and various other instruments of the description of those which constitute the body of the *Fædera*.

"3. In the *archives* of the *dean and chapter* of *Westminster* some curious instruments were found, belonging to the Norman reigns.

"4. The *Cottonian*, *Harleian*, *Lansdowne*, *Sloanian*, and other collections in the *British museum* were carefully examined, and many valuable materials extracted from them.

"5. The selections made at the *state paper office* are both numerous and valuable. These will appear in the subsequent volumes of the work; as they do not commence before the reign of Henry VIII.

"6. From the *Bodleian library*, *Oxford*, much valuable



matter has been obtained, not only from the collections of ancient charters and register books there deposited, but particularly from the *Carte papers*, which are faithful transcripts taken from the originals in *Paris*, relative to the English state transactions with the French court, many of which do not now exist among our archives.

"7. Several successful searches were made in the University of *Cambridge*, and particularly in the invaluable MS. of *Corpus Christi College*, formerly belonging to Archbishop Parker. The public library in that university has also afforded some good materials for succeeding parts of the work.

"8. The *chapel of the rolls* has also produced a great variety of excellent materials, particularly in the reigns posterior to Edward IV.; and for the periods to which they relate, voluminous selections have already been made.

"9. From the library of the *dean and chapter of the cathedral of Durham*, and the library of the *bishop's auditor's office* in the same place, some assistance has been obtained in the earlier part of the work; a period in which the originals of state transactions in all the public offices are deplorably scanty.

"10. The *red book of the exchequer, Westminster*, has afforded some curious articles, which have been inserted in the earlier reigns, as well as considerable help in ascertaining the genuine readings of some important instruments which have formerly been carelessly edited.

"11. The same may be said of a MS. in the *Herald's College, London*, from which an authentic copy of the will of Henry III. was obtained.

"12. From the library of *Trinity College, Dublin*; the library of the *Dublin Society*; the archives of *Christ church*; and other collections in the same city, some valuable materials have been selected.

"13. The *archives of various cathedrals*, and some private collections, have been consulted; and by these means some mistakes have been rectified.

"14. A fruitful source of correction, emendation, and enlargement has been opened by the ancient English annalists and historians, from the remotest period of our monarchy down to the fifteenth century. Several of these contain faithful transcripts from originals of *leagues, conventions, &c.*, which probably no longer exist, or have not yet been discovered; and thus many chasms in the different reigns contained in the first volume of Rymer have been filled up by the assistance of these historians; a source to which Rymer appears to have been indebted for some of the most curious instruments in the commencement of his collection."

In farther reference to the essay Dr. Clarke drew up, an extract is subjoined from the minutes of the board, which will throw considerable light on the subject:—

"At a board of commissioners appointed by his majesty on the public records of the kingdom, holden at the house of the right honourable the *speaker*, on Friday, March 25, 1806; present,—

"The right honourable CHARLES ABBOTT, *speaker of the house of commons*.

"The right honourable Lord FREDERICK CAMPBELL.

"The right honourable Lord REDESDALE.

"The right honourable SYLVESTER, Lord GLENBERVIE.

"The right honourable JOHN, *lord bishop of Bangor*.

"The right honourable Sir WILLIAM GRANT, *master of the rolls*.

"The right honourable ARCHIBALD COLCLOUGH, *lord advocate of Scotland*.

"The right honourable CHARLES BATHURST.

"The secretary reported that Adam Clarke, LL. D., having been recommended, on account of his extensive learning and indefatigable industry, as a fit person to revise and form a supplement and continuation to Rymer's Fœdera, had accordingly prepared an 'essay or report on the best mode of executing such an undertaking;' which report the secretary delivered in, and the same being now read, the board approving of the method suggested by Dr. Clarke for the execution of the work, ordered that the synopsis subjoined to this essay be returned to Dr. Clarke, to be filled up as proposed by him, for the purpose of completing the specimen from the conquest to the end of King John; and the secretary is desired to obtain admission for him to the several public offices and libraries which it may be necessary for him to consult.

"Ordered, also, that Dr. Adam Clarke do prepare a scheme for the first volume of supplement to Rymer, and first volume of continuation thereto; specifying, in the same manner as proposed in his synopsis, an enumeration of all the articles, or instruments, proposed by him to be inserted therein: and that he do lay the same before the board with all convenient despatch.

JOHN CALEY, *Secretary*."

That Dr. Clarke did not at first engage in this great and arduous work without more than common hesitation we have already seen; and, as it gradually developed itself before him, that he was painfully solicitous upon the subject we may see from the subjoined extract of his letter to Mr. Caley, in reply to the preceding copy of the minutes forwarded to him by that gentleman:—

"Though I seldom feel disposed to shrink from mere labour, however arduous, yet I must own this now allotted me seems so peculiarly difficult and delicate that I feel unwilling but to encounter it. I will, however, with God's help, endeavour to fill up the synopsis, and take at least such steps towards the

other parts of the work as my time and circumstances will permit. When I have viewed it in all its bearings, I shall be the better able to judge whether my state of health will justify my wishes to accomplish the important task in such a way as will be no discredit to the right honourable projector. And unless this appear reasonably plain, no earthly consideration shall be able to induce me to accept a pledge which I may find it difficult to restore."

Shortly after this, Dr. Clarke busily engaged himself in these respective searches: in reference to those in the *British museum*, there is a letter on the subject, to the right honourable the speaker, which contains the following observations:—

"I find a great inconvenience from the shortness of the hours during which there is access to the reading-room of the British museum, i. e., from ten to four. My chief time for study is from five in the morning till ten, and after five in the evening: all the intermediate time is occupied with a multitude of concerns, in attending to which I lie at the mercy of a hundred calls; all connected, indeed, with the duties of my office; but perfectly inconsistent with any study to which close application and consecutive thinking are requisite. If, however, it be inconsistent with the rules of the British museum to permit the temporary removal of any MSS. on any account, I shall be obliged to request some other apartment than the reading-room: as my assistant is often obliged to consult me at the table; and we cannot *verify* any of our *transcripts* with the original without reading aloud, which, of course, is quite inconsistent with that general silence which should be observed where so many gentlemen are employed on different branches of study."

This request was taken into immediate consideration. In a minute of the *British museum*, dated Saturday, May 21, 1808, at a committee, "Mr. Planta produced a recommendation of Dr. Adam Clarke to have the use of a *private room* in the museum library; to form a continuation of Rymer's *Fœdera*, under the direction of the record commission, and to use the library out of the usual museum hours." Resolved, "That the prayer of Dr. Adam Clarke's petition be granted."

Here we perceive that "indefatigable industry" which was an early recommendation, and indeed an essential qualification, for the progress of the work now taken in hand: but, even in this stage of the business, we may, from the following extract of a letter to the right honourable the speaker, see that it was still with much hesitation Dr. Clarke undertook this honourable and laborious employment. In the early part of this letter the doctor had been recommending an examination of "the ancient Irish records:" he adds,—

"I am not sanguine in my expectation of getting much from them, they are so mixed up by their historians with idle legends; while, I am inclined to think, they have passed by instruments

of great diplomatic importance : but truth is so amiable and important in every department of knowledge, that no pains should be spared to acquire it : it is not only excellent in its source, but also in the last faint glimmerings of its farthest projected rays : to whatever distance these have shone forth, and however intermixed, they should, if possible, be analyzed, and traced back to their origin.

"Should I go to Ireland, I will take care that the work at home be left in a state of progression ; for I wish to exert myself to the utmost to provide materials to supply all deficiencies in the Fœdera, from the Norman conquest to the death of King John : farther than this I dare not at present engage ; lest both my health and abilities should be found inadequate to the task with which I am honoured. I deeply feel the responsibility of my situation : I am to labour, not only for my own credit, that is a feather in the business, but for the honour of the record commission, and for that of the nation. By long studies, disadvantageously circumstanced, &c., and by the very severe duties of my office, which I have unremittedly filled up for twenty-eight years, I am, at the age of forty-six, considerably worn down ; and cannot bear, without present injury, even one half of that fatigue which I formerly passed through without feeling the burden. It is on this ground alone that I beg leave, sir, to say that, though I shall pursue my present task with as much zeal and diligence as possible, yet, if any proper person offer himself for this important work, on whose fitness and strength dependance may be reasonably placed, I hope the right honourable the commissioners will forget me in the business, and readily employ that adequate person. Such a one I should suppose might be readily found ; and hoping, for the sake of the service, that he may soon appear, I shall, till then, consider myself his *locum tenens*, and then as cheerfully give place, with *hic castus artemque repono*."

From the preceding extract it is evident with how much diffidence Dr. Clarke engaged in this great national work ; and how sensibly alive he was to the importance and value of the undertaking. Notwithstanding his fears, injured health, &c., he continued his labours in this department with unremitting diligence ; frequently reporting progress to his majesty's commissioners ; and his reports were constantly sent in, to be read before the board. In a letter from him to Mr. Caley, at the close of this year, 1808, after giving a chapter of difficulties, which had impeded his late progress, we find him summing up the whole with,—

"And in addition to all this, I am obliged to say that after having employed a young man of considerable learning and abilities, (Mr. Jannion,) and inducted him into every branch of the work, and had reason to expect much from his perseverance, his fine classical taste was so mortified with the barbarous docu-

ments he was obliged to copy, and the work itself afforded so little entertainment to his genius and thirst for learning, that, almost broken-hearted, he earnestly entreated me to give him his dismissal."

The circumstance of Mr. Jannion's retiring from the assistantship of Dr. Clarke occasioned much delay :—"I tried," adds Dr. Clarke, "some others ;—but found them unfit. At length I met with Dr. Steinhauer, who appeared well qualified for the work : he is a gentleman in whom I can confide ; and, should his health permit, he will be an acquisition to the service."

But here he was again met by disappointment, for the health of Dr. Steinhauer shortly failed, owing to the severe studies of his youth, and the unfortunate times on which he had fallen ; his services were but short : he sadly realized the truth of those pathetic lines :—

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar !  
Ah, who can tell how many a soul sublime  
Hath felt the influence of malignant star,  
And waged with fortune a perpetual war !"

Certain it is, that the life of this able scholar and amiable man fell beneath the malignant influence of the war he had to wage with the apparently adverse star of his fortune : and the difficulties he encountered in ascending the steep of fame's proud temple, caused his mind, spirit, and body to faint at the entrance of that gate, which had he sooner reached, he would without doubt have been saved from a premature death ; and the commission have been longer favoured with the services, learning, diligence, and zeal of this excellent gentleman. Dr. Steinhauer died of a dropsy on the chest in 1809, and was immediately succeeded by Mr. F. H. Holbrooke, who continued as Dr. Clarke's assistant as long as he himself remained under the commission ; and has since greatly assisted in carrying on the work.

In the reports which were written by Dr. Clarke, and from time to time sent in to the board of commissioners, we meet not only with the evidences of extensive and deep research ; learned criticisms, and important discoveries ; but also with matters of high historical importance and interest : the reports themselves, or even an abstract of them, would be too voluminous for this place, and yet it would be scarcely justice to the reader to pass them over, without an occasional notice of some of those matters of diplomatic and historic interest with which they abound ; or to omit some of those particulars of the Fœdera itself which are found in a sort of general history of the work preceding the reports, which was also drawn up and submitted to his majesty's commissioners by Dr. Clarke, who proceeds to state in the essay before referred to,—

"What led directly to the object of the undertaking, specified its materials, and defined its limits, was the following:—Sir Joseph Ayloffe informs us, 'that soon after King William and Queen Mary's accession, Mr. *Harley*, afterwards *earl of Oxford*, formed a plan for printing at the public expense all the *leagues, treaties, alliances, capitulations, and confederacies*, which had at any time been made between the crown of England and other kingdoms, *princes, and states*, intermixed with such *instruments and papers of state* as either more immediately related to them, or were curious and useful in illustrating the English history.' This design he communicated to the *earl of Halifax*, who not only approved of the plan, but got Mr. *Rymer*, then historiographer royal, appointed to carry it into execution.

"That Mr. *Rymer* might have every facility towards the accomplishment of so great and useful a work, he received 'Queen Mary's warrant,' dated August 20, 1693, empowering him to transcribe and publish all the *leagues, &c., &c.*; and the same warrant gave him liberty of access to all the different repositories of the public records. To this was added 'an order of the king in council,' dated April 12, 1694, to the lord keeper of the great seal, commanding him 'to cause a writ to be sealed and directed to the lords commissioners of his majesty's treasury, and the chamberlains of the exchequer, authorizing and requiring them to deliver, or cause to be delivered, to Mr. *Thomas Rymer*, all *leagues, treaties, &c., &c.*, remaining in the several treasuries of the exchequer, which he shall have occasion for or desire.'

"Thus encouraged and assisted, *Rymer* commenced his work. The first volume was published in 1704, eleven years after the date of the first warrant.

"The first *fourteen* volumes of this interesting work were published during Mr. *Rymer's* life; and the *fifteenth* and *sixteenth* were prepared for the press, and published after his death, (which happened in 1713,) by his assistant, Mr. *Sanderson*, afterwards keeper of the rolls, and who likewise added a *seventeenth* volume, with an extensive apparatus of indexes, and ultimately subjoined *three* other volumes, making in the whole twenty volumes, folio. From any thing we can learn from Mr. *Rymer* to the contrary, the whole of these sixteen volumes were collected and arranged by himself.

"Thus was completed what may be properly termed the *first edition* of the *Fœdera*, begun in 1704, and completed in 1717. This *first* edition of the *Fœdera* was succeeded by a reprint, it becoming very scarce. This second edition was conducted by Mr. *George Holmes*, keeper of the tower records; and afterwards a *new edition* was undertaken at the *Hague* by the booksellers, in 1738 or 39, which was completed in ten volumes, folio. Who was the editor of this edition is not known.

"This work is a proud monument to the glory of the British

nation, and to the enlarged views and munificence of those sovereigns under whose auspices it was projected, conducted, and published. I need not consider the various attempts made in remote reigns to methodize the invaluable materials which came at last under the hands of Mr. Rymer: these were, for the most part, lost before his time."

After this general history of the work itself, was "*A view of the comparative merits of the different editions through which the Fædera has passed.*" From this essay it is impossible to call any part without prejudice to the whole; as it is a tissue of consecutive reasoning and criticism. To this succeeds an elaborate account of "*the materials of which the Fædera is composed, and how far they accord with the original design;*" containing a severe stricture on the impropriety of having published "those acts which disclose *family secrets*, i. e., *royal acts of oblivion*, passed on certain crimes, where the king, using his royal clemency, so far forgives the culprit that all proceedings in civil and ecclesiastical law shall be stayed: the crimes, as far as they affect civil society, or the posterity of the offenders, being fully pardoned.

"To publish such pardons," continues Dr. Clarke, in his report, "with the names of the *persons at full length*, where the families *still remain*, is a prosecution much more dreadful than that which the royal clemency had disarmed: it is a visiting the crimes of the parents upon their children, not only to the *third* and *fourth*, but in many cases to the *twentieth* generation, and can be of no use to the *state.*" This, Dr. Clarke continues to argue, is a species of cruelty which cannot be resisted, and an injury which knows no end.

The fourth essay is entitled, "*Considerations relative to the intended supplement to Rymer's Fædera.*" This report is chiefly taken up with suggesting reasons "why the present supplement to Rymer should embrace not only the period of time which that work comprehends, but also the time antecedent to it, at least from the Norman conquest."

The fifth essay details "*the materials proper for this work, and the repositories in which they may be found.*" This enters upon, not only the most proper and thorough plan of selecting such materials, but also gives minute instructions for the prosecution of the searches, by which much time and labour are saved, as well as expense, and the work itself not unnecessarily detained by idle investigations or an unmethodized plan of procedure. This essay is succeeded by an elaborate "*synopsis of the contents and deficiencies of the first hundred years of Rymer's Fædera.*" No extract can possibly be made of this; its title sufficiently justifies its claim to importance. It is scarcely possible to notice severally the "reports" connected with this work, they are so numerous and elaborate; the substance may, however, in some degree, be gathered from the following ques-

tions proposed for inquiry and specification, each of which was entered upon and considered by Dr. Clarke :—

“I. What appears to be the plan on which Rymer’s work is formed ?

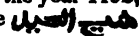
“II. What is the plan on which it is proposed to make selections for the supplement, describing under each head the papers and documents, &c., by classes ?

“III. To consider and state the opinion upon the expediency of forming the supplement according to the plan adopted by Rapin in his *Acta Regia*.”

The consideration of these points proposed by his majesty’s commissioners, and discussed by Dr. Clarke, furnishes much important matter to the historian and statesman, but cannot range itself with subjects calculated to gratify the taste of the general reader ; added to which, to enter upon them more at large would occupy a space which the present limits forbid ; and their critical character does not admit of a partial extract.

To the preceding details succeeds “a report on ecclesiastical charters and privileges,” and also a curious and interesting detailed treatise on the subject of *Vetus de Monte*.

A report on “The use Mr. Rymer appears to have made of the ancient *English historians* ; together with strictures on the authenticity of the letter of *Vetus de Monte*, or the old man of the mountain, to *Leopold, duke of Austria*, exculpating King *Richard* from the murder of the *marquis of Montferrat*,” may in part be transcribed.

“Before I finish my observations on those papers in the *Fœdera*,” continues Dr. Clarke, “which appear to have no higher authority than what they derive from their insertion in that work, I beg leave to mention an instrument under the year 1192, professing to be a letter from *Vetus de Monte*, the  *Sheikh ul Jibel*, (a chief of the branch of the Hassanian dynasty, who, with several thousands of his followers, was then settled at Mount Lebanon,) to *Leopold, duke of Austria*, vindicating *Richard*, king of England, from the murder of the *marquis of Montferrat*. Most of our historians have been struck with the importance and curious nature of this instrument ; and it has often been alleged, in vindication of our national honour. On this account I have regretted that Mr. Rymer did not produce his *authority* for its insertion, and I have endeavoured to supply the defect, by inquiring on all hands for the *original*. But all my searches for such an *original*, as the letter itself pretends to be derived from, have been fruitless ; and with deference I state my opinion, that the instrument in question is a *forgery*, and is utterly unworthy of a place in the *Fœdera*.—1. It is very improbable that the *Sheikh ul Jibel* should write such a letter without any sufficiently obvious motive ; for there was



certainly none in the present case. 2. Had he written it, it must have been in *Arabic*, as there is but little probability that he, or any of his numerous banditti, either understood, or could write Latin; and we have no evidence, from history, that he had any European in his service. 3. Had he written such a letter, the Latin must be a translation of the *Arabic*; but in the present instance, all such *internal evidence* is wanting: there is not a sentence in the letter which appears to have been drawn from an *Arabic* source: the *beginning, ending, and whole structure* would have been different, had it been cast in an Arabic or Mohammedan mould: nor on such a subject could a translation have been made into any European language, without leaving unequivocal marks of the original Arabic, had there been one.

"I have endeavoured to trace this suspicious instrument up to its source, whether *genuine* or *forged*. It is found in the '*Annales sex Regum Angliæ*,' by *Nicholas Trivet*, who flourished in the beginning of the fourteenth century; published first by *Luke D'Achery*, in the eighth volume of his *Spicilegium Veterum Scriptorum*, printed at Paris, 13 vols. 4to, 1655-77. But these annals were afterwards more correctly edited by Mr. *Anthony Hall*, 8vo, Oxon., 1719.

"About one hundred years before the time of *Trivet*, flourished *John Brompton*, who has also inserted this letter in his *Chronicon*, and very gravely tells us that it was obtained from *Vetus de Monte*, by an imperial legation sent to him by *Richard* for this very purpose:—'*Rex Ricardus misit imperialem legationem ad Veterem de Monte, rogans ipsum et assignos suos, ut per ejus epistolam super dicto crimine de morte Marchisi ei, per Ducem Austriæ maxime imposito, innocentiam suam purgaret; quod per hujuscimodi literam postea factum est.*' This writer is one of the *Historia Anglicana Scriptores X*, published by Sir *Roger Twysden*, Lond., 1652, fol., in which work, col. 1252-3, the letter may be found *verbatim et literatim*, as it appears in the *Fœdera*; and as the copy of it in *Brompton* differs from those in all the other annalists, and Rymer's transcript agrees alone with *Brompton*, hence there is the most positive evidence that he copied it from *Twysden's* edition.

"*Brompton* also inserts another letter from *Vetus de Monte*, in vindication of King *Richard*; in which, with all the inconsistency and absurdity of the other, he makes the *sheikh* give the *Salaam* to all the princes and people in *Christendom*! '*Vetus de Monte, Principibus Europæ et omni populo Christiano, Salutem!*' and makes him conclude with the papal benediction, '*Bene valete!*'"

"Prior to the time of *Brompton*, flourished *Ralph de Diceto*, who was dean of St. Paul's in 1181, and this letter appears for the first time in his *Ymagines Historiarum*, (*Twysden*, col.

\* See the instrument in *Twysden*, col. 1268.

690,) who honestly tells us he received it from *William Longchamp*, bishop of Ely, with the desire that he should insert it among his chronicles :—' *Willielmus, Elyensis Episcopus, Radulfo, Decano Londoniæ. Mittimus ad vos literas quas Vetus de Monte misit Duci Austriæ, de morte Marchisi in hæc verba.*' Then follows the letter, at the end of which is the bishop's subscription :—' *Hunc transcriptum literarum vobis, de cujus dilectione plenum habemus experimentum, duximus destinandum, ut de illo agatis in Chronicis vestris, &c.*'

"This letter now rests with the bishop of Ely, and I believe it will be impossible to trace it from him to mount *Lebanon*. On this part of the subject a few words may suffice. It is well known that *William Longchamp* was a Norman of mean extraction, who had address sufficient to enable him to gain the confidence of King *Richard*; so that we find him consecrated bishop of Ely, made chancellor, and papal legate, all in one year, (1189,) the first year of *Richard's* accession; who, when he went to the Holy Land, left him regent of the kingdom, in conjunction with the bishop of Durham, and five others. Behaving himself insolently in this office, he was deprived of the regency in 1191; but was afterwards, in 1193, restored by the king, whom he visited while prisoner at Vienna, and by whom he was invariably supported against all his adversaries.

"When he sent the sheikh's letter to *Ralph de Diceto* cannot at this distance of time be exactly ascertained; but it was probably in the year 1193, after he had returned from his visit to the king at Vienna; it being highly necessary to vindicate the character of his sovereign and friend from being accessory to the murder of the *marquis of Montferrat*, with which he was loudly charged in every court in Europe. And it was the more necessary to do it at this time, when an immense sum of money (one hundred thousand marks) must be raised for the king's ransom, from his already impoverished subjects. It seems from the bishop's letter that the friendship of the dean of St. Paul's was necessary on this occasion, and hence those suspicious words, *de cujus dilectione plenum habemus experimentum, &c.*, in which there seems to be an air of mystery scarcely compatible with that ingenuousness in which truth ever delights to appear in historic detail.

"*Brompton* has increased the absurdity and improbability of the whole business, by causing *Vetus de Monte* to conclude his letter with '*Anno ab Alexandro. Papa quinto*!' for who can suppose that the *Mohammedan* sheikh would date his proceedings by the succession of Roman pontiffs, instead of the era of the *Seleucidæ*, or the years of the *Hijireh*? Indeed, we could scarcely expect him to acknowledge the *former*, though this is a possible case: but the *latter* is uniformly employed by almost every *Mohammedan*.

'This most gross blunder Rymer has copied, because he has

copied *Brompton*; but the error is too palpable to have proceeded from the able and dexterous Longchamp, for the copy which he sent to *Ralph de Diceto* is dated 'Anno ab Alexandro, M. et V. millesimo quingentesimo quinto.' This restores the passage to *probability*; for as the *era of Alexander*, which is the same as that of the *Seleucidae*, commenced an. ante Christ. 312; by adding this to the year 1193, the year in which *Richard* was in prison at Vienna, we have the sum of 1505, the date of the best copies of this *suspicious* letter; for all circumstances of time, place, persons, dates, and internal evidence, taken together, leave it scarcely any pretensions to credibility."

After this curious detail, Dr. Clarke adds,—

"Whatever his majesty's commissioners may think of the authenticity of these letters, the following points are, I hope, sufficiently proved:—

"First, that Mr. Rymer inserted a variety of instruments in the *Fædera* which had been printed in different works long before his time.

"Secondly, that, if he had possessed the *originals* of such curious and important articles, he surely would have quoted his authorities, and referred to the *places* where they were deposited; for this he has done in a great variety of cases, of much less consequence.

"Thirdly, that the instruments examined in the preceding pages were, in all probability, taken from the *printed works* already specified.

"Fourthly, hence may we not safely infer that he *had not those originals*, and that he copied the instruments as stated above?"

From the preceding reasoning of Dr. Clarke it must appear, not only that a new edition of the *Fædera* was wanted, but that it was not safe entirely to trust to the records of *Rymer*: for though he unquestionably did much, yet by his want of rigid inquiry he omitted to do all that even his time and circumstances allowed of; and that as truth is so important in all cases, and the perishable nature of those instruments in which so much of national record is connected, are thus exposed not only to the destructive hand of time, but also to disadvantageous circumstances and places, consequently there was no time to be lost in collecting, examining, arranging, and copying those records on which the history of England is founded.

In "A Dissertation on the Languages, Literature, and Manners of the Eastern Nations, by John Richardson, Esq., F. S. A.," we find an account of this *Vetus de Monte*. He tells us that "when *Hassan Sahali*, the founder of this dynasty, had become formidable, the Sultan *Melek Shah Jeleddin, Emir ul omra* to the *Khalif of Bagdad*, sent an ambassador to require his submission. *Hassan*, without making any immediate reply, desired one of his attendants to poniard himself, and another

to leap from the battlements of the tower : he was instantly obeyed : when turning to the ambassador, 'Seventy thousand are thus attentive to my commands. Let this be my answer.' These chiefs, from the devoted enthusiasm of their followers, became the terror of all the neighbouring princes, whom they laid under contribution ; for death was the general consequence of their displeasure : their subjects would assume any disguise, and penetrate into any place, fearless of the consequences, provided they could succeed in the murder they were sent to execute. From the name of *Hassan*, the founder of this dynasty, it is probable the word *assassin* may be derived.

"The murder of the *marquis of Montferrat*, by two of those men, makes a great figure in the history of the crusades : they had disguised themselves like Christian monks, and stabbed him in the streets of Tyre, when returning from dining with the bishop of Beauvais : they were immediately seized, and put to the most excruciating torture, but they suffered death without making any confession. As our Richard I. was then at open variance with the *marquis*, the suspicion of many of the princes of the crusade fell heavy upon him ; which reaching the ears of the *old man of the mountain*, he addressed a letter to Leopold, duke of Austria."

Such is the account which Richardson gives of this dynasty, and of *Vetus de Monte*.

Immediately after this last interesting report, a note was sent to Dr. Clarke, by direction of his majesty's commissioners on the public records, requesting him to furnish the following particulars :

First, "Upon his preparations for a *continuation and supplement* to Rymer, the sub-committee have expressed themselves to be well satisfied with those specimens of his progress which they have seen ; and as he has now been employed for a considerable time in making preparations for the work intrusted to him, it is desirable that he should shortly draw up a *narrative* to be laid before the commissioners, containing an outline of the course he has pursued, and how far the result has hitherto enabled him to execute the purposes for which he has been employed ; and farther stating what materials he has collected for giving an *introductory account* of the principle and mode according to which Rymer's original work has been executed, as to selection of articles, original sources, &c., and for laying down in such introductory account the precise *scheme* and *heads* of the principal work which he has now to execute."

Secondly, "Dr. Clarke is farther desired, in the course of his labours, to keep a separate account of what instruments he shall meet with, which may be proper to form a '*supplement to the existing collections of monastical records*,' such as '*Dugdale's Monasticon*,' &c., noting also the relation which such records may bear to other books upon the subject, such as '*Tanner's Notitia*,' &c."

In reply, Dr. Clarke elaborately enters into every branch of the subject; detailing his plan, and the reasons of it; together with the difficulties and time necessarily consumed in such rigid examinations; for he adds, "In forming these collections I have ever, to the best of my ability, scrupulously attended to the *authenticity* of the articles I have transcribed:" and again, "It must be well known to his majesty's commissioners, that in such a work whole hours must sometimes be wasted in endeavouring to make out a single *sentence*; ascertain a *date*, place, &c.; or recover a few almost obliterated signatures," &c., &c.

"In reference to the plan," proceeds Dr. Clarke, "Mr. Harley appears to have had an earnest desire to preserve our invaluable state records; which he knew must perish in the lapse of time, if not prevented by means of the press: hence he proposed 'to print, at the public expense, all the leagues, treaties, alliances, capitulations, and confederacies, which had at any time been made between the crown of England and other kingdoms, princes, and states: intermixed with such instruments and papers of state as either more immediately related to them, or were curious and useful in illustrating English history.' And," continues Dr. Clarke, "the obvious importance of this measure recommended itself to general approbation; and the utility of it, as far as it has been executed, has been acknowledged, not only by the British nation, but by all Europe. That Rymer passed by many such instruments the present collections prove: and it was to complete Mr. Harley's plan, and make up all deficiencies, that his majesty's commissioners on the public records of the kingdom have proposed a '*supplement*' to what is published, that *all* such instruments may be inserted; and also a '*continuation*,' formed on the same plan, to extend to the accession of his present majesty."

"In May, 1800," Dr. Clarke farther remarks, "I took the liberty to propose the *expediency* and *necessity* of a *new edition* of the Fœdera, in which the collections now in hand should be incorporated with the original work, and endeavoured to support the recommendation by a variety of arguments: I am fully convinced by my subsequent experience that the Fœdera stands in need of a thorough revision, and I once more beg leave to press the present adoption of the measure on his majesty's commissioners as the only one that is likely fully to meet their wishes, and be ultimately creditable to the undertaking. The Fœdera is completely out of print; but, even if it were not, there are motives sufficient to justify the measure; as, under the direction of his majesty's commissioners, the work can now be made much more perfect, accurate, and useful, than it ever was before, even in its amended edition. The '*continuation*' will come in as an integral part of the work, the '*supplement*' be absorbed in the improvement of the original, and the Fœdera be at its *STANDARD* for ever! Were I to

repress the present recommendation of a *new edition of the Fœdera*, I should not feel justified in my own mind, or think I was fulfilling the duty I owe to the trust reposed in me by the right honourable the commissioners: I crave their indulgence, my only excuse being the concern I feel for the accomplishment and perfection of the work."

It now remains as briefly as possible to notice the reception of Dr. C.'s *recommendation and proceedings*; expressed in the following minutes:—

"At a board of the commissioners appointed by his majesty on the public records of the kingdom, holden at the house of the right honourable the speaker of the house of commons, Dr. Clarke's general report of the proceedings carried on by order and under the direction of the board, relative to a supplement and continuation of Rymer's *Fœdera*, was read. And this board being of opinion that the plan for executing this work is well and sufficiently settled, according to the method laid down in the said report; and that the work when executed conformably thereto, will be of great utility and importance:" ordered—

"That Dr. Clarke do forthwith prepare materials for a first volume of a new edition of Rymer according to the said plan; and that when the same shall be collected and arranged, with a descriptive table of its contents, the entire manuscript be submitted to the commissioners for examination by them before it is committed to the press.

"And that Dr. Clarke be also desired to propose a plan for carrying on the continuation concurrently."

The new edition of the *Fœdera* then immediately proceeded; and, in the following year, there is another report sent in to the annual board of commissioners, stating the progress and the difficulties in the execution of the work: but these it is scarcely possible to glance at; they were detailed under the heads of "Unreferred Sources, whence many instruments and state papers were derived: many being copied with such reprehensible carelessness as greatly to impair their authenticity; and some so corrupted that even conjectural criticism could not restore them to common sense and consistency. After labouring much at several of such," adds Dr. Clarke, "which, had they been correct, would have been of great importance, and not being able to discover the originals, we have been obliged to throw them aside."

In May, 1811, Dr. Clarke went to Dublin in quest of diplomatic or other state papers. Upon his return, these were sent in by him as a report of his proceedings and success; and Dr. Clarke adds:—

"Having examined all the depositories of the public records, and after a general view of their contents, I feel obliged to state that I think it is a most fortunate thing for the records of Ireland, that a record commission has been established for that

country; as, in a very few years, it is more than probable many of the valuable materials contained in those places would have been otherwise utterly ruined; dispersion and destruction having already made rapid progress among these important documents; and, though the commission has been but recently established, the good effects of it are every day becoming more observable. If the honourable the speaker could see the ruin and desolation, the progress of which he has been the means of arresting among the records of Ireland, he would not be a little rejoiced. The Irish chancellor is very attentive to the interests of the Irish commission, and William Shaw Mason, Esq., secretary, and many other gentlemen of learning and abilities, are laboriously and diligently employed to prosecute this desirable work; and order is, already, through their talents and industry, beginning to arise out of confusion and destruction."

To this report is subjoined a list of the state papers, letters, &c., and other materials of importance connected with the Fœdera, which this visit to the sister kingdom brought before Dr. Clarke's notice, and which were afterwards more fully examined: the report states that "some of these state papers were found in the libraries of private gentlemen; owing, probably, to the long and distracting state of its troublous times. Every one must feel the importance of all such papers, letters, instruments, &c., &c., which so entirely refer to state affairs, being collected and deposited in some national places of safety, where they may be kept carefully as matters of reference and national diplomatic wealth, to the latest periods of time."

This Irish report is succeeded by one termed,—

"A short report of some searches made in the several colleges in the university of Cambridge."

This report also has subjoined to it a "list of the materials found in the different libraries, colleges, and offices, bearing upon the great work of the Fœdera," and also,—

"Gratefully acknowledges the kind attention and directions of many of the professors, and other gentlemen, in aiding Dr. Clarke with their information, in reference to the object of his search, and the best mode of conducting it with success and promptitude."

"A report on the best plan of printing an improved edition of the Fœdera," which immediately follows, is full of important matter; but too elaborate for our present purpose: we find this also was received, by the following extract:—

"At a board of commissioners, appointed by his majesty, on the public records of the kingdom, held at the house, &c.,—

"The secretary having laid before the board a list of new articles proposed to be made in the new edition of Rymer's Fœdera, together with specimens of the different modes of printing this work:—

"Ordered, 'That the specimens recommended by Dr. Clarke,

as an improvement upon the Dutch edition, and containing a larger quantity of the same sized letter-press in each page, be adopted.' ”

In another report sent in to his majesty's commissioners, Dr. Clarke recommends the insertion of “many curious letters of Queen Mary of Scotland.” Also; he adds:—

“While I take it for granted that all the original plates which have adorned the different editions of the *Fœdera* must be re-engraved, I submit to his majesty's commission whether a few others might not be added, i. e., for the first volume.

“I. A fac-simile of the curious account, ‘*De Navibus per Magnates Normannie provisus, pro passagio Ducis Willielmi in Angliam.*’ The original is in the Bodleian library, and is evidently a MS. of that time, the transactions of which it relates.

“The charter of Battle Abbey; the very curious original of which is in the Cotton library.

“III. If the *Articulis* (the *Foundation of Magna Charta*, the original of which is also in the British museum) should be admitted into the new edition, the fac-simile of that instrument might be added. But on this subject I shall crave the liberty of consulting occasionally his majesty's commissioners, and shall do nothing but by their positive orders.”

These fac-similes were introduced into the work, together with several others; and also a selection of *seals* to important records, which are not less beautiful than they are interesting to the curious. These were all done under the superintendence of Dr. Clarke, as well as by his suggestion; and unquestionably add a yet more complete as well as valuable and gratifying feature to the work itself.

The “*Magna Charta*,” and “*Charta de Foresta*,” and the modifications, explanations, and enlargements which they underwent in various reigns, with all the series of state-instruments to which they gave rise, are, in this edition, for the first time carefully inserted from the originals. How they came to be omitted in the preceding editions, it is difficult to conjecture; while it is most evident that there are not any instruments in the body of the whole work that came more directly under the description of those of which the *Fœdera* ought to be composed.

To a sort of treatise, or “*General Introduction to the Fœdera*,” containing a vast mass of important matter and curious detail, succeeds a long paper in reference to, and “*Observations upon, Two Documents proposed to have been inserted in the new edition of the Fœdera.*” The first of these documents, and the most specious in its appearance, is the charter said to have been granted by *William the Conqueror* to *Alan Fergent, earl of Brittany*, of all the lands which belonged to *Edwyn, earl of Mercia*.

The authenticity of this document allows at least of much



argumentation *pro* and *con*, and in this manner Dr. Clarke has taken up and discussed the subject at considerable length, and with great ability: but, though peculiarly interesting, from its curious detail, it also must be passed by here, as it cannot be partially transcribed. It may, however, be proper to say that Dr. Clarke has answered every objection raised against its authenticity, both in comparatively ancient and modern times; and this answer the commissioners have printed in their reports.

The second document, styled *De Navibus*, of this disputable kind, is a curious account of the means afforded by the Norman nobility, to enable *William*, their duke, to attempt the conquest of England. This exists in a MS. evidently of the eleventh century, in the *Bodleian library*, numbered among the MSS. in that repository, 3632, and has the following title to the copies taken from it, which has been added in modern times, "*De Navibus per Magnates Normannia provisio, pro passagio Ducis Willielmi in Angliam.*"

"In the same MS.," continues Dr. Clarke, "which contains '*De Navibus*,' there is another document entitled '*Pacta Conventa inter Hen. I. Anglie, et Ludovicum Crassum Gallie Regem*,' which contains their mutual agreement to take the cross, and go to the assistance of the Holy Land; and the names and powers of the persons to whom each king, in his absence, was to confide the regency of his kingdom. This stands at least on as good ground as '*De Navibus*:' indeed, it has every semblance of authenticity, and should, in my opinion, enter into the body of the work, if the reasons which have prevented the former from being inserted may not be supposed to apply as powerfully to this. It is, however, a document of some importance, and is fully entitled to accompany its former companion, should his majesty's commissioners think proper to order it to be printed, as they have done the preceding.

"I shall, therefore, insert a faithful copy of it from the original, attested by the Rev. Bulkley Bandinell, keeper of the Bodleian library. I have only to remark, that the convention between '*Lewis le Gros* and '*Henry the First*' must have been made some time between 1128 and 1135. After the former year there was no war between *Lewis* and *Henry*. Prior to that time wars were frequent.

"In 1127 *Henry* went over to *Normandy*, and, on the Whitsuntide of the following year, married his daughter at *Rouen*, to *Geoffry Martel*, son of *Fulke*, earl of *Anjou*. This year, 1128, he made a final treaty with *Lewis le Gros*, which terminated all wars between them to their respective deaths. The same year one *Hugh*, a knight templar, went to him in *Normandy*, from the Holy Land, to solicit supplies of men and money. The king made him great presents, and, by his recommendation, the knight raised vast supplies both of men and money, in *England* and *Scotland*; such as had not been made

since the first crusade; *Sax. Chron.*, p. 323. It was probably this year that the '*Pacta*' was made between him and Lewis.

"Henry died at *St. Dennis le Forment*, near *Lyons*, Dec. 1, 1135. *Lewis le Gros* died at *Paris*, Aug. 1, 1137. Hence this confederacy must have taken place before 1135, and not before 1128; probably in this year, as before conjectured.

"ADAM CLARKE.

"*Millbrook, Lancashire, May 25, 1816.*"

It has already been stated that the health of Dr. Clarke had considerably suffered by his labours; nor can this be wondered at, when it is remembered that, in addition to frequent preachings, he was also engaged in writing and bringing his Commentary on the Old and New Testaments through the press; and the correcting of the sheets of that work, and also the revision of the proof-sheets of the *Fædera*, which of itself was a most laborious task: all these were necessarily calculated to drink up the strength and life of any individual; and it is certain that the health of Dr. Clarke was declining fast under such accumulated labours. The distance of his residence from the press, &c., and the seat of his government employment, made him not only long to close his labours in that department, but actuated him on three different occasions to send in his resignation to the "board of his majesty's commissioners on the public records:" but these were severally refused. Finding, however, at last, that, owing to his removal from London, which itself originated in the loss of his health, he could not carry on the work without many interruptions, his desire to retire from the sub-commission was accepted; and accordingly, at a board of the commission, bearing the date of the 24th day of March, 1819, we find the following:—

"Resolved, That this board, at the same time that it duly appreciates the meritorious services of Dr. Clarke on this work hitherto, is of opinion that his *distant* residence from London, and other causes necessarily adverse to the *speedy* execution of it, render it expedient that his part in the future prosecution of it in the press should be transferred to their secretary, who is desired to proceed on the same accordingly."

It will appear from this minute of the board of commissioners, that we are now drawing towards the close of this part of Dr. Clarke's public life. Under the above minute he has written:—

"*N. B.*—I sent in my resignation of my sub-commissionship on the public records of the kingdom twice before; but his majesty's commissioners did not think proper to accept it till the present year. Almost all the operations under that commission are now finally closed. I have acted under it from March, 1808, till the date of the above minute. For my charac-

ter and conduct in the work, see Lord Colchester's letter to me, dated March 21, of the present year, 1819.

"ADAM CLARKE."

It is but just here to transcribe the letter of Lord Colchester, (late the right honourable Charles Abbott, speaker of the house of commons,) above alluded to :—

"Kidbrook, March 21, 1819

"DEAR SIR,—I will not lose a day in assuring you that you have, and ever have had, through your long and successful labours under the record commission, my entire confidence and approbation : and, on the immediate subject of your letter of the 18th, I have the pleasure to communicate to you not only my own sentiments, but those of a very distinguished member of the commission, who was with me when your letter arrived, and we are both satisfied (as it was likely we should be) with the complete refutation which you have given to the objections so irregularly introduced, and with so little foundation, in the proposed preface to the fourth volume of the statutes.\* Believe me to be ever, dear sir, most truly and faithfully yours,

"COLCHESTER."

Before this account be altogether closed, it would interest the reader to know what were the feelings with which Dr. Clarke gave up this branch of his public duties ; and, as he has himself recorded them, the MS. shall be transcribed just as it stands : thus,—

"And here I register my thanks to God, the fountain of wisdom and goodness, who has enabled me to conduct this most difficult and delicate work for ten years, with credit to myself and satisfaction to his majesty's government. During that time I have been required to solve many difficult questions, and illustrate many obscurities ; in none of which have I ever failed, though the subjects were such as were by no means familiar to me, having had little of an antiquarian, and nothing of a forensic education. I began the work with extreme reluctance, and did every thing I could to avoid the employment ; but was obliged to yield to the wishes of some persons high in power, who had in vain, for seven years, endeavoured to find some person to undertake the task. The work was to collect from all the archives of the united kingdom all authentic state papers from the conquest to the accession of George III. ; to arrange and illustrate them in frequent reports to the right honourable his majesty's commissioners on the public records of the kingdom,

\* "This refers to some illiberal reflections of Sir T. E. T. on that part of the Fœdera in which *Magna Charta*, and its various corresponding instruments, were published : an *imbelle telum*."

for the purpose of 'completing and continuing that collection of state papers called RYMER'S FÆDERA,' of which I have carried nearly four volumes folio through the press. Many endeavoured to carp at the work, but their teeth were broken in their attempt to gnaw the file. I hope I may now take leave of the work and my conflicts with—

*Hic victor castus artemque repono.*

"To God only wise, be glory and dominion, by Christ Jesus, for ever and ever. Amen.

"ADAM CLARKE."

"Millbrook, March 30, 1819."

## BOOK VIII.

WE must now return to those other engagements which marked the past years, but which, not to interrupt a succinct account of the record commission, so far as Dr. Clarke was connected with it, have been passed by, because they would have interfered with the chronological order; to which, however, we will now return.

It has been previously stated that, during the years 1806-8, Dr. Clarke regularly preached in all the different chapels in his then widely extended circuit, besides engaging himself in much occasional pastoral labour, visiting the sick, comforting the afflicted, and exhorting the wayward not to turn aside from the holy commandment once delivered to, and received by them: but these visits were always short, and ever to the purpose; for though no man could possess greater sociability of disposition, yet he never mingled with his simply pastoral calls the general topics of the day.

In the discharge of the duties and of the obligations of such accumulated labour, it is not to be wondered that the health and strength of Dr. Clarke suffered much injury. It was partly on this account, to gain some degree of rest, and partly to oblige his relative, Mr. Butterworth, and some intimate friends, that, in the summer of 1808, he was induced to take upon him the *librarianship* of the *Surry institution*; it being urged, that "if he did not accept it, the selection of its library would fall into the hands of persons less favourable to the propagation of true religion;" and as the institution was intended to have been very extensive in its operations, the course it took in reference to religion would consequently give a tone and character to its numerous readers, and the attendants on its different courses of lectures; and certainly Dr. Clarke's extensive knowledge of books, and acquaintance with general literature, well fitted him to form a selection of works for such an object. After much hesitation and entreaty he yielded to the solicitations of his friends; urged on the preceding grounds, and took upon himself the office and duties of principal librarian of the *Surry institution*; but he never felt at home in it; and at the termination of a year left it altogether, absolutely refusing to accept any remuneration whatever for his services. The managers, however, as a mark of respect, constituted him honorary librarian during the whole of the existence of the institution.

During the year he resided at the *Surry institution*, he pub-

lished "*A Narrative of the last Illness and Death of RICHARD PORSON, M. A., Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. With a Fac-Simile of an Ancient Greek Inscription, which was the Chief Subject of his last Literary Conversation.*"

This pamphlet is not less interesting than it is curious. Dr. Clarke had previously been acquainted with that learned man, and a considerable kindness had existed between them, which, had life been spared, would in all probability have proved mutually beneficial: but death regards neither the learned nor the unlettered; he is no respecter of persons: he has a commission against all, and sooner or later he takes it home into every bosom. And so it was with *Richard Porson*, than whom a more learned man has rarely appeared, or perhaps one less vainglorious of his vast acquirements. Dr. Clarke had seen him a short time previously to his death, and on that occasion had taken place the conversation narrated in the pamphlet, which originated in Dr. Clarke's showing the professor a stone in his possession containing an old Greek inscription.

Immediately connected with this subject is the following letter, addressed to Dr. Clarke, from the late Mr. Charles Butler:—

"DEAR SIR,—I understand you are very desirous of finding a mathematical problem, said to have been in Mr. Porson's pocket when he was taken ill; I send you one in his handwriting, which I think has a chance of being the problem you wish to have.

"Some short time ago I met him in company with an eminent algebraist; and the conversation turning on algebra, Mr. Porson took from his pocket-book a problem which that gentleman thought ingeniously contrived; and in the course of our conversation he mentioned to me that Mr. Porson was profoundly versed in algebra.

"One of us suggested to Mr. Porson a new edition of *Diaphantus*, and he seemed to relish the proposal.

"Soon after he called upon me, and I begged him to write down the problem, which he did, and I enclose it.

"Once after that time I saw him, and I recollect that, the conversation turning on the 'heavenly witnesses,' he said 'the argument in their favour from the confession delivered by the African clergy to Hunneric, king of the Goths, remained to be cleared up.' I am, dear sir, with the greatest respect, your most obedient, humble servant,

CHARLES BUTLER.

"*Lincoln's Inn, October 12, 1808.*"

At the close of this year, Dr. Clarke was consulted by Sir *William Forbes* respecting the purchase of the private papers of Sir *Andrew Mitchell*, late ambassador from the court of England to the court of *Prussia*; and he wisely supposed that papers embracing so eventful a period, and forming so important

a feature in the history of Europe as the seven years' war of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, ought not to be lost to the public, or scattered in private libraries. Dr. Clarke accordingly applied to the speaker of the house of commons respecting the papers in question, to which he returned the following note:—

"The speaker returns many thanks to Dr. Clarke for his obliging communication of the offer made by *Sir William Forbes*, respecting *Sir Andrew Mitchell's* papers.

"It does not at present appear to the speaker that this purchase belongs to the purposes for which the record commission was issued: but he is much inclined to think that the papers ought to be lodged in the *British museum*, if the terms could be agreed upon, and if the funds of that trust should be adequate. He requests that Dr. Clarke will allow him a few days for inquiring what probability there may be for accomplishing that object.

"*Rottingdean, Brighton, Oct. 3, 1808.*"

Shortly after this Dr. Clarke entered upon the negotiation for the papers with the three trustees of the Cottonian library at the British museum, who ultimately purchased them for £400; and Dr. Clarke took them himself in a coach to the *British museum*, where he delivered them into the hands of Mr *Planta*, keeper of that library, where they remain sealed up, according to the usual agreement in such cases, for thirty years, in order that no individuals nor states may be injuriously involved in the secrets of those transactions which the *Mitchell papers* may one day bring to light.

After the termination of the negotiation, *Sir William Forbes* inquired of Dr. Clarke's friend, *Dr. Robert Eden Scott*, what compensation he should make to Dr. Clarke for his trouble; but was told he was above receiving remuneration for acts of that kind: but that if he had any old book, he might present it in token of his sense of obligation. *Sir William Forbes* accordingly sent Dr. Clarke a copy of the "*Nova Reperta Inscriptionum Antiquarum*;" on the fly-leaf of which is the following inscription in *Sir William Forbes's* hand-writing:—

"*Fintray-house, May 24, 1810.*

"*Sir William Forbes* requests that Dr. Clarke will accept of this book as a mark of regard."

Underneath this inscription is the following note by Dr. Clarke himself:—

"The diplomatic papers of *Sir Andrew Mitchell*, who was plenipotentiary at the court of *Berlin* during the seven years' war, became the property of *Sir William Forbes*, on whose part I negotiated a bargain with the trustees of the *British museum*, and sold those papers for £400. Thus I had a

double pleasure,—that of serving a friend, and that of depositing in a place of safety, within reach of the public, a collection of papers which cast much light on the affairs of that very eventful period.

ADAM CLARKE."

The following letter, addressed by Dr. Clarke to the late excellent Henry Thornton, Esq., M. P., will evince the kind interest which he ever felt for his friends and the cause of literature. It runs thus:—

"SIR,—A literary acquaintance of mine, Mr. John Jones, is a candidate for the office of principal librarian in the *London institution*, vacant by the death of the late Mr. Professor Porson. As a proprietor in that institution, and a hearty well-wisher to sound literature, I most ardently wish that the place of the late librarian may be respectably filled; and I must say there is not one in the whole circle of my literary acquaintance so well qualified to discharge that office as Mr. Jones: he is not only a general, thorough scholar, but he excels particularly in his profound knowledge of the *Greek* tongue, and his extensive acquaintance with Biblical criticism. He has published several things which occupy a respectable place in the annals of literature.

"Should it be in your way, sir, to forward the application of this gentleman, I have no doubt you would thereby promote the interests of the institution; nor would the office of that eminent man, lately removed, be disgraced either in literature or assiduity by the present candidate.

"Pardon me, sir, for presuming, on so slight an acquaintance, to request your suffrages in behalf of Mr. Jones: a simple desire to serve the institution, and to bring forth into more extensive action the learning and talents of no ordinary man, is my only motive. As far as it may be deemed proper, I would just say, '*Scribe tui gregis hunc, fortem crede bonumque.*' I am, sir, with great respect, your humble servant,

"ADAM CLARKE.

"*Surry institution, September 28, 1808.*"

The gentleman referred to in the preceding letter was the late Mr. John Jones, son-in-law to Dr. Rees; both gentlemen well known in the republic of literature.

The following letter from the Rev. Dr. *Buchanan* is another evidence, among many others, that Dr. Clarke was neither illiberal of his time, nor in his sentiments, in reference to religious matters:—

"REVEREND AND VERY DEAR SIR,—A considerable time ago I had the pleasure of your valuable letter, informing me of what



Mr. Brunton had written to you respecting the translation of the Scriptures into *Turkish*.

"As none of the members of our society know any thing of that language, we were happy to find that he had written to you; and the opinion which you express of his qualifications for the important work in which he is engaged, affords us the greatest satisfaction.

"When I laid your letter before the directors, they desired me to assure you that they are much gratified by the interest which you take in the success of our mission, and are deeply sensible of the importance of the services which you have rendered it.

"Owing to the unhappy differences existing between this country and Russia, we have had no letters from *Karass* since the month of June: Mr. Brunton had been seized with a bad fever very soon after he wrote to you, and for some time his life was despaired of; but blessed be God, who heard the many prayers put up for his recovery, and has spared a life so truly valuable. The types and paper had reached *Sarepta*, and I hope have long ere this arrived at *Karass*. I have heard nothing of the second parcel which you had the goodness to procure for our missionaries; but I trust that, through the favour of Providence, it also will reach them in safety. With fervent wishes for your health, comfort, and success in the various and important labours in which you are engaged, I remain, with much respect and esteem, reverend and dear sir, yours most faithfully,

WALTER BUCHANAN.

"*Edinburgh, October 1, 1808.*"

In the commencement of the year 1809 Dr. Clarke received the following letter from his venerable friend, the late Rev. *James Creighton*, who had been for many years a personal friend of Mr. Wesley's, and a clergyman of the Church of England: he was a man well known for his learning, as well as for his piety; and between himself and Dr. Clarke there subsisted a strong attachment to the hour of his death; the letter referred to is as follows:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Perhaps I ought to make an apology for the little poem I now send you: I have often intended to read it to you, but your time was generally so occupied that no opportunity offered: therefore, finding the little remains of my candle burning dim in the socket, I thought I would print a few copies, just to circulate among some of your particular friends and mine, which you and they may keep as a little memorial of me when I am gone hence.

"I have scarcely been out of my room for upwards of three weeks past, except on the Sabbath, and then I am the more exposed: I am endeavouring to weather out the last storms of life,

hoping ere long to gain the port at last. I have had a pretty rough passage of it all the way; but I am fully convinced that it was best so, and that the repose will be the sweeter when we get to the haven where we would be.

'O what is death? 'tis life's last shore,  
Where vanities are vain no more;  
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,  
And life is all retouch'd again.'

"Though you have doubtless thought often and seriously about death, yet, when you come to stand in my circumstances, you will probably see and feel in a different manner from what you have ever done. I bless God, I have no fear nor gloomy thought about me, yet it is not what some call ecstasy, or triumph: my general experience has been a calm, internal peace, with a firm reliance on the promises of God, through the merits of the atoning blood. I have, indeed, at times experienced something of what is expressed in those lines,—

'So many wondrous gleams of light,  
And gentle ardours from above,  
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,  
Some moments on a throne of love.'

"Let me have a few lines from you sometimes while I am here. My true, sympathizing friends are scattered far from me in distant lands. Let me know what you are doing, and about to do: work while it is day, and remember there is an evening before night, when little can be done! Farewell: to God's gracious mercy and protection I commit you and yours; and am ever yours affectionately,

JAMES CREIGHTON.

"January 14, 1809."

Dr. Clarke's children were, at the period we are now speaking of, all from home, mostly at school; but he wrote frequently to them, and affectionately exhorted and encouraged them to prosecute their different studies. Of this description of letter is the following, addressed to his second daughter, dated,—

"London, July 4, 1809.

"Will not my dear father write a letter to poor Eliza?" So I think I heard mother read from a letter lately received from Trowbridge, to which question I reply,—

"MY DEAR ELIZA,—I will cheerfully write to you such a letter as my circumstances will admit, and will assure you that, if I should be entirely silent, it would be no proof of my want of affection for you, as I love you with as much sincerity and warmth as any father should love his child. It has often given me great pleasure to reflect that, though you are not under our eye, you are under that of an affectionate grandmother and

aunt, who will supply our lack of service: repay their kindness by gratitude and obedience: learn all you can, for youth is the time, and the time *alone*, in which learning can be attained. I find that I can now remember very little but what I learned when I was young. I have, it is true, acquired many things since, but it has been with great labour and difficulty; and I find I cannot retain them as I can those things which I gained in my youth: had I not got rudiments and principles in the beginning, I should certainly have made but little out in life, and it is often now a source of regret to me that I did not employ that time as I might have done, at least to the extent that my circumstances admitted: but for my comparative non-improvement I can make this apology,—my opportunities were not of the most favourable kind; for I was left to explore my way nearly alone, and was never informed how I might make the best use of the understanding God had given me: I have felt this defect in my own education so distressingly, that I was determined my own children should not have to complain on the same ground, and therefore we have endeavoured to give yourself and your brothers and sisters all the advantages in our power; if you improve them, so as to grow wise and good, we will praise God for you, and rejoice that by suffering some privations ourselves, we have been enabled to afford you the means of obtaining useful knowledge, and the fear and love of God.

"I hope to pay you a visit, probably in the course of a few days; I shall rejoice to see you both in health, growing in stature, improved in your learning, and fearing God; without the latter, all the rest are not worth a rush.

"With heartiest love to your grandmother, and aunts Bishop and Butterworth, and your sister, I am, my dear Eliza, your affectionate father,  
ADAM CLARKE."

Among Dr. Clarke's papers there is found, during this year, a note of inquiry from Mr. Charles Butler. It is as follows:—

"*Lincoln's Inn, July 31, 1809.*

"DEAR SIR,—I regret much that it is so long since I had the pleasure of seeing you: I now take the liberty of troubling you on two subjects.

"A gentleman has furnished me with the following extract: '*Jesuitæ vero, qui se maxime nobis opponunt, aut necandi, aut si hoc commode fieri non potest, ejiciendi, aut certè mendaciis et calumniis opprimendi sunt.*'—(CALVIN. apud Becan. T. 1. opus 17. Aphor. 15. De modo propagandi Calvinism.)

"I very much wish, for the satisfaction of my friend, to know whether such a passage really exists in the works of John Calvin, but for myself I am perfectly satisfied it does not. If the reference is to Calvin's *Institutions*, the passage may be

easily found. If it is to the work of *Becanus*, which I suppose it is, the passage may be found with equal ease. I suppose it is only a hearsay story committed to paper by —. If that is the case, it certainly does not deserve the slightest degree of credit.

“As you sometimes go to the *British museum*, I wish you would consult the works of *Becanus*, and let me know the result. If you have the life of *Madame Guion*, I should be greatly obliged to you to lend it me, and I will take great care to return it. With the greatest respect I have the honour to be your most obedient, humble servant,

CHARLES BUTLER.”

It appears that early in the year 1810, Dr. Clarke published a “*Prospectus of his intended Edition of the Old and New Testaments, with Notes.*” This had called forth rather a hasty attack by the late Rev. T. Scott, in the “*Christian Observer*,” respecting Dr. Clarke’s opinion that the “*Septuagint was the version to which our blessed Lord and his apostles had constant recourse, and from which they made all their quotations.*”

To these remarks of Mr. T. Scott, Dr. Clarke replied in a letter to the editor of the “*Christian Observer*,” dated May 26, 1810: to which, if the reader please, he can refer for Dr. Clarke’s arguments on this very interesting point.

It is not a matter of surprise that Dr. Clarke, who was himself so great a Biblical scholar, should feel the extreme importance and desirableness of obtaining a new edition of the London Polyglot Bible; this subject had long pressed itself upon his consideration and wishes: he spoke respecting it with deep solicitude to many of his friends, and particularly to that eminent, excellent, and learned man, the Rev. *Josiah Pratt*, who assisted him in digesting plans for carrying it into effect; they spared no exertion which it was in their power to make, in order that the subject might have all the consideration which its importance and value merited, and the arduous nature of the undertaking required. To this end they conjointly drew up a plan, in which they imbodyed their views on the subject; and having communicated them to a few literary friends, a meeting was appointed to take place at the house of Lord *Teignmouth*, in Portman Square, which was attended by his lordship himself, Dr. *Burgess*, then bishop of *St. David’s*, Dr. *Williams*, of *Rotherham*, Mr. Professor *Shakespeare*, Archdeacon *Wrangham*, the Rev. *Josiah Pratt*, and Dr. *Adam Clarke*. After variously discussing the plan, arranging the proportions of space on the page which each original text would require, a specimen sheet was proposed, which Dr. Clarke undertook to furnish in royal folio, and reduced also to an octavo size for the greater convenience of distribution. These were to be sent to the great men of the nation. Lord *Teignmouth* undertook to forward one to each lay lord: the bishop of *St. David’s* promised to furnish

one to every lord spiritual; and Dr. A. Clarke, through the right honourable the speaker, to put one into the hands of the different members of his majesty's government. The plan was accordingly printed and distributed; and at Dr. Clarke's suggestion the bishops of the land were to be requested to patronise and preside over the work, having the appointment of all the scholars who should be employed in carrying forward this great undertaking. The tract itself was entitled, "*A Plan and Specimen of Biblia Polyglota Britannica, or an enlarged and improved edition of the London Polyglot Bible, with Castell's Heptaglot Lexicon.*"

In this curious tract, drawn up by Dr. Clarke and Mr. Pratt, they insisted on "the importance of the Polyglot editions of the Scriptures, serving as secure repositories of the most pure copies of the original texts, and ancient versions, which can be formed from all the accessible sources of criticism at the respective periods of their publication, forming, in consequence, *standard texts*, which are followed in smaller editions; and also exhibiting the texts and versions in such order and connection as to supply the best means of interpreting the Scriptures."

They also proceeded to observe that "*the Biblia Polyglota, and Lexicon Heptagloton*, have continued a monument of the erudition and munificence of the British nation for *one hundred and fifty years*; no other state having attempted, since its publication, any improvement on its plan or execution."

"A new race of scholars," says Dr. Clarke, "has however sprung up in this interval, and opened and freely used new sources of sacred criticism. Invaluable copies of the originals and versions have been discovered and diligently collated, while some ancient versions, not before known to exist, have been brought to light, and these other means of correcting and illustrating the sacred text have been applied to this purpose on sound and discriminating principles of criticism. 'It now remains,' continues the pamphlet, 'for the united British empire to answer the wishes of scholars throughout Europe, and to confirm and perpetuate its former literary claims on their gratitude, by republishing the *Polyglot Bible* in a manner worthy of the national munificence, and the present matured state of Biblical learning.'"

But however sound and cogent the reasonings in these observations, the undertaking then proved too vast to meet with adequate support, though these gentlemen earnestly and diligently laboured for its accomplishment; nor did it require all the degree of Biblical lore which they possessed, to see and feel the importance of its execution; many intelligent private individuals felt it also, and took great interest in the undertaking.

The concluding observations of the tract are not less weighty on this subject: they are these,—

"In such an undertaking, besides the additions which may be

made to the *London Polyglot*, and the corrections of the texts and versions from all the authorities hitherto discovered, the Latin translations of the ancient versions, well known to be very faulty, and often to have misled students, must be entirely revised, and the arrangements of the whole may be so much improved as to exhibit, on a single opening of the book, all matters connected with the texts, versions, and various readings of any passage, instead of having to turn for them to different volumes, as is the case in preceding Polyglots."

Thus all appeared to the high and sanguine hopes of Dr. Clarke, and his friend, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, in a fair train for a successful issue. Some of the lords spiritual and temporal entered warmly into the project, and Dr. Clarke and Mr. Pratt corresponded with different learned men on the continent to induce them to help forward the work by their learning and talents, engaging them to promise to undertake different departments in the execution of the whole: and, to their honour be it spoken, several private gentlemen\* offered most munificently to come forward with their pecuniary aid in order to bring about a work, not only of such magnitude, but also of such high importance, and literary and national honour. But alas! after all that was hoped, after all that was actually done, there existed too much hebetude in the intellectual constitution of some who ought to have felt more, and too much carelessness in others, to bring such a laborious and mighty project forward: had they toiled at the wheels more diligently, as well as looked to the *Hercules* who could have helped them; and had they not been too supine to call upon him, the ponderous wagon would not have remained now in the road; not, however, exactly where it was found; for, in defiance of all difficulties, it was urged a few paces onward; and it is still hoped that the necessity of the work to the vital interests of pure Biblical learning, may be so felt that the project may yet be ultimately carried into effect.

The specimen for the adjustment of the different texts with which this tract is concluded, appears happily adapted for the purposes of distinctness and ease in the consulting.

Considering the scarcity and the exceedingly high price of the *London Polyglot*, it is a wonder it should not be more generally and strongly urged by all students, especially Biblical ones, upon the serious attention of the public in general. Were our lords spiritual to enter heartily into the subject, and represent it in its true and striking character of Biblical importance, as well as national grandeur, to his majesty, there is little question that he would grant a *regium donum* for its accomplish-

\* Among these was the late JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH, Esq., who most liberally promised £500 as a gift towards the expenses of the first volume.

ment: the British public also would no doubt come forward, and thus, by their voluntary contributions, bring stones towards the building; and by the mass of learning, not only on our bench, in our universities, but within our realm, and at all events within the sphere of British influence, this vast and highly important undertaking might be brought to a favourable issue, and the glory of its accomplishment would prove a brighter and more enduring wreath of glory around the head of royalty, than almost any other with which it could be surrounded.

Some years after this first effort to get the London Polyglot reprinted, Dr. Clarke made another attempt to revive the scheme; but the project again fell asleep: "none of the men of might found their hands," and, between the lords spiritual and temporal, the work was again thrown into oblivion.

The following letter evinces the interest Lord Teignmouth took in the project of a new and improved edition of the London Polyglot, as well as testifies the amiable qualities of his heart. It is dated,—

"June 6, 1810.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry that I happened to be absent for half an hour when your son called upon me; the more so, because I have been almost constantly at home since the 25th of last month, and the greater part of the time by the bed-side of Lady Teignmouth, who was most dangerously indisposed: it has pleased God to bless the means for her recovery, and my mind being thus relieved, I shall now be able to attend to other matters.

"I did not occur to me, from a perusal of Mr. Pratt's note, that you wished my opinion respecting the plan and specimen for the new Polyglot: I might have misunderstood it, as I perused the note when I was in no situation to attend to any thing but Lady Teignmouth: I will keep the plan till to-morrow, as your son is not here, for the purpose of consulting the *bishop of St. David's*: for my own part, I can only say that I entirely approve of it.

"You overrate my ability to forward this great work, I fear; it has my good will, and shall have as much assistance as I can give it. I am your very sincere  
TEIGNMOUTH."

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*From the Same.*

"June 7.

"DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to return the prospectus, which, in the opinion of the bishop of St. David's, as well as my own, exhibits the plan of the intended publication in a very clear and intelligible form: his lordship has mentioned the subject to the bishops of *Durham* and *Carlisle*, who were very willing to be considered approvers of the work, and members of a committee. I will endeavour to procure the names of two

or three other bishops, and with these we may, for I lament delay, go to work with the lay lords. I am, my dear sir, your sincere, humble servant,  
TEIGNMOUTH."

Before dismissing for the present the subject of the Polyglot Bible, it will not be uninteresting to the reader to learn the manner, as once narrated by Dr. Clarke, in which those learned men, Dr. Kennicott and De Rossi, collated their different Hebrew MSS. They got an ignorant boy and taught him the *Hebrew alphabet*, and nothing more of the language; and thus, by his naming letter by letter, did these great men laboriously go through their numerous collations: the boy could not miscall a word, for he knew not the sound, but only the letters of which each word was composed: the plan was sufficiently laborious—but it was a safe one, and in such a cause labour had its full reward, and after generations the benefit of their patient and successful industry.

We are now arrived at that period of time when the first part of Dr. Clarke's Commentary on the sacred writings was published, under the title—

*The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments. the Text carefully printed from the most correct copies of the present Authorized Translation; including the Marginal Readings, and Parallel Texts. With a Commentary and Critical Notes; designed as a help to a better understanding of the Sacred Writings.*

The general preface to this work is dated *London, July 2, 1810.*

The work itself has been too long before the world for it not to have judged of its merits long ago; nor at any rate is this a place to discuss its elaborate design or its execution: that it was a most laborious work, involving immense research, extensive knowledge of the languages in which the sacred writings were themselves written; great oriental scholarship, to bear upon the proper explanation of many passages and references; and, besides all these, extensive general knowledge, both Biblical and literary—a clear understanding, a sound judgment, and an invincible degree of persevering labour, is amply testified on the slightest examination of its plan; and that Dr. Clarke possessed all these requisites in a supereminent degree, is evidenced by the execution of the work itself. Almost immediately upon its publication he sent a copy of his notes on Genesis to the right honourable Charles Abbott, speaker of the house of commons, accompanied by the following letter:—

"Sept. 14, 1810.

"SIR,—Permit me to present you with the accompanying volume, which contains a history of the world, and of the church, for upwards of two thousand four hundred years from the foundation of both. So ancient a record, drawn up more



than three thousand years ago, in a language no longer vernacular, must necessarily be in many respects obscure, especially to a people whose customs and manners, as well as their language, were ever dissimilar from those of that nation to which this sacred book was originally given. Convinced of the necessity of properly understanding a work containing the first discovery of the Supreme Being thought proper to make of himself, and of his ways to mankind, I endeavoured to acquaint myself with the original text, and wrote down, from time to time, such illustrations of occurring difficulties as presented themselves to my view. In process of time, these accumulated to the size in which they now present themselves to the public, a circumstance that would probably never have taken place, had not Mr. *Butterworth*, who had been my unsolicited *Mecenas* in this business, by repeated importunities at last constrained me to commit them to the press.

"From your character, sir, as a friend to every institution, whether sacred or civil, that has the best interests of man for its object, I am led to hope that this work will not be an unacceptable present. The text, after long and close examination, I am persuaded is a revelation from God, and every way worthy of his wisdom, justice, and mercy. The notes, I hope, contain nothing contrary to good common sense; and I am sure they are in perfect consonance with the doctrines of the Church of England, and the constitution of Great Britain; the first of which I most conscientiously acknowledge as constituting the true Christian creed; and the second, as comprehending a code of the wisest, most just, and impartial laws which man ever received, or by which any nation has ever yet been governed. Both these subjects, when any opportunity has presented itself in the course of my work, I have rejoiced to present to my readers, in their own light, in order to excite their gratitude for such inestimable favours, and to lead them to prove this by a conformity of their lives to the doctrines in their creed, and a conscientious obedience to the laws of their country.

"Praying that the everlasting God may have your invaluable life always in his holy keeping, I am, sir, your much obliged, humble servant,

ADAM CLARKE."

To this letter the right honourable the speaker returned the following answer:—

*Kidbrook, Sept. 15, 1810.*

"SIR,—I am much obliged to you for the book which you have done me the honour of sending to me, and it is without surprise that I receive from your hands a work so learned and laborious as this appears to be, upon the first view of its contents.

"Although your unwearied exertions in the discharge of

every duty which you undertake, would lead me to hope that they may be able to accomplish even this great work, in addition to your other engagements; yet I cannot but be in some degree apprehensive that the progress of our historical collection of national records will be necessarily retarded by so formidable a competitor, whose claims upon your time will not be easily satisfied.

"Most heartily wishing you all the blessings of health and strength requisite for the prosecution and accomplishment of your various and valuable labours, I am, with the sincerest respect, ever, sir, your faithful servant,

"CHARLES ABBOTT."

That Mr. Butterworth himself rejoiced in having had it in his power to forward the undertaking, will appear from the following note, written by him to Dr. Clarke, on the publication of *Genesis* :—

Sept. 10, 1810.

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I at length send you a perfected copy of the first part of your Commentary: I rejoice at its appearance: may you live long enough to finish a second edition of the whole. From the general desire expressed to read your comment, I trust that the sacred volume will be more studied than ever: we have already many dissenters who have become subscribers, and all seem rejoiced at the privilege of being such, and in the prospect of the benefit and gratification they expect to derive from reading your notes. I thank God from the bottom of my soul, that he has enabled me to help you in this most glorious work, and I only wish to see yourself and your blessed family comfortably situated, that you may go on with it pleasantly to your own feelings.

"I conceive that the generality of our commentators are divines only, and have but little knowledge of natural philosophy and science in general, which greatly serves in the illustration of the sacred text.

"I have no doubt that all your learning and researches after truth will effectually serve this noble work: had you only written the preface, this alone would have been a blessing to mankind, by assisting future theologians in acquainting themselves with Biblical knowledge; and I am sure your comment on the book of *Genesis* will do great good.

"I consider it a high honour to have ushered this harbinger of glad tidings into the world, and I trust it will be an eternal blessing to future generations.

"May the great God, whose you are, and whom you serve, bless you a thousandfold in your work. I ever am, my very dear brother, yours most affectionately,

"JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH."

Dr. Clarke also presented a copy of his Commentary on *Genesis* to Lord *Teignmouth*, accompanied by the following note :—

Sept. 14, 1810.

"MY GOOD LORD,—It will add to the obligations under which your lordship's kindness has often laid me, if you will have the goodness to accept a copy of my Notes on the book of *Genesis*, which I herewith have the honour to transmit. I have laboured much to make the work what it should be,—a comment worthy of such a text : that I have often failed, has been the subject of frequent regrets : that I have sometimes succeeded, and that your lordship and other enlightened readers will discern this, is a hope which I would gladly indulge. To be favoured with any hints from your lordship for the improvement of the remainder of the work, when you shall have had time to look over this part, will be esteemed a singular favour. I have anxiously endeavoured to ascertain the true meaning of my text in every place, and I hope have steered perfectly clear of all religious controversies, even while undiagnosedly supporting my own views of divine truth ; and I farther hope that no description of Christians will find themselves in any respect aggrieved by my work.

"I have never written on polemic divinity, and I abhor all religious contentions. I have lived forty-six years in peace with mankind, not without serious endeavours in my little way to do them good ; and I trust, through the mercy of God, to die in the same spirit. Wishing your lordship and family the choicest blessings of Heaven, I am, my good lord, your lordship's obedient and grateful humble servant,

"ADAM CLARKE."

To this note his lordship sent the following reply :—

"DEAR SIR,—On my arrival in town on Friday evening, I had the pleasure of receiving your present, and although I have as yet had but little time to spare, I could not resist the temptation of perusing the 'general preface' to the book of *Genesis* : it has afforded me gratification and instruction, and I trust to derive both in a greater degree from a perusal of the whole work : I had long ago given my name to Mr. Butterworth as a subscriber to the work.

"With the sincerest wishes for your health to enable you to complete your useful labours, and praying the blessing of God upon them, I am, dear sir, your sincere, humble servant,

"TEIGNMOUTH.

"Portman-square, Sept. 22, 1810."

Although Dr. Clarke was thus busily engaged in the prosecution of his government work, and his Commentary, he did

not forget or neglect the interests of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as appears from the following letter; which, though addressed to the Rev. John Owen for the benefit of that institution, is still in itself of too general utility to be confined solely to its original destination:—

October, 1810.

"DEAR SIR,—As it appeared to be the wish of the committee at their last meeting to provide the translators in India with such a library as might be essentially requisite for a due performance of their work; and being desired to look out for those works which they particularly request; I have turned my attention fully to the subject, and on the maturest deliberation recommend the following works as being indispensably necessary:—

I. CRITICAL EDITIONS OF THE SACRED WRITINGS.—*Walton's Polyglot. Kennicott's Bible. De Rossi's Var. Lect. in Ken Houbigant's Bible. Grahe's Septuagint. Bos's Septuagint Mill's Greek Test. Wetstein's ditto, Griesbach's ditto, genuine edition. White's Syr. Gosp. Codex Bezae, and Codex Alexandrinus.*

II. HEBREW, &c., LEXICONS.—*Castell's Heptaglot, (with the Polyglot.) Buxtorf's Lexicon, Heb., Chald., &c. Taylor's Heb. Concord. Stockius's Clavis. Parkhurst's Lexicon. Noldius on the Hebrew Particles. Calasio's Concordance.*

III. GREEK LEXICONS, GENERAL AND PARTICULAR.—*Tromm's Concord. to the Septuagint. Schmid's Concord. to the Greek Testament. Schleusner's ditto to ditto. Scapula's Lexicon, Elzevir edition.*

IV. LEXICONS FOR THE ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.—*Meninski's Thesaurus. Golius's Arabic Lexicon. Wilmet's ditto. Richardson's Arab. and Pers. ditto.*

V. GENERAL DICTIONARIES.—*Suicer's Thesaurus. Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary. Calmet's Dictionary to the Bible. Johnson's Dictionary. Cruden's Concordance. Encyclopaedia Britannica.*

VI. WORKS CHIEFLY OF VERBAL CRITICISM.—*Critici Sacri. Kypke's Observations in Nov. Test. Krebs's ditto. Raphelius's ditto.*

VII. GREEK HISTORIANS WHO HAVE TREATED OF THE AFFAIRS OF THE EGYPTIANS, HEBREWS, &c.—*Herodotus, Diodorus, Siculus, Josephus, Philo Judeus, Eusebius; and the Greek ecclesiastical historians, the best collection by Reading.*

VIII. CRITICAL WORKS ON THE CHRONOLOGY, NATURAL HISTORY, &c., OF THE BIBLE.—*Bochart's Hierozoicon, Canaan, and works in general. Scheuchzer's Physica Sacra. Ancient Universal History. Usher's Annals. Dr. Hale's Analysis of Scripture Chronology.*

IX. MISCELLANIES.—*Montfaucon's Hexapla. Cottelerius's*

Collection of Fathers. *Hyde, De Religione Veterum Persarum.*  
Ditto, *Syntagma Dissertat. Michaelis's Lectures, by Dr. Marsh.*

"The above works are such as must come into every question of general sacred criticism. They are not the works of sects or parties, nor are they constructed so as to favour any particular religious opinion, rite, &c., and are, therefore, such as the British and Foreign Bible Society may provide for their translators in India in perfect consistency with their original constitution. And it is in reference to *this point* that under the sixth class I have recommended the *Critici Sacri*, instead of the *Synops. Critic.* The *best editions* should be procured, and all *bound*, as far as possible, in *Russia*, to prevent the Indian vermin from destroying them. Besides, they have no notion of *binding* in the East Indies.

"Busy and hurried as I am with many things, and also much indisposed, (which prevents my attending the meeting to-day,) the committee may command all the little services which lie within my power. I am, my dear sir, yours affectionately,

ADAM CLARKE."

"P. S.—I should have recommended several other things as very useful; but I have cut as closely as possible to save expense. *Bochart* will be of essential use to Asiatic translators, because he has carefully consulted the Arabic naturalists, and shows the names which they apply to the animals mentioned in our Scriptures.

"It may seem strange at first view that I should recommend an *Encyclopædia*; but, as the subjects in the Bible involve a great variety of questions in general science, I judge a work of this kind to be indispensably necessary.

"If you send them such a collection as that recommended within, they will bless God and pray for you, and the cause of truth will be promoted.

ADAM CLARKE."

The preceding letter may be of use to those who wish to obtain the foundation of a useful theological library. The succeeding one, addressed to the Rev. J. H., will show how a man may be firm in his own belief, and yet destitute of bitterness towards others who may differ from him:—

October 22, 1810.

"DEAR SIR,—When I received yours concerning a passage in my *preface* to Genesis, I was just going to answer your note; and shall just say that, in the *list* of works necessary to be purchased for the translators in India, which I sent to the committee, I had inserted *Herodotus* and *Diodorus Siculus*. They sent back the list to me by Mr. Pratt, telling me it was approved of, and requested me to procure all that I had recommended with as much speed as possible. I have not attempted

to purchase one book without their approbation. When I received your note, I sent immediately to Priestley, and desired him to take those two works off the bill: for I have such a respect for your judgment that I know few cases in which I would not prefer it to my own.

"I now take up your letter, which, though dated October 11th, I only received about half an hour ago. I can say, in the fear of God, that I studied, in every part of the work in question, to avoid every expression which might give offence or pain to any man. I find I have miscarried: but it certainly is not the fault of my heart. Either I have been misinformed, or I took it for granted, that all the Calvinists in *England* were against what we call the *decree of unconditional reprobation*, and I really thought that I should displease no person by simply stating what I did, and I thought I had done it in as mild and dispassionate a way as possible, using every writer's own words without the least comment, believing this to be the most candid way. I have now just turned to the passage as it stood originally, and must own I can see nothing uncandid in it; no 'thrust,' no 'wound' was designed. Yet, because I heard some time ago that some Calvinists did not like it, I altered not only it, but several other things which I thought, from this specimen might give offence; so that you have not to wait for a *second* edition, which may never be called for, to see the passage freed from all to which you may object, as nearly one half of the copies will be found free from all offences of this kind; and I shall take the liberty shortly to send you a sheet to replace that is yours.

"My dear friend, permit me to say that, when the Calvinists in general speak of the Methodists, they do it without ceremony; in many cases with cruelty, and, as I have myself witnessed, in absolute hostility to truth. Might not a Methodist, who is far from wishing to make any reprisals, say, without offence, that they hold certain doctrines, without stating that they are either false or unjust; while he lays the charge of the evils that have been produced by polemics in religious society as much at the door of the opposers of these doctrines, as at the door of those who defend them? See the passage:—'This opinion, (sovereign, unconditional reprobation,) from the manner in which it has been defended by some and opposed by others, has tended greatly to the disunion of many Christians; and produced every temper but brotherly kindness and charity.' Here is no abuse, and surely nothing uncandid;—a hint, merely intended as a warning to both sides not to betray the spirit and design of the gospel, while they contended for what they deemed to be truth.

"I never wrote a controversial tract in my life: I have seen with great grief the provokings of many, and a thousand times has my heart said,—

*Semper ego auditor TANTUM, nunquamque reponam,  
Vexatus toties ———.*

But my love of peace and detestation of religious disputes induced me to keep within my shell; and never to cross the waters of strife. I had hoped, as I was living at least an inoffensive life, not without the most cordial and strenuous endeavours, in my little way, to do all the public and private good in my power, I might be permitted to drop quietly into the grave; but this is denied me, not by the world; from it I expect no good; but by those who profess to magnify that Saviour whose glory and cause they cannot say, 'I have not assisted even them to promote, while another body of religious people laid just claim to the principal services I could perform.'

"Notwithstanding all this, such is my love of peace and good understanding with religious people, that there is not one sentence in my work that I would not most cheerfully efface for ever, rather than it should give offence to any *one* follower of God, though it might be calculated to please a thousand of my own way of thinking. I am fully satisfied that neither the truth nor the salvation of men can depend, even in the most remote manner, on any thing I have written or can write. Therefore I am as ready to blot out as to write: indeed, more so.

"I have said above that I prefer your judgment to my own; glad should I be to have the privilege of consulting it on many occasions: I think few cases could occur in which I should not most gladly follow its directions.

"At present I am greatly worn down by severe affliction, both in my own person and in my family. My dear wife has been apparently in the jaws of death for some time past: this, added to my own great prostration of strength and spirits, has brought me nearly to the sides of the pit. Through the mercy of God she appears likely to recover. As to myself, I find I must withdraw from public life. I have been able to do but little, and that little I can do no longer. Even the blessed British and Foreign Bible Society I shall be obliged to relinquish; but this will be more my loss than that of the society. I hope I may say that my heart is in every good work, though both my head and my hand can do but little more.

"Begging an interest in your prayers, which I assure you I shall highly prize, I am, with best respects to Mrs. H., my dear friend, yours affectionately,

ADAM CLARKE."

It was during the course of this year that Dr. Clarke became personally acquainted with that learned, but singular character, Miss Mary Freeman Shepherd. She was an English woman by birth, though descended on the maternal side from the ancient and noble house of the *Falletti of Piedmont*, formerly sovereign princes in Italy. She had been educated in a convent

at Rome, and was a strict Roman Catholic. Seldom has it fallen to the lot of either man or woman to possess so strong a mind as that of Miss Shepherd; her knowledge of languages was extensive, and her perception of their beauties acute; her acquaintance with general literature was more than ordinarily great, and she was as fond of imparting knowledge as she was of acquiring it, possessing at the same time that enthusiasm of spirit, and delightful facility of expression, which called forth the latent taste in her auditors, or created it, if it did not previously exist. When she chanced to entertain a partiality for any young persons, she possessed a remarkable power of attaching them to her; and this was the more singular, as her person was unwieldy, and her manners were unpolished and even boisterous; notwithstanding these disqualifications for social intercourse, her acquaintance was felt to be a gain, and her society always profitable, and frequently pleasant and delightful. In early life she had been engaged by Mr. Woodfall as translator of the foreign mails to the *Public Advertiser*; and, though a Roman Catholic, was so strongly attached to the Rev. J. Wesley, that willingly would she have merged her name in his. In every particular Miss Shepherd was remarkable: eccentric in person and manners, yet refined in mind and taste; a powerful understanding united to strong prejudices, and these felt, not only with reference to her own peculiar creed, but on subjects of mere opinion and points of doubtful conduct.

This lady entertained a heartfelt interest for the Jewish nation; she had in early life applied herself to the study of the Hebrew language, and delighted to trace down the once national greatness of the Jews, and to dwell upon the miracles God wrought for this his own peculiar inheritance; and, while she allowed that they had indeed denied the holy and the just One, she looked forward to their acknowledging of the truth as it is in Jesus, and to their final restoration to their own land. On these subjects Miss Shepherd was not only tenacious of her own opinion, but warm in defending it; and to utter sentiments contrary to her own on these points, was to touch the very apple of her eye. This lady was first introduced to Dr. Clarke by Miss Wesley, daughter of Mr. Charles Wesley, with whom Miss Shepherd was extremely intimate, and to whom she was much attached; on all occasions proving herself a zealous and kind friend to the whole family. Between the period of Miss M. F. Shepherd's introduction to Dr. Clarke and his accepting an invitation to meet Miss Wesley at her house, he had met with a serious accident by the slipping of his study ladder while he was in search of a book, by which accident he was confined to the house for nearly three months; to this circumstance Miss Shepherd's first letter refers.

Several communications passed between this lady and Dr. Clarke; extracts from some of which are here inserted, as



they are connected with circumstances which Dr. Clarke passed through, or referred to opinions which he entertained. Some of the extracts are as follows :—

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have long thought, as you think, that all we term the evils of life are either *penal*, *physical*, or *probationary*; and it is very flattering to self-love, in woman especially, when her thoughts are re-echoed by men in high repute for sense, learning, and piety: I might have added, as you do, that present seeming evils are oftentimes *preventive* of greater future ones, as in the case of *Bernard Gilpin*: whose broken leg saved him from the *ad comburendum* sentence of the wretches who were the scandal and disgrace of *my religion*: yet God, my dear sir, could have prevented your breaking your neck, without the wounding of your leg. You have yourself suggested a more obvious reason: you say, ‘I can ill brook confinement:’ I suspect you want a little bodily rest, and you will not take that necessary suspension from labour: God, having given to man freedom of will, to choose life in every sense of the word, counteracts not his own wise and just established order by necessitating fate; therefore, as disobedient *Israel* he sendeth into captivity, so he maketh your leg to enjoy its sabbath.

“I hope, however, shortly, that you will be able to come and dine with me and Sally Wesley, and another relation of her father’s and uncle’s, poor aged Abby Cock, to whom I think Dr. Clarke might be an instrument of good, in removing a most unaccountable gloom and heaviness of soul, that give to innocent *Abel* the horrors of guilty *Cain*. From earliest childhood she was educated and hath ever been a member of the Methodist society: why, then, hath she not peace, and even joy? She is of a sombre, serious constitution, which may concur with her spirits to do this; for her life hath not only been harmless, but edifying: search and see if you can penetrate into her natural reserve of temper and thought. My mind’s constitution is the reverse of this sombre reserve; perhaps in the other extreme. In my soul’s best moods, I leap as the roebuck over mountains of spices; in its worst, it bursts forth as the volcanoes of Etna and Vesuvius; yet thanks, immortal thanks to the Almighty, who stilleth the raging of the winds and of the sea—the voice which commandeth, Thou shalt go no farther.

“I have never harmed any one, even in anger, much less justified or excused my transgressions before men, or charged the Almighty foolishly, as being the author of tempers inherited from my forefathers, and increased and multiplied in myself most abundantly. Neither did I charge even devils of any order, fallen angels, or fallen human beings, with more than their share: *MEA Culpa*, *MEA maxima Culpa*. I mourn, I grieve; not as a slave before his master, but as a child, heart-broken, to

have offended so good a Father; thus to have dishonoured my Father's image and name, and degraded mine own dignity of nature; yet I sink not hopelessly: 'Choose life,' my Father God still says, and live. All the commands of God, *preceptive* or *prohibitory*, the whole *Thorath Adonai* is for man's benefit; it is the kind teaching and enlightening of the wisdom of Eternity, guiding the short-lived child of time in the straight and sure road to everlasting happiness. If I am sober, temperate, just, &c., it is for myself, and beings like myself: it is a good that overlays the throne of Jehovah with no balm, gold, or rays of brightness. One, and but one homage of my soul's deep, full adoration, can go up straight to the Most High. Unbounded confidence, unbounded love, a full belief and dependance on his truth in all he hath commanded, in all he hath promised, in all he hath threatened; this, and this only, is worshipping the Lord our God, and having none other God but Jehovah. O, I could tell you, all obscure and little as I am, how he hath permitted me, *Ruth*, a *Moabitess*, to glean in the rich fields of *Boaz*. *Ruth* indeed! for, for what have I seen of his wondrous strength? But I am wandering from my subject, which was to engage you to come and comfort our poor *Abby*, whom I expect on Tuesday next, to spend a few days with me. Dr. Clarke, do you not perceive how I take you at your offer, and, without restraint, as to an old acquaintance, show myself a very volcano! Can you correspond, and answer with the heart, to such explosions?

"England is a cold, damp, foggy country: I have long been used to the warm spirits, and sprightly energy of soul and body, which drop from the sunbeams of happier climates: there men run to hail the first appearance of the Shemesh of God, here they lie in bed long after the birds have sung their hymns of adoration.

"I conclude this long letter with every kind wish to you and yours. Grace, peace, and mercy be multiplied unto you. I am, dear sir, your very humble, but tiresome correspondent,

"M. FREEMAN SHEPHERD.

"45 Greek-street, Soho."

It is to be lamented that there is not a line of Dr. Clarke's correspondence with this lady to be found: though it stretched through several years, and must, from the genius of each of the parties, have been peculiarly interesting: the papers found of hers, which may be interesting to the reader, it will be best at once to present, at least so far as their want of connection, frequent want of date, and reference to circumstances not detailed, tends not to make them too obscure for insertion.

*From the Same.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—The bearer is come to me as a servant, and, would you believe it, I took her because she and her friends are Methodists: she knows no Methodist in town, nor even your places of worship. Attached as I am to my own people, I would not put hinderances, but, on the contrary, all lawful furtherances in the way of others in their different roads, and would have every one follow strictly the dictates of his own conscience. I therefore send her to you, as a minister of her own persuasion: she appears to me to want a guide, and to meet with Christian associates; otherwise she will go backward instead of forward, and perhaps ultimately be laughed out of all religion.

"I should be glad that you would return me my '*William and Jesse*:' '*Bartholomew Fair*:' '*Poems on Religion*:' '*Prose Essay on the Privileges of Women*:' on the '*Law of Moses*:' '*On Education, both of Males and Females*;' and other fragments; and may '*Jews' Catechism*,' which is worth all I ever did or can write. I return you the Rev. Mr. Creighton's Letters, &c., &c., and am not in the least offended at, but rather edified with his delicacy and tenderness, in fearing to give a poor Roman Catholic pain at his condemning what I condemn as heartily as he doth—the *inquisition*, and all *cruelty* and *persecution*, nay, all *cunning arts* to make *converts*. I practise, as you see, a very different system: perhaps I may swindle away this poor Sarah Boswell from your chapels to ours; but I send her to Dr. A. Clarke, not to Bishop Douglass. And here I cannot help disculpating myself from the general belief spread among Mr. Wesley's people, of my having made young *Samuel Wesley* a Papist: he was made one two full years before I ever saw his face: I had not the smallest share in making him a Catholic: a Frenchman, who went to his father's house, was his converter: I heard of it only by accident from a Mr. Payton, a famous performer on the *viol de gamba*, and I persuaded Samuel Wesley not to live in criminal hypocrisy and deception, but to tell his father honestly the fact, lest he should hear of it from others: he had not the courage to do this, but begged me to break it to his father. I said it would be indecorous, and not treating him with the respect and regard due to a clergyman, a gentleman, and a parent: but that the late dutchess of Norfolk, whose own feelings had sustained a similar trial,—a son quitting the religion of his ancestors,—would best sympathize in tenderness of feeling with Mr. Charles Wesley, and announce to him, in all the delicacy of Christian charity, his son's change of religion; besides these reasons, I wished to show Mr. C. W. all possible honour: the dutchess went in person, and showed him all respect and regard. So far, and no farther,

was I concerned ; and afterwards, in endeavouring to persuade this two years' old convert to live soberly, temperately, and piously ; for this, and only this, I have done ample penance : for it is my peculiar vocation, not by choice, but per force, to be a very *Issachar* ; crouching down under heavy burdens of ingratitude, and scourged with defamation into the bargain. If I did not look to the remuneration of future rewards, as *Moses* did, I should sink under, not the reproach of *Israel*, but the reproach of *Egypt*. All this is necessary medicine, or God would not give it, to save me from hankering after the flesh-pots of *Egypt*, its garlic, and its onions. I remain, dear sir, yours,

M. FREEMAN SHEPHERD."

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*From the Same.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is the privilege of *truth*, that, although ancient as the Ancient of days, yet with undimmed eye, and unabated strength, she retains in her lovely complexion all the freshness and bloom of the May-day of youth. Time takes not from, but adds to, her charms the dignity that commands respect ; the awful majesty that infuses veneration even from the rebellious and disobedient. In whatever garment clad, however coarse and homely, she is herself ever beautiful as the blessed sun : from the dark clouds of the expanse she bursts forth and spreads the glorious light all around her. As she walks over the hollow caverns of falsehood, the hollow caverns of falsehood, loud echoing to the footsteps of truth, proclaim וַחַבְרָה וַחַבְרָה *vacuum et inane*. She is one, as God is one ; and even *Babel's* workmen and high tower have not confounded her language. Witness the tenth century book you cite, and which you have in part had the goodness to translate to me. Mark its sound doctrine ; might we not add a beautiful remark in Mr. Wesley's Notes on the New Testament : ' Many seek, but do not *strive* to enter into the kingdom of heaven : ' Moses says, ' If ye will diligently observe to do all these commandments, statutes, ordinances, and judgments, which I command you this day, then all those blessings shall pursue and overtake thee ; ' as if he had said, Ye need not run after the blessings, only walk in the commandments of God, and all these blessings shall run after you, pursue, and overtake you. Many eagerly run after blessings and comforts, and leave the commandments of God ; seek evidences and testimonies from God of what God is to do, (which is his proper work and business,) and in the mean time forget to do their own, viz., ' to cease to do evil, and to learn to do well.'

" ' Choose life, and live.' Thine arm is too short to reach life ; but thou art free to choose ; then only choose life, and I

Jehovah will bring it to thee. Many seek not diligently to 'observe to do the commandments' of God, but previously are not only prejudiced, but *predetermined* not to do *all* the commandments of God, but diligently to observe how they may evade, and explain away in as comfortable a manner as possible for themselves, and in as civil a way as a Christian of polished manners can devise, without a downright giving the lie to his Maker, every troublesome and inconvenient, though positive command. As to his ordinances, *Zachary* and *Elizabeth* might, if they saw good, walk in them, as in the commandments, blameless; but some have learned better, are wiser, and have found out that God hath since altered his mind, and does not now require so much at their hands: all is done for us: what we never did will be imputed to us: we shall be judged, not by our works, but by the works of *Jesus*. He was crucified; we need not be crucified with him, in order to reign with him; and, by that wretched perversion of the very meaning of words, to be justified is with many persons to be *accounted*, not *made*, just. Can God, the sovereign truth, account that to be which is not? Then, to be justified is to be *made just*, and such meaning only hath it in the word of God. *Nah* God saw to be a just man, and as such pronounced him just: before the assembled angels, he declares his servant *Job* a just and ~~right~~ man.

"*En passant*: how could any one imagine that the *Ha Satan* of *Job* was the devil? Or that God suffered the devil, after his expulsion from heaven, ever again to set his foot in heaven among the sons of God; much less put *Job* into the devil's hands, suffer all his children to be killed, his servants and cattle made a prey? The Scripture merely says, Messengers came to tell *Job* all this, but they do not say it really did happen; if so, whence came *Job's* seven sons all ready born, at the close of his troubles? The same number as recorded in the first chapter is repeated in the last: the number of his cattle is doubled; half of them, his own, restored; the other half, the gifts of his friends, an offering of reconciliation. His trial seems to have been but of a few days' continuance. The visit of his three friends need not have been very long; their speeches might be uttered in a few days; the temporary biles of short duration, and the mistakes of the messengers escaped from dangers reported in the visions of terror, now happily rectified in the safety and lives of his seven sons, and recovery of his cattle, with a double increase of goods. All this is more than likely; and yet the trial of *Job* be as plenary as that of *Abraham* in the offering up of *Isaac*. The *patriarch's* faith, love, and obedience had their perfect work, yet *Isaac* was not slain: *Job's* patience had its full trial, and he lost neither son nor daughter, ox, sheep, ass, nor camel.

"I am persuaded the history of *Job* is a real matter of fact.

Have you a mind to read good father *Louis de Grenada's* sermons, in old French, of the days of Charles the IXth of France? There is much sound timber in these sermons, enough to furnish a whole town of modern buildings. I have them, and, if you like, will lend them you to read. Good night: the supper hour is gone by, and my maid and boy come and stare at me like famished calves on their parent cow. Love to you all,

"M. FREEMAN SHEPHERD."

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*From the Same.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have just had a visit from the commandant, and his invitation to you to view with him the lodgings with which they can accommodate me at the tower. The view of shipping, a fine river, martial music, and the grand roar of that noble creature, the *lion*, in the awful hour of midnight, are to me touches of the sublime; and all these are connected with the tower, and there I shall be under the immediate care of my beloved earl of Moira; I shall feel as if in a monastery enclosed in high walls. Strange taste, you will say; and so it is, but it is mine.

"I abstained from teasing or interrupting you during the sittings of your great *sanhedrim*: but those over, I again address you. The twentieth of next month, if I live to see it, I enter into the eightieth year of my age, and my mental strength and vision still remain as in the summer of my life; neither is the cheerful flow of my animal spirits chilled or slackened. The green fruits that memory gathered are ripened, not decayed, in these storehouses; and over them I write the inscription of recording gratitude,—'God, the God of Israel, is faithful to his promises.' 'If thou wilt diligently observe to do all these my commandments, then all these blessings shall come on thee, and overtake thee,' Deut. xxviii.—*Benedic, Anima mea, Domino.*

"It was admirable advice which Mr. Wesley records, as having been given by a woman to a preacher: 'Preach,' said she, 'the law first, then the gospel, and then the law again.' It is the method which God himself hath observed throughout the sacred writings, 'Cease to do evil,' first, saith Jehovah, then 'learn to do well.'

"Many persons, I have heard, charge God foolishly, nay, wickedly, and say: 'If God give me his grace to do well;' thus pleading their own weakness and ignorance, and running to do mischief, instead of taking hold of and using the strength which God has provided. Preach the law strongly to such miscreants that thus bring a scandal on the cross of Christ. I had rather be a *Jew* than such a Christian.

"I have just been reading F.'s own account of himself. From such a man God preserve my beloved Israelites. O, *Jeshooang Ha Meleck Meshiach!* Be thou thyself the Shepherd of Israel! Haste to bring them back from all the places of their dispersion into their own land; and as the angels declared at their ascension, to the apostles, Stand thou on Mount Olivet, and show them clearly, 'Him whom they in ignorance pierced;' but suffer them not in the meanwhile to be poisoned with such Christianity as such men preach and practise in this land of baptized heathens. My heart's desire and prayer to God is for *Israel*.

"Your very sincere and cordial well-wisher,

"September 2, 1810.

M. FREEMAN SHEPHERD."

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*From the Same.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—You tell me that I 'have a nice hand at transmutation;' that I have at monostrophic, I send you the enclosed specimen, and also the sermons of father *Louis de Gravelle*, who lived confessor to *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* of Spain, three hundred years ago. They were translated in the year 1583, into the old Gaulois French language of that time, yet beautiful you will find them if you can make out the obsolete orthography, idioms, and abbreviations. The first sermon on Easter day is peculiarly beautiful; there is also a charming passage on early rising; and O! would to God it might provoke the Methodists to resume their five o'clock prayer-meetings, and early sermons. They might renew the face of this great city.

\* When in your notes you come to *Isaac's* blessings to *Esau*, you will be led particularly to observe how literally they were justified by God; also you will see strong proof that *Esau* was not abhorred of the great and just God, and how very nobly and bravely too he acted towards his overreaching brother at their meeting, nor did he ever retract from their reconciliation; as *Ishmael* and *Isaac*, so did *Esau* with *Jacob*, unite as brethren to pay the last duties to their father. I beseech you also to point out very particularly the just penalties levied on the joint frauds of *Rebekah* and *Jacob*: after she sent him to *Laban*, she never more beheld her son *Jacob*;—even she herself disappears, for no farther mention is made of her by upright, truth-loving *Moses*, no, not so much as of her death, while of only her nurse *Deborah* is much honouring record; there is in this, as in all the narrations of *Moses*, exquisite beauty and propriety. *Rebekah* was a mother in *Israel*; truth required the narrative with the reality of facts; respect bid say no more, and bowed the head in silence. *Jacob* was taught by *Laban* how odious fraud, deception, and disguise were; and his own feelings and conscience told him, this is *retribution*. The holy and blessed God causes

not evil, but he overrules it, and causes its effects to work good, and wicked men are the executioners of his justice on other criminals.

"I wish you also to notice in your notes the style and tenor of *Jacob's* prayer to God, when in fear of *Esau* and his four hundred men. It is as if he were conscious of how little he deserved to be saved from the danger he dreaded.

"Forgive me, dear Dr. Clarke, but I own that I am in raptures of delight every time I read of that overreaching, cowardly *Jacob's* dreadful fear of the brother he had made his enemy, and of his never getting a blessing from God himself, without first being ham-strung, and lamed to limping; and here he is represented as being nearly terrified to death, and sending a trespass offering to *Esau*, and bowing himself down seven times to the ground, with all his wives and children bowing down seven times also, as they passed before '*my Lord Esau*,' like captives before their conqueror. In my mind's eye I enjoy this excellent view of God's retribution, while Moses hath most strongly delineated and coloured the beautiful picture. Many make a bad use of *Jacob's* and *Israel's* history, that I am anxious it should appear in its true light. Good evening to you. I send you my little poem on religion; the other rhymes are for an hour of relaxation: this is Wednesday, and a day of abstinence with us of the 'old lady's' household. Yours affectionately,

M. F. SHEPHERD.

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*From the Same.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—You express wonder 'that a good Catholic and in *Roma la Santa*, could so write.' Had I not been sincere, and even zealous Catholic, and a Catholic in the city of Rome, I had not so written. The dirt and rubbish of other people's houses I am sorry to see; but I am not called to be their scavenger; but any filth, even a little dust or cobweb in my own mother's palace, grieves me to the soul, so jealous am I for her glory and honour. It is the duty of every child she hath, to sweep, dust, wash, and scour the palace themselves. I do not leave my mother's house because dirty and wicked servants have broken, damaged, and injured it and the furniture; I do all I can for it; let others do the same, and the house will soon be cleaned and put to rights. The church, spite of storms and adverse winds and weather, insects, vermin, &c., still subsists: other sects, like branches, and pretty nosegays kept in bough pots for a while, look rich and gay, but they die away after a time,—they have no root, and are scarcely alive. The parent tree outlives her children,—God graft them on again! Forgive, dear sir, the zealous superstition of a woman.

"I have given up, for the present, the intention of removing



to the tower, of which Lord Moira is constable: I wish you would allow me to introduce you to him. He is himself an Irishman, born in Ireland, and, moreover, he reveres the name and memory of John Wesley; and twice already in my life have I found Methodism a recommendation to his kindness for persons I wished to serve by his influence. Moreover, he is a man of genius and real solid learning,—a judge of men and books. At six years and a half old he could read, understand, and grammatically construe any ode of Horace at the first opening of the book. I was present when he did this at *Moir Castle* before, and to the great astonishment of the rector of Moira: he also read, and very prettily did the same by the First Epistle of St. John, in Greek. In the English language he was uncommonly correct and intelligent, and in the French I found him far beyond what much older children learn from the twice a-week lessons of hired masters; he had a most hungry appetite to learn more, and a good digestion thereon attendant. Lady Huntingdon, his mother's mother, loved *Charles Wesley*; and his wife she herself nursed when in the small-pox. She would have loved *John Wesley* as much, if his spirit and garments had not had so much of Elisha's and the Baptist's camel's-hair texture; its contact was friction-against-the-grain with the sainted vestments of Mr. Whitefield's elect lady. Besides, *John Wesley* might know too much of syntax and Greek. Lady Huntingdon's daughter, the late countess of *Moir*, and mother of the present earl of *Moir*, was such a one in deed, and in truth, in mind, talents, and understanding, tempers, affections, and manners, as, had she lived two thousand years ago, *Gabriel* had hailed with the honours of Heaven as highly favoured above women. 'Take her for all in all,' I shall not live to see her like again; yet she lives, and will for ever live 'in my mind's eye,' and 'heart of hearts.' O, Dr. Clarke, I loved her as my soul; she honoured me with her friendship,—that is too proud a word, but it hath been my passport to her noble son,—my chief merit with him, that I so loved his almost worshipped mother. Shame on me, to have known so intimately, so familiarly, so many of the excellent ones of the earth, and yet be—the poor unexcellent, unlovely thing I am.

"Have you got my Hebrew catechism rendered into English? When it is done, let me have it again, for I highly prize it. Tell me also, after certain subtractions from, and plenary indulgences to some of my ideas, did you relish my ode on religion? I will not say the verse, but the thoughts. I wish for, but do not command my betters, or I would solicit from your leisure an hour's conference. Love to all your family. Yours affectionately,

M. FREEMAN SHEPHERD."

Besides the above and other letters, there are several poems on various subjects, and in different measures, which Miss Shep-

herd sent to Dr. Clarke, abounding with strong sense, and not unfrequently possessing much poetic merit; but their insertion here would be too great a digression from the narrative; and perhaps even for some of the preceding letters there would be need of an apology, did not their own strange excellence form the plea for their introduction.

This singularly interesting lady survived the date of these letters about two years, and continued her acquaintance with Dr. Clarke and his family; she retained all her faculties to the last; and on her death-bed expressed herself to one of his daughters, as "dying in the true catholic faith, and with a firm assurance that her short penal sufferings would terminate in the eternal beatitude of her soul through the merits of her Redeemer."

Miss Shepherd imparted to Dr. Clarke some curious and important particulars concerning Mr. Alex. Cruden, which are inserted in the note below.\*

\* "Mr. A. Cruden was employed by Mr. Woodfall as corrector of the press for the *Public Advertiser*, in connection with Miss Mary Foxman Shepherd, from 1754-1759. Eleven thousand copies per day were printed of this paper. Mr. Woodfall was the proprietor, Mr. Spence, a Scotch gentleman, the editor, Mr. Cruden the corrector of the press, and Miss M. F. Shepherd the translator of the foreign mails.

"Before this time he had published the first edition of his *Concordance*, and dedicated it to Queen Caroline, 1737. This work overpowered him, and, in consequence, he became deranged, and was confined for some time at a house in Hoxton, but was afterwards perfectly restored: and for twelve years before his death, was in possession of his faculties in the completest manner possible.

"For the second edition of his *Concordance*, the booksellers agreed to give him 500*l*. The work was re-prepared for the press, sold well, a third edition was soon called for, and the booksellers generously added 300*l*. to the original 500*l*. He had also twenty copies given him of fine paper, which he distributed in presents.

"The print prefixed to the second and third editions is a most correct and striking resemblance of the author; the wig and coat, just as they are represented; the coat was a blue gray; waistcoat and small clothes black: this was his constant dress.

"The third edition he was enabled, through Sir R. Walpole's influence, to dedicate to his majesty George III.; but Sir R. positively stipulated that he was not to speak one word to the king; Cruden, perceiving an opportunity, was about to give the king some godly advice, when Sir R. took him by the arm and conducted him from the royal presence. Sir R. had promised to get him appointed bookseller to the queen, and continued from month to month to amuse him with promises. Being informed by some of his friends that Sir R. paid little attention to his word, he posted one day to the levee, got up to Sir R., bluntly told him what he had heard, and begged to know whether he might depend on his promise. 'You shall have the appointment,' said Sir R., smiling. 'Yes, Sir R.,' replied Cruden, 'so you have told me any time

The following letter was addressed by Dr. Clarke to his old friend, Mr. Mabyn, on the occasion of the death of that gentleman's wife :—

*Harpur-street, Red Lion square, London, March 4, 1811.*

"MY VERY DEAR AND MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND,—With that concern which becomes me as your friend, and which I should

for these two months past.' 'You shall certainly have it, Mr. C.,' rejoined Sir R. Cruden retired, and the next day had the appointment.

"Cruden was a liveryman of the stationers' company, and would often mention, with apparent satisfaction, that by his *seniority* he was entitled to walk *before* Mr. Woodfall, his employer, on all processions of the livery.

"Cruden was never married; but, when he was sixty years of age, unluckily fell in love with a Miss A., a lady of large fortune; he supposed that with his own abilities and her fortune he should be able to do great good in the world. She refused his offer, and, on his pressing his suit, most ungenerously made her servants toss him in a blanket.

"He was accustomed to mention his derangement in terms of gratitude to his Maker, as during the whole course of it the strain of his piety was continued, nor was he ever heard to speak an unchristian word. His derangement was often tinged with the sublime of devotion, and the right bent of his heart was often perceivable in his most irregular moments.

"Mr. Cruden was a man of considerable learning: besides the Latin and Greek, which he understood classically, he had a thorough knowledge of the Hebrew tongue.

"He once paid a visit to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and was invited to dine in hall at the principal colleges.

"While at Oxford, a lady, of remarkable beauty, used to amuse herself in some of the public walks each Lord's day, during divine service, which was the means of attracting a number of the students of the university. Cruden thought he could correct this indecency. He went one day to the place where this lady was walking, followed by her crowd of admirers; and walking up to her, he took off his hat, made her a low bow, and addressed her thus :—'Madam, I have heard much of the fame of your beauty, and find it to be equal to the most flattering report; though an old man, I cannot behold it without admiration. But O, madam! is it not wrong thus to employ the Lord's day, when Christian people are employed in his worship. You not only deprive yourself of the benefit of divine ordinances, but become the means of preventing many others from being more profitably employed.' The lady felt the reproof, and very politely replied, 'Sir, I shall certainly henceforth take another time for my walks.'

"Mr. Cruden had a most scrupulous respect for the Sabbath day. On that day he utterly refused to do any kind of work; and lest his assistant should break the Sabbath by translating the foreign papers, he used to watch the arrival of the mails when they came on Saturday, get the papers as speedily as possible, and bring them to Miss S., that she might translate them before the Sabbath commenced. He was a zealous Calvinist, and sat under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Cruikshanks

feel on the news of the death of one who long acted to me the part of a most tender and affectionate parent, I received the account of the death of your amiable partner, though it was an event long expected, and indeed anticipated by all who were acquainted with the state of Mrs. Mabyn's health. I often feared that I should never have the privilege of seeing her before her death, and it has constituted a portion of my happiness that I was thus favoured, and witnessed my friend dying in the Lord, perfectly resigned to her situation, and patiently waiting till her change should come. She has now obtained the end of her faith, the salvation of her soul; she is with the Lord, and safe, for ever safe. Now, my very dear friend, you are called to submit to the authority of your blessed God and Father. He is too wise to err, and too good to do any thing that is unkind. He loves you, and will cause every thing to work for your good—he is always with you and working for you, and he will cause every occurrence in the whole economy of providence to work for your good: what a blessed prospect of being all shortly before the throne, where we shall know each other in the light of the Lord, and recount the wonderful operations of his grace and mercy in our preservation and final salvation. Blessed be God for this hope!

"Now, my very dear friend, you must not abandon life because God has taken away your partner: I mean, you must not be careless about life—you must take care of yourself: you may live many years, and do a little more for God's cause; or you may be called to suffer a little, and thus show the virtues of Him who has called you from darkness into his marvellous light. Will you come and see us? We will do every thing in the com-

of Swallow-street. He was fond of maintaining his peculiar opinions; but was never out of temper; and, when pressed the closest, would never avail himself of a sophistical argument to enable him either to foil his adversary, or make good his retreat.

"He has been known, when he heard carters, porters, &c., swear and blaspheme in the streets, to go up to them, move his hat, and beg leave to speak a moment to them; and then give them a very sensible, mild, and Christian reproof, which was seldom resented, even by the most ferocious.

"On receiving the 800*l.*, mentioned above, from the booksellers, he conceived he had property enough to maintain himself; whereupon he retired to Greenwich, and lived there in great comfort, ranking among his friends several genteel and respectable persons; among others, Mr. Blackwell, a banker of London, who often had him at his country seat in Lewisham.

"Mr. Cruden had no lingering illness. Having gone to his room as usual, the maid, ringing in the morning, found no answer. She went to his room; he was not there—to his bed-chamber; he was not there—into his closet, where he had an easy chair; here she found him kneeling in the chair, his hands lifted up to heaven—quite dead!"

pass of our power to make you comfortable, and shall rejoice to have you under our roof; and I may say that my wife and children all wish this, and will feel themselves honoured by having the opportunity of showing their love to you by any services they can possibly perform.

"With love to brothers and sisters Lobb, and all my friends in Camelford, I am, my very dear friend, yours most affectionately,  
A. CLARKE."

Mrs. Clarke wrote on the sheet on which was the preceding letter as follows:—

"VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I feel myself greatly indebted to you for your kindness to my dear husband while he was in Cornwall; and if thanks would repay you, you should have an abundant recompense. These would be but a shadowy return: however, such as they are, (as I have nothing better to offer,) accept them, and believe that with much affection I am your truly obliged and deeply indebted  
M. CLARKE."

In the May of 1811, Dr. Clarke, accompanied by Mr. Butterworth and his eldest son, paid a visit to his native country, and as usual, during any long absences from home, he kept a journal; and from his notes of this tour we shall be enabled to state on his own authority, and in his own words, the sort of active, inquisitive life he led when circumstances gave him an opportunity of adding to his store of knowledge. In this journal, after describing his leaving London, till they got to Bangor, he adds:—

"Passing through this most interesting country, in which nature appeared in all her wildness, and in some of her most terrific forms, we beheld high, rugged, and precipitous mountains, on the sides of which were vast rocks almost pendent over our heads, and apparently threatening our destruction: the rivers also were greatly swollen, and many torrents came tumbling down the high mountains, dashing into foam among the rocks, and running maddening through the valleys.

"May 30.—We are now in *Mona or Anglesea*, the seat of the Druids and their barbarous worship. I hoped to have seen some remains of their superstitions, but perceived not the smallest from one end of the island to the other, in the road we travelled: yet their temples are said still to exist—but there was none near our road.

"May 31.—Reached *Dublin*: blessed be God, we have escaped all dangers both by land and water: may he save me from all sin, and make my coming to this kingdom a blessing to myself and multitudes besides. Spent a considerable part of the day in waiting on different friends, and in examining several diplomatic papers with the corresponding secretary of the record commission. Went to *Trinity college*, and was most kindly

received by *Dr. Barrett*, the vice provost and librarian, and am to be with him to-morrow to examine the MSS. in the college library.

"June 1.—Went according to appointment, and with *Dr. B.* examined several things, and among the rest the *Codex Rescriptus*, containing a part of *St. Matthew's* gospel, which *Dr. Barrett* has got engraved, and published. It is a quarto volume, and the leaves on which this ancient writing was formed, are all discoloured by some chymical process, used to discharge the original writing, that another work might be transcribed in its place. From all the evidences before me I draw the following conclusions:—

"First, that the original writing was very old, probably of the fourth or fifth century.

"Secondly, that the parchment was originally purple, and that this was a *Codex purpureus*.

"Thirdly, that the letters were probably written in gold, as some remains seem to indicate.

"I examined also the *Codex Montfortii*, the only MS. of the New Testament containing the text of the 'three heavenly witnesses.' It is a very thick 12mo volume, and by bad usage is now broken into two parts about the middle. The fac-simile which I formerly had taken off and engraved is very correct.\* The MS. is written on paper, glazed after the eastern manner, and does not appear to be ancient. There are the following words at the head of one of the pages, evidently written by the same hand:—*Ἰησοῦς Μαρία Φραγκισκός*. Hence it is evident that the MS. was written by a Franciscan friar: and from another inscription in the book he appears to have been named *Froyhe*,—*Sum Thomæ Clementis olim fratris Froyhe*. This MS. is not taken proper care of, and in the next binding it is likely to suffer considerable damage. There is scarcely a librarian of any public library that has much knowledge of bookbinding or book-mending; and no man, however respectable his learning may be, is proper to be intrusted with the care of a public library who does not understand both.

"June 2.—Sunday morning I preached early, and afterwards went and heard a sermon at *St. Patrick's* cathedral, and received the sacrament, which was administered by two clergymen in an orderly, solemn manner.

"In the evening I preached again to a large congregation, and had several clergymen and fellows of *Trinity college* to hear me.

"The next day I had several visits from the fellows of *Trinity college*, who invited me to a fellowship examination, and to breakfast on the following day; but I was engaged to preach at

\* Inserted in "The Succession of Sacred Literature." See vol. i, page 71. Edit. 1830.

*Drogheda and Dundalk.* I waited on the lord chancellor with volume first of the authentic history of the Statutes; he has promised to grant me all necessary facilities in my searches for materials to help me in the new edition of Rymer's *Fœdera*. Dined at five o'clock:—this is a most disagreeable custom:—such unnatural hours are never likely to become familiar to me.

"June 4.—Left Dublin. A few miles from it we passed by one of the round towers for which Ireland is famous. It is upwards of seventy feet high, and stands at the distance of fifty feet from the church. It therefore never served as a steeple, though it might have been a belfry. There are a great number of these edifices in the kingdom, the precise use of which has not been ascertained. The road from Dublin to Drogheda is tolerable: the country would be fertile if cultivated, but the soil is miserably neglected: even the corn-fields are overgrown with weeds,—no care being taken to cleanse the seed previously to its being sown: the fences are in the worst repair; the houses dirty, and excessively mean. The children, like their parents, half naked and totally uncultivated: multitudes of the women without shoes or stockings, and yet employed in the hardest drudgery,—even digging in the fields, without a shoe to save the foot. In the evening I preached: the congregation was good, and I found considerable freedom in addressing them on the important subject of the 117th Psalm, a portion of Scripture much disregarded.

"June 5.—Before breakfast I went, in company with my friends, to view the celebrated scene of the *battle of the Boyne*, fought July 1, 1690, between James the Second and his son-in-law, the prince of Orange, afterwards William the Third, in which the former was defeated. This was the grand check to the popish interest, and was soon followed by the decisive battle of Aghrim, fought the 12th of the same month; in which the Irish and French armies, under James and the French general, Monsieur St. Ruth, were totally and finally overthrown. After this, James escaped to France, and the *Stuart* dynasty was terminated in Great Britain.

"The place where the battle of the Boyne was fought is about two miles from Drogheda; and to commemorate the event, a fine obelisk is raised on the spot. I felt it very interesting to see the different places where the conflicting armies manœuvred: the spot where brave Duke Schomberg was killed when fording the river:—the place where William was struck when reconnoitering the Irish army, with a musket ball, which took off his epaulet, but only ruffled the skin a little on the shoulder.

"The army of *James* was advantageously posted on the south side of the river; and to attack it the British army were obliged to ford it. Part of the horse passed first, a little above where the obelisk now stands. This made a diversion in favour of the foot many of whom crossed the river a little below, wading

nearly up to their necks, carrying their muskets, cartridges, &c., with extended arms, above their heads. Numbers of the foot passed over with the cavalry, each horse man taking a foot soldier behind him. To this fact the following lines in the old song made on this occasion allude, and contain, as might be expected, a most consummate *bull* :—

‘The horsemen they pass’d on before,  
And the foot came on horseback after.’

“We returned to breakfast, and afterwards proceeded to *Dunleer*; and on the road saw another round tower, which our intelligent driver assured us ‘was built by the fairies in one night.’ Our next stage was *Dundalk*, ten Irish miles from *Dunleer*. On the way we saw a poor, decent woman, with a child, endeavouring to induce a shark of a carman to carry her and her son into *Dundalk*, which he refused to do under two tenpenny pieces and a glass of whiskey. We soon ended this business, by taking the poor woman and her son into our chaise; for which piece of humanity our driver afterwards charged us threepence halfpenny per mile extra, saying, ‘that though he charged us this, *God would allow us for it*.’ Ever since we landed in Dublin we have met beggars at every stage; who, in the most impassioned manner and supplicating tone, entreat for the smallest charity. One thing is worthy of notice: they pour out a flood of blessings upon you to induce you to give; and when you have bestowed any thing, they follow you with a shower of good wishes.

“I preached at *Dundalk*; and the next morning we left this dirty, miserable town, without one sigh. We proceeded to *Newton Hamilton*, and, while dinner was getting ready, I went into several of the poor, miserable huts, and conversed with the inhabitants. Their huts are about four feet high in the side wall, with a hole in the roof to let out the smoke, and another to serve as a window. I gave them in general a small piece of silver, and found myself greatly gratified with the simple, yet intelligent conversation of these poor people.

“We proceeded to *Armagh*. Several friends came to see us at the inn, and supped, and we passed the evening in useful conversation. There is a large public library in this city, which contains many very good books; but I inquired in vain for any original documents, MS., &c., for the *Fædera*. In the evening I preached at the large Presbyterian meeting-house, our own chapel being too small for the large congregation which came to hear. Several ministers and persons of distinction attended; and I found considerable liberty and power in preaching. I have been thus enabled to leave a testimony for the truth of God in this city, and shall now leave it with a comfortable mind, and believe that the seed thus sown will take root, and bring forth fruit to God’s glory. Amen.



“ Having taken leave of the friendly people at *Armagh*, we set out for *Charlemount*. The country on all hands appeared fertile and well cultivated, and the houses better built and more cleanly. In *Charlemount* there is a fort, on which twenty-two six pounders are mounted. The castle, in the centre, was once the ancient seat of the *Caulfields*. This, with all the town, has been purchased by government, who, in the time of the rebellion, pulled down the principal part of it, to take away all facility of approach to the fort, so that very little of *Charlemount* remains. The castle is now the barracks, and scarcely appears as if it ever could have been the seat of a nobleman. In the war between *James* the Second and *William* the Third, the town and fort of *Charlemount* were held by Sir Teague O'Regan, in favour of *James*. Duke Schomberg, at the head of the British forces, took possession of a hill about half a mile distant, and summoned Sir Teague to surrender, who was in great want of provisions; yet, wishing to make the best possible terms for himself and garrison, he strowed meal a few inches deep at the top of several barrels of gunpowder, which he showed to the duke's commissioners, and gave them to understand that, as he had much provisions, he would continue to defend the fort, unless he received honourable terms. The commissioners, being deceived, reported the good estate of the garrison, in which they saw, as they imagined, plenty of provisions and numerous troops. Sir Teague receiving honourable terms, the fort surrendered; when the British, to their mortification, found gunpowder instead of flour, and women, in men's clothes, instead of soldiers. The Irish soldiers, unwilling to expose their wives to insult and want, had brought them into the fort; and in order to complete the deception of the British commissioners, Sir Teague had dressed these in the clothing of those who had been killed, or died, and exhibited them upon the walls. When this artifice was detected, Sir Teague was charged not only with duplicity, but want of gallantry in thus exposing the women; to which he answered, ‘ Arrah, what would you have me do? If I could not *save* the walls, I must *woman* the walls.’

“ Several friends have, I find, followed us from *Armagh*; to be present at the preaching to-morrow. It is certainly more than curiosity which brings these good people so far: may they not be disappointed. We concluded the evening agreeably with Mr. Byars and his very kind family, who seem highly gratified to have their house incumbered with such a number of guests. But this is common to the Irish: you cannot please them better than by putting it in their power to oblige and show you a kindness.

“ *Trinity Sunday, June 9, 1811.*—May God the Father adopt me fully for his child. May God the Son dwell in my heart by faith. May God the Holy Spirit purge my conscience from dead works, and purify my soul from all unrighteousness! May

the holy, blessed, and glorious TRINITY take me and mine, and seal us for his own in time and in eternity!

"As the people came flocking from all quarters, it was soon discovered that the chapel would not contain one-third of them. We then sent our respects to the commanding officer to request him to permit us to have one of his majesty's yards to assemble in. With this request he most readily complied, and sent word that he would also attend. The day was very stormy, the wind high, with frequent showers; yet we had nearly two thousand people together. All behaved with the utmost reverence and decorum; and I had a noble opportunity of proclaiming the truth of the gospel from Psalm lxxxix, 15, 16; '*Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound,*' &c. My hair was the sport of the winds; and I feared whether my voice would not fail; but it held out to the end, and the multitude departed, glorifying God for his goodness.

"We proceeded the next day to *Dungannon*, where I preached again in the evening to a respectable congregation. Several friends had followed us from *Armagh* and *Charlemount*, and others had come from twenty miles around the country. As I found I must not again attempt to preach in the open air, as many got into the chapel as could, others lined the windows, and many heard in the yard; and I fervently believe great grace rested upon all. Sadly fatigued, with every symptom of a severe cold, I returned to my lodging. Blessed be God that my cough and sore throat did not commence sooner.

"June 11.—We proceeded to *Cookstown*, where I was expected to preach to a large congregation. They said three thousand persons were gathered together in the Presbyterian meeting-house, which was kindly offered for the occasion. My hoarseness was great; but I spoke for nearly an hour, and the people were deeply attentive.

"*Cookstown*, though an Irish mile long, is not a parish of itself, but belongs to *Derryloran*. From the rector of this church I had the following strange account:—

"The corpse of a poor man was brought to the church-yard for interment. The rector demanded his fee of 2s. 6d.; the good people said, the man had been a common beggar, and had nothing to pay. The rector insisted on having the half crown, or on their removing the corpse immediately. An altercation took place, and the rector got so transported with rage, that he dropped down dead while following them to the church-yard gate, to prevent them from depositing the body in the ground! This is an awful account, and was given me on the spot by a serious clergyman."

"June 12.—Having taken an affectionate leave of the good people at *Cookstown*, we drove to *Magherafelt*. Here I first entered the bounds of my original acquaintance; but after an absence of thirty years, I find it but imperfect; besides, I left

it when young. The country people, hearing I was expected, flocked from various quarters. We got a public room to preach in, but the throng was so great, we were about to brave the open air, when a gentleman procured for us the Presbyterian meeting-house, whither the multitude immediately repaired. I proclaimed the salvation of God from Mark i, 14, 15. The people were deeply attentive, and I believe many heard for eternity.

"The following morning I rose early, and drove off to *Desart Martin*, to see an aunt, the only remains of my father's family: having spoken and prayed with her and her family, I returned to *Magherafelt* to breakfast. We then proceeded to *Maghera*, and on the way I stopped at a place where I had passed my youth. This I found exceedingly interesting. I walked into the house where I had passed several years of my infancy, and felt a number of indescribable emotions. The present inhabitant was the daughter of one of our old neighbours; but half of the nice house is fallen down, which I regretted. I went into the grounds where I had often sported, read, talked, searched for birds' nests, and caught jack sharps, &c. What a transition from five years to almost fifty! and how difficult to connect the habits of these two distant periods! and for the gray-headed man to realize his present feelings with what pleased him when a child! To the woman who resides in the remaining part of the house I gave a few pieces, and she received them as if coming from heaven.

"I came to *Maghera*, and went to see the place where I first went to school. The sight of this spot brought many long-past scenes to remembrance. I visited the mansion where Dr. Bernard, then dean of Derry, and afterwards bishop of Killaloe, and lastly of Limerick, formerly dwelt: what a change is here; almost every part in a state of dilapidation, and the house let out in tenements: nothing seems to flourish but the fine beech-tree at the entrance from the road, which, from its size, and the beautiful arrangement of its widely extended branches, may still claim the attention of the passenger. After contemplating different parts of this town, formerly well known to me, and inquiring after its ancient inhabitants, most of whom I found had ceased to live among men, I returned to the inn, dined, and not being able to procure a chaise, my companions agreed to walk to *Garvagh*, a journey of about ten English miles: we accordingly set out, had an interesting and pleasant walk over roads I had assisted to form between thirty and forty years ago. We arrived in *Garvagh* safe enough, got a little supper, and went to bed in the most pitiful apartments, where we expected but little rest.

"June 14.—Wishing to see a place near *Garvagh*, where our family had resided for several years, and where I had the principal part of the little education which fell to my lot, Mr.

Averell, who had joined us, and myself, rose early, and proceeded in our gig to the seat of Captain Church, my quondam school-fellow. Of his person I had a perfect recollection, though I had not seen him for between thirty and forty years, and then we were both young. From him I learned that the village in which we had lived was abolished, with the exception of a small building in which a herdsman resided, and the whole land laid under stock. What most surprised me was, that the church, the building of which I witnessed forty years ago, from its commencement to its close, appeared to be in a state of dilapidation. The spire was seventy-five feet high, and now not one inch of it remains: the windows have been broken, and repaired with solid mason-work; all the light of one side is thus completely abolished.

"The weather proving bad, we returned to *Garvagh*, where I found people from all quarters gathered, expecting me to preach: I did so in the Socinian chapel. Had I known to what sect it belonged, I believe I should not have done so, but this I learned afterwards. In preaching in the chapels of other religious people, it is not fair to discuss any doctrines which they do not hold, as this is disingenuous: in consequence a preacher is laid under considerable embarrassment: he cannot preach their doctrine, and he is afraid to preach his own: I do not like this business, and have nearly made up my mind to have done with it.

"*June 15.*—Having had but little rest, we rose early, and proceeded to *Londonderry*, which is a fortified city, and famous for the siege it suffered from James II., in person, at the head of the Irish army in 1689, in which it was reduced to the utmost extremity; so that the inhabitants were obliged to eat horses, dogs, cats, rats, mice, and every kind of animal, and even their shoes, and horses' harness. It was, however, relieved by a supply of provisions from England, and James was obliged to raise the siege. The walls are still entire, and several of the cannon, the carriages of which have long since rotted away, are still lying on the walls. From the inscriptions they bear, they appear to have been supplied by different companies of the livery of London, who have still considerable property here, and by whom it was named *Londonderry*.

"*Sunday, June 16.*—As there was no likelihood of our own chapel being able to contain the congregation, our friends procured the court-house, a large and elegant building. I preached to a large congregation at ten o'clock, and again at six, to as many as could crowd into the place: the principal part of the Protestants in the place were present, and heard with deep attention. I felt considerable power and freedom both times, and have much reason to hope that the seed fell on good ground, and will bring forth fruit to the glory of God!

"*June 17.*—We set off for *Coleraine*, and on arriving there

were received with every demonstration of joy by the friends : here I am with the people among whom I received my first religious impressions : I have hurried all over the town ; it is the neatest and cleanest in all the north of Ireland. I found my recollection of it perfectly correct ; and the whole town appeared to me in a few minutes as familiar as if I had been only a week absent : one idea gave rise to another ; and by association, link after link, became distinct and clear : I went to *Ballyaherton*, where my father had resided for years, and where I first heard the Methodists, and where I was brought to the knowledge of God.

"Coming to the house now, in a state of dilapidation, I asked permission of the good woman I met at the door to walk in. She said, 'It is too mean a place for such a gentleman as you to enter.' 'Good woman,' said I, 'do not say so ; I have spent several years in this very house.' She wondered at the intelligence. I gave a piece of silver to each of her children, and then took my leave, to call on an old school-fellow, Captain O'Neil, who was glad to see me. In the evening I preached in Coleraine to a very crowded congregation.

"We went, *June 19*, to visit the *Giant's Causeway*, one of the most celebrated basaltic formations perhaps in the universe. It appears a vast pavement of perpendicular columns, each composed of stones, some pentagons, hexagons, heptagons, octagons, &c., fitted on each other in the way of ball and socket, or convex and concave. What is called the *causeway*, is divided into three parts, running out from the land into the sea. These three divisions, or causeways, run parallel to each other, and are separated by a small ridge of basaltic matter, but not in the prisms of which the causeway is composed. The hills above the shore are composed of the same materials, and the basaltic pillars appear everywhere in their sides in a great variety of forms, which the common people designate the *Giant's Organ*, the *Giant's Loom*, &c., from some supposed resemblance assumed by these basaltic columns to these instruments. We wearied ourselves in examining these natural curiosities, and were thankful to sit down to some cold refreshment.

"Having resumed our vehicles, we proceeded to examine the remains of the ancient castle of *Dunluce*, situated on a fearful rock, several hundred feet above the sea. The castle was originally built by the M'Queelans, the ancient family, from whom the present earls of *Antrim* have descended. The only passage into this castle from the main land is over a narrow, broken wall, built in the form of an arch, sufficiently dangerous for the firmest foot and steadiest head. I went through its principal apartments, and noticed a tower where there is an arched apartment, called 'the room of the *Baan Shee*,' a sort of spirit which is supposed to have a peculiar attachment to all the ancient families of this nation, and *si vera est fama*, is

heard to make the most pitiful lamentations previously to the death of any of the Antrim family. Close by the side of this castle there is a cave of stupendous height, which extends under the castle to the sea, and into which the waves rush with a noise like thunder, or the report of ordnance. I remarked, in examining the arched roofs of some of the remaining rooms in the castle, that they had been turned on *wattles* or hurdles, the marks of the *rods* being still plainly visible in the roof where the plaster had fallen off.

"June 20.—We took an affectionate leave of Coleraine, and proceeded to *Ballymena*, where I found I had been published to preach. Our chapel being too small for the congregation expected to attend, the Rev. William Babbington, the rector, kindly offered me his church, which was soon filled with a deeply attentive congregation, to whom I felt considerable liberty to prove what was the doctrine of the apostles, from Acts ii, 42. I afterwards received a visit from the Rev. Mr. Lysley, the Moravian minister from Grace Hill, where, please God, we are to breakfast in the morning: being arrived at the settlement, Mr. Lysley took us over the whole house, which is neat and clean, and being earnestly requested to give the congregation a discourse, I at last consented, and in about five minutes' time the whole settlement was collected, and I spoke to them about half an hour on the witness of the Spirit, and the gratitude and obedience which necessarily flow from it. All appeared pleased, and I felt my own mind satisfied, and should have enjoyed the day more, had not my unmerciful friends informed me that I must preach in the evening at *Antrim*, which I accordingly did, though I felt considerably weakened with such frequent preachings, and little sleep; yet I would not spare myself in such a cause. I took for my text, Isa. xxv, 6-9.

"June 23.—Having observed one of those buildings called *round towers* on the left, as I entered *Antrim* last evening, I went this morning before breakfast to examine it. It stands in the garden of a Mr. Clarke, who kindly permitted us to examine it, and furnished us with a ladder to ascend to the first story.

"This tower is between fifteen and sixteen feet in diameter, but in the inside clear it is only nine feet. Mr. Clarke told us it was about ninety feet high. On the north it has a door about five feet high and two wide, and this appears to have been the chief entrance, and is about nine feet from the ground; we entered this by means of a ladder, and found that the whole of this story is occupied by pigeons. On the south side there are three of these doors, but the lowest is at least thirty feet from the ground; at the top, just under its pyramidal finishing, it has four of these doors or openings, placed very nearly, as I found by my compass, to the four cardinal points of the heavens.

None of these openings are arched; they are all finished with horizontal stones, and across the lower one, that only to which we had access, a piece of oak timber is laid by way of lintel, and this oak, though a very little decayed on the outside, is yet perfectly sound, though it must have occupied its present situation for many centuries. This tower seems evidently never to have been raised by any scaffolding from without, but to have been built from the inside,—over-hand, as it is termed; the protuberances and inequalities of the outside structure sufficiently prove this. For about one third of its height it seems to have been built of an equal thickness, but after this it tapers gradually, though very little, for its top appears but a trifle smaller than its base in diameter. There is no church near it, nor any vestige of any religious building of any kind; but Mr. C. informed me that human bones, teeth, &c., are frequently dug up in the adjoining grounds; hence it is evident there had been a burying-place here, and consequently a church, or some religious house, though long since utterly demolished. Tradition says that *Antrim* stood anciently on the north of this tower: it is now a mile off on the south side.

“Two opinions have been formed in reference to these towers; the first is, that they were watch-towers; secondly, that they were belfries. First, that they were not watch-towers is evident, because they are situated on the low lands, though there are eminences and hills near at hand on which they might have been placed, had they been designed to serve this purpose. Secondly, it appears unlikely that they should have served for belfries, as they have not apertures sufficient to let out the sound, and are made perfectly close at the top. What then were they? I shall state a fact, and then draw inferences from it.

“I. Ireland received Christianity, not from the west, but from the east; of this fact there is the fullest evidence. II. Bells were not used in ancient times in the Asiatic churches, nor are they to the present day. III. Minarets, or little towers, were constructed, on the top of which a person called out the watches of the night, &c., and gave notice of the times of prayer. This is still the custom among the Mohammedans. IV. Possibly these towers served for this purpose. This conjecture may be supported by the following reasons:—1. These round towers are always situated in the most fertile parts of the country. 2. Always near some church, abbey, or religious house, proved by the bones, &c., found near them. 3. These churches were always erected in the most fertile parts of the country, for the sake of the fraternities and clergy attached to them. 4. All these fraternities, of whatsoever order, had their appointed times for prayer, to which they must be summoned by some proper means; as, at other times, they worked with their hands for the support of the institution. 5. If there were

no bells, and it is reasonable to think that there were none in the nation, if indeed in Europe; at the era of the erection of these buildings; then a crier was necessary to give the time, and announce the hour of prayer. 6. The four windows, or apertures at the top, immediately under the roof, facing the four cardinal points of the heavens, probably served for the purpose of admitting the crier to announce from each the watch of the night, or hour of prayer, that the people in all directions might have the information and come together in the place, and, at the hour appointed, to worship God. For this purpose alone, I suppose these towers to have been originally constructed.

"My attention was directed to a stone which rested above, and on the lintel of the door I mentioned, which I had entered on going in to examine the building in the inside: and which I was informed contained a hieroglyphic. On closely inspecting it, I found it contained a cross of rude workmanship in the following form. The five black holes are cut pretty deeply into the stone, and probably were intended to represent the five wounds received by our blessed Lord at his crucifixion. Having finished our examination of this building, we returned to Antrim to breakfast; after which we proceeded to *Belfast*.



"June 23.—I preached this morning to a congregation of upwards of twelve hundred, and felt much freedom in enforcing and explaining the necessity of that salvation which God had provided for man. In the evening I preached to above fifteen hundred; but I found it difficult to speak, my voice and strength having been exhausted by the exertion of the morning.

"Early on the 24th we set off for *Lisburne*: though I had been almost totally exhausted with my yesterday's work, yet they insisted on my preaching at *Lisburne* at eleven, as it was their quarterly meeting. In vain I urged and expostulated. They said, 'Surely you came out to preach, and why should you not preach at every opportunity?' 'I must have rest.' 'Surely you can rest after preaching.' I replied, 'I must preach to-morrow at *Lurgan*, and shall have but little time to rest.' 'O, the more you preach, the more strength you will get.' 'I came out for the sake of health and rest.' 'O, rest when you return home.' 'I cannot rest at home, as I have got more work to do there than I can manage.' 'Then,' said they, 'you shall get rest in the grave.'

"I give this specimen of the inconsiderateness and unfeelingness of many religious people, who care little how soon their ministers are worn out, because they find their excessive labours comfortable to their own minds; and should the preacher die through his extraordinary exertions, they have this consolation, 'God can soon raise up another.' Though not convinced



by this reasoning, I still preached, to a very crowded congregation; and it was a time of uncommon power.

"June 25.—I slept very little last night, and early proceeded on our way to *Lurgan*. Finding every place of public worship too small for the people who came to the preaching, I was obliged to go to a field near the town, where thousands attended. My voice having suffered by my previous exertions, I with difficulty made all hear: however, I did succeed in this; the people were amazingly still, orderly, and attentive; and, I trust, the good advice I endeavoured to give them will not be lost.

"June 27.—We proceeded to *Portadown*. On the road I was told the following anecdote of the late Dr. Wilson, senior fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, who, though a very grave man himself, was very fond of quizzing and puzzling the country people who came to inquire after their friends or relations in the college. One day seeing a man standing in the court with a letter in his hand, gaping and staring about, and not knowing where to go, he walked gravely up to him, and inquired what he wanted. The man answered, 'Sir, can you tell me where I may find Mr. *Delahunty*?' 'Yes,' said the doctor; 'do you see that building before you?' 'Yes.' 'Then crucify this quadrangle, and take the diameter of the plot beyond it; enter the opening before you, and ascend the ligneous grades; then turn to your left, and you will find him either peripatouncing in his cubicle, dormitating in his lectuary, or perescopounting through his fenestra.' The poor man, who understood nothing of this, and remembered not one word but the last, said, 'And pray, sir, what is the fenestra?' To which the doctor replied, 'It is an orifice in an edifice to admit luminous particles.' 'Thank you,' said the poor fellow, and walked off more perplexed than before.

"I reached Portadown just in time for dinner, and found that the concourse of people flocking from all parts would render it impossible for me to preach in the chapel. A field at a short distance from the town was accordingly fixed on, and at seven almost all the inhabitants of Portadown had shut up their shops and houses and gone to the field; not less than four thousand persons were present, and I had voice enough to reach them all. Peasantry, gentry, magistrates, ministers, and clergy, had come from different parts: and this great multitude behaved with the utmost decency and reverence. For reverence in sacred ordinances, the Irish are very remarkable; and for good breeding, even among the most common people, especially the Protestants, I do not know their superiors.

"I sat this evening with a tea-drinking party, which I have not done thrice for upwards of twenty years. The good people naturally asked me why I did not take tea: I simply gave them my reasons, which drew on a long conversation. I have drunk no tea for nearly twenty-nine years, and during that time have

saved nearly four whole years of life, which must have been consumed in visits, &c., &c.

"June 20.—I rose early, and suspecting the day would be excessively hot, I set off, before breakfast, for *Newry*, where I had to preach to many hundreds in a spacious enclosure at ten, and again at six. I found considerable liberty in explaining to them the great and leading doctrines of the gospel: the people were deeply attentive, and perhaps God condescended to speak to their hearts even by me. One of our preachers gave me the following account at dinner:—A friend of his near *Newry*, about ten days ago, hastily shut up a press bed, without perceiving that his own child, a girl of five years old, was in it. The error was not discovered till the child had been shut up half an hour. When taken out, she was found suffocated beyond all hope of recovery. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but many fruitless attempts to recover her only proved that the spirit had taken its everlasting flight. What a pity that such dangerous and unwholesome articles should ever be used: they are every way injurious.

"July 1.—Having a little spare time, through being very early up, I drove off the main road, in order to examine a round tower, at a place called *Minster Boyce*; but found it, though in partial ruins, exactly to correspond with the one I examined at *Antrim*. Near the tower are the remains of some large and extensive edifices which have long since perished. In the yard or burying-ground, there are three of the most beautiful crosses I have ever beheld, very finely ornamented. Supposing that the Irish antiquaries must have described subjects so curious and interesting, I did not take either their measurement or even a sketch of them. The old woman who showed them knew little English, and I as little Irish, so we could not comprehend each other. That there was a monastery here in ancient times is sufficiently evident even from the name *Minster Boyce*, which is but a corruption of *Monasterium Bosci*, the monastery of the wood, but there are no trees now remaining; on the hill to the north there are ruins which the people consider to be the remains of seven churches which originally stood here.

"In the evening I preached in *Drogheda*: a very large congregation attended. The ground on which I stood is intended for the site of a new chapel; and when I concluded the preaching, I laid the foundation stone, in the name, and I trust to the glory, of the ever blessed Trinity. It is worthy of remark that this first stone was laid on the anniversary of the famous battle of the Boyne, which was fought within two miles of this place, July 1, 1690. My companion, Mr. Butterworth, gave £50 towards the new chapel.

"The next morning we set off early on our way to *Dublin*; and, at a place called *Swords*, about seven miles from that city, I went to inspect another round tower, and found the remarks

on the preceding ones equally apply to it. There are here the ruins of an extensive monastery, out of one part of which there is a church formed; there are also the remains of a castle which, in former times, was doubtless of considerable repute. I was much struck with the appearance of several new graves in the church-yard, rudely ornamented with crosses, garlands, curiously cut paper, &c., &c., and interspersed with flowers, aromatic herbs, myrtle, &c., &c. I believe these were tokens of affectionate regard to young women and children. The rude blasts were scattering these proofs of love after death; and the flowers and herbs, like the cheeks of the once lovely deceased, were faded and withered to blush and smile no more. One grave was adorned in this way far beyond all the others. A frozen-hearted formalist may condemn this, and call it superstition; true religion and pure affection would give it a far different name. I felt affected and edified by these dumb remembrancers of life, youth, beauty, and affection, of death, disappointed hopes, broken bonds, keen sorrow, and lasting distress. I felt and could have wept with the disconsolate parents and survivors; and kissed the fingers that composed those garlands, the tokens of pure affection, and the crosses, by which the meritorious death of our most blessed Saviour was thus held out to public view as the only foundation of the survivor's hope that death, the last enemy, should be finally destroyed; and that those hearts, knit together here in pure and honest love, should be reunited in eternity, where bonds can no more be broken, and death can never enter.

"In about an hour we reached *Dublin*, having been absent on my Irish tour four weeks, during which I have had much travelling, frequent preaching, and often in the open air. God is good!

"*July 3.*—We arrived safely in *Dublin* last night: I am much exhausted. On Sabbath last I had to preach at *Newry*: and it being found from the numbers that followed us from the different places we had visited, many having come nearly forty miles, that no house in the place would hold the crowd, it was resolved that I should again take to the open air, and accordingly I went to an enclosure, used for the butter-market, and there preached to a deeply attentive audience. In the evening, at six, I was absolutely forced, by persuasion and guile, to preach again, and the evening being very hot, by the time I had finished my laborious sermon, I had not a dry thread upon me, and in this state I had to enter a chaise and proceed to *Dundalk*, where I could only get a sofa to sleep on; and the next day, through a burning sun, we got to *Dublin*, where I now write.

"Thus I have ended my preaching pilgrimage, in which I have spent one whole month, and during that time I have travelled almost incessantly, proclaiming salvation to many thousand—

and, during the last eight days, preached *five* times in the open air! Our conference begins to-morrow.

"July 17, 1811.—Having finished the conference, our party proposed to me to accompany them to visit the Catholic college at *Maynooth*.—We alighted at the inn, and while standing in the street just opposite, we saw a troop of horse entering the other end of the town, escorting a chaise—some preceding, some following, and others riding on each side of the chaise: we went to the spot and inquired what was the matter. The answer was, 'These soldiers are escorting the terrible *Gibbon*, one of the rebel generals, who has been lately taken, after having been outlawed for thirteen years.' A police officer was with him in the chaise, and he soon alighted, heavily shackled both on the legs and hands: he was wretchedly clothed: by favour of the landlady we got into the room where he and several of the guards were: he walked frantically to and fro in the room, dragging his long bolts after him, and talked very wildly; at one time cursing the *king*, at another awfully obtesting his incapability of being a traitor. He desired one of the soldiers to go and get him a pipe of tobacco; the brave fellow went and brought him in a lighted pipe: he took it, and putting it into his mouth, said, '*Now I shall smoke the king's health: and if his health were in the pipe, by the holy Father, I would smoke it out.*' His language and his appearance were awful. He has been several times in France: and he has hid himself in the bogs and mountains, and has thus long escaped: added to which, he was so dangerous that no person dared approach him: he was at last taken while sleeping in a dry ditch, having a loaded blunderbuss and six brace of loaded pistols about him.

"We proceeded to the college of *Maynooth*: it is a fine, plain building, and costs our government £9000 per annum for its support: the students, 300 in number, were absent, it being their vacation. Father *De la Hogue*, one of the professors, received and treated us very politely. One wing of the college is 330 feet in length, and is divided in each of its stories into thirty-three rooms, ten feet long, for the students: the library is not a very good one, and the chapel not elegant. On coming away I offered my hand to father *De la Hogue*, but he declined receiving it: he had treated us with the utmost civility and politeness, but I was a heretic, and therefore he would not give me the right hand of fellowship.

"God is love: and for having preserved us from all evil, and brought us home in safety, I thank and bless his holy name.

ADAM CLARKE.

"*Harpur-street, July, 1811.*"

The preceding extracts from the journal of Dr. Clarke evince him to have been an intelligent and inquisitive tourist; and not only so, but they more especially show him a zealous minister,

faithful servant of Him who had called him to go forth and preach the gospel; of the matter and style of which preaching here is no need here of comment: many of his sermons are before the public; and they speak for themselves:—but the earnest and affectionate, not to say the occasionally impassioned, manner of their delivery, can alone be known by those who have been privileged to hear with what earnestness, yea, with what zeal, he besought his hearers to be reconciled to God,—to home, for all things are now ready. One peculiar feature of all his preaching was, exhorting the people to seek after thefulness of a free salvation: the willingness of God to save from guilt and sin all those who with hearty repentance and a sincere desire to lead a new life,—all of every age and clime,—all of every guilt and stain, who would thus come to Him who is still the friend of sinners.

Upon the return of Dr. Clarke from this Irish tour, he found that the hand of death had been laid upon the very bosom of his house; for his mother had died just before his arrival at home. Shortly before his going over to Ireland, he had been to Bristol to see her, and found her, though in a very infirm state of health, still in the full possession of all her faculties, and in the calm assurance “that, when the earthly house of this tabernacle should be dissolved, she had a house above, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” She spoke to her son with perfect cheerfulness on the subject of her death, and, on parting, earnestly commended him to God; neither mother nor son then anticipating, however, that it was the last time they should ever meet in this world.

Were it not for this uncertainty as regards the future, anticipation and dread would too often unnerve the heart before the blow is struck, and find it prostrate in the very hour of conflict. That such would have been the case in the present instance there can be no doubt, when, owing to his journey, Dr. Clarke had so much ministerial duty to perform, which he could not efficiently have discharged, had he known that the mother who bore him,—the guide of his youth, the moralist of his heart, the encourager of every good feeling and worthy action, was drawing near to that “bourn whence no traveller returns.” This melancholy event took place so immediately before Dr. Clarke’s actual return home, that he had no advice of it. From the constrained manner and tearful eye which but too eloquently replied to the almost first interrogation upon his entering his house, “Is all well?” the truth could not be concealed, upon which his countenance instantly blanched, his lips quivered; he spoke not, but, in the silence of the heart’s agony, he raised his eyes, his breast evidently heaved, he instantly retired to his study, unquestionably to commune with Him who seeth in secret, as well as to muse over the loneliness which the heart is first taught when it feels itself motherless, and at the moment when, perhaps, it

cherished with the intensest fondness of remembrance those days and years when her hand fed, when her eye watched, and when her smile cheered her son, now sorrowing because he should see her face no more! "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy!"

Throughout life, the image of his mother was always dear to Dr. Clarke's heart and memory: her sayings and maxims often guided and influenced his conduct and opinion to the end of life: her strict conscientiousness, her abhorrence of every kind of deceit, and, above all, the sacred precept she on all occasions inculcated on the minds of her children, "that the eye of God was every moment upon them," was a check felt throughout life, and had its saving influence in hours of temptation, as well as its balm of consolation in the moments of the heart's heaviness.

O, who can sufficiently appreciate the pious instructions of a conscientious mother! In the days of childhood, the heart looks up to her for its guidance, and drinks in from her lips the first lessons of virtue and truth: it questions not, but adopts, as verities, on the authority of affection, springing from the tender union of parent and child, whatever of right, of judgment, of feeling, and of prejudice, those lessons of youth inspire; and, generally speaking, though it is after circumstances of life which call them out, and bring them into action, yet will it almost universally be found that the heart and judgment are at least swayed by the lessons inculcated by a mother on the mind of her offspring, and are thus, like the "bread cast upon the waters, found after many days."

The following extract of a letter, written by the Rev. Thomas Roberts, will evince the respect and esteem which that gentleman and Christian entertained for Dr. Clarke's excellent and venerable mother:—

"I am just informed that your good and esteemed mother has entered into life! She was one who most worthily shared my respect and regard; and for your consolation, I may truly say, you are justified in entertaining the best feelings when you reflect that good Mrs. Clarke was your mother. She lived just so long, and died so well, as to leave in the heart of her son nothing but acquiescence in the divine will, and gratitude for that gracious dispensation of Heaven which could not have been manifested in a manner more consolatory to the feelings of the man, the son, and the Christian. Adieu. I am your affectionate friend and brother,

THOMAS ROBERTS."

We have already seen that Dr. Clarke was deeply engaged in writing his Commentary on the Old and New Testaments; nor can it be wondered at that a work of such extent and critical research was often the subject of animadversion; but while

he reasons strongly, and argues and insists earnestly on all matters of pure faith and sound doctrine, it is everywhere clearly manifested, that in all those cases which may be classed as simple matters of criticism, or of curious investigation, his opinion is delivered with the candour of a liberal inquirer after truth; but never is so insisted upon as to make it offensive to those who, less learned, are more prejudiced to old interpretations; or, taking a different view of the subject, differ from him in judgment and opinion. In all such cases he was bound, by the nature of the work, to give his own view and belief; but certainly this was done with the utmost frankness, and respect for the opinions of others, while he was obliged to differ from them.

In prosecuting his commentary on the sacred writings, Dr. Clarke felt himself bound to investigate every subject as he went along, and spared no pains, either as a divine or as a critic, to make his observations and judgment as clear and conclusive as possible; but even this was to some a stone of stumbling, as will appear from the following anecdote:—

The late Rev. J. N. calling one day upon the Rev. Ely Bates, and seeing the first part of Dr. Clarke's Commentary lying on the table, happened to open it in the place where the doctor makes such large disquisitions and calculations in reference to the size of Noah's ark, and argues from these, contrary to the opinion of some critics, that the ark was, in point of size, not only amply sufficient to contain the animals themselves, but the sustenance requisite for them during their sojourn. When Mr. N. had finished reading the criticism, he closed the book, exclaiming, "Thank God, I never found these difficulties in the sacred record;" to which Mr. Bates replied, "Yes, sir, you have found them, as well as Dr. Clarke; but the difference is, you always leaped over them, while he goes through them."

And such in fact was the case during the progress of his life and writings. When he met a difficulty, he waited to examine and go through it in the true spirit of patient investigation, never leaping over obstacles which he could, by learning or labour, remove out of the way, or render subservient to the great object he had in view,—the instruction and benefit of mankind.

His criticisms were often warmly, not to say ungenerously attacked, not only in reviews, but in the bodies of contemporary works. He read scarcely any of these, controversy being foreign both from his spirit and his object; he stated what he believed to be the truth, and gave his reasons for his belief of it, but never felt himself obliged to argue that others *ought* to be on his side of the question; petty paper-war he ever held as far beneath him.

The very first part of his commentary gave ample scope, not only for criticism, but hyper-criticism. It related to the *Nachash*

of *Moses*, Gen. iii; where Dr. Clarke states it as probable, "that it is not the serpent, nor any kind of serpentine genus, but rather a creature of the ape, or satyrus kind, which tempted our first parents:" the reasons which support this criticism are before the public; of these they have long judged; and it will, no doubt, remain a question for the curious while criticism itself exists; it is, however, a matter of surprise that it gave such offence to many; they did not like to forego their old opinion, and determined to fight for it while they had hands or feet, or even like Sir Witherington of old; who,—

"When his legs were smitten off,—  
He fought upon his stumps."

There are few things in which ill nature appears more ill placed, or less amiable, than in the form of sacred criticism. If truth be desirable, if the progress of information be a consummation devoutly to be wished, why should it be exposed to the railing of tongues, which can only cavil, not convince! Though the arguments and reasonings Dr. Clarke brings forward to support the hypothesis of the *Nachash* of *Moses* being of the ape, or orang-outang kind, is too long for insertion in this place, we need not refrain from giving his concluding observation, as an example of that modesty of manner in which he ever treats criticisms of this kind. His words are,—

"If, however, any person should choose to differ from the opinion stated above, he is at perfect liberty so to do: I make it no article of faith, nor of Christian communion; I crave the same liberty to judge for myself that I give to others—to which every man has an indisputable right; and I hope no man will call me heretic for departing, in this respect, from the common opinion, which appears to me to be so embarrassed as to be altogether unintelligible."

But, notwithstanding this liberal and generous observation, few criticisms have called forth more spleen and babble of tongues than this; many, ill affected to the work, looked upon the singularity of it as the forerunner of its languid existence, if not of its death, and their paper missiles flew to beat it down; but it withstood their attacks, and the work walked forth in its own might, wholly unaffected by such efforts. But there were other persons, on the contrary, who not only admired, but adopted the hypothesis: and some used even banter; an anonymous example of which appeared in one of the public papers:—

#### LINES ON THE NACHASH OF DR. ADAM CLARKE.

The Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke asserts

It could not be a serpent tempted Eve,

But a gay monkey, whose fine mimic arts

And fopperies were most likely to deceive.



Dogmatic commentators still hold out,  
 A *serpent*, not a *monkey*, tempted madam ;  
 And which shall we believe ? Without a doubt  
 None knows so well what tempted EVE as *ADAM*.

(Signed,)

R. R.

*Lake of Letter-Kenny.*

Thus, surrounded by his friends, critics, and the public at large, he diligently prosecuted his arduous labours, though his spirit was often bowed down by their magnitude : for, to the *Commentary*, it must be remembered, was added the *Fædera* ; both of which works were not only laborious in themselves, but involved high responsibility, and extensive and minute research ; and added to these were uninterrupted ministerial duty and preachings.

The following letter of Dr. Clarke to Lord Sidmouth, recommending to his interest and favour Mr. Henry George Keene, now oriental professor at the *Hertford college*, will evince the kind interest and affection he entertained for his young friend, and be but a just testimony to that integrity of character which he not only then possessed, but which he still retains.

"MY LORD,—Presuming on your well-known benevolence and candour, I beg leave to call your lordship's notice to the following request :—Having this day heard that *Sir Hartford Jones* is appointed ambassador to *Persia*, and supposing that the whole of his suite may not yet be completed, and that your lordship may probably be consulted on the subject of proper persons to accompany *Sir Hartford*, I beg, with great deference to your lordship's judgment, strongly to recommend Mr. *Henry George Keene*, a young man of excellent understanding and unblemished morals, lately returned from *India*, who has made very considerable progress in Persian and Arabic literature, as will readily appear from the transactions of *Fort William college*, where he has had his education ; and who, in such an embassy, from his knowledge of the country, and its principal languages, as well as from his integrity, would be found a valuable acquisition in the capacity of secretary, or in any other department where strict probity, and skill in the languages, might be deemed essentially requisite : as I know Mr. Keene wishes to return to *India*, and that he has a peculiar taste for oriental literature, any appointment in this way would, I am sure, be highly acceptable to him.

"Should your lordship have any opportunity of serving this young gentleman by a recommendation, I am fully confident he would do honour to any place of trust or responsibility to which, by such recommendation, he might be entitled, and ever remember with becoming gratitude your lordship's interference in his behalf. My lord, on no precarious evidences of integrity and ability would I recommend any person to your lordship's

notice, nor do I presume to say that on these accounts Mr. Keene should take place of any other worthy persons who may, from earlier application, have been so fortunate as to obtain your lordship's approbation. There may still be some employment of this nature within your lordship's influence, where Mr. Keene's talents might be exerted to the credit both of his country and himself. Most humbly begging pardon for the liberty I have taken in thus intruding on your lordship's attention, I am, my lord, with sentiments of the highest respect, your lordship's much obliged and humble servant,

ADAM CLARKE."

It appears that, at the close of this year, Dr. Clarke went to *Cambridge* on some business connected with the record commission, which occupied him for a few days, and that during his stay in that town, there occurred a branch meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society: to show that his feelings on this subject were not become dull, and that the fine gold had not lost any degree of its brightness, it is but necessary to give a copy of a hastily written letter he addressed to Mrs. Clarke, which is as follows:—

*Cambridge, Dec. 12, 1811.*

"MY VERY DEAR MARY,—I have to-day witnessed such proceedings as I never witnessed before. Here has been a meeting to form an auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society. Lord *Hardwicke* in the chair, supported by Lord *Francis Osborne*, the dean of *Carlisle*, and several of the professors, &c., of the university: the meeting lasted from eleven to nearly four o'clock; and such speeches I never heard: Mr. *Owen* excelled his former self: Mr. *Dealtry* spoke like an angel of the first order: and Dr. D. E. Clarke, the Russian traveller, like a seraph: every thing was carried *nemine contradicente*, and the meeting concluded in a blaze of celestial light.

"Every man seemed to swear that he would carry the *Bible* to all who never knew it, as far as the providence of God should permit him to go, and thus act up to his precept, in publishing 'glory to God in the highest, and peace and good will among men.' For myself, I have nearly broken my new staff with thumping, after having made my fists sore in pounding the table. I did not laugh and cry alternately, I did both together, and completely wet my new pocket handkerchief through with my tears: between two and three hundred of the university young men were the first movers in this business.

"I can scarcely get my wretched pen to make a mark, but am, my very dear Mary, yours affectionately,

"ADAM CLARKE."

For an interesting and farther account of this meeting, the reader is referred to "*Otter's Life of Dr. Daniel Edward Clarke.*"

During the early part of the year 1812, Dr. Clarke continued almost incessantly to labour at his Commentary and the *Fœdera*: he rose early to his work, and, except when ministerial duty called him from his study, he continued his work till the evening: Mrs. Clarke saving him as much as possible from idle or unimportant interruptions. During this time he had completed and published the *Pentateuch*, and book of *Joshua*. In answer to a letter, with a presentation copy, to Lord Sidmouth, that nobleman sent the following reply:—

*Richmond Park.*

"DEAR SIR,—I receive with great pleasure every proof of your remembrance and esteem, because I have a perfect conviction of the excellence of your principles, and of the purity of the motives which direct the whole of your conduct. Your last kind present, and the letter which accompanied it, reached me in town on Thursday last, but I have been so circumstanced since that time, that it has been out of my power to thank you sooner. I know you are very much engaged; but if you could make it perfectly convenient to yourself to call upon me at No. 18 Charles-street, St. James's Square, at eleven o'clock on Saturday next, I should have great pleasure in seeing you. I am, with sincere esteem, dear sir, your obedient, humble servant,  
SIDMOUTH."

To the Rev. Thomas Roberts, Dr. Clarke also wrote on the subject of his labours and anxieties, in reference to his Commentary. The letter is dated,—

*2 Harpur-street, Jan. 23, 1812*

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—Most heartily do I thank you for your kind notice of one who has loved you long, and loves you still as much as most friends you have, or can have upon earth. To hear of your happiness will ever increase mine; and I can say I never hear of your sorrows without sympathy.

"We are, through mercy, in a measure of health. I go on lagging at my almost endless work, as usual. Deuteronomy is nearly finished: they have the last sheet at press. Fifteen chapters of Joshua are ready to go to press; I think I must join both those books together in one part.

"At the conclusion of Deuteronomy you will find a variety of highly useful and curious tables, that cost me not a little trouble. I have also inserted a Dissertation on the Pentateuch, of my own composing, and another on the character of Moses: but as I was confined for room in both cases, I could not make them what I wished. Joshua's sun and moon standing still kept me going for nearly three weeks. That one chapter has afforded me more vexation than any thing I ever met with. And

even now I am but about half satisfied with my own solution of all the difficulties, though I am confident I have removed mountains that were never touched before. Shall I say that I am heartily weary of my work : so weary that I have a thousand times wished I had never written one page of it, and am repeatedly purposing to give it up. No man should undertake such a work alone ; and I have no soul to help me.

"Write soon, and let me know how you get on. Heartiest love to Mrs. R., in which my Mary joins. I am, my very dear brother, yours most affectionately,  
ADAM CLARKE."

In the month of April, 1812, Dr. Clarke, as it appears from his journal of that period, again visited Cambridge, for the purpose "of examining the contents of the different libraries, especially the *university library*, and those of *Corpus Christi* and *Magdalene*, for state papers for the projected new edition of *Rymer's Fædera*." It is not necessary in this place to give an account of all the papers, &c., which Dr. Clarke found in the course of his examinations ; the most important of which are all noticed in his report to the commissioners, under the article *Fædera*. A few things, however, which do not appear in that place, will in this connection gratify the curious reader : among this number is the following :—

"April 22.—This whole day has been employed between *Corpus Christi* college and the *Pepysian*, at *Magdalene* college.

"I have begun to collate the allegorical poem, called *King Hart*, written by the famous *Gavin Douglas*, bishop of *Dunkeld*, and brother to the earl of *Angus*. This work, which I have undertaken at the request of *Lord Glenbervie*, is one of the most difficult I have ever attempted. The poem is in what is called 'The *Folio Mailland MS.*,' and is so ill written in a very bad hand, and the ink so pale, that in many places it is scarcely legible, and requires such attention as distracts me much. Mr. *Pinkerton*, who has copied and printed it in his first volume of '*Ancient Scottish Poems*,' has made many mistakes, and arbitrary alterations ; and yet he is worthy of great praise for having done his work so well, every thing considered. The original writer has also made several mistakes and blunders, and left out some whole lines. He has been misled also by the *Homoioteleuton* ; and, instead of the corresponding rhyming word, has repeated the preceding. It is a pity that no other copy of this poem is known : it is a beautiful, correct, and well-supported allegory. A thought strikes me :—*John Bunyan* seems to have borrowed his *Pilgrim's Progress* from *Bernard's Isle of Man* : *Bernard*, his *Isle of Man* from *Fletcher's Purple Island* : *Fletcher* took his plan from *Spenser's Fairy Queen* : *Spenser*, his *Fairy Queen* from *Gavin Douglas's King of Hart* : and *Douglas*, his plan from the old *mysteries* and *moralties* which prevailed in and before his time.

"This curious poem, as it exists in the Maitland MS., which I have carefully collated, appears to have been ill preserved in some sooty cabin, where it has been exposed to wet, which has rendered much of the writing almost illegible. Mr. Pinkerton has introduced a new person into the prosopopœia, which neither appears in the place he now occupies, nor in any other place in the original poem. In the MS. there is neither preface nor argument, nor is it divided into cantos: these are all of Mr. P.'s own adding. There is also a line omitted in the MS., but what it was who can tell? Mr. P. has, however, made one to supply the place: but if he have made some mistakes, it is not to be wondered at: few men in England could even have assisted him in the work; and perhaps not one in the kingdom could have copied it with a tenth part of his accuracy. I have collated the whole of this poem with the original, word for word, and generally letter for letter, so that I hope the collation may now be considered as complete. ADAM CLARKE."

"Pepysian Library, Magdalene College,  
Cambridge, April 22-24."

This collation of the poem of *King Hart*, Dr. Clarke copied and sent to Lord Glenbervie, upon his return from Cambridge. It is entitled, "Observations on a Comparison of the Allegorical Poem called *King Hart*, with the printed copy in Mr. Pinkerton's *Ancient Scottish Poems*, with the Original MS. in the Pepysian Library." Lord *Glenbervie* was himself a descendant of the famous *Gavin Douglas*, and of course to him the collation had a peculiar interest. It will be remembered that Lord *Glenbervie* was one of the lords commissioners on the public records; and he ever retained for Dr. Clarke a high regard, not only personally expressed, but testified in a series of letters. But to return to the journal:—

"April 29.—I spent the evening in company with several young gentlemen: they appeared pleasing and pious. There is certainly much of the fear of God in this place; and so many literary advantages, that even the hearts of the foolish might understand knowledge; and the tongue of the stammerer be ready to speak plainly.

"April 30.—I continued my work at Corpus Christi college, and made, besides, a pretty large extract from a MS. of the thirteenth century, entitled *De Mirabilibus Britannia*. Among other things the author mentions *Stonehenge*, and the manner in which the stones are poised upon each other: this continues so to the present day. He also mentions the *White Horse*, near *Devizes*, which is made on the side of a hill, on which no grass grows: this also continues to the present day; and by this MS. we know that that figure of the horse has lasted at least five hundred years."

We shall not give the reader any farther details from this journal, as it relates almost exclusively to the *Fæderer*; but proceed with some extracts from his second Irish tour, which, as he states, he commenced on the ninth of June, 1812, to prosecute his farther examinations and researches, under the commission for the public records.

"Left London, at six, A. M., in the Liverpool coach, having under my care a young lady, named Miss O. C., a perfect stranger to me; but whom I was requested to protect to Dublin to her friends. I soon found that she was a Roman Catholic, but of a very amiable disposition; and, in her own way, conscientiously religious.

"June 11.—I preached in *Liverpool* to an immense crowd in the Pitt-street chapel. I understand a Roman Catholic lady, who had long been seeking rest for her soul, came to the preaching: she was deeply convinced that the foundation of her hope must be alone in the death and merits of Christ. Her heart appeared as if broken in pieces under the word, and God showed her the way of salvation by faith, through the blood of the cross.

"June 12.—I have continued in *Liverpool* waiting for my son John, who has been sent after me by his majesty's commissioners, to make some searches with me in the different offices in Dublin.

"June 13.—My son, thank God, is arrived: but the wind proving contrary, the people wish me to preach here to-morrow.

"June 14.—Though really ill, I ventured to preach at Brunswick chapel to an attentive crowd of hearers: my sermon was long, and my subject on the providence and mercy of God: he wrought for his own name, and I have reason to believe much good was done.

"We had a bad night at sea: one mast was split, and the breeze blew stiff, and was against us: however, through mercy, we reached Dublin in safety; and I thank God that he has preserved us during all our perils, by land and by water.

"I have visited many of my friends, and have been received by them with their wonted kindness and hospitality; but, owing to the absence of the bishop of *Kildare*, who is dean of Christ church, I find it difficult to gain access to those archives.

"June 21.—I preached in the morning to a great concourse of people, and again in the evening: but the labour was too much for me: but for this the people care nothing, and think as little.

"Having continued my searches for several days in Christ church, I was entreated to go and preach at *Drogheda*; and accordingly I set off, accompanied by my son and friends, calling at the place where the battle of the Boyne was fought, and

also at *Minster Boyce*, the rest of the party not having seen these places, and which I was glad in having an opportunity of more minutely examining myself. After finishing my observations, I went into the little village, which is composed of about six or eight houses, or hovels, where the wretched inhabitants exist in a state of the greatest degradation imaginable. I inquired into their circumstances respectively, and gave each of them a little money, for which they poured out upon me a torrent of blessings.

"In the evening, as the house was too small to contain the congregation, I preached, with the permission of the mayor, in the new market, a very large and spacious square, and had about one thousand very serious hearers, among whom were some clergymen, three priests, and the chief inhabitants of the place. I had much liberty, and left my testimony for salvation by Christ Jesus alone.

"The following day I returned to *Dublin*, and went to visit a friend who had purchased and gone to inhabit a new house, and wished myself and a few religious friends to assist him in dedicating it to God. Our meeting was pleasing and edifying, and the family seemed to rest in confidence that God would vouchsafe them his blessing in their new habitation. Whatever is consecrated to God, he will invariably preserve and protect; and when we acknowledge him in all our ways, he will direct our steps.

"*June 28.*—I preached this morning at seven o'clock to a large congregation in Wesley chapel, with considerable freedom. I afterwards breakfasted in a mixed company, very little either to my edification or satisfaction: I feel I am not at home, and cannot do as I would. When at home, I never go out to breakfast; and, except as far as it is necessary for the fulfilment of my ministerial duties, never go out on the Lord's day. I afterwards preached at White Friar street, and had a most noble congregation. I am sure what was there said will not be soon forgotten. I closed the day with much weariness, through my public labours. Shall all this fatigue, anxiety, and distress, be ultimately in vain to myself and my hearers? God forbid.

"*July 1.*—We this morning commenced our conference work, by beginning a rough draught of the stations, &c.

"*July 4.*—We were this morning informed of the death of one of our senior preachers, on his way to the conference. Worn out in the work, he was incapable of bearing the fatigue of riding; an inflammation on his chest was the consequence of his exertions to proceed on his journey. He was obliged to stop at *Montrath*, and a medical man being sent for, pronounced his disorder to be 'a dangerous, putrid, infectious, malignant fever.' The people in whose house he was took the alarm, and requested that he might be removed. His friends went and took an empty house in a sequestered part of the town, fitted it up as

speedily as possible, and when about to carry the dying minister of God thither, the people of the neighbourhood rose up in a body, and absolutely refused to permit the sick man to be carried to the place. Things were now come to an extremity; the doctor urged the danger, and the affrighted family required his instant removal: a waste house, adjoining the one in which he lay, was procured; the holes and breaches of the walls were stopped with straw; a bed was carried into the place, and the dying messenger of God was lifted over a sort of parapet wall which separated the two houses. Here he was laid; and requiring a little cold water to quench his parched mouth, he took it, and having drunk, said, 'I shall soon drink of that river, the streams of which make glad the city of God.' In this place he lingered a few days, and then went from all his miseries and woes into the bosom of Abraham! Such was the end of *John Grace*, after twenty-five years spent in the public ministry of God's word. He was a man of great integrity, sound judgment, good abilities, and genuine piety. Though his life was near its close, his constitution being nearly worn out, yet, had it not been for the anxiety he felt on account of the alarm of the family in whose house he was, and the want of really good medical advice, his life might have been spared some time longer.

"How mysterious is this providence of God! Here the noble *Abner* died as a dog dieth! As an itinerant preacher he had not a house of his own, though sojourning in the tents of others; and at last he had not a place, the habitation of mortals, in which to render up his last breath! O God! how marvellous are thy works, and thy ways past finding out. Yesterday he died, as before related; to-day, with hurried despatch and precipitation, his mortal remains were deposited in the earth. Lord, thou seest and wilt judge.

"*July 6.*—I have this day received a letter from the right honourable the speaker, desiring my return to make some searches in the tower of London and in Oxford, for materials for the farther completing of *Rymer's Fœdera*.

"*July 16.*—We sailed from *Dublin* to *Holyhead*, and proceeded on our way as fast as we could to *Liverpool*: through absolute fatigue, I was obliged to rest there a little, but on the 25th proceeded to *London*, where I found my family but indisposed, and my second son, *Theodore*, in a dangerous state of health, owing to a violent inflammation of his lungs.

"My son being in part restored to health, and having been desired by his majesty's commissioners to proceed to *Oxford* for the purpose of collecting papers for the *Fœdera*, I have reached this place, and to-day, *August 5*, waited upon the *Rev. Mr. Gaisford*, regius professor of Greek in Christ church, and delivered to him the speaker's letter. He received me very politely, and promised every assistance in examining the *Bodleian* library, of which he is *curator*.



" Aug. 6.—I went to my examinations, and afterwards, by Mr. Gaisford's invitation, dined in hall at Christ church. After dinner I spent two hours with him very agreeably in the common room.

" It was no small gratification to a Methodist preacher to dine, and to sit on the same seat, and eat at the same table, where Charles Wesley, student of this college, often sat and dined: and where that glorious work, by the instrumentality of which some millions of souls have been saved, had its commencement, in conjunction with Mr. John Wesley of Lincoln college.

" O, what hath God wrought since the year 1737!

" This city is the nurse of this great work, and yet has it profited? The law went forth from Zion, and the word (doctrine) of the Lord from Jerusalem; but has *Zion* or *Jerusalem* greatly profited by the law, or by the doctrine?

" Finding it inconvenient to be at an inn, I procured a lodging at a private house. I am surprised and pleased to find that these are the very same apartments occupied for twenty-five years by the celebrated Dr. *John Uri*, a *Hungarian*, educated at *Leyden*, and invited over by the university to arrange, catalogue, and describe the oriental MSS. in the *Bodleian* library. He edited, and translated into Latin, the famous Arabic poem, called the *Bordha*. I have a MS. of the original, allowed to be the finest in Europe; it is a beautiful thin folio, which opens out nearly twelve feet. He died suddenly while eating his supper, about eight o'clock in the evening of October 18, 1796, aged upwards of seventy years. Dr. *White*, the present Arabic professor in this university, was one of his pupils, and most members of this place, who have distinguished themselves in oriental literature, owe their information to Dr. *John Uri*. A train of melancholy, though pleasing thoughts, has led me to cut the following lines on a square of glass in the window of the room where he studied,—where he died,—and where I now write.

Sacred to the Memory of  
 JOHN URI, D. D.,  
 Born in Hungary, and educated at Leyden.  
 He was invited over into England by the  
 UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,  
 To describe, arrange, and catalogue  
 The Oriental MSS. in the Bodleian Library.  
 His oldest and most intimate acquaintances  
 Ever found him to be  
 An honest man, a pleasing companion, and a  
 Conscientious Christian.  
 To his profound knowledge as an  
 Oriental Scholar,  
 His catalogue of the Arabic MSS. in the Bodleian Library,  
 His Hebrew and Arabic Grammar;  
 His edition and Latin translation of the  
 Celebrated Arabic Poem, called  
 AL BORDHA,  
 Together with his numerous Pupils  
 Who have distinguished themselves in the Walks of Literature,  
 Opened to them by their Preceptor,  
 Bear the most distinguished and decided  
 Testimony.  
 A stranger to his Person, but not to his  
 Literary and moral worth,  
 Dares to intrust, even to GLASS,  
 In the apartment twenty-five years  
 Occupied by this eminent man,  
 This Memorial  
 To learning that can never *perish*,  
 And Virtues that can never *die*.  
 After suffering much by increasing infirmities,  
 During the last two years of his life,  
 He died suddenly in his apartments,  
 About eight o'clock of the evening of  
 October 18, 1796,  
 Aged 70 years.  
 His mortal remains were deposited in the  
 Chancel of St. Michael's Church in this city,  
 Where, for lack of a monument,  
 The passenger can scarcely say  
*Here lies Uri.*

"For several days I spent from nine to three o'clock in the  
 Bodleian, collating the transcript of the *Boldon book* with two  
 MSS. in this library; one among those of Archbishop Laud,  
 the other among those of Rawlinson: the work is tedious, ex-  
 hausting, and perplexing; the various readings are many, and  
 of very great consequence in a matter of this nature. In this  
 survey I find mention of a namesake of mine, *Adam Clarke*,  
 who was a tenant of the bishop of *Durham*, in 1183.

"Aug. 12.—After finishing my work in this city, I returned to town.  
ADAM CLARKE."

On Dr. Clarke's return, he made a fair transcript of the poem of "*King Hart*," and forwarded it to Lord *Glendervie*; which his lordship acknowledged in the following letter:—

*Wroxton Abbey, Aug. 5, 1812.*

"DEAR SIR,—I am ashamed not to have sooner acknowledged how much I feel myself obliged to you for the trouble you took in collating the MS. of '*Gawin Douglas' King Hart*' with the printed copy, but I had hoped to have seen you at the *British museum*, and to have thanked you in person. On my arrival at this place yesterday, I found your note, with the very neat and distinct copy of the various readings, for which I beg you will accept my best thanks. This will completely answer my purpose, though when we are both in London, and it shall suit your convenience, I shall be glad to see your complete copy of the whole.

"I think myself unfortunate in not having known that you were in Oxford yesterday, as I then passed through that place on my way hither. There is in the *Bodleian* a MS. by *Junius*, containing notes and explanations of words in *Gawin Douglas' Virgil*. On a cursory examination of it, four or five years ago, the whole seemed to me to have been inserted in his printed work: perhaps, if you have leisure, you will take the trouble to see whether I was right in that opinion.

"I found in the *Ashmolean* collection, among some other things relative to the family of *Douglas*, a Latin epitaph on one of that family, one of the earls of *Angus*, taken from a monument at *St. Germaine*, near *Paris*. I transcribed part of it, but some accident interrupted me, and I was obliged to reserve the transcript and examination of the other particulars till some subsequent opportunity, which has never yet presented itself.

"Might I request of you to have it copied for me, and the other articles examined?

"I set a high value on the *ancient* and *Romaic* Greek New Testament you were so kind as to send me; they form a valuable addition to a pretty complete collection which I already possessed of different editions.

"I hope you will be successful in discovering important additions to the *Fœdera* at Oxford.

"Believe me, my dear sir, your very faithful servant,

"GLENDELVIE."

*From the Same.*

*Whitemead, Dean Forest, August 16, 1812.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the trouble you have taken: the copy of the Latin epitaph, as you have written it, quite answers my purpose.

"I am very sorry to find that your labours in preparing the new edition of the *Fœdera* should have injured your health: I am an admirer of old adages; and the Greek saying, *οὐκ ἐλαφὴς βραδεὺς* which has become proverbial in all countries and languages, is an excellent maxim: I fear you work too hard, and I fear also that you are too anxious to attain absolute perfection in the important work you have in hand. I have known the works of many able men prove abortive from the like cause, and *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*, is another favourite axiom with me.

"I shall be very glad to possess the stereotype Irish New Testament. I do not understand that language, but I am ambitious of possessing a complete collection of all the sacred writings, both in the oriental and in all translations into European languages. I already have an old *Irish Bible*, with the autograph writing of *Archbishop Usher* upon it, presenting it to my grandfather, the pious and learned *Robert Douglas*, bishop of *Dunblane*, at the time of the revolution. I remain, dear sir, yours most truly,  
GLENBERVIE."

The following letter is from the right honourable Charles Abbott, then speaker of the house of commons:—

*Kidbrook, August 13, 1812.*

"DEAR SIR,—It is with very sincere pleasure that I find your reception at *Oxford* has been such as I was desirous it should be, and that you have obtained the courteous and cordial assistance of Mr. *Professor Gaisford* and Mr. *Bandinel*. Although I have no means at this time of communicating immediately with the other commissioners of the public records, I can have no hesitation in expressing my own wish, and in anticipating their sanction to the same request, that you would be so good as to draw up a short report upon the *Boldon book*, its origin, and different MS. copies; and I wish it were also possible even now to have the *Padsey book* for the text, and to use the latter MSS. only for their various readings and additional contents.

"I am much obliged to you for the prospectus of Mr. *Bandinel*'s enlarged and improved edition of '*Dugdale's Monasticon*,' and by this post I have desired his bookseller to put down my name as a subscriber. I have the honour to be, sir, very truly and faithfully yours,  
CHARLES ABBOTT."

It appears that, in the summer of this year, Dr. Clarke again visited *Ireland*, chiefly on the business of the record commission. To this anticipated event the following letter from the bishop of *Kildare* refers:—

*London, June 8, 1812.*

“DEAR SIR,—As I shall not go to *Ireland* before the beginning of July, I shall content myself with giving you an introduction to Mr. *Herbert*, chancellor of Christ church, and at this time sub-dean thereof.

“You will perhaps find it difficult to obtain the attendance of a member of the chapter upon you in your researches, because all will be absent from *Dublin*, except those whose duty it will happen to be to attend the daily service of that cathedral: there will be, however, rest assured, every disposition to meet your views and wishes.

“I feel myself extremely obliged to you for your valuable present. Your valuable catalogue of writers in continuity of ‘Sacred Literature,’ appears to be a work of great utility to the student, and of much value to those more advanced, and to whom helps to the memory are peculiarly acceptable. I have not read your discourse on the *eucharist* all through: in it you have given me something to do; for though your work be small in size, it is vast in its subject, and founded on preliminary data and reasonings, to which my mind has accustomed itself to turn, and in which it has been exercised, in some degree, in conversations with Messrs. *Crowley* and *Cozens*, to whom every discussion concerning the impiety, folly, and absurdity of the mass was acceptable, after they had freed their minds from that superstition: I thought I could do no better than enter into the type of the passover to show the antecedents, and the perfection of that to which they referred as their relative, which, being once found, cannot again be looked for without manifest contradiction. I agree with you that this subject should be more dwelt upon in the pulpit than it usually is. I have the honour to be, dear sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

“CHARLES, KILDARE.”

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*From the Same.*

*July 5, 1812.*

“REV. SIR,—I hope you have already received from Mr. Chancellor *Herbert*, of Christ church, and the rest of the chapter, more attention than you have had from me. Nothing is so fatal as procrastination, and I am an example of it: for, with full intention to write to the members of the cathedral respecting your desire to peruse our papers, I have put it off from day to day. still expecting that I should announce to you my wishes

to attend you in person. I cannot now flatter myself any longer in that way; and am only solicitous to repair any mischief that my silence may have occasioned. Accordingly, by this post I have written to Mr. Chancellor Herbert, whose place of abode will be made known to you by Mr. M'Culloch, the vergier of the church, to whom also I am about to write, enclosing this letter.

"As you intended to stay till the 15th, I hope still to be useful to your researches, though I cannot assist in them. I remain, reverend sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

"CHARLES, KILDARE.

"To the Rev. Dr. Clarke."

On the publication of the fourth part of his commentary, Dr. Clarke, as usual, sent a copy of it to Lord Teignmouth, for whom he had the highest personal esteem: it was accompanied by the following letter, which shows the plan he contemplated in the prosecution of the work:—

2 Harpur-street, 1812.

"MY GOOD LORD,—As you have so kindly received the former parts of my commentary, have the goodness to receive this part also. In reference to my own design, this completes the first part of my plan, which was to give the most correct view I possibly could of the nature and design of the *Mosaic* institutions,—of the church in the wilderness, and its subsequent establishment in the promised land, under the direction of *Joshua*. The preface to *Joshua* will farther explain my meaning to your lordship.

"Having completed my observations on the old law, and the establishment of the Jewish religion and people in the promised land, according to the relation in the Pentateuch and the book of *Joshua*, I have now, for the reasons assigned in the preface to the latter book, taken up the new law, the gospel of our Lord Jesus; and should it please him to spare my life, I hope to finish it with the Acts of the Apostles, as a parallel and complement of the preceding work. The great variety of tables connected with this part have cost incredible labour, and are the only work of the kind in the English language: a conviction of their great utility induced me to go through with them at much trouble and expense, in order to make them what they are; yet, as the subject is not *ad captum vulgi*, I expect the thanks of but few persons for this my labour.

"I congratulate your lordship on the astonishing, rapid, and increased success of the British and Foreign Bible Society; by its instrumentality we may truly say that the current of divine truth is strongly directed on *Asia*, and I trust we may also add that even *Ethiopia* begins to stretch out her hands to God.

"Permit me, my lord, to say that I feel truly and deeply

anxious for your lordship's health : as far as my poor prayers can avail with the ever blessed God for the continuance of your valuable life and the preservation of your health, they shall continue to be, as they have been, offered fervently at the throne of grace. May the Lord of heaven and earth bless your lordship and family with every blessing of the gospel of peace. I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's much obliged, obedient, and affectionate, humble servant,

"ADAM CLARKE."

It must not be lost sight of, that in the midst of these and unnumbered other engagements, Dr. Clarke still pursued his ministerial duties, always preaching once on the Sabbath, and visiting the sick, and giving spiritual counsel to the numbers who applied to him for it, personally and by letter. It was his constant practice to answer all letters as soon as he received them, not only in order that they might not accumulate, but that none might be overlooked, however simple their claim for attention, provided their inquiries appeared to spring from a sincere desire to think and act aright : in this respect Dr. Clarke was no regarnder of person or rank, ever feeling the souls of his fellow-creatures of equal value.

That he was also engaged with his commentary, we have seen ; and that the record commission duties pressed heavily upon him, the following letter will evince. How it was possible for him to go through so much labour, it is not easy to imagine : but his industry was uninterrupted, and in every thing he observed system, and conscientiously redeemed time : but he gave himself no leisure, not even for an hour, taking only such exercise as attending committee meetings, and his walks to and from his preachings required. The following letter is dated,—

*2 Harpur-street, Dec. 2, 1812*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I feel now that I am inundated with work, and really cannot tell what to do, or at least what (among a variety of things to be done) should be done first. The following measures remain to be executed :—

"First. An examination of fifteen thousand instruments in the reign of Henry III., Edward I., &c., in the tower.

"Second. The full examination of the chests of perishing treaties, &c., in the chapter house, which do not appear to have been noticed by Rymer.

"Third. A report on the examination of three hundred and sixty-six papal bulls, which have been already collated, connected with a report on the perishing state of those very important documents relative to the commercial and military transactions of these kingdoms during a considerable part of

the reigns of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and the beginning of James I.

"Fourth. The collating of two copies of the Boldon book, and entering in the *varia Lectiones* of the one, on the opposite blank page of the other.

"Fifth. The introduction to this record, which his majesty's commissioners intend to print.

"Sixth. Correcting and finally passing through the press the ten sheets of the titles of the papers in volume first of the *Fœdera*. Query. Should this be done before Mr. L. has pronounced on the additional articles? And can he or any other person pronounce on these articles without examining them?

"And suppose he should say that one half, or so many of them are good for nothing, or improper: what then? Is this to determine their fate? It strikes me that, if such an examination be deemed necessary, it had best be made before the labour, trouble, and expense of copying the articles; and let only such be copied as are thus judged to be proper. Now if this be thought most expedient, I had better copy nothing of what I may find, but make the best titles I can, and let that be submitted, and the articles copied or not copied, according to decision. My own opinion of what I have selected is this. First: the least considerable of them is equal in importance to a thousand which I could select from the *Fœdera*. Second. In the early reigns I was obliged to take instruments of comparatively little importance, because there were none other to be found. But, third: none have yet been admitted of a different description from others already in the *Fœdera*, keeping continually in view the different departments in that work, and making them my model. Fourth. Many acts are inserted, not so much for their consequence *per se*, but for their relative consequence: they serve to explain, correct, and account for others; and thus to keep up a series as much as possible unbroken. In deciding on their importance, this has ever been a prime object with me; for the *Fœdera* should be like the *deductum Carmen*,—as far as possible a connected, historical detail of public transactions, from its commencement to the conclusion of the times through which it has passed. That the original edition is in this respect most sadly deficient, his majesty's commissioners well know; and to supply in some tolerable measure this defect, especially in the earlier parts of our history, after searching every repository within my reach, I have been obliged to take the long pain and travail of examining all our ancient historians; and that this has been done to some good account, the selections from that quarter will prove; selections which I judge essential to the tolerable perfection and integrity of such a work; and, I may add, selections which I should have been glad to have carried much farther, but was deterred from it merely to save expense. But I have wandered from my subject, my only design in sitting



down to write being to request you to say which, of all the measures now remaining to be executed, I should undertake first. I own I feel myself now fairly distracted, and almost discouraged. No person can work without time and means; sometimes I seem destitute of both. In all circumstances, I am, dear sir, your affectionate, humble servant,

“ADAM CLARKE.

“*To John Caley, Esq.*”

It will be no cause of wonder that these important engagements pressed painfully upon Dr. Clarke's spirit, and injuriously upon his health: he sighed for quiet, and besought his friends to get him out of London, and all its hurrying concerns; but they judged that he could not be spared from the active post at which he was placed; for, while there, he not only could work well, but he would keep to it while the responsibility was upon him, never trusting his duties to another when it was within his own power to perform them. The committee-meetings of the British and Foreign Bible Society were also very frequent, and the work connected with them arduous.

His Commentary was called for loudly by impatient subscribers, and the *Fœdera* was laborious beyond calculation: yet how to get away he knew not; and where to go was also a matter of extreme difficulty to decide. Circumstances, however, still conspired to keep him in London, and thus to retard for some time longer his eagerly sought, and almost indispensable project, of retiring into the country.

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In January, 1813, Dr. Clarke received the following letter from the Right Honourable Lord Glenbervie. It is dated,—

*Brighton, Jan. 22, 1813.*

“DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for your obliging attention in sending me a copy of the New Testament in *Irish*, printed in stereotype.

“In reference to Mr. Bandinel's work, we have had it already under our consideration, at the board for the affairs of the woods and forests estate of the crown, whether we ought to subscribe to the new edition of the *Monasticon*; and I shall bring the matter again before that board as soon as I return to town: the testimony of so competent a judge as yourself will have just weight with us. The prospectus you took the trouble of transmitting to my office has not yet reached me here. Does Mr. Bandinel intend to distinguish in some obvious manner his additions and the result of his own researches from the original?

“I proceed daily, but, alas! slowly, in my preparations for a new edition of all that has been preserved of the works of the

first translator into English verse (perhaps the first into any modern language) of *Virgil's Æneid*. I proceed so slowly, partly because it requires so much time to collate scrupulously three MSS., and the collation of the fourth in the *Lambeth* library, which Mr. *Weber* was employed to make with the two printed editions, neither of which correspond with one another, nor with any one of the MSS. This tedious but indispensable work would go on faster in more experienced hands; but my official and other avocations, chiefly conducted by writing, employ many hours of my time almost every day of the year, and so follow me, wherever I am, that my tardy progress is chiefly owing to this cause. I cannot, like you, embrace and execute with fidelity and ability, so much business of research and transcription, to say nothing of your original compositions and professional studies and duties. Believe me, dear sir, yours very sincerely,  
 GLENSERVIE."

That the subject of the new edition of the London Polyglot was not forgotten, nor yet beyond the reach of the sanguine hopes of its zealous and warm advocates, appears from the following letter to Dr. Clarke from its strenuous friend, the late venerable Granville Sharp:—

*Garden Court, Temple, Jan. 23, 1813.*

"DEAR SIR,—Do not yet abandon your former design of publishing a new edition of the Polyglot Bible. Though you got this intended work 'transferred to some of the bishops, that it might appear to emanate from them alone,' do not suppose that the majority of them will not be inclined to encourage so important a work. I have no doubt that the bishop of Durham and the bishop of St. David's will subscribe when the work is mentioned to them, which I will do when I have an opportunity; and, besides, I conceive that it is in the way of the British and Foreign Bible Society to subscribe for several sets of them, not only to be placed in their own library, but also in the library at *Calcutta*, and many other public libraries elsewhere. I have great satisfaction in your approbation of my remarks on Matt. xvi. 18. I remain, with sincere esteem, dear sir, your affectionate friend and humble servant

"GRANVILLE SHARP."

On the 5th of March of this year, 1813, Dr. Clarke had the honour of being elected fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; which could not fail to be highly gratifying to him, not only because it was unsought, but likewise as it suited his peculiar taste. Though his mind was so constituted that he never could court honour, yet still he had a high regard for it, when the result of worth or intellectual merit. The great, he respected

for their station; the literary, for their learning; the eminent in every class, for the talent which caused that eminence. He acted, on all occasions, according to the literal meaning of the exhortation, "Render to all their due; tribute to whom tribute is due; fear to whom fear; and honour to whom honour is due." So far did he carry this, that even to the lowest officer of the revenue, in the ungracious discharge of his thankless office, he acted more in consideration of whom he served, than with the feelings conscious of taxation.

In July of this year, having finished another part of his Commentary, Dr. Clarke transmitted a copy of it, accompanied by the following expression of his sentiments, to the right honourable the speaker:—

"SIR,—As you have done me the honour of accepting the preceding parts of my work, permit me to present you with the remaining parts of my comment on the four evangelists, a work that has in part been prepared for the press for more than sixteen years; which I have found sufficiently difficult to pass through the press notwithstanding, owing to my many other labours; nor could I have gone on with this work, and the *Fœdera* too, had not my second son, who is a printer, and sufficiently acquainted with the different languages used in the comment, superintended the press.

"As the people with whom I am religiously connected are not only very numerous, but of considerable weight in the land, I have not hesitated to show them that those sacred oracles, from which they derive the principles of their faith and practice, are in perfect consonance with the principles of the British constitution, and the doctrines of the Established Church; not that I doubted their loyalty or attachment to the state, or the church, but to manifest to them, and future generations, the absolute necessity of holding fast that 'form of sound words' which distinguishes our national church, and ever connects the fear of God with honour to the king.

"Sir, it is with the most heartfelt pleasure that I can state to you, that this immense body of people are, from conscience and affection, attached to the constitution both in church and state; and the late decisions in behalf of religious toleration have powerfully served to rivet that attachment.

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"Permit me, sir, to embrace the present opportunity to return you my best thanks for the indulgence of being admitted under the gallery that evening, to hear a speech which placed the important subject in the most honest and luminous point of view, and which the event proved was unanswerable.

"Truly concerned for the state of your health, which I hear

The overlooking and arranging of these "Sharp papers" took Dr. Clarke a considerable length of time; but their great interest more than repaid him for his labour; while it obliged an individual in every respect entitled to his best consideration. Many of these Sharp papers were eventually lodged in the British museum; at least all those which were esteemed of general national importance.

When it is considered how much public as well as private duty Dr. Clarke had to perform, it will be a matter of wonder how he could make much progress with the important works which he had in hand; but the secret consisted in his diligent improvement of time: he was prompt and methodical in all his undertakings, and early in rising to begin the varied avocations of the day;—an example of which, even in minor matters, is contained in the following anecdote:—

A catalogue of books having been sent to him late one evening, he immediately looked over it, and saw advertised for sale the first edition of *Erasmus's Greek Testament*. Early on the following morning he went off to the bookseller's and purchased the work. A few hours afterwards a well-known literary character, the late Dr. Gossett, went also to Paternoster-row with the intention of procuring it, but the book was gone. Finding by whom it had been bought, he called on Dr. Clarke, and requested a sight of it, observing, "You have been very fortunate, Dr. Clarke, in having obtained this work; but how you got it before myself, I am at a loss to imagine; for I was at Baynes's directly after breakfast, and it was gone." "But I was there before breakfast," replied Dr. Clarke, "and consequently, doctor, I forestalled you."

It has already been observed that the health of Dr. Clarke was rapidly giving way before all these accumulated engagements and labours; and it became apparent that he must, in order to preserve life, retire from many of his pursuits; though in preaching he had been obliged to relax, owing to the severe spasmodic attacks from which he frequently suffered after speaking in a crowded chapel, and then immediately exposing himself to the night air. While he remained in London there appeared no possibility of escaping from his too many and too severe avocations. The missionary society also claimed a considerable portion of his time, as will appear from the interest which was beginning to be publicly taken in its behalf, in consequence of the death of the Rev. Dr. Coke, who had for many years laboriously exerted himself in behalf of the religious instruction of the heathen, and especially of the negro population of the West India Islands. At an advanced period of life Dr. Coke had felt it imperative upon him to visit the island of *Ceylon*, and he was on his way thither, accompanied by six young, intelligent, and zealous missionaries, when he was seized with an illness on board the ship, which, in a few

hours, terminated his valuable life. After this great loss it became expedient, in order to extend the missions, to generalize the plan, and accomplish by multiplied agents what had previously almost devolved upon a single individual.

A meeting was then projected in order to call the attention of the public to missions in general, and was first held in the City-Road chapel; on which occasion Dr. Clarke took the chair, and delivered an address, which was, by request, afterwards published, and is entitled, "*A Short Account of the Introduction of the Gospel into the British Isles, and the obligation of Britons to make known its salvation to every nation of the earth; in an Address delivered in the Chapel, City Road, London, Dec. 1, 1814, at the formation of a Missionary Society among the people called Methodists, in that city, by Adam Clarke, LL. D., F. A. S.*" Since that period how widely have the interests of that noble institution spread! And that Dr. Clarke was not only a faithful, but zealous friend and advocate for missions, and for Methodist missionaries, labouring for their support and increase, will abundantly appear in the progress of the remaining history of his life.

Some short time before this period, Hugh Stewart Boyd, Esq., had introduced himself to Dr. Clarke, in order to obtain his opinion in reference to a Theological Criticism. This gentleman's general intelligence, and his eminent acquirements as a Greek scholar, soon procured for him the esteem and respect of Dr. Clarke, and he shortly became an intimate friend and constant visiter in his house. Previously to this, Mr. Boyd had been known as the author of "*Select Passages of St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Basil;*" and subsequently, "*Select Poems of Synesius, and Gregory Nazianzen;*" "*The Agamemnon of Æschylus, translated from the Greek, &c., &c.*" Early in the year 1815 he wrote an Essay on the Greek article, which Dr. Clarke published the same year at the end of his Commentary on *Ephesians*, and the following year the Postscript to the Essay, which appears at the conclusion of *Titus*. In close connection with this subject is the following letter addressed to Dr. Clarke by Mr. Boyd, dated,—

*Margate, July 14, 1815.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I think the following circumstance tends to prove that the rule about the Greek article is true and legitimate. I wonder that I never mentioned it to you before: there lives at Chelsea an old gentleman of the name of Lusignan; he came originally from the Isle of Cyprus, and he understands Greek in the same manner as we understand English, for he learned it as his mother tongue. I mean, of course, the ancient Greek. He lives quite secluded from the world, and pays no attention to the literature of the present day. About two

years ago I was introduced to him by a friend; as we were conversing, the subject of the Greek Article came into my head; I asked him if he had read any of the controversy respecting it which had been started by some of our learned men. He answered that he had not read nor heard any thing about it. I then asked him to take down his Greek Testament from the shelf, and to look for Titus, chap. ii, verse 13: when he had done this, a conversation took place, which I will state, as nearly as I can, in the exact words.

"Mr. B. Pray, sir, how do you construe those words? *ὁ ὁ μέγαλον Θεὸν καὶ σωτήρος ἡμῶν*?"

"Mr. L. I construe them thus: 'Of our great God and Saviour.'

"Mr. B. Does *Θεὸν* here mean the 'Father,' or does it mean 'Christ?'

"Mr. L. It means 'Christ.'

"Mr. B. May it not mean the 'Father?'

"Mr. L. Certainly not.

"Mr. B. Why may it not?'

"Mr. L. Because the construction will not admit it.

"Mr. B. Why will it not?'

"Mr. L. Because the article is not prefixed to *σωτήρος*: if *Θεὸν* and *σωτήρος* had meant two different persons, then the article would have been prefixed to each.

"Mr. B. If, then, two personal nouns be thus joined, and the article be placed before the first, and not before the second, must one person be necessarily intended?'

"Mr. L. Certainly.

"I shall only observe that Mr. L. is about eighty-three years old, and has been in the constant habit both of speaking and reading Greek from his childhood. I am, dear sir, yours affectionately,

H. S. BOYD."

During a short absence from home in the summer of this year, Dr. Clarke thus wrote to his wife on the subject of leaving London:—

"My friends, my dear Mary, will not find a place for me where I may have some comfortable rest; they think I cannot be spared from London, and from the turmoil of public life: but I feel that matters are come to this issue,—if I do not at once get from many of my avocations, I shall soon be incapable of prosecuting any. I must hide my head in the country, or it will shortly be hidden in the grave."

Accordingly, in the course of this year, Dr. Clarke purchased an estate a few miles from *Liverpool*, which, from local circumstances and situation, he named *Millbrook*; to this place he removed, with those members of his family who were not otherwise settled in life, on the 20th of September, 1815. Pre-

violently to this removal he was strongly urged, by different religious and benevolent societies, to remain in town; and many of his literary acquaintance also set their faces against his removal, for his labours were by them considered as essentially important: among these, that Dr. Clarke's services were highly valued by the British and Foreign Bible Society, will appear from the following letter, addressed to him by its secretary, the Rev. John Owen, at the desire of the committee of that institution, when it was understood to be his intention to leave London, in order to take up his residence in the country. It is dated,—

Fulham, April 22, 1815.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to express their deep concern at the intimation you threw out on Monday last; an intimation too strongly corroborated by general report, of your intention to retire from the metropolis, and thereby to withdraw from the society the continuance of those services which you have hitherto rendered them in administering the affairs of the institution. On the extent and the value of those services it would be superfluous in me to expatiate or insist: they are of a nature so distinct from any which others among us have performed, or are able to perform, that you cannot be insensible of their great utility, however your modesty may restrain you from allowing them the estimation they deserve.

"But permit me, my dear sir, to observe, that the case which I am instructed to urge upon your consideration, is one wherein your personal humility, the greatest, indeed, and most honourable of endowments, must be subordinated to a just appreciation of those literary acquirements, which fit you so eminently for the service of God, in promoting the correct publication of his word.

"I need scarcely acquaint you that there is a department in the business of our committee, which no one but yourself is competent to direct. In that department we can work with you, or rather under you, but we can do nothing without you. Reflect on the *Arabic*, the *Ethiopic*, the *Abyssinian*, and the *Syriac*: in all which languages we stand pledged to the world for something which has not yet been executed; and then ask your own heart what you think we shall be able to accomplish in either, if you should resolve to abandon us. I say nothing of the assistance which we have been in the habit of receiving in all our transactions, both literary and mechanical, from your general knowledge of business, and particularly from your extensive acquaintance with the practical details of typography.

"A slight examination of the minutes of our printing and miscellaneous committees would show how much the ordinary concerns of the society have profited by your exertions and how

ill we can afford to spare you from the lowest department of its service.

"I am aware I am using a liberty for which I ought to apologize. It is not, I know, for the British and Foreign Bible Society to interfere with those arrangements which you may judge it expedient to make in disposing of yourself and family; but having witnessed and participated their regret on the occasion to which I have referred, and been charged with expressing it in terms as strong as decorum would allow, I have felt it my duty to speak in such a manner as to leave no doubt on your mind how great importance the committee attach to your continuance among us, and with how much pain they contemplate the possibility of your removal. I am, my dear sir, yours, very faithfully,

JOHN OWEN,

*"Secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society."*

To this kind and interesting letter Dr. Clarke returned the following reply, which it is only just to insert. Highly did he value the noble objects contemplated by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and willingly and perseveringly he worked in this godlike charity:—

"REV AND DEAR SIR,—After having, as far as I could, transacted the society's business in ultimately settling the mode of proceeding with the *Syriac*, as I informed you in my letter last evening, I come now to my own business, in answer to the very kind letter which you have written by desire of the committee.

"It is certainly an honour to me that I have been at all able, in any respect, to help on so good a work; and the estimation in which the committee has held my endeavours, could not but be gratifying. Pleasing as this may be, I neither sought nor expected it; I was, I believe, actuated by the same mind that has invariably ruled in the committee, which never had but one object in view—to glorify God by doing good to men; and that God has approved of their work the result demonstrates, as a most extraordinary blessing has rested on all their labours. Through this especial blessing of God, the institution is in such a state of prosperity, that we may fairly suppose that as nothing but the hand of the Almighty could have reared it, so nothing but that hand can demolish it.

"I can contemplate and anticipate your future success. You have now sailed round the world, and well know how to work your vessel in every kind of sea. Your enemies have been serviceable; they have lighted up beacons in every place of danger, and they have been the means of preserving you from rocks, shoals, and quicksands. Thus the wrath of man has praised God; and if there was a remainder, which might have been injurious to the institution, that has God restrained. The



society has now nothing but God to fear, and that very fear will be the means of its preservation and success.

"But on this Bible business I am apt to forget myself; and have strangely done so in the present instance, having sat down merely to return you and the committee my best thanks for this strong expression of your kind regards; and to assure you that I have had, in common with yourself, my reward in my labour.

"As to my continuance in the work, however grateful this would be to my feelings, a variety of causes combine to direct my way, and that of my family, from the metropolis: to specify these is not necessary: they exist, and they are imperious; and that is enough. Though distance will prevent my hands from being employed in your behalf, yet my prayers shall not be hindered: they shall be frequent and fervent at the throne of grace for your support and success: nor shall my mind be wholly excluded from some share in your very high gratifications.

"Though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit, joying, and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ." Yours most sincerely,

"ADAM CLARKE."

## BOOK VIII.

AFTER a residence of many years in the metropolis, and during a period of no ordinary interest to himself and the church, Dr. Clarke must now be viewed in comparative retirement, where he enjoyed that quiet which his spirit and health indispensably demanded. In a short time he felt the beneficial results of the plan which he had adopted.

By the request of the Methodist society at Manchester, the Wesleyan conference had appointed him to the Manchester circuit, whither he went to preach once a month, generally filling up the other Sabbath mornings either by preaching in *Liverpool*, or in one of the chapels not so far from his own residence. Nearly the whole population around Millbrook was Roman Catholic; the churches and chapels were from two to three miles from his own house; and as this was too distant for his family to go, he immediately erected a small chapel on his estate, for the Methodist preachers to supply. At first only a few Protestant colliers and their families attended; and these, with his own family, the village school-mistress, shoemaker, and blacksmith, formed the congregation at Millbrook.

Here Dr. Clarke not only enjoyed quietness, and breathed pure air, but he engaged himself in agricultural pursuits, and thus in some measure lived over again the scenes of his youth. All the time he could spare out of his study was employed in superintending his farm, and watching the progress of his young plantations, or in making agricultural experiments, some of which are to be found in their detail in the notes of his Commentary on the New Testament. In these employments he had a sufficiency of amusement without its being a burden, and in them he took a lively interest: he was the first in the morning to minister to the hungry claimants in the farm-yard, nor did he ever forget or neglect their wants, even in the severity of winter, despite the blowing of the wind, or the falling of the snow; nor would he ever eat any thing thus reared under his own eye, from the fowl to the cattle. He delighted also in making improvements on his estate, and the order, neatness, and perfection to which he brought it, proved indeed that it was not the vineyard of the sluggard.

The poor of the neighbourhood were his especial care; he supplied them with Bibles and Testaments, and instituted a Sunday school, which was conducted by the members of his own family, assisted by the village school-mistress, where every

Lord's day from sixty to seventy male and female children were not only taught to read, but Dr. Clarke frequently himself went in to encourage the good, and to exhort the disorderly; and as often as he did so, he interested all by some little tales which told plainly their own moral: the ill-clad children he marked also, and rested not till he could beg or procure the clothes necessary for their comfort. Many of these Sunday scholars were Roman Catholics, and as soon as the morning school closed they returned home, while the Protestant children remained during the performance of Divine worship, assembling again in the afternoon, which was entirely devoted to their instruction; and much moral good resulted to them from the education and instruction thus afforded.

In the summer of 1815 Dr. Clarke addressed a letter to Lord Sidmouth in behalf of a young woman convicted of a capital offence: the reply of his lordship is calculated to inspire the mind with confidence and respect in those constituted authorities which influence and govern the affairs of the state.

*July 26, 1815.*

"DEAR SIR,—Your letter formed a part of the numerous representations made, from the best motives, I am convinced, to the government upon the case of ——. That case, and all the particulars which could by possibility assist the judgment of those who were to decide upon it, were minutely and deliberately considered by the prince regent, and the council, when the recorder made his report: the result was a most perfect conviction of the poor creature's guilt. All the subsequent communications upon this distressing subject were also fully examined and anxiously weighed, not by myself only, but by the lord chancellor and the recorder, who met at this office, and again at another place on Tuesday, for that purpose, and, most painfully to all of us, our opinion remained unaltered. If there had been a doubt in either of our minds, the fatal sentence would not have been executed: as there was none, we had a duty to discharge to the laws of the country, which left us no alternative. I remain, with sincere esteem, your faithful servant,

"SIDMOUTH."

The following letter from the speaker will show the progress Dr. Clarke was making in his record work:—

*Kidbrook, Dec. 17, 1815.*

"DEAR SIR,—The intelligence that your first volume of the *Fœdera* will be completed for delivery by the 25th of March next, affords me peculiar satisfaction; nor in any public work which has come under my notice, have I ever witnessed such uniform and successful exertions as in that which the public will receive from

your hands when Rymer comes forth in his new state ; and I rejoice very much in the joint qualities of beauty and compression which you have exhibited in a manner little known to modern typography.

"With respect to the preface, upon which you ask for my directions, I have no hesitation in requesting that you would be so good as to plan and execute it in such a way as best satisfies your own mind, comprehending an historical account of the present undertaking, and with such details as your experienced eye will have discovered in the course of your labours ; and I should be sorry to postpone such an introduction as your learned pen can give to the world, until a period when some of us may no longer have the superintendence of a work which will do some credit to the institutors, and so much, and such deserved honour to your name.

"If it would be of any satisfaction to you that I should see the proof-sheets of your preface or introduction when they have gone through the first operation of the press, I should look through them with great pleasure, and you may depend also upon my not occasioning any delay in their progress.

"Your present residence is, I hope, conducive to your health, and comfort also, in which I beg leave to assure you that I take a very sincere interest. I am, dear sir, most truly yours,

"CHARLES ABBOTT."

The commencement of the year 1816 was unusually severe, owing to a long and intense frost, during which many hundreds of sailors, totally without means of support, were thrown upon the benevolence and compassion of the inhabitants of *Liverpool* : their desperate circumstances immediately excited the active commiseration of many of the gentlemen there, and yet their numbers made it a matter of extreme difficulty, and almost of impossibility, to provide shelter and food for their houseless and half-famishing bodies. Dr. Clarke, on hearing these lamentable accounts, resolved on lending his aid to these perishing strangers. He had some cottages untenanted, and into these he put a quantity of *straw* and *blankets*, and then sent into *Liverpool* for twenty of these poor fellows to come down. In the daytime they were employed in making the road to his house, and at set hours they assembled in his kitchen to their meals, one always remaining in doors to cook for the rest : this task they took alternately, as agreed in the morning among themselves. When assembled at their meals, Dr. C. always went to inquire if they had all that was necessary : he allowed them also a certain quantity of spirits for grog per day, but on their asking for *tobacco*, he endeavoured to persuade them against its use ; but they pleaded so strongly, and humorously pathetically for it, that, fearing its refusal might produce, not only discontent but actual disorder, he was obliged to cede this point to

them, frequently urging them to accept the money instead of the tobacco it purchased, but in vain. Expostulating on one occasion with one of the sailors, and saying, "I really wish you would give up this silly, nasty practice," he replied, "Indeed, sir, I cannot give it up: if you had been in the four quarters of the globe, as I have been, in storms and tempests, in heat and cold, in hunger and thirst, and often in battle, you would have known the comfort, as well as myself, of having such a companion." This was an argument Dr. Clarke was not prepared to answer: the sailors got their tobacco, and in every respect appeared comfortable and happy during the three weeks they remained at Millbrook, behaving themselves well, and in no instance committing the slightest injury, excess, or disturbance.

In the early part of this year, Dr. Clarke published his sermon on "*Salvation by Faith*," and among other presentation copies sent to his immediate friends, he forwarded one to his old and particular friend, Dr. Robert Perceval, whose medical lectures he had attended in *Dublin* college, and to whose professional skill and kind attention he was deeply indebted during a severe and protracted illness, while resident in that city; an allusion to which is contained in the following letter of Dr. Robert Perceval's to Dr. Clarke, acknowledging the receipt of his discourse on "*Salvation by Faith*." It is dated,—

*Kildare Place, Dublin, July 8, 1816.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—If a heathen could say, *Immortalia ne sint odia*, surely we may be indulged in the wish, *Immortales sint amicitie*. Looking back thus, a period of many years, when our friendship first commenced, I cannot but admire, the mighty working of Providence, who, from a spark, which I then conceived was ready to be extinguished on this earth, has now raised to himself such a burning and shining light: little did I think that a frame so enfeebled, so afflicted, could be fitted to encounter such labours as it has since endured: but animated by that truth which not only presented itself to your sight, (you remember the Greek inscription on your window—'God is love,') you were enabled, by having it constantly infixed in your mind, to submit with filial confidence to the chastisement of your heavenly Father, and he has in due time exalted you: may you go on from strength to strength, till you shall appear before the God of gods in the heavenly Zion.

"Yours, with sincere respect and affection,

ROBERT PERCEVAL."

In the month of June, 1816, accompanied by two friends, Dr. Clarke made a tour through part of *Scotland* and *Ireland*, minutes of which he has recorded.

"June 17.—We left Millbrook at half past eight, A. M., and

passed through *Rainford* and *Ormskirk*, and on to *Lancaster*, the county town: examined the old castle, once the abode of princes, now the residence of felons of every description, it being the county prison: through continual repairs, very little of the old building or walls remains; but the church, which is almost close to it, is a very fine Gothic structure, and beautifully situated. Leaving *Lancaster*, we entered *Westmoreland*, and came to *Burton*, where we lodged for the night.

"In the inn are some old pictures little regarded; one of them represents a fine-looking man holding a scroll, or page, filled with ancient Greek characters, which, on inspection, I found to contain the text of our Lord's words, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures,' &c., to 'where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' There are lying beside him two volumes; on the back of one, '*Catalogus MSS. Bibl. Bodleian*:' on the other, '*Catalogus MSS. Angliæ, et Hiberniæ*.' Whom this portrait represents I cannot tell, unless it be either *Dr. Uri*, or *Humphrey Wanley*. I have given some directions to purchase them.

"*June 18.*—Rode to *Milnthorp*, thence to *Kendal*, or *Kendale*, the dale, or valley, through which the river *Ken* runs: it is an ancient town, clean, and tolerably well built. We left *Kendal*, and came soon in sight of one of the famous lakes of *Westmoreland*, called *Winandermere*: we are now in the bosom of mountains, among which we seem to be perfectly enclosed: at a place called *Dunnet Wray Stones*, we entered *Cumberland*, and found the mountains increasingly magnificent: *Helvettin*, whose top was encompassed with clouds, is three thousand and fifty-five feet above the level of the sea. *Skiddaw*, which we reached next, is three thousand and twenty-two feet above the level; and *Seafalls* is three thousand one hundred and sixty-six feet above the level of the sea. We were long in the skirts of these mountains in passing on to *Keswick*, but the day being exceedingly wet, we had not much pleasure from the prospect; we got to *Penrith*, which is a very ancient town, and where we found the people all in a merry-making ferment, it being the fair, to which the lads and lasses from the country around come in to dance and get hired; they continued this work in the different inns till past twelve o'clock. As this is one of the frontier towns between *Scotland* and *England*, it has been the scene of much contest and slaughter: the bells in the great church, now the pretender is no more, struck out, at midnight, the tune of the old song,—

'If Charles does once more disturb Britannia's shore,

We'll make him rue that e'er he left his dad,

For upou gibbet high we'll hand him loftily,

To end his days, and his bonnet and plaid,' &c.

'We heard of several curiosities, &c., in and near this place;

a giant's cave, Arthur's round table, &c. ; but we could only visit the former, of which I could make nothing.

"We set off in the morning at six for *Carlisle*; this is a large, interesting, and also frontier town, with the remains of its old walls and castle; this place has often been the theatre of devastation and ruin during the times of the wars between England and Scotland; after a few miles' ride we entered Scotland: the two countries are separated by a small river called the *Sark*. *Gretna Green*, the first town we met with in Scotland, is a poor little village on the top of a hill; it is remarkable for nothing but its being the place where young English fools, who disgracefully elope from their parents and guardians, go, and at a considerable expense, in order to be what they term married; the inn where we changed horses is that in which this business is done:—prudence and propriety can never look upon this house but with the greatest dissatisfaction. The next stage brought us to *Dumfries*; it is a large, beautiful, well-built town. It was the market-day, and the streets were full of people, vending and purchasing different wares, but particularly grain, poultry, eggs, &c. As this was the birth-place of *Robert Burns*, the Scottish poet, the inhabitants have raised and carried away his body from where it was buried, and are erecting over it, in the old church-yard, an expensive monument. *Castle Douglas*, our next stage, is a well-built little town; the houses all made of hewn granite. I saw in this place a family of young mendicants, nearly half naked; they were five in number, three girls and two boys. The eldest girl was about eighteen, and the next twelve years of age; the first was a real beauty, the second, little inferior,—the whole a lovely family: had they been at Millbrook, I would have served them by removing them from temptation and ruin: their image will not soon leave my mind. We came to a place called *Gatehouse*, in the county of *Kircudbright*, where, being fatigued, we put up for the night.

"June 20.—We set off from *Newton Douglas*, and passed all along the bay of *Wigton*, which is one of the most beautiful I have seen, but the country is poor and barren, yet here and there you will meet with a cultivated spot, for, to the honour of the Scottish gentry, they spend the money which they receive from their dependants and tenantry among those from whom they get it. Were this same ground in Ireland, it would be a perfect desert, as the Irish gentry, to their eternal disgrace, spend all the money they receive in the kingdom in places of public resort in England, &c.

"We came next to *Stranraer*, a neat little town, well situated, near which is the seat of the earl of *Stair*, a former earl of which is well known in English history. At the battle of *Dettingen*, George II. was commander in chief of the British and *Hanoverian* troops: the earl, feeling much for the honour of his

country, and doubting the king's military knowledge, very prudently begged his majesty to intrust him with the command of the army; the king very reluctantly complied, and retired to his Hanoverian troops, at the head of whom he fought very gallantly the whole day. The earl of Stair gained the battle, which would most probably have been gained by the French, had the British king persisted in retaining the command,—not for the want of personal courage, for of this he had an ample stock, but for want of military skill, not being sufficiently instructed in the art of war.

"We proceeded to Port Patrick, in order to embark for *Donaghadee*, but the packet had sailed.

"June 21.—Arose this morning indisposed, but find the wind fair for the packet. We got under weigh about twelve, with a very light, but favourable breeze; this soon died away, and rose in the opposite quarter, but changed again to the one it was in before; and the tide running with the wind, the sea was as calm as a lake. The passage was pleasant, and about six, P. M., we reached the pier of *Donaghadee*, where we were accosted with the discordant calls of various waiters, post-boys, &c., bespeaking our custom for their respective masters, and abusing each other very heartily. One said, 'Come with me, and I will carry three of you to Belfast (fifteen miles) for a shilling a mile; these pretend to take you for five shillings apiece, but when you reach Belfast you will find that their masters will make you pay the full fare.' I hesitated to give any answer, when he cried out, 'Yea, five of you to Belfast for fifteen shillings.' Our host at Port Patrick had given us a note to the hotel of Smith and Russel, and we soon found that the man who promised us so fair was from that house. We went, ordered dinner, and in a reasonable time had a table loaded with provisions of different kinds. Having dined, we ordered the chaise, when the man who met us at the beach, and who appeared to be major domo, mounted the seat. 'What,' said I, 'are we to have the honour of you as a driver?' 'Yes,' said he; 'surely I would not trust you in the hands of these drunken vagabonds.' We set immediately forward, but such a system of vociferation I never heard; he gave the horses each a cut with his whip, and cried as loud and as rapidly as he could his miserable jargon, without one minute's intermission, till we came to Belfast, where we arrived quite exhausted, about twelve at night, truly thankful to God for all his preservation of us both by sea and land.

"June 23.—I preached twice to-day at the large Methodist chapel in this town, to very attentive congregations. In the evening, especially, I found much power in showing that the miracles of Christ were the most satisfactory proofs of his divinity, from Luke vii.

"June 24.—Having seen several friends, we hired what is



here termed an inside jaunting-car, at 10s. 6d. per diem; but our driver was so badly appparelled, that we were obliged to get him a change of raiment before we could venture to proceed with him.

"We got to *Carrickfergus*, a neat little town, situated in a very fine bay, which takes its name from the town. We went to view the castle which was intended to defend the entrance of the bay: it is a strong, high building, advantageously situated, but it never could stand any serious bombardment, either from the sea or land. This was sufficiently proved in 1760, when the French Commodore *Thurot* entered this bay with three frigates, landed, took the town, and, after a slight resistance, the castle also, which Colonel Jennings, the governor, found indefensible. The news of the French being on the coast was soon communicated to Commodore Elliot, at *Kinsale*, who immediately proceeded from that harbour with three frigates in quest of *Thurot*. He came up with the French off the mull of *Galway*, between that and the Isle of Man, where an action began with considerable obstinacy on both sides; but when *Thurot* was killed by a cannon shot, the French struck. This event has always appeared interesting to myself, as I have heard my mother say I was born the year that the French took *Carrickfergus*; but my father was wont to contest this, saying, I was born two years later.

"We left *Carrickfergus*, and proceeded to *Larne*, another sea-port town, but a straggling, low-built, and despicable place. The lad professed to drive us to the best inn in the town: it was dirty and inconvenient in the highest possible degree: the ceiling was tumbling down, the window-frames all rotten, the floors, carpets, chairs, tables, &c., vile and dirty. I was put into a small suffocating room; and to mend or mar all, I had a damp sheet put under me; and was obliged to get up and remove it, and put some of my own clothes to prevent, if possible; the dampness from affecting me. I lay in this state without rest, and longing for day.

"June 25.—We proceeded along the coast, over various hills and mountains, which we were chiefly obliged to ascend on foot, and observed everywhere a ragged, uncultivated soil, stored with a *quantum sufficit* of miserable inhabitants. We went into several cabins, which were wretched in the extreme, though in most of them there is a hole, which corresponds to what we call chimney, yet so heavy is the smoke produced by their turf, that it is rarely seen to issue from the top, but fills the house, and passes with slow sullenness through the door. Living in such a dense medium, the poor people are often ill coloured, and their eyes badly affected.

"We went into one where we found a very nice young woman, about eighteen years of age, nursing her first child. She had a little fire on the earth, the bed near it, and scarcely

any furniture. The house was built of thin stones, without any kind of mortar : through the wall, on the other side of the bed, you could everywhere see the daylight, and even the fields, between the stones ! How it is possible for herself, husband, and infant, to maintain life in such circumstances, is to me quite inexplicable. We found she could read ; but, alas ! she had no book but a Romish manual. I regretted much that I had not brought a few Testaments with me : I could never have bestowed them to better advantage than in this day's journey. We gave her a little silver, for which she seemed truly thankful ; and offered us, in return, all she could bestow,—a little sea-weed, here called *dulse*, which, when dried, has a pleasant saltish taste.

" We proceeded to *Glenarm*, a little neat town, the residence of Lady Antrim ; it is situated close to the bay, from which it receives its name. The inn, at which we changed horses, was as neat and clean as any I ever saw in England : we had every thing in great perfection, and very cheap. Here we see the influence which the residence of a genteel or noble family invariably has on a whole neighbourhood.

" We left this delightful place, and proceeded to *Cushindall*. While our horses were baiting at a poor inn, but the best in the place, we asked for some refreshment : scarcely any thing could be procured. On desiring some wine, the landlord told us he had none bottled, but he had some good draught wine. We requested him to bring us half a pint to taste it : it was brought, and on trying it, I observed to my companions it had a different taste to any thing I had ever known. They both, on tasting it, bore the same testimony. We called the waiter, and desired her to warm it with some sugar and nutmeg : she soon returned with it ; but it was still so unpalatable, that I could not take more than half a wine-glass full. Each of them took a glass full. We called for our bill, paid it, and offered the waiter some money ; but she could by no means be persuaded to accept it.

" We proceeded on our journey, and were all soon taken ill. My companions complained of giddiness and sickness at the stomach, resembling, as they termed it, sea-sickness. My head was but slightly affected, but I was seized with a bowel complaint. On coming to our next stage, my companions were too ill to proceed farther : they both began to be exceedingly sick, and continued sick for several hours. This circumstance probably saved their lives ; but, owing to my not having taken so much of the pernicious fluid, the poison stole into my system, instead of producing sickness ; but we were all sorely ill.

" A little before we got to *Cushindall*, we came to a place called *Red Bay*. There were here some caves in the sandy rock ; in one of them we found a blacksmith's forge, but no inhabitant ; in another we met with an old woman, named *Nany Morry*, who

occupied this damp, wretched grotto, open to the sea and all weathers, with no other companion than a goat, which she is permitted to browse on the cliffs. This grotto, though it has but one huge entrance, yet it runs into two caves in the inside, in one of which she keeps her fuel, &c.; in the other her food, apparel, &c. She gave us a drink of goat's milk, for which we returned her ample payment. I felt her bedclothes, and found them quite damp: the floor, owing to the oozing of water from the hill, is constantly damp also; and the poor woman, who is between sixty and seventy, is always barefooted on this damp ground. In another miserable cabin we found a school: the teacher, who had but little clothes on his back as to their value, had about forty scholars. The books which the children had were the Spelling Book, Testament, and Maver's Pocket Dictionary. He makes between £20 and £30 per annum from this wonderful school. The children were at least, on an average, half naked.

"Rather late in the evening we reached *Ballycastle*; and my companions being both ill, we found we could proceed no farther in our car: we therefore dismissed it, determining to go by chaise to *Coleraine*. We spent a few hours at *Port Stuart*, where I saw many of my old friends. At a little village near this place, called *Burnside*, I visited the old barn, where, for the first time, I heard a Methodist preacher;—the house in which my father had for several years resided;—and the field where, after earnestly wrestling with God for mercy, I found his peace, after having endured a great fight of affliction, and sore distress of soul. These places are all interesting to me, and in making this record, I am in some measure recording the mercy and loving kindness of the Lord to myself: I visited the house of a Mr. Patterson, a family who had, in my childhood, showed me paternal affection; but all, except one member of the family, are dead, and the house itself is in comparative desolation. As I gazed, I remembered the words of the Persian poet, Khosroo: 'I walked by the church-yard, and wept, to think how many of my friends were numbered with the dead: with a throbbing heart I asked, Where are they? And fate in a mournful accent re-echoed, Where are they!'

"In the evening I preached in *Coleraine*, on, 'I will that men pray everywhere,' 1 Tim. ii, 8. It was a very solemn, and, I trust, profitable time; but I was myself much indisposed.

"June 28.—I went to visit 'the Cuts,' or Salmon Leap, on the *Bann*, about a mile above *Coleraine*. The salmon appeared in great plenty; but what is this to the poor, to whose coast God has sent them; for as fast as they are taken, they are preserved in ice, and sent to England. Formerly they were sold at three half-pence per pound; but now, if sold on the spot at all, they charge ten pence; thus putting the bounty of Providence out of the reach of the poor!

"June 29.—We left Coleraine, and proceeded to *Garnagh*, where, having bespoken dinner, we went on to a place called *Grove*; and leaving our chaise on the side of the road, we ran across the fields to a place where I had lived from my tenth year. The house is partly fallen down, and the rest is in a most miserable state. It is inhabited by a family wretchedly poor. I observed several changes had taken place in the neighbouring grounds: a large milldam, the mill to which it led, and the canal by which the water was conducted to it, are all obliterated! I thought of those words—

'En unquam patrios ongo post tempore fines  
Pauperis et tuguri congestum cespite culmen.  
Post aliquot mea regna videns mirabor aristas!'

"Having made this poor family happy by giving them a little silver, I proceeded to see the school where I had my classical education. Formerly it was situated on the skirt of a wood, and commanded a fine prospect of the neighbouring fields; and the boys, who could be trusted, were permitted in the summer to go out among the trees to learn their lessons. In this wood I read the *Pastorals* and *Georgics* of *Virgil*; and had almost every scene of these inimitable poems exhibited to my view, from this spot. With no common satisfaction do I recollect the several rural scenes which my author described, and which at the same time I saw exemplified in active life. But what a change is now here! the beautiful wood is entirely cut down; not even the brambles are left; sheep, goats, and larger cattle, no longer browse on the adjoining hills; and the fields are rudely cultivated, and the school-house is itself become the habitation of two poor families. I searched about to find, if possible, some of my old school-fellows and class-mates, forty years ago: some of them had been bred up for the church, some for the law, and some for the practice of physic; a few I found, now old men, who, by various providences, had been disappointed in their views of secular establishments, and reduced to the cultivation of their paternal soil. Having been much younger than any of these, they had lost all recollection of my person, though I could perfectly recognise their features; as, from their age, when my school-fellows, all the characteristic marks of their countenances had become determined, fixed, and permanent. I believe my calling to their remembrance the scenes through which we had passed together, and asking for old school acquaintances, were the best proofs they had of the identity of my person.

"While thus going over the scenes of my boyhood, and observing the ravages time had made among persons and things, my mind was alternately affected with pleasing sensations and melancholy gloom; but as the objects which produced the agree-

able emotions were all either gone or essentially changed, the melancholy predominated, and at last became the sole feeling.

"On the whole I received little pleasure from this visit, and returned to *Garvagh*; and having dined, set off for *Maghera*, and stopped there to visit, as I did in 1811, the places of my earliest infancy, and where I learned my alphabet. Now persons, houses, trees, enclosures, &c., are running rapidly to decay! and here the tooth of time has been peculiarly destructive; economy and industry have not been exerted to counteract its influence; and consequently that influence has been ample and extensive. I witnessed several things here which tended to deepen the gloom which the former objects had diffused; besides, I was not well; so I rode on to *Magherafelt*, revolving in my mind a multitude of ideas, produced in various assemblages, none of which tended to relieve the pressure on my spirit.

"*June 30.*—My fellow-travellers and myself went to church, and heard the liturgy excellently well read, and a very useful sermon from, 'All her ways are pleasantness, and her paths peace,' by the Rev. *Agmund Vesey*, the rector of this town. In the afternoon I visited the Sunday school, in the town hall, which was numerously attended both by Protestant and Catholic children, and where the rector was one of the most assiduous of the teachers; the members of his family were all employed in the same good work; and thus a proper example is given to the other genteel inhabitants, who cheerfully concur in the benevolent views, and second the conduct, of their revered pastor.

"*July 1.*—We came to *Antrim*, through a country not sufficiently interesting for notice: thence we proceeded to *Dublin*, which we reached in safety, *gratias Deo*, in less than fourteen hours."

On Dr. Clarke's arrival at home, he thus wrote to his sons in London:—

"I have thus, my dear lads, given you an account of my safe arrival at home; and I may now add that not only your mother, sisters, and brother were glad to see me, but also my poor animals in the field, for I lost no time in going to visit them. I found the donkey lame, and her son looking much like a philosopher; it was strange that even the *bullock*, whom we call *Pat*, came to me in the field, and held out his most honest face for me to stroke it. The next time I went to him, he came running up, and actually placed his two fore feet upon my shoulders, with all the affection of a spaniel: but it was a load of kindness I could ill bear, for the animal is nearly three years old; I soon got his feet displaced: strange and uncouth as this manifestation of affectionate gratitude was, yet with it the master and his *steer Pat* were equally well pleased: so here is a literal comment on 'The ox knoweth his owner:' and you see I am in league with even the beasts of the field."

Early in the spring of 1817, Dr. Clarke had occasion to make some alterations in his house, in effecting which the lives of himself and of his whole family were accidentally endangered. An account of this he gives in a letter to his sons, dated,—

*Millbrook, April 25, 1817.*

"MY DEAR LADS,—Yesterday we were within a hair's breadth of being all buried alive: the case stood thus: in making a *sough* to take off the water from the buttery, the whole wall of the breakfast-room over it gave way, and for several yards fell in: the old part of the house separated a considerable space from the new part, and the drawing-room and dining-room were split from top to bottom. Every moment in expectation of the whole building falling, I got your mother and sister Rowley, with great difficulty, removed, and all of every living thing out of the house: before the crash came, for I was standing by and saw it giving way, I was constant in my warnings to the workmen, for I was assured they were digging away the foundation without putting suitable props; but in vain I warned the fellows; they would not believe till they had nearly lost their lives. We have now got props, but the building looks as if it were suspended in the air, while we are busily engaged in mending the breach. God in his mercy has spared us.

"When the catastrophe took place, they were all except the bricklayer like a rope of sand. I directed the place of every prop, and the whole mode of proceeding. I was continually exposed to imminent danger, yet my mind was kept in perfect calmness.

"We dared not go into any room to save our property; the motion, or extra weight, might have brought all down. God grant that the building may stand till we get the wall rebuilt.

"Mother sends her blessing, and your sisters their love.  
Your affectionate father,  
ADAM CLARKE."

It will have been remarked that Dr. Clarke never hesitated to give his opinion and judgment in all cases in which they were sought with a real desire to be guided aright. The benefits of his experience and extensive knowledge he was willing and ready to communicate, for the service, not only of his friends, but of all who wished and needed it: this greatly increased his epistolary labour; but if good were done, he cared not for the toil by which it was accompanied, having early in life taken for his motto—

"In serving others, I am myself consumed."

He had, since his removal to Millbrook, become personally acquainted with the Rev. Thomas Smith, now of Sheffield, but at the time we are speaking of, that gentleman was not settled

over any particular congregation : he had frequently visited at Dr. Clarke's house, where he was always welcomed as a friend and a brother, though, as a dissenting minister, the creed of each party was exceedingly dissimilar. Mr. Smith having at this time an advantageous offer as tutor, his mind hesitated as to the line of conduct to be pursued, and he sought counsel from Dr. Clarke on this subject, which he gave as appears in the following letter :—

*Millbrook, April 20, 1817.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER SMITH,—Considering the important point of your future destiny, I would thus observe : it was from the deepest and most powerful conviction that I was called of God to preach Christ, that I ever embarked on this strongly agitated sea : Jesus has been with me on the waters, and I have been safe. Now I as fully believe that you are called of God to preach the gospel as I ever was. I have now been nearly forty years in the ministry : I have seen the work of God in all its forms, and I have witnessed its effects in almost all possible variety of subjects : I have carefully marked the various means used by the providence and grace of God in the conversion of sinners, and the building up of believers on their most holy faith.

“Being connected with such a vast body of ministers of different talents, gifts, &c., I have carefully marked that sort of talents, that kind and manner of preaching which God has more particularly owned, and let it not appear presumptuous to you, for I speak as to a friend and a brother, if I say that on hearing any man preach, I can generally judge correctly whether he is likely to be useful, and in what degree. I have heard you again and again, and I am satisfied that your preaching, in its matter and manner, is calculated to do much good : I deprecate your being diverted from this work. Teaching youth is a noble employment, and, where it can be done in connection with the other, it is well and praiseworthy : but this work is not to be compared with the work of the ministry : saving souls from death is an especial work of God, and the power to be the instrument of it is an especial gift. In the course of *providence* many are qualified to be instructors of youth ;—in the course of *grace* but few are qualified to be the means of saving souls. Fear not, man !—the length and breadth of Immanuel's land are before you : the wide world is his parish, and he will send his curates where he pleases.

“Remember, we shall be ever glad to see you at Millbrook.  
Yours affectionately,

ADAM CLARKE.”

On the 3d of October of this year Dr. Clarke had the honour of being elected “member of the American Antiquarian Society.”

In the May of 1818, Dr. Clarke was requested to come up to town, in order to preach two of the annual sermons in aid of the funds of the *Wesleyan foreign missions*: from his letters to Mrs. Clarke at this period may be given some slight extracts, as they will serve to illustrate an event which took place about this time, and which itself led to a yet additional call upon his time and talents. In these letters Dr. Clarke says,—

“I preached yesterday, at City Road, to a crowded congregation, and have to-day attended the public meeting: while on the platform I received a letter from *Sir Alexander Johnstone*, then within sight of land, on his return from the island of *Ceylon*; and in about half an hour another note was handed me from the same gentleman, stating his actual arrival, and adding a wish to see me as soon as possible. On the following day I had an interview with him, when he told me that he had brought with him two *high priests of Budhoo*, who had left their country and their friends, and put themselves before the mast, exposing themselves to all kinds of privations, in order that they might come here to be instructed in the truths of Christianity: that he had paid their passage, but, in order to try their faith and sincerity, he had kept them in the meanest place, and at the greatest distance from himself, during the whole passage: of course I have not seen these young heathen priests, but I have had very interesting particulars concerning them from *Sir Alexander Johnstone*.

“May 10.—I have to-day received the two priests from on board the vessel at *Blackwall*, and will give you a little description of them.

“*Munhi Rat'hana, Teerunanxi*, is twenty-seven years of age, and has been high priest eight years: but he was educated, as was also the other, from their youth for the priesthood. *Dharma Rama* is twenty-five years old, and has been between six and seven years in the priesthood: they are cousin-germans, and are about five feet six inches, and quite black: they have fine eyes, particularly the eldest, regular features, and the younger has a remarkably fine nose: there is a gentleness and an intelligence in their faces which has greatly impressed me in their favour; in short, they are lovely youths, for whom I feel already deeply interested: their hair, which is beginning to grow, (for as priests they are always shaven,) is jet black; their clothing is imposing in appearance: it consists of three parts; first, a sort of *tunic* of brocade, with gold and silver flowers; second, upon this they have something like an officer's sash, that goes round their waist; and third, over the whole they have a yellow garment: they have no kind of hat or cap, and their garments are thrown loosely over their left shoulder, so that in general not only the head, but the neck, breast, and right arm are entirely bare: they have now European shoes and stockings, in order to preserve their feet: one of them has a sort of screen made of silk,



to which there is a large massive handle of turned ivory, nearly eighteen inches long : this, as high priest, he used in the temple before his face while performing the recitations from their sacred books : they eat sparingly, but refuse nothing placed before them of solid food ; they take no kind of fluid but milk or water.

"The missionary committee wish to put them entirely under my care, to be instructed in Christianity and science. We set off to-morrow for *Bristol*. I must take them with me, having to preach there also in behalf of missions."

"*Bristol, May 12.*—Yesterday we left town, and got in here safely by ten at night : my poor priests bore the journey well, but are rather fatigued. When they saw me so affectionately received by the friends, they thought, poor things, they were at their journey's end, and hailed *Bristol* as *Millbrook* : when they understood this morning that they had nearly two hundred miles farther to go, they appeared disappointed. I already feel for them a fatherly regard : their dispositions appear decidedly amiable, and to me, though black, they are comely : the face of the younger strikes every body ; there is something exceedingly impressive and energetic in it ; but the skin of the elder is remarkably beautiful. They appear as if they would learn English fast, though I think they differ in quantum of mind : but I will add no more of description, as I hope so soon to present myself and them to you."

From the preceding extracts it will be seen that Dr. Clarke entered upon this new charge with all the kindness of heart so necessary for its proper discharge ; but it may be questioned much whether he was at the time so fully convinced of the difficulties, solicitudes, and labour of the task itself ; for not only had he to instruct in the right way, but also to obviate the prejudices, and combat the learning of these intelligent and well-instructed youths : every thing they saw became at once an object of curious inquiry ; and doubts were multiplied in reference to things which, on account of their ordinary occurrence, had never before been subjected to the ordeal of minute examination : naturally of an observant character, few things passed without their remarks upon them, and arguing not only the points which met their doubts, but classing them with other matters to which they had no relation. In all subjects relating to Christianity they were totally uninstructed ; nor can any one imagine what a system of ignorance in this respect implies, unless he has come in contact with entirely uninstructed heathens. But they were teachable ; and they listened, if with doubt, still with interest and desire for knowledge, to all the teaching which was poured into their minds. Early in the morning they were accustomed to go into the study for religious instruction, and appeared interested as well as profited by the reading and expounding of the Holy Scriptures : they were particularly struck with the history of our Lord's sufferings in the garden and his

death upon the cross ; and would have it repeatedly read over and over to them, while they wept with pure sympathy for sufferings they could feel, and yet but indistinctly appreciate : to this succeeded the long class of doubts in reference to the efficacy of that death itself ; the miracles recorded, contrasted with the want of energy put forth by our Lord at the moment it appeared most necessary for self preservation, and the patient endurance of indignities by a mind so nobly constituted. To them, indeed, " great was the mystery of godliness ; God manifested in the flesh." But without contradiction their teacher was one of a thousand, and by his prayers with them and for them, and the divine blessing accompanying his instructions, their doubts gradually cleared away, and the day of full conviction, in reference to the truth of Christianity, opened on their minds, and fully satisfied their understanding ; and after successive years of trial, even among their own countrymen, they have neither of them evinced the slightest wish to return either to their idols ; or to the faith or practice of their forefathers.

In all matters of science they manifested the liveliest interest and the quickest apprehension ; here indeed they could have what they ever sought,—proof ; and by proof were they instructed, for Dr. Clarke constantly after, or during all his lectures on natural philosophy, had recourse to experiments and thus illustrated what he endeavoured to explain : on all such occasions their delight was excessive ; at first they looked to ascertain the fact, and then a burst of joyful assurance gave evidence that their minds, as well as their senses, had entered into the nature of the things they beheld. *Munhi* also manifested a considerable taste for the study of history and jurisprudence, and on all occasions they loved and thirsted for instruction, while they were ever thankful to all for its communication.

Among other subjects which excited their anxious curiosity, was that of frost and snow ; believing the accounts they had heard respecting these to be the mere fictions of the fancy, or what may be termed tales of the marvellous : and when assured that they were matters of fact, and that they would be able to stand on the surface of the large fish-pond before Dr. Clarke's house, they longed earnestly for the time to come when these things should be. It happened in the winter of this year that the first snow fell in the night, and that in great abundance ; their bedroom looked into the garden, and when they rose in the morning and drew up the blind as usual to look out, their surprise was uncontrollable, and amounted to a sensation of fear, when they beheld the wide white world before them. In amazement they ran into the study, and thence with Dr. Clarke into the garden, to see and handle this wonderful phenomenon ; and when they felt it beneath their feet, and caught its rapidly dissolving particles in their hands, their surprise yielded to their

pleasure, and it was with difficulty they could be restrained from exposing their uninured bodies to the severities of an English winter's day. Not long after this, the fish-pond was so completely and solidly frozen, that they were taken to behold what they so long wished to see, the "solid water;" but its smooth surface retained too much of its old appearance to quell their fears, and to satisfy their doubts: Dr. Clarke then got on it, and walked to the middle of it, but still they had so much faith in him, that though they thought he might possibly do thus much, they were not sure that they could do so themselves unhurt till they were farther assured by seeing other members of the family,—females and all, follow his example. Dr. Clarke's nephew, having put on his skates, began to pass over the surface with a motion like that of flying, to their apprehension, but perceiving him to be everywhere in contact with the mass, their doubt then gave way to ecstasy, and they too walked on the "solid water," not less with delight than with amazement. They would then have a piece of it, which, on account of its thickness, it was a matter of difficulty to obtain, and were not contented till they had, by the action of the fire, themselves reduced it once more to its own usual appearance: thus were they taught and pleased, and certainly benefited much by the varied instructions which they received.

They possessed remarkable simplicity and ingenuousness of mind, embracing truth cordially so soon as it became evident to their moral or spiritual perception, scorning the appearance of doubt where no doubt existed. That they retained this simplicity and great uprightness of mind, will be perceived in the course of this narrative.

The following letter was written at this time to Dr. Clarke, on the subject of his Commentary. It is from a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Campbell, and is dated,—

*London, Dec. 4, 1818*

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is now some years since I enjoyed the pleasure of an interview with you at our dear friend, Mr. Butterworth's, but still I feel disposed to trouble you with a few lines on the subject of your Commentary. From the first of its appearing I had heard it frequently spoken against, but this is not to be wondered at. Any man who has mind enough to have original ideas, and who has firmness and independence sufficient to lead him to avow his opinions, such a one must expect ridicule, censure, and obloquy in various ways from the ignorant and the unthinking, who have not modesty enough to suspend their own judgment till farther consideration tends to illuminate their minds. I thank almighty God who has given you the firmness to be nothing daunted, but in the subsequent, as well as the early part of your notes, to enable you to avow your own opinions and judgment, even though they be original. In

the perusal of the work I have been both pleased and profited, and I earnestly pray God that your valuable life may be spared to finish it. It is fair to say that on every point we do not agree, but these are minor matters; and on all subjects I think much for myself. There is one thing that particularly pleases me in the work,—it is your pressing into the service of the sanctuary what even comes from a proscribed quarter: I allude particularly to the use you have made of Dr. Taylor's work on the Epistle to the Romans. When I read it I was certain you would be much censured for quoting from such an author, and for honestly avowing it; but you ably defend yourself, and very successfully answer the very objections raised against your using his work. Your affectionate friend and servant,

"HENRY CAMPBELL."

It has already been seen that the labours of the Commentary and the record commission together were too much for the health of Dr. Clarke, and that he had twice sent in his resignation of the sub-commissionership previously to this year; but the additional hinderance to its speedy progress, owing to his now great distance from town, together with its state of advancement, appeared to give him a full opportunity of resigning his office; and accordingly, March 24, 1819, we find his resignation at last, on these grounds, accepted, and the secretary to the commissioners, *John Caley*, Esq., taking up Dr. Clarke's duty in this department of the public service. Dr. Clarke's observations and reflections on this subject have already been given to the reader.

In April of this year, it appears that the elder of the two Singhalese priests had translated into that language a piece of poetry on the emancipation of slaves, written by Mrs. H. More, at the request of Sir Alexander Johnstone: this is referred to in a letter from that gentleman to Dr. Clarke, dated April 20, 1819. It is as follows:—

*Park-street, Grosvenor Square.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I return yourself and Munhi many thanks for the translation of Mrs. Hannah More's poem on the liberation of slaves, and shall immediately forward to that lady a work which will be so pleasing to her feelings: another copy I should like for myself, in order to forward it to Ceylon.

"Sir Joseph Banks was quite delighted with the explanation which yourself and the priests, have enabled him to give his friends of his Singhalese MS., not a word of which would he have been ever able to comprehend, had it not been for your exertions. I recognise from your explanation many of the fables which are painted upon the walls of the different Budhoo temples in Ceylon, and which form part of the work which the

Singhalese call the five hundred and fifty *jatakas*, or stories of their religion. The priests are well acquainted with the work, and it has often occurred to me that we should be able to get at most of the principles of the *Budhoo* religion, at least of their moral maxims, which have the greatest influence among them, were we to obtain an accurate translation into English of the substance of this work.

"I informed you that, in consequence of the physicians being of opinion that Lady Johnstone could not return to *Ceylon*, because of her infirm state of health, I had resolved not to leave England, and had obtained the prince regent's permission to resign my office in that country, which will enable me to witness the progress of the priests in their learning and knowledge under your fostering care, an improvement I marked with pleasure during my visit to Millbrook, and which will be, I doubt not, of essential advantage to their countrymen upon their return to *Ceylon*. I have been, and still am, in great solicitude about my dear mother, who is dangerously ill; but I trust God will yet restore her to us. I lament that you did not see the archbishop of *Jerusalem*, as I should have put much faith in the estimation you had formed of his character, and the probable success and professed object of his visit,—the printing copies of the Bible, &c., to distribute among the people of his diocese, which, with his new press, subscribed for that purpose, will, I trust, be of benefit not only to the inhabitants of *Syria*; but, through them, to the adjoining countries. He leaves England, I find, to-morrow for *Paris*, on his way to *Mount Lebanon*.

"Lady Johnstone unites with me in kind respects to Mrs. Clarke, yourself, and family; and to the priests please to give our best wishes; and believe me to be, with the greatest esteem, your most faithful and affectionate friend, and obliged servant,  
"ALEXANDER JOHNSTONE."

The subjoined letter was addressed by Dr. Clarke to a gentleman who it appears had written to him when in the Ionian isles, but which letter Dr. Clarke states never came to hand; the annexed one is in reply to an inquiry from the same individual, relative to an opinion expressed by Dr. Clarke, in one of his sermons respecting the Jewish people; it is as follows:—

*Millbrook, April 14, 1819.*

"DEAR SIR,—I have no recollection of ever receiving a letter from you from the Ionian isles; and I think it is not likely that I should have forgotten the circumstance, had it ever taken place, as I always feel delighted with such communications: any thing relative to that classic ground would greatly interest me, whether the subject were religion, antiquities, manners of the people, natural productions of the country, soil, weather, traditions character of the inhabitants, &c., &c.

"I should rejoice to find that we had a call for missionaries from the Grecian islands: I should like the Methodists to succeed the apostles in countries once so highly favoured by the light of the gospel, and now so deeply sunk in darkness and superstition. Though I have no recollection of the discourse at Hinde-street, to which you refer, yet on that subject I should certainly speak as you intimate I did, and I dare say you have not misconceived my meaning.

"The Jewish regal family was nearly extinct when our Lord came, and I am satisfied that at that time there was no legal claimant of the Jewish crown but our blessed Lord, and he had a right,—as to his human nature, and in right of both his mother and reputed father: and so has the providence of God ordered it, that there is not now on the face of the earth one legal claimant of the Jewish throne, the royal family terminating in Jesus Christ, who is a king for ever and ever; and as to a living king, there can be no successor,—Jesus ever living is the actual or present King of the Jews, and has all the regal rights, civil and spiritual, in his own person. Wishing you every blessing, I am, dear sir, your humble servant and friend,

"ADAM CLARKE.

"To Mr. Wm. Hill, Harrow."

The following letter will afford the reader additional information respecting the interesting Singhalese strangers:—

*To the Reverend Joseph Taylor, Wesleyan Missionary House,  
Hatton Garden.*

*Millbrook, Aug. 23, 1819.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER TAYLOR,—I wish to say, for the information and satisfaction of the committee, that the priests are at present in very good health: they now begin to learn more rapidly than they have done hitherto, as they are getting a more extensive knowledge of the English language. They continue to excite general attention and strong interest.

"About three weeks ago I received a polite message from the earl and countess of Derby, stating that, if agreeable to me, they would wait on me personally for the purpose of inviting me to Knowsley Hall! I fixed the next day at twelve o'clock; and they came.

"You may naturally suppose I endeavoured to receive them as became their quality and my character. There were thirteen persons, all nobles. To the various questions that were asked about our missions—their success—the priests—their motives in coming to England—the progress they had made in the knowledge of Christianity—their object on their return, &c., &c.; I was enabled to give such answers as seemed to interest them much, and delight them not a little. The countess was

particularly inquisitive, and asked questions, and made such observations as plainly showed a mind highly cultivated and informed; and one that was far, very far from being indifferent, relative to the *life of God in the soul of man*! The priests acquitted themselves well, and gave much satisfaction. They tarried about three hours, gave me a pressing invitation to visit them, and offered to send their carriage for me, whenever I could make it convenient to come to the hall. They departed, saying, 'They had not, in the course of their lives, ever spent a morning so much to their satisfaction.'

"I should not omit saying that, when showing some of my rare and curious MSS., the countess took occasion to say, 'Dr. Clarke, I am delighted with these: but there is one thing of which I have heard, which I do not see.' 'Of what does your ladyship inquire?' 'A sermon, published by yourself, on salvation by faith; for a copy of which I shall feel highly obliged.' I immediately expressed my sense of the honour she did me in noticing my work, and promised to present her with a copy before she departed. At three several intervals she mentioned this again; and said the last time, 'Pray, Dr. Clarke, do not let me depart without the sermon.' I then ran and brought it, and a copy of that on the *love of God*, which she seemed to receive with delight; and both of which, I was afterwards informed, she immediately read.

"From Robert Sherbourne, Esq., who first escorted them to Millbrook, I received the other day the following note:—'My dear sir, I can assure you that the party you were so obliging to allow me to present to you the other day were most highly pleased, and none more so than the countess of Derby, who has mentioned you, and your sermons, (which her ladyship has read with much satisfaction,) and your interesting élèves: and her ladyship told me, on Thursday last, that she was much disappointed that she had not had the pleasure of seeing you and them at Knowsley.'

"On Wednesday last I had a private visit from her and the earl; and they told me that they just then called to know whether they might have the pleasure of introducing, at my own time, next day, Lord Dartmouth, and some other friends, who were then at Knowsley. The hour was accordingly fixed, and on the following day they came.

"Besides the Derby family and Lord Dartmouth, we had the two Ladies Legge, Lady Essex, several others, whose names I could not catch, Bootle Wilbraham, Esq.. M. P., and his lady. They filled my house, and continued there nearly three hours.

"I never had such an opportunity with *great people* to speak so much about the great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ, and this too at their own especial and repeated request. The earl behaved with so much polite condescension—so indeed did

they all—as entirely to free me from all constraint, which was a great advantage to me in answering their numerous questions. The priests also acquitted themselves very well, and all seemed highly pleased with, and interested in them. Mr. Bootle Wilbraham, and his very intelligent lady, were very particular in all their inquiries, and received such answers as appeared to please and gratify them not a little. All seemed to think that their coming over was a singular and remarkable providence, would certainly lead to much good, and were pleased, not in the way of compliment, but from apparent feeling, to express their high satisfaction that these interesting strangers had been placed under my care.

“These and the many visits which we have from the neighbouring gentry, magistrates, and ministers, of which I have given you no detail, consume much of my time: but, notwithstanding, I rejoice in them, because I have so many opportunities of showing to many, who, perhaps, otherwise would never have heard of them, the honour and influence of Methodism. I thank God for this: and I well know that these things are leading, not merely to a simple knowledge of important facts, but to something of infinitely greater importance. And you may rest assured that, from a thread to a shoe-latchet, I take nothing that is theirs: so that it can never be said, by these things ‘Abram is made rich.’ My gains are all in *terra incognita*: and it is quite enough when I know that good is done to the general cause.

“Before I conclude this letter I shall mention one thing, with which I think you and the committee will be pleased.

“Some time ago I told *Munhi* and *Dherma* that I would make each of them a present of a set of my Commentary, with which they seemed highly pleased: as by that, they said, they should be able to meet and combat the objections of the *Mohammedans*, *Brahmins*, and their own *priests*.

“On Friday evening I received a note from R. Sherbourne, Esq., director, &c., of the great *Plate Glass Manufactory* at *Ravenhead*, with a present to *Munhi Rat'hana* and *Dherma Rama*, of two fine plates for toilet glasses, seventeen inches long by fifteen wide. As there was then in the house an upholsterer from Liverpool, I gave him the measurement to get proper frames made for them. The priests received them, inquired about the silvering, admired the workmanship, but seemed to take no other interest in them. They were both silent, and appeared very pensive. I pressed the subject on their notice, and spoke of the kindness and attention of Mr. S., who has often visited them. At length *Dherma* spoke the sentiments of both:—‘We are obliged to Mr. Sherbourne, but we will not have them. We came to England without money, without goods, without clothes, except our priests’ garments; we will take nothing back with us, but one coat apiece, the gospel of



*Jesus Christ*, and the books you have promised us. No, if God give it, [that is, God being their helper,] we will take no presents; and carry nothing from England except what covers us your Bible, and the gospel of *Jesus Christ*.'

"It was in vain that I told them they might receive such a present without the slightest imputation on their disinterestedness or uprightness. 'No, we will receive nothing but the gospel of Christ; for that alone we came.'

"On this I need make no comment; it shows you what the men are, as free from self-interest as the angels of God. They came for our Christ and his salvation: O help us with your most ardent prayers, that these noble spirits may carry back into their country *Christ in them the hope of glory, with the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace*.

"I must now send back these elegant plates, for it would be sacrilege to receive them, when rejected on the above glorious principle. I am, my dear brother Taylor, yours,

"ADAM CLARKE."

From letters to Mrs. Clarke at the close of this year, (1819,) we find Dr. Clarke again absent from home, on one of what he used to term his "Preaching Expeditions;" a chief object of which was to gratify his old, long-tried, and now aged and infirm friend, Mr. *Mabyn*, of Camelford, in Cornwall. From these letters we shall make some extracts:—

*Bristol, October 4.*

"MY VERY DEAR MARY,—It is almost a wonder you have not seen me at home already, having had one of my most awful seizures, nearly, if not altogether as bad as you have ever witnessed. I was in such agony that I longed, intensely longed, for death in any shape or form; but, after several hours of this suffering, I at length got some relief, so much so as to enable me to scratch these few lines to you: and Mr. Comer has promised that, if I do not speedily get better, he will return with me immediately to Millbrook, instead of prosecuting our journey into Cornwall.

"Oct. 11.—*Land's End*.—I write this, my dear Mary, in a situation that would make your soul freeze with horror: it is on the last projecting point of rock of the *Land's End*, upwards of two hundred feet perpendicular above the sea, which is raging and roaring most tremendously, threatening destruction to myself and the narrow point of rock on which I am now sitting. On my right hand is the *Bristol Channel*, and before me the vast *Atlantic Ocean*. There is not one inch of land from the place on which my feet rest, to the vast *American* continent! This is the place, though probably not so far advanced on the tremendous cliff, where *Charles Wesley* composed those fine lines:—

'Lo, on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,' &c.

The point of rock itself is about three feet broad at its termination, and the fearless adventurer will here place his foot, in order to be able to say that he has been on the uttermost inch of land in the British empire westward; and on this spot the foot of your husband now rests, while he writes the following words in the same hymn:—

'O God, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress:  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.'

"I shall reserve the rest of my paper to be filled up in less perilous circumstances; so that, when you get this letter, you will know that I am safe.

"Having now got out of my dangerous situation, I resume my pen.

"I am now in *Sennan*, a small town on the Land's End. On the sign of the inn, as you come from the Land's End, are these words, 'The first inn in England;' and on the reverse are the following, 'The last inn in England.' Here we had a little supper, consisting of fowls, one a superannuated cock, whose muscles were impenetrable to the teeth, the other fowl was but so so; a piece of swine and cabbage; tarts and Cornish cream made up our supper.

"Oct. 16.—Tuesday night I preached at *Hayle*, to an immense crowd.

"Wednesday, I preached at *Helston*, after travelling twenty miles; the crowd was vast and the chapel suffocating.

"Thursday, I preached at *Redruth*, to another of these overwhelming crowds.

"Friday, I preached at *Falmouth*. The people came here from all quarters, both by sea and land. This place is situated on a bay; one of the finest and safest I have ever seen.

"Saturday.—I have preached in this town (*Truro*) at seven o'clock this morning; and, although the hour was so early, yet we had the large chapel nearly full, above and below. Tomorrow morning I am to preach at *St. Austell*, about fourteen miles from this place, and then my *Cornish* work will be ended. You will inquire how I have stood so much work? I have not stood it, for it has nearly killed me: I have almost totally lost my appetite: am constantly feverish, and afflicted with a dry mouth: my strength is prostrated. All these consequences I foresaw; but I found I must either go through all this labour, or have instantly left the county.

"Oct. 23.—I am just come in after preaching here, (*St. Austell*.) The crowd was immense. They had just been enlarging the chapel, building a new end and gallery to it. When I was about to take my text, the gallery gave way: the timbers fairly came out of the walls, yet it did not fall down; but the confusion was awful. I was close to the gallery, and distinctly saw the peril; and, had it come down, I knew I must have been the first victim; but at least two hundred others would also have been killed. I stood in my place; for, had I moved, universal terror would have taken place, and many must have fallen victims to an impetuous rush out. The chapel was soon nearly emptied, and no one was hurt. Many came back again, and I preached; but I knew not till the end of the service all the miracle it required to save us! Then it was found that, owing to the pressure in the gallery, the timbers, being too short, had started out from the walls two feet, and the gallery actually shook to its centre, having nothing but its pillars to support it. Our son John, being beneath, could see this plainer than I could at the time; and he saw also that, if it fell, he must be killed if he kept his place, which was immediately before the pulpit; but, as he knew his father must be the first victim, he resolutely kept his situation, expecting eternity every moment. But enough of this; it makes one's blood run chill. This is the last crowd I ever wish to see.

"The next morning we set off for *Tor Point*, crossed the *Tamar*, and landed in Dock, where we took up our lodging at an inn; for, though we were all invited to a gentleman's house, yet he was a stranger to us; and, besides, I always feel there is some truth in those lines:—

'Whoe'er has run earth's various round,  
Through cold, through hot, through thick, through thin,  
May sigh to think he ever found  
The heartiest welcome at an inn.'

"On *Wednesday* I preached at the large chapel in Dock, to one of the finest and most attentive crowds you ever saw. At eight the next morning we set off for *London*, and after having been cooped in a coach for thirty-eight hours, we arrived safely in Northampton-square, and found all our family well. On *Sunday*, I understand, I am to preach in City-Road, which is, I trust, the last preaching I shall have to do till I see you. Your affectionate husband,

ADAM CLARKE."

In the early part of the year 1820, the *Budhist* priests having previously and frequently urged Dr. Clarke to permit their admission into the Christian church, by baptism, earnestly besought him no longer to refuse to them the administration of a rite which they esteemed a high privilege, and for the proper

reception of which they felt no kind of hesitation or fear in their own minds : thus long even had Dr. Clarke hesitated, jealous of being too forward in admitting these young men into the visible church of Christ, till he should have himself closely marked their spirit and conduct, and sifted their religious experience to the best of his power. Previously to its administration, Dr. Clarke had exhorted and warned them of the obligation of the new vows they were about to take upon themselves in the rite of Christian baptism : and, in earnest conversation and prayer, commending them, body, soul, and spirit, to the Searcher of hearts, on Sunday, March 12, 1890, after having preached at the large Brunswick chapel in Liverpool, in the presence of hundreds of deeply interested and attentive persons, he solemnly baptized them in the name of the ever-blessed Trinity.

Shortly after this event, it was resolved that the Singhalese priests should return to their own country ; and as Sir Richard Ottley was about to sail for *Ceylon* as judge, it was deemed advisable that the priests should take advantage of his company on their passage home. In the latter end of April, Dr. and Mrs. Clarke went up to town, accompanied by the two priests, who took a melancholy leave of Millbrook, never again, in all human probability, to return. Of this they felt painfully convinced, and day after day, as the time for their leaving drew near, they wept, and deplored the necessity for their return : they went from place to place, once their walks, to bid them adieu ; thence into the garden and shrubbery, and then into every room. Stepping back once more to bid a parting farewell to the other members of the family, Dr. Clarke at last took them into the study, when, kneeling down, he commended them both with much earnestness to God through Christ : when the prayer was concluded, covering their faces with their hands, in an uncontrollable agony of grief, they stepped into the chaise which was waiting to convey Dr. and Mrs. Clarke, and themselves, to the London coach.

In order to accredit these young men, Dr. Clarke wrote the following letter in testimony of their good conduct and conversion to Christianity ; to which, on the part of Earl Bathurst, was subjoined the annexed testimonial, addressed to the authorities in their native country :—

*Copy of a letter from Mr. Adam Clarke to Joseph Butterworth, Esq.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—I think I can most safely give the following certificate to the Singhalese in question :—

“TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :—

“Adam Sree Goona Munhi Rat'hana, formerly a Teerun-anxie, or high priest of Budhoo, in the temple of Doodhand-

havé, near Galle, in the island of Ceylon, was on the 7th May, 1818, with his cousin, Alexander Dherma Rama, also a Teerunaxie of the same temple, placed under my care by the Hon. Sir Alexander Johnstone, late chief judge of the island of Ceylon, in order to be instructed in the Christian faith; and during the space of *two years* have continued under my roof, and have given such satisfactory proofs of their total change from every species of idolatry and superstition, and thorough conversion to Christianity, that I judged right, on their earnest application, after eighteen months' instruction, to admit them into the Christian Church by baptism, which was administered to them in Liverpool, 12th March, 1820, according to the form of the Established Church of England.

"As they now intend to return to their own land, with the purpose of testifying to their benighted countrymen the gospel of the grace of God, I feel much pleasure in being able to recommend them to the notice of sincere Christians in general, wherever they may come; and especially to all who are in power and authority, both in ecclesiastical and civil affairs, being satisfied of the strict morality and loyalty of their principles, and that they are worthy of the confidence of all who may have any intercourse or connection with them.

"Given under my hand, this 7th of May, 1820.

"ADAM CLARKE, LL. D."

*Colonial Office, May 6, 1820.*

"SIR,—I am directed by Lord Bathurst to recommend to your particular notice and attention two young Singhalese, who were brought to this country by Sir Alexander Johnstone, and who, having been placed by him under the care of Dr. Clarke, are about returning to the colony with Sir Richard Otley.

"Their names are stated in the enclosed certificate, which Dr. Clarke has given of their good conduct during their residence with him.

"Lord Bathurst so strongly feels the advantage which the Singhalese inhabitants of Ceylon may derive from the instruction of any of their countrymen in the Christian faith, by giving a wider range to the dissemination among them of true religion, that he is more than commonly anxious to recommend these young men to your protection; and should Sir R. Otley be able on his arrival to assure you that their conduct during the voyage has not disappointed the expectations which their previous character has led Lord Bathurst to form, he has desired me to express his wish that they may receive every encouragement; which you will, I am sure, under those circumstances, consider them entitled to. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

HENRY GOULBURN."

The following letter refers to the circumstance of Dr. Clarke's

having been appointed by the conference to write the life of the Rev. John Wesley; but, owing to the withholding of some papers judged essential to the full and perfect execution of the work, and over which neither the conference nor Dr. Clarke had control, that life was never written, though he had made arrangements for fulfilling the request of the conference, and had collected a vast number of materials, which required but the forming hand to have given life and spirit to a history replete with information, instruction, and importance to the Church of God.

The letter in question was written by the Rev. Thomas Steadman, rector of St. Chad's, near Shrewsbury, who had been himself a personal and highly esteemed friend of the venerable founder of Methodism, and for whom Dr. Clarke entertained sentiments of great regard. The letter is in reply to an application made to him by Dr. Clarke for any letters of Mr. Wesley's which might throw light on the subject, or be incorporated in the work: it is dated,—

*St. Chad's, Dec. 8, 1820.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—The enclosed are all the letters I ever received from Mr. Wesley; I value them, I cannot tell you how highly; and glad shall I be if they afford you any service. You are the fittest man on the earth to write his life; and I pray for your health, encouragement, and success.

"Well do I remember seeing you with Mr. Wesley, when I called upon that good man in Bristol, between forty and fifty years ago. Like myself you were then a young man, my junior, as I am this month in my seventy-fifth year. I remember also how much I was taken with you: may our friendship be eternal!

"Shall I tell you a secret before we part? If it can be done to your mind, I should wish to have my name, worthless as it is, pass down the stream of time united to yours and Mr. Wesley's: being once mentioned, if in the margin, will please and satisfy your admiring and affectionate friend. Begging your prayers, I am, my very dear sir, your affectionate brother and servant,

THOMAS STEADMAN."

In a note with this letter are the subjoined remarks, written by Dr. Clarke:—

"MR. STEADMAN I met at Park Gate Ferry, in the year 1811, the first time since the year 1789 that I had seen him, and though both were then old and gray-headed, we at once recognised each other. Should it please God that I write this life, his name shall stand prominently, not in the margin, but in the text, and I shall think the page honoured where it stands.

"A. CLARKE."

For Mr. Thomas Holloway, the engraver of the Cartoons of Raphael, Dr. Clarke entertained a great esteem, and he was in the habit of frequently visiting Dr. Clarke before he left London; who, if he did not enter into all the enthusiasm of that gentleman upon the subject, was by no means indifferent to it, as appears from the following letter, dated,—

*Millbrook, Sept. 28, 1820.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received your letter of the 23d, and, as you request, reply by the first post.

“I am sorry to find that after so much labour, so long continued, and so incomparably directed and executed, there should be yet so little prospect of adequate remuneration. But the times are against every thing in science, art, and common sense. Paul may preach at Athens, and work miracles at Paphos; Raphael may sketch the scenes with a spirit and depth of comprehension to which none but himself was equal; and Holloway and his pupils may lay them on copper, so as to preserve the design, soul, and feeling of the painter; and in execution vastly to surpass every thing hitherto exhibited in the chalcographic art: but who is moved by Paul? who cares for Raphael? and who will do justice to the man who by his inimitable pencil and burin has redeemed from a hastening dissolution the choicest efforts of his genius, who was, is, and perhaps ever will be, the *prince of painters*?

“But now for the *time* seized by the painter in your Cartoon of Elymas the sorcerer.

“Without preamble, I am satisfied it is the moment in which the apostle had finished his denunciation, and the mist and thick darkness closed upon the sorcerer. The moment is that of his surprise when this thick darkness fell upon him, before he was able by reflection to judge of the state into which he had fallen; before he was apprehensive of the extent of his misery; and before he was even conscious that he needed some one to lead him. Sudden surprise and astonishment, with the apprehension of danger, in consequence of his being at that moment plunged into a region of darkness, are to me forcibly expressed by his reclined head, extended arms, terrified fingers, and fearfully advanced right leg. It would be some moments after this, when the yet thrilling authoritative accents of the apostle pronounced him judicially blinded, and reflection would announce to him his helplessness and danger, that he would go about *seeking χειραγωγους persons to lead him by the hand*. His present attitude, and the place in which he stands, prove that he has not moved a foot, except the right, which is suddenly extended to increase the *base* of his figure, the better to preserve the centre of gravity, which, without the direction of the eye, cannot be long maintained without greatly extending the base line. A simple experiment will demonstrate this. Place your

feet together, and shut your eyes, and you immediately begin to tremble and totter: advance the right leg, and you stand firmly. But to the motto.

"It must be in *Latin*, for Raphael and his patron used the *Vulgate* version, and none else: according, therefore, to the view I have of the moment in which the artist has chosen to exhibit his main action, I would propose,—

*Et confestim cecidit in eam caligo et tenebræ.—scr. 11.*

All this, however, I submit to your far better judgment.

"When my copy is ready, please to send it to J. and T. Clarke, 45 St. John Square, Clerkenwell, and call on Mr. Butterworth, who will, to my order, immediately pay you.

"Wishing you long life, good health, the peace of God, and just remuneration from the public, I am, my dear sir, yours truly,

ADAM CLARKE.

"To Thomas Holloway, Esq., Hampton Court, Middlesex."

The annexed letter was written by the younger priest himself, to Dr. Clarke, and is dated,—

*Deel, May 22, 1820.*

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I did write you a letter at Gravesend—I thought that my last; but now I got time, I write you a few lines more, because I know you very glad to hear how we get on. Our ship did put anchor here two days ago, but I cannot hear from you—but in a few months, I hope you will send me a pleasant letter to be happy to my heart, and I constantly pray to God for you live long, and be all sort of happiness to you. Dear sir, believe me, I will work hard: I intend to do ten years' work in five years, and after that five years, if you live, then I will come and see you; and if you be in glory before that my coming, then I will not come to England, but I will come to see you in glory. Amen.

"God be with you, and with your family, because when I rejoice, you was rejoice with me; when I laugh, you did laugh the same time with me; when I question you, you did answer me for all: for these your grand, glorious manner, I could not keep myself, because so heavy when I had to leave you.

"Sir, I will try to be Englishman long as I live; and if any try to make me Singhalese man, that I not like.

"Give my love to all: now we are going. Farewell; God bless you and your family. Your very humble servant,

"ALEXANDER DHERMA RAMA."

The following letter was sent by Dr. Clarke to Lord Viscount Sidmouth, relative to an address unanimously voted to the king, by the Methodist conference of this year, held in Liverpool, July 26.



*Liverpool, July 26, 1820.*

"MY GOOD LORD,—It gives me great pleasure to state, and I have no doubt it will please your lordship to hear, that the ministers of the Methodists' societies, collected, to the number of between three and four hundred, from almost every part of his majesty's domestic and foreign dominions, have, this first day of their meeting, in their seventy-seventh annual conference, voted unanimously a most loyal, dutiful, and affectionate address to his majesty; which I think, in the above respects, yields to none that has yet been offered to the throne: and the disposition and feeling which were manifested on this occasion, together with the numerous speeches of the different representatives of this very large connection, were highly honourable to themselves and their societies, as they were replete with loyalty and affectionate attachment to his majesty's person and government; and give the strongest pledge and proof that their very extensive influence will be invariably and effectually employed to promote, in every place, the highest respect to the king, and the strictest obedience to the laws.

"In such troublous times as these, it will afford your lordship great pleasure to find that his majesty, and his government, are so highly venerated and loyally supported by such an immense number of religious people, who hold every thing in abhorrence disrespectful to the throne, and subversive of the laws.

"As these ministers wish to present their address in such a way as may be most effectual to express their duty and loyalty, I, with great submission, beg leave to consult your lordship on the subject.

"As they find that a deputation from the three denominations of dissenters has been condescendingly received by his majesty, these ministers, as not ranking under any of those denominations, standing nearer to the Established Church than any of the others, holding, without exception, all her doctrines, venerating her authority, and using her religious service, and consequently, in their own apprehension, not justly denominated *dissenters*, in any legal sense of the term, humbly wish to be received also by deputation, as they cannot for a moment yield in loyalty and affectionate attachment to the throne, to any of those who have been thus honoured.

"Should your lordship desire to see a copy of the address, to know whether your lordship could safely advise these ministers to be thus received, I shall have great pleasure in transmitting it for your lordship's inspection. But your lordship will do me the honour to believe that, were I not fully assured of the genuine and proper character of the facts I state, I would not presume to press the subject on your lordship's notice.

"As this conference is now sitting in Liverpool, I shall wait here for your lordship's reply, and have the honour to be, my

good lord, your lordship's most obliged, humble, and affectionate servant,

ADAM CLARKE.

*"To the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Sidmouth."*

To the preceding letter, his lordship sent Dr. Clarke the following reply :—

*Whitehall, August, 1820.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 26th July reached me in Devonshire. The information contained in it afforded me very great pleasure, though I was previously well assured of the loyalty and firm attachment to his majesty of those persons, who have afforded a fresh proof of their principles and sentiments, by the address they have recently prepared to the king. Their influence I know to be extensive; and I am persuaded that they will employ it for the purpose of encouraging respect for the constitution, and obedience to the laws. I should address you with greater satisfaction on this occasion, if an opportunity could be afforded of presenting the address to his majesty in a manner the most conformable to your wishes, and those of your friends; but upon his majesty's accession, it was determined that the mode of receiving addresses, in consequence of that event, should in no way be different from that which was observed on the accession of his royal father; and this determination has been strictly adhered to, though a deviation from it has been strongly urged from other respectable quarters.

"But although, under these circumstances, the address could not be presented to the king on the throne, or in the closet, his majesty would, I am confident, receive it a levee, either from a deputation or from an individual, as might be most agreeable to you, and the other ministers of the different societies. Many months, however, are likely to elapse before a levee will be held. If it should be the wish, which I presume it is, that the address should be presented with as little delay as possible, that object will be obtained by transmitting it to me; in which case I will take the earliest opportunity of laying it before his majesty, and causing the insertion of it in the London Gazette. I remain, with great regard, my dear sir, your faithful, obedient servant,

SIDMOUTH."

The following letter to the Rev. Mr. Hornby, rector of Winwick, was occasioned by a letter from that gentleman to Dr. Clarke, on the subject of the direct witness of the Spirit, which Dr. Clarke had, in a previous letter, strongly insisted upon as the privilege of all true believers :—

*Millbrook, March 19, 1821.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I am just returned to this place, after an absence of more than seven weeks. Your letter came

during that absence; and to reply to it is the very first work I have engaged in since my return.

"In addition to what you found in my papers, permit me to say,—1. I should never have looked for the 'witness of the Spirit,' had I not found numerous scriptures which most positively asserted it, or held it out by necessary induction; and had not I found that all the truly godly of every sect and party possessed the blessing,—a blessing which is the common birthright of all the sons and daughters of God. Wherever I went among deeply religious people I found this blessing. All who had turned from unrighteousness to the living God, and sought redemption by faith in the blood of the cross, exulted in this grace. It was never looked on by them as a privilege which some peculiarly favoured souls were blessed with: it was known from Scripture and experience to be the common lot of the people of God. It was not persons of a peculiar temperament who possessed it: all the truly religious had it, whether in their natural dispositions sanguine, melancholy, or mixed. I met with it everywhere, and met with it among the most simple and illiterate, as well as among those who had every advantage which high cultivation and deep learning could bestow. Perhaps I might with the strictest truth say, that, during the forty years I have been in the ministry, I have met with at least forty thousand who have had a clear and full evidence that 'God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven them their sins;' 'the Spirit himself bearing witness with their spirits that they were the sons and daughters of God.' The number need not surprise you, when you learn that every Methodist preacher converses closely, and examines thoroughly, every member of his societies, concerning the work of God upon their souls, once every three months. This single point of their spiritual economy gives them advantages to know and discern the operations of the divine Spirit in the enlightening, convincing, converting, justifying, sanctifying, and building up of the souls of men, which no other system affords, and no other ministers, in the same degree, possess.

"2. We never confound the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins with final perseverance. This doctrine has nothing to do with a *future* possession: the truly believing soul has *now* the witness in itself; and his retaining it depends on his faithfulness to the light and grace received. If he give way to any known sin, he loses this witness, and must come to God, through Christ, as he came at first, in order to get the guilt of the transgression pardoned, and the light of God's countenance restored. For the justification any soul receives is not in reference to his *future* pardon of sin, since God declares his righteousness 'for the remission of sins that are past.' And no man can retain his evidence of his acceptance with God longer than he has that 'faith which worketh by love.' The

present is a state of probation : in such a state a man may rise, fall, or recover. With this the doctrine of the 'witness of the Spirit' has nothing to do. When a man is justified, all his past sins are forgiven him ; but this grace reaches not on to any sin that may be committed in any following moment.

" 3. I rather think it is the privilege of every true believer to have all those destroyed which you call 'infirmities of the flesh ;' if by that word you mean any kind of transgression, any improper word, or any unholy temper ; for I have been long taught, both by my Bible and my prayer-book, to request 'Almighty God to cleanse the thoughts of my heart, by the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, that I might perfectly love him, and worthily magnify his holy name, through Christ our Lord.' To love God perfectly, is to love him with all the heart, soul, mind, and strength ; and to worthily magnify his name, is to begin, continue, and end every thing, work, purpose, and design to his glory. This also is another blessing which I am taught to expect from God,—to be saved from all sin in this life ; for the order of the great work of salvation is,—first, conviction of sin ; second, contrition for sin ; third, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as having been delivered for our offences, and risen for our justification ; fourth, justification, or pardon of all past sin, through faith in his blood, accompanied ordinarily with the testimony of his Spirit in our hearts, that our sins are forgiven us ; fifth, sanctification, or holiness, which is progressive, as a growing up into Jesus Christ, our living Head in all things : and may be instantaneous ; as God can, and often does, empty the soul of all sin, 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye ;' and then having sowed in the seeds of righteousness, they have a free and unmolested vegetation ; sixth, perseverance in the state of sanctification,—believing, hoping, watching, working, in order to stand in this state of salvation ; receiving hourly a deeper impression of the seal of God ; seventh, glorification is the result ; for he who is faithful unto death shall obtain the crown of life. Without conviction of sin, no contrition ; without contrition, no faith that justifies ; without faith, no justification, no sanctification ; without sanctification, no glorification.

" 4. There is only one thing more which I need to notice. In referring to my own case, you say, 'that the degree of sorrow must depend greatly upon the temperament of a man's own nature, as in my case it did not depend on the degree of actual committed evil.' This is a most important point, and deeply affects the whole system of salvation. Now, my dear sir, permit me to say, that deep and overwhelming sorrow does not depend merely on the degree of actual guilt, but rather on the discovery made by the heavenly light transfused through the soul. Man is a fallen spirit ; his inward parts are very wickedness ; in his fall he has lost the image of God. Let God shine into such a heart ; let him visit every chamber in this house of imagery ;

let him draw every thing to the light of his own holiness and justice; and put the case that there had not been one act of transgression; what must be his feelings who thus saw, in the only light that could make it manifest, the deep depravity of his heart!

"Sin becoming indescribably sinful, the commandment ascertaining its obliquity, and illustrating all its vileness, he who sees his inward parts in God's light, will not need superadded transgression to produce compunction and penitence.

"This was my case. I saw myself in the sight of God a fallen spirit, lying in the wicked one, totally ruined by the fall, needing all the salvation which God manifested in the flesh, purchased by his agony and bloody sweat, his vicarious and all-atoning passion and death. It was from this inward discovery, not from any sense of accumulated actual transgression, that the distress arose which I pointed out in the papers you have read. O, may God save me from ever more falling under the power of this death! I am, with much respect, your affectionate, humble servant,  
ADAM CLARKE."

Shortly after this, we find Dr. Clarke taking another journey to Ireland, accompanied by his friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Forshaw, of Liverpool, Joseph Carne, Esq., of Penzance, and his second son, Theodore.

"May 31.—We sailed this day from Liverpool, with an exceedingly fair wind, carried all our sail, had a good breeze all day, but our packet was such a wretched sailer that we only dragged on as if drawn by oxen; the vessel was also dirty, and in every way inconvenient; our passengers were of the most motley description; Irish labourers, ungentlemanly cabin passengers, profane and unfledged officers, who had evidently only read of battles, but had never seen one, and yet assumed as much military consequence as if they had fought at *Austerlitz*, or taken a share in the battle of *Waterloo*.

"June 1.—This morning we got into *Dunleary bay*, and as the packet would not have been able to get over Dublin bar, most of the passengers availed themselves of the boats which came off shore, and thus proceeded to *Dunleary*. Here we landed, after being drenched with a severe shower; our luggage was taken to the custom-house, and there rummaged by a surly officer, who tore all the packages to pieces, and even examined to our very slippers, and carefully inspected the minutiae of the shaving apparatus! Being dismissed from this inquisition, we got a sort of covered light wagon, drawn by two horses, into which twelve of us were packed, together with a good deal of luggage, and in about an hour's time got safe to Dublin, where we were affectionately received.

"June 2.—I kept mostly within doors, receiving several

visits from kind friends, and several letters inviting me to visit different parts of the country ; but not wishing to prolong my stay beyond the time absolutely necessary for it, I shall give them up.

" June 3.—This morning I opened the new chapel in Lower Abbey-street : it is a commodious and fine building, which was crowded to excess with a very attentive congregation,—nobility, gentry, and others. I took for the text, Deut. iv, 7–9, which I prefaced with the following propositions :—I. God ever delights to produce the most important and the most numerous effects, by the simplest and fewest causes. II. So completely has he conceived his own design in relation to the government and salvation of men, that he has, by his original plans and operations, pointed out and represented all the succeeding dispensations and operations of his providence and grace ; the former being representatives of the latter. III. God has ever preserved a people to whom he has revealed himself, teaching them,—1. The knowledge of himself. 2. The worship which he requires. 3. The duties built on that worship : and, 4. The means by which those duties should be performed.

" These principles were occasionally referred to during the discourse, which took in,—I. The character of *Moses*, who gave the exhortation. II. The character of the Egyptians, among whom he had his education. III. The character of the people whom he led out of Egypt : and, IV. What was implied particularly in the exhortation in the ninth verse, 'only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul,' &c.

" In the course of this sermon, the objection that *Moses* learned all his knowledge from the Egyptians, was particularly considered. *Moses* could not have received his correct theological notions from the Egyptians,—for they had no correct theological knowledge themselves ; on the contrary, it is well known that they were the grossest idolaters in the world, worshipping onions, leeks, the scarabæus, the ibis, the dog, the monkey, the goat, and the ox. How then could *Moses* learn from such people the knowledge of the true God ? *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. I then questioned the learning of the Egyptians, as to the extent usually ceded to them : then considered their architecture, and their being unacquainted with arches ; the discoveries of *Belzoni* at Thebes, and the probability there is in the supposition that the arch he found was of Grecian origin and workmanship.

" God ever had a typical people, whom he made the depositories of his will, and from whom he intended to convey that light for the illumination of the nations ; such were the Jews : but they have reprobated themselves, and God has turned to the Gentiles ; and it is probable that the British nation is now his representative people, by and from whom all the nations of the earth are to receive the knowledge of the true God ; in proof

thereof, the Bible Societies and the Missionary Societies were referred to, and largely insisted on.

"The essence of the Jewish religion consisted in its sacrificial system; this system was representative of the great atonement; on the coming of Jesus Christ, that system was at an end, his sacrifice for the sin of the world being that which was by these sacrifices prefigured.

"Such is a brief outline of the discourse: after which, I made a collection for their chapel, which amounted to £140.

"June 4.—We set off this morning in the mail for *Belfast*, being joined by my friend, F. H. Holdcroft, Esq. We travelled through a dreary country to *Drogheda*, and we were annoyed by a multitude of diseased, almost naked, and three parts starved poor, who thronged round the coach on our arrival; we gave them some silver, and were as glad to be relieved from the sight of their misery and from their noisy clamour, as they could be to receive our little bounty.

"We arrived at *Belfast* at nine in the evening, where we were obliged, after travelling over the whole town, to divide into three parties, for want of room: it was with difficulty that we could obtain a sitting-room, in which we could get a little supper together: this being ended, we separated, and each slept as well as he could; my accommodation being a three-bedded top room, every bed of which was occupied.

"June 5.—Rose pretty early, and secured the *Derry* mail for *Coleraine*. We had, on the whole, a pretty pleasant journey, and particularly so from *Belfast* to *Antrim*. There happened to be a very sensible and amiable lady in the coach, and from her I learned that there is one district on the shore of *Lough Neagh* where the water is believed to be infallible in the cure of *scrofula*: this, she assured me, had been proved by numerous examples: on farther inquiry I found that this sanative quality was supposed to be possessed by those waters which are most remarkable for their petrific quality: this subject is at least worthy the investigation of the faculty.

"We arrived in *Coleraine* a little before ten, and met, at Miss Henry's hotel, with every accommodation and comfort.

"June 6.—According to agreement we took an early breakfast, and set off to visit the giant's causeway, which some of our company had never seen. We also visited *Dunluce* castle, over the narrow bridge to which my courageous friend, Mrs. Forshaw, passed and repassed most heroically.

"Having gratified our curiosity here, we then proceeded by sea round the giant's causeway, and round what is called *Plaiskin*, and thus had a full and pleasing view of all the basaltic columns which face and form this highly interesting promontory.

"The causeway we afterwards examined by land, and saw again what I believe I was the first to discover in the year 1811,—basaltic trigons and enneagons—three-sided and nine-

sided columns. There are now in these rocks or in this causeway, columns, trigons, tetragons, pentagons, hexagons, heptagons, octagons, and enneagons: the trigons and the enneagons are the most rare: the pentagons and the hexagons the most frequent. After a severe wetting from the rain, and not a little drenched from the sea, we rode to Ballycastle, where we changed our clothes, and got a good night's rest.

"June 7.—We rose early this morning, and took a boat round Fair Head, the most astonishing promontory I ever beheld: it is faced by the most gigantic and tremendous basaltic columns, which arise to the height of five hundred feet above the level of the sea: neither pen nor pencil can trace this case: it must be seen, and that too from the sea, to be properly esteemed and admired; and unless the spectator row close by the land, a great part of the effect is lost. When under these columns, and close in by the shore, they exhibit the highest example of the sublime and the terrible. Many of the columns are fallen down, and this within a short space of time, and many more will soon follow their predecessors, and much must have fallen which the sea now covers. I returned from this spectacle with a mind deeply impressed with the majesty and power of the supreme God.

"In the evening I preached at Coleraine, from 2 Cor. vi, 1: 'Having therefore these promises,' &c. The service was a solemn one, and I trust the exhortation was not in vain.

"In the way to-day from Ballycastle to Coleraine, a journey of sixteen miles, we stopped at a village called *Moss-side*, to feed our horses; as there was no stable in the place, we fed the horses in the street. Curiosity led me to step into one of the cabins—it was a small one, where I saw nine persons, chiefly young women, spinning, and one reeling the produce of their labour. There was a bed in the place, in which a young lad lay of about fourteen years of age, who had received a hurt in his ankle several weeks before, and was still confined to bed. On asking them if they all belonged to one family, I was answered, 'No.' One who spoke for the rest said, 'We are only neighbours of this poor woman: her son has got a hurt several weeks ago, by which he has been rendered unable to work: our neighbour being distressed, and getting behindhand, (that is, incapable of maintaining herself and family,) we have agreed to give her a day's work.' They were all spinning as hard as they could, in order to make the most possible profit for the poor family by their day's work. There was not one of the nine who did not herself appear to be in the most abject poverty, and they now conjoined their labours to relieve one who was only more miserable than themselves. This was the finest specimen of philanthropy I had ever seen! I had admired the ruins of *Dunluce* castle—the wonders of the giant's causeway—the impressive appearance of *Plaiskin*—and the sublime grandeur of Fair Head; but all these were lost in the scene now before me:



those were the wonders of the God of nature—these the works of the God of humanity and mercy; and to witness the sight,—the poor labouring for and in order to relieve the poor, and those to whose poverty was added affliction, read me a lesson of deep instruction: all was voluntary, all was done cheerfully; and as the day was dedicated to the relief of deep distress, they endeavoured to make the most of their charity by labouring with all their might. Myself and companions said, ‘Verily, these shall not lose their reward;’ we therefore gave them each a piece of silver equal to double what they could have obtained by their day’s labour at home. We gave some also to the poor woman herself, and to several others who came in to see the strangers from another country; reaping ourselves tenfold advantage in the high satisfaction we had in viewing this delightful scene of humanity in the most diligent exercise for the relief of distress and misery.

“June 8.—Mr. Holdercroft, my son Theodoret, and myself took an inside jaunting car, and went forward to *Garvagh*, about eight Irish miles, the rest of the party having proceeded the evening before to Derry. Here we breakfasted, and designed to have visited the grove and neighbourhood where my father had formerly lived, and where I expected to see some of my old school-fellows; but upon inquiry I found that they were all dead but two, who were removed to another part of the country.

“In *Garvagh* I found one class-fellow, William Church, Esq., whom I visited, and from him got information respecting most of the rest: one had married unfortunately, and had gone to America—another and another were dead: one was killed in a quarrel—a fourth, wearied out with a perverse and iniquitous wife, took poison, and ended his days, &c., &c.: hearing all these things, and that the school-house, in which we had studied, had been pulled down and entirely destroyed, I gave up my intended visit, and proceeded to *Maghera*. About a quarter of a mile from the town was situated the house in which I had my first conscious existence: but what was my disappointment when I found it razed to the ground, excepting a small portion of the wall, just enough to indicate that a building had once been there. My friend, Mr. Holdercroft, took a sketch of what remained, and a few bearings of the scenery. We then went to find the school-house, where, at eight years of age, I began to learn from old Lily’s Latin Grammar—‘In speech be these eight parts following: noun, pronoun, &c.,’ the meaning of which I found it truly difficult to apprehend. Near to this place I was born. *Maghera* is situated in the bosom of a vast amphitheatre of mountains, the principal of which is *Slieugullion* on the left, and *Cairntager* on the right: these mountains, and the beautiful, well-wooded, and well-peopled vale below them, through which the beautiful river *Moyola* takes its winding and

fertilizing course, form a landscape superior to most in the British dominions. Of this old school-house and the surrounding country Mr. H. also took a sketch.

"We then proceeded through the vale already mentioned, over the Moyola, and so on to Tubermore, Desart Martin, Dromore, and Magherafelt. I was surprised on this journey to find my recollection perfect, not only in persons, but in places which I had not seen for more than fifty years, and which I had quitted when a child of nine years of age: even the *mile trust* which divides the road between *Maghera* and *Tubermore*, and which still survives the waste of time, appeared perfectly familiar to me. After staying about an hour here, we took chaise for Antrim, thence to Belfast, in order to secure the mail for Dublin, which we reached in time, and fortunately got three places in it, and arrived, thank God, without any accident.

"This short journey gave rise to many reflections: some of a cheerful, many of a gloomy nature. In the first place, I observed the women to be in a state of great degradation, the peasantry of this sex almost universally barelegged and barefooted, without caps, hats, or bonnets, with a thin short jacket, or bed-gown, and one short petticoat; and even in this slender clothing employed in the severest labours of husbandry, digging in the stony fields, with the long spade, which they trod with the bare foot.

"Secondly. Through the county of *Antrim*, especially near the coast, I observed the women to be surprisingly well made, and graceful in their motions, particularly in their walk. Notwithstanding their exposure to the air, their complexion is in general fine, and their whole deportment exhibits an indescribable natural elegance, unassumed, and unaffected. Their chief personal drawback is their feet, which are very broad, owing to their going barefoot. The foot is here in its natural state, for the purpose of laying firm hold on the ground, and enabling them to walk steadily, or to spring from place to place when necessary: the toes are long and spreading.

"Thirdly. I have said that the female peasantry in Ireland are in a state of great degradation: I have given proofs of this; but to see this fully, we must compare their state with the other sex.

"The men are well enough clothed for their circumstances, all well shod, and with a sort of sur-coat, which, when on, covers them to the calf of the leg. Of all such coverings and defence, the women are generally destitute, while working in the same fields, and at precisely the same labour, as their fathers and husbands. He would do service to humanity, who would excite the tone of public feeling to examine and remedy this dreadful defect.

"Fourthly. The peasantry, without scarcely any kind of advantages, are well bred, and their civility partakes of a po-

liteness which is looked for generally in vain, even in England, among those who occupy far superior situations in life; and have had the advantages of a much better education.

"One day, during a storm, my five companions and myself took shelter in a poor cabin, into which we had to stoop much in order to enter. I made an apology for our intrusion: the peasant immediately replied, 'Gentlemen, you are heartily welcome; I wish I could accommodate you as you require, but you are welcome to the best that I have.'

"The manner in which this was expressed, the grace of the body, and stretched-out hand and arm while the words were uttered; and the openness of the countenance, while at the same time an indescribable pleasure looked out at the eye, gave us the highest assurance that we were in reality welcome; and that we were considered not as receiving, but as conferring obligation. In short, during the whole of this journey I did not discover a single instance of brutality, rudeness, or ill manners.

"Fifthly. These simple inhabitants of this Protestant country appear universally happy and cheerful: they know no better state, and envy has not been permitted to taint the sweets of their contentment.

"Sixthly. But, alas! what a different scene do these parts of the country exhibit that are under the influence of popery. I do not speak through partiality, but challenge the most casual observer to the existence of the fact itself, that those who are under the influence of popery, and throughout the whole Roman Catholic districts, that the land is ill cultivated, hedges and fences universally neglected, the inhabitants worse clothed, worse fed; discontented, gloomy, and suspicious. But unfetter their minds, educate their youth, and they will soon arise from their present degraded state, and assume their native character; for they are radically the same men, and worthy of a better faith, and a better fate.

"Seventhly. The Irish, as far as my observations have extended, are utterly adverse to improvement in every thing relative to domestic economy. They build houses, and, for want of due repairs, permit them to fall into ruins: they will suffer the rain to fall upon their very beds, rather than put themselves to the trouble of mending the thatch. When a window is broken, they thrust in a rag, or a wisp of straw; when farther broken, they put up a slate, or thin stone, against the aperture; when farther broken still, they supply the place of the glass with mason-work: and thus they proceed till, in multitudes of cases, not one vestige of the window remains.

"I have remarked this procedure of indulgence and carelessness in all its stages. I have seen the windows in the process of gradual abolition; and in, perhaps, a thousand cases I have seen the whole window blocked up, and this even in cabins, and where there was no taxation, and the window was essen-

sially necessary both to the light and comfort of the inhabitants. It is the same with the house itself: if the wall be shaken, it is scarcely ever repaired, and the ruin proceeds, till at length the house falls: hence there are more ruins of houses in Ireland than, perhaps, in any country in the world. The same reprehensible spirit appears in their clothing: there is no 'stitch in time to save nine.' But, notwithstanding all these things, it is impossible not to esteem and love this people: their frankness, simplicity, cheerfulness, good-nature, friendly disposition, unparalleled hospitality, and enduring patience under privations of various kinds; together with their love of learning, or rather their desire to learn; and their hunger after literary information, render them amiable in the sight of all who have any intercourse or connection with them.

'Ireland, with all thy faults, I love thee still!'

"I have already observed that we reached Dublin early, June 9, having gone through a journey of more than a hundred English miles, through a mountainous country, in rather less than fourteen hours. My friends in Dublin were all anxious for my arrival, as they had published that I should preach at the new chapel, Abbey-street, on the morning of the next day. I was much indisposed with a cold, but was obliged to submit: it was no use to say I felt myself unable to undertake the duty, as not one could be found who would go in my place.

"June 10.—My cold was still heavy, but I read the prayers and preached; the crowd was very great, and we had some of the nobles, gentry, and the learned of the land, as well as counsellors and doctors. I took the subject of the day, 'the promise and mission of the Holy Spirit,' from John xiv, and continued my discourse for nearly two hours, during the whole of which time I had the deepest attention and stillness. I have seldom felt greater power of mind, or capability of easy expression, than while thus showing the nature and necessity of this heavenly gift; and in refuting the arguments brought to prove the infidel and irreligious doctrines of the times. These doctrines I turned to every point of light, and was enabled to refute them at every turn: I believe great grace rested upon all.

"The great point to be proved was the connection between heaven and earth; and, in order to this, I proved the omnipresence and all-pervading energy of God, from the doctrine of cause and effect—from the vegetation of seeds—from muscular motion—the circulation of the blood—and from the revolution of the heavenly bodies.

"That the soul is immaterial, and forms no part of the human body, I proved from the Scriptural account of the creation

of Adam,—his body being completely formed out of the dust of the earth, in all its organization, before the breath of lives was breathed into it by the Almighty, and in consequence of which Adam became a living soul, or animated being. Allowing the Scriptural account to be true, this argument is sovereignly conclusive. I proved the necessity of the influence of the Holy Spirit to enlighten the mind, convict the conscience, show the nature of sin, the way of salvation by Christ, &c., and explained at large the word *παράκλητος*, which I showed signified not only a comforter, as we translate it, but also an instructor, a counsellor, a legal adviser, &c.: expatiated on his office in reference to sinners, and the process of his operations on such persons, convincing and convicting them of sin; showing them the spirituality and holiness of the law which they have broken, the penalty annexed to the transgression, the remedy provided, and the nature of that remedy: the claim a true penitent has on the mercy of God, through the sacrifice of Christ, and the faith which he might exert in reference to his salvation, and then making intercession in him with groanings which cannot be uttered; and lastly, witnessing with the understanding that the culprit's sins are forgiven, and the Holy Spirit becoming his sanctifier and comforter.

"I farther showed how it is this doctrine was not generally received by the world, who are governed by the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eye, and the pride of life; 'they cannot see him,' says our Lord; that is, they will not believe the existence of a thing of which they cannot have palpable demonstration. On this point I argued that multitudes of things are, and must be credited, of which we can have no such evidence; and that, if such persons were to refuse to eat, before they could comprehend the manner in which the aliments were received into their stomachs, in order to nourish their bodies, they would never eat more.

"The residence of the divine Spirit in the church of God—'He dwelleth with you;'—and his indwelling in the souls of true believers—'He shall be in you,'—were the concluding topics of this discourse.

"June 11.—I have to-day received a kind note from my old friend, Alexander Knox, Esq., late private secretary to Lord Castlereagh, which after immediately answering, I went to the house of my friend, F. H. Holdcroft, at the *Black Rock*, about four miles from *Dublin*, and proceeded thence to *Dunleary*, where they are forming a breakwater and a pier, of strong and large blocks of granite, which are raised from a neighbouring quarry. I am informed that in some of these blocks they find crystals of beryl, and of garnet; one of the former I have procured. I broke several stones with my hammer, but was not so fortunate as to meet with any of these crystals myself. This being a holyday, many idle, disorderly people from the city are

come down to the *Black Rock*, and to *Dunleary*, and made much noise and confusion. It was rather late as I walked out to the gate to observe their conduct, when a tall man, not very well clothed, and about half intoxicated, came forward and accosted me in Latin; I answered him in French; he replied in French, and I answered him in Irish; he replied in Irish, and I answered him in Arabic, and here the cross-questioning ended: he then spoke in Irish, and I bade him good night in Latin, and retired within the gate: he wished to follow, but I prevented him; he then exhausted the whole vocabulary of French execrations upon me, and crowned them with what he could find of the same sort in Latin. I stepped out to him, and put a piece of silver into his hand, and his curses were immediately turned into blessings, and he very politely returned me many thanks in Latin. So, out of the same mouth proceeded blessings and cursing.

"June 12.—Took an early breakfast at Mr. Holdcroft's, threw myself on the outside of one of the common jaunting cars, and came into Dublin, where I found my friends, who had made an unsatisfactory excursion to Derry and *Lough Erne*. We then mutually agreed to abandon our projected journey to *Powerscourt*, the *Dargle*, and *Arklow*, and to regain our own country as speedily as possible.

"June 13.—Spent most of this day in writing letters, and paying a few visits previously to our departure for England, which we expect is to take place to-morrow morning by the Belfast steam-packet, for Liverpool. May God grant us his presence and blessing.

"June 14.—Sailed this morning at half past eight from Dublin, and came on prosperously; the day was beautiful; and those who were not indisposed, enjoyed the transit greatly. From *Holyhead*, which we nearly approached, we sailed down all the Welsh coast, very near to shore, and had fine prospects of all that could be seen. Our packet was literally crowded with passengers, and we had a bugle, clarionet, and great drum, which, by the music produced on them, relieved the tedium of the passage. In the evening I saw the sun set in the west, and the full moon rise in the east about the same time; the sight was very beautiful.

"June 15.—This morning, at half past two, our packet came to anchor at Liverpool, near the pier head. An officer inspected our baggage with promptitude and politeness; we got on shore, took a short repast at my friend, Mr. Comer's, entered our chaise, and about half past six o'clock got to Millbrook, where, I thank God, I found all my family in good health. Thus have I crossed the channel twice, gone through a considerable part of Ireland, particularly the north, and got back to my own habitation in one fortnight from the time I left it. Many mercies I have had during my travel, and many dangers I have

escaped; for all which I praise God through Jesus Christ.  
Amen. ADAM CLARKE."

Upon the return of Dr. Clarke to Millbrook, he again diligently applied himself to the prosecution of his Commentary, deeply anxious to bring it through the press, feeling that the labour of thought it required, and the research which the nature of the work demanded, were highly injurious to his health; and the public were frequent in their inquiries and eager in their solicitude for its completion. It had now been several years in progress, and much remained yet to be done; but such a work must be the labour of time, and admitted not of hasty or inconsiderate despatch.

But to these labours were added extensive letter writing. Perhaps few persons ever had a wider or greater correspondence, literary, social, and religious; and though so far removed from mere callers, his house was seldom free from company; and this also trenched upon some of the hours of his study; since to make every one within the sphere of his influence happy was essential to his own comfort. The hospitable sociality of his disposition was on all occasions in constant exercise. This is exemplified in the following few lines addressed to his sons:—

*Millbrook, July 21, 1821.*

"DEAR LADS,—We have had a grand feast on the occasion of the coronation. We brought all our tenants together, even to the least of their young children; and gave them a dinner. They ate a world of beef, pies, puddings, and cheese, besides half a bushel of currants and cherries. To all our work people I also gave a holyday, and paid each his day's wages; and when all was over, I gave every child a penny—all above eight years old a sixpence—and to every grown person a shilling. We sung and prayed, and afterwards I dismissed them. They were as happy as they could be. Our union jack was flying all day. At sunset we struck our flag; and heartily prayed morning, noon, and night for the king."

On the 13th of July of this year, Dr. Clarke was elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy: an honour peculiarly agreeable to his feelings, as it proceeded from his own countrymen; and he knew also, that on the same list were enrolled some of the highest and best names of that country.

Towards the close of this year Dr. Clarke yielded to the earnest solicitations of the Methodists of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, that he would go and preach for their chapel; and as it was especially endeared to him, as the birthplace of the great founder of Methodism, he the more readily assented to their request. An account of this visit is detailed in letters to his youngest daughter.

*Epworth, Sept. 18, 1821.*

"MY DEAR MARY ANN,—Your mother and I, continuing our first intention of visiting Epworth, the rectory of the venerable Samuel Wesley, we set off in a chaise from Rochdale. The day was cloudy, the wind high and drying. Through all the country the people were busy with their corn, turning it to the wind, or lading and carrying it home. We had eighteen miles to run on a perpetual flat, and about ten miles of the road almost totally unfrequented, except by the carts and wagons of the farmers: no coach, and rarely a chaise, ever passes this way.

"We arrived at Epworth at one o'clock. It is a long, mean, straggling village, without symmetry or form, and in itself wholly uninteresting.

"We were kindly received at the house of Mrs. Wilkinson, where every attention was shown us; and were soon informed that the Rev. Mr. Nelson, rector of Wroote, and curate of Epworth, had been to inform young Mr. Wilkinson, that, 'hearing Dr. Clarke was about to visit Epworth, he supposed that he would like to see the parsonage-house which had been built by old Mr. Samuel Wesley, and that he should have much pleasure in showing it to him.' When we arrived, Mr. Wilkinson sent a note to the reverend gentleman, informing him of our being in *Epworth*; upon receipt of which he immediately came down to my lodging.

"We proceeded to the parsonage: I trod the ground with reverence, and with strong feelings of religious gratification. After having introduced your mother and myself to his lady and daughter, Mr. Nelson led us into every room and apartment of the house, up and down. I was greatly delighted. The house is a large, plain mansion, built of brick, canted roof and tiled: I even looked out upon the leads. It is a complete, old-fashioned family house, and very well suited for nineteen children. The attic floor is entirely from end to end of the whole building. The floor itself terraced, evidently designed for a repository of the tithe corn, and where it would be preserved cool and safe.

"Having ended the examination, which took up some considerable time, we were shown into the parlour, when the clergyman began some literary conversation, particularly relative to the nature, structure, &c., of the Hebrew language. Here your poor father was perfectly at home, and I spoke on the subject for nearly an hour; the reverend gentleman looked pleased, and expressed the sentiments of high gratification, shook me heartily by the hand, and said he was obliged by our visit: we were not wanting in polite acknowledgments, for we really felt ourselves obliged, as well as highly delighted. We then proceeded to the church: this revived my reverential feelings; it is simple, very plain, and clean. I went to the communion table, which is the same as in Mr. Wealey's time; and I ascended the pulpit; and while kneeling on the bass. pro-



pronounced to all that were below, these words—*‘He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself.’*

“Having looked a little about on all things, we went into the church-yard to see a sycamore-tree, which was planted by the hand of old Samuel Wesley : it is large ; I measured its girth—it was exactly two fathoms in circumference : I brought away a piece of the outer bark : the tree is become hollow at the root, and is decaying fast :—it is well grown, and fowl of many a wing have lodged under its branches : it has shot out strong and powerful boughs ; some of which have already dropped off, and, after a few more years, will have neither root nor branch. We marked also old Mr. Wesley’s tomb-stone. With the whole of this visit, your mother and myself were highly pleased.”

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*To the Same.*

*Nottingham, Sept. 31, 1831.*

“I wrote to you, my dear Mary, from Epworth, and shall continue my account. I preached at Epworth on the morning of the 19th for their chapel, and Mr. Atherton again in the evening of the same day : owing to the farmers and peasantry being engaged in getting in their corn, the congregations were not large. After the evening’s sermon, I administered the sacrament to about one hundred and fifty communicants. The people all appeared pleased and edified ; a more genuine, simple-hearted, affectionate people, I have rarely seen ; your mother was quite delighted with them : being a sort of islanders,—for their place is in the island of *Axholme*, and their town far removed from any other,—they are so circumstanced, that they can have but little intercourse with their more refined, but distant neighbours : they have but little polish, but no boorishness in their manners : they appear to possess great good-nature, simplicity, and sincerity, together with much humility ; and their universal and singular modesty gives a tone, and strangely speaking energy, to their whole conduct. They retain the manners of the better part of the peasants of two hundred years ago. I shall not soon have so much solid satisfaction among any people. I did not tell you I had got a pair of fire tongs, which had belonged to old Mr. Samuel Wesley, and which were bought at the family sale : there is also an old clock, which I rather think I shall have, and for which I left a commission. It is one of the old school, pulls up with a string, and goes (when it can) twenty-four hours at a time. One of the friends had sawed me off a small part of one of the branches of the sycamore-tree, which I mentioned in my last, and which I shall carefully bring with me. Another friend presented me with a drawing of the church : another has given me a nice

view of the parsonage-house : I have also got an extract, from an ancient terrier, which minutely describes that old house, which was burnt down about 1700. That which now stands is the second house which old Samuel Wesley built ; for his house was twice burnt down. It will surprise you to hear that their ancient parsonage-house, in which old Samuel Wesley himself lived, and in which several of their children were born, was constructed of timber and mud, and plastered without, and covered with thatch.

" We left Epworth yesterday : properly speaking, we had no road for upwards of forty miles, but travelled through fields of corn, wheat, rye, potatoes, barley, and turnips, often crushing them under our wheels. In all my travels I never saw any thing like this : I feared we were trespassing, but the drivers assured us that there was no other road. At a place called *Retford*, we dined : the whole day was thoroughly wet, and we much feared being benighted in passing over the forest of *Merry Sherwood* ; for, although we could not expect to meet *Robin Hood* himself, or *Little John*, *Will Scarlet*, nor *Arthur a Bland* ; yet we knew they had successors in the country, who might take our property with less ceremony, less politeness, and much less consideration : for *Robin* and his men often stripped the rich, that they might clothe the poor. However, we got safely into Nottingham before nightfall.

" With love from your mother, I am your affectionate father,  
" ADAM CLARKE."

It will not surprise the reader that Dr. Clarke should feel something of enthusiasm on his visit to the birth-place of the founder of Methodism, to whom and to whose system he was so warmly, so devotedly attached, through so many years of weal and wo. As a man, as a divine, and as a philanthropist, he held Mr. John Wesley in the highest rank of mortals ; and his personal kindnesses to himself had superadded to all the other claims on his respect and admiration—the character of friendship, or rather that of the dutiful regard of a son for a father ; which sentiments he ever cherished, and was on all occasions as alive to Mr. Wesley's honour, as if he had actually borne that endearing relationship. No wonder then that we hear him say, he trod with reverence the scene of Mr. Wesley's entrance on that life which was destined, in the progress of time, to be so entirely devoted to the well-being of his fellow-creatures ; and which he held each day as if in the hollow of his hand, ready to offer it up, should it have been permitted by the Father of spirits to have fallen a sacrifice to the prejudices and passions of men.

On his return to Millbrook, Dr. Clarke thus wrote to his youngest son, then at Cambridge, respecting the prosecution of his studies :—

*Millbrook, Nov. 27, 1831.*

"MY DEAR JOSEPH,—In reference to your studies, I wish you to get all that is classical in your university courses; but I wish you to take *Arabic* and *Persian* with Professor Lee: as to *Hebrew*, it would be loss of time to study it there. There is not, perhaps, a man in your college who understands it better than your father; and, I am sure, none that can pronounce it better. I consider *Persian* and *Arabic* as opening more sources of information than any other languages in the universe. All that remains of *Greece* and *Rome*, which is really worthy of being known, has been published either in English or French. There is no store-house there to be unlocked; and when a man understands Greek and Latin well enough to relish the beauties of the poets and historians in those languages, I think the hair-splitting business of verbal criticism on Greek and Latin words, on mendings and measures of corrupt readings, will amount to extremely little in the sum of human knowledge: there are men who are usefully thus employed, but another path is *your* useful course.

"The Persian and Arabic contain immense treasures yet unlocked, and will pay interest of ten thousand per cent. to those who labour in their acquisition. In this study you are continually treading on new ground: a new world is open to your view, producing new images, and new ideas; and through the whole a new system of knowledge, ornamental, delightful, and truly profitable. Were I to go no farther than my own large stock of Persian and Arabic MSS., what a store-house of excellences do they contain! I say, then, avail yourself of Professor Lee's assistance, and remember an Arabic proverb: 'Partial knowledge is better than total ignorance: he who cannot acquire all that he would, should be careful to get all that he can.'

"Present my kind respects to Professor Lee, and tell him how much I rejoice in his honour and prosperity. Your affectionate father,  
ADAM CLARKE."

Dr. Clarke had often and long expressed a strong desire for all his children to meet together once more under the same roof with himself and Mrs. Clarke: but their varied circumstances and engagements often interposed to prevent this desirable meeting from taking place: each year since their increased separation it had been afresh proposed, and hitherto as frequently disappointed.

The subject being again revived, he thus wrote to his sons in London respecting it:—

*Millbrook, November 24, 1831.*

"MY DEAR LADS,—There is a great deal of anticipation here, concerning the projected general meeting of the family at

Stourport. I must own I have few sanguine hopes, nor would I now leave home, but on the condition of meeting *all* my children, and should I once more get all my family about me, as common sense would dictate that in all probability it would be the last time that we should thus meet, I should earnestly wish that some solemn act should stamp the meeting. I do not mean that we should meet in gloom:—no, I will be as cheerful and as happy with you as I can be; but I wish us all to act like a patriarchal family of old, *et cum Deo inire Fœdus*: to take a covenant with God, which shall put us all in an especial manner under his protection.

“What should this covenant be? A very simple service, yet one on which my whole heart is bent;—*that we all receive the sacrament of the Lord's supper together*. I have thought much of this lately, especially since I wrote the closing scene of old Samuel Wesley's Life; when, *in extremis*, he ordered all his family to gather around his bed, and receive the sacrament with him, using our Lord's words: ‘With desire have I desired to eat this last passover with you before I die.’

“Now we could all go together to the church, and get the clergyman to deliver it to us; father, mother, John, Theodoret, Anna Maria and Rowley, Eliza and Hook, and Mary Ann and Joseph: this would be to me the happiest day of my earthly existence, and I have no doubt that God would crown it with an especial blessing, and would from that hour take you all into his more especial care and protection. There is a mighty availableness in this kind of covenant-making; whatever and whoever is thus given to God, he interests himself in reference towards for ever: it is his own way, and this is one grand and especial use of the Lord's supper. Some of my children have not entered into the Lord's covenant, and it is often to me a great and oppressive grief of heart: let me then thus glory over you all, and my sun will set with fewer clouds after having had this divine satisfaction.

“I am, my dear lads, your old, nearly worn-out, affectionate, deeply affectionate father,  
ADAM CLARKE.”

It was during Dr. Clarke's visit to Stourport, on the occasion of the family meeting, that he wrote the following letter, addressed to the earl and countess of Derby, in consequence of the marriage of their daughter, Lady Mary Stanley, to the earl of Wilton. The letter is dated,—

*Stourport, Worcestershire, Dec. 21, 1821.*

“MY GOOD LORD AND LADY,—When the public papers announced the union of your most amiable daughter, Lady Mary, with the earl of Wilton, from my high esteem of your noble family I felt a strong inclination to congratulate you on the occasion, and to declare how much I felt interested in the wel-

fare and happiness of all its branches: but the fear lest this might be considered as making too free, and presuming too much on the attention by which I had been honoured by your lordship, ladyship, and family, caused me to lay aside my pen: but the valued present of game from *Knowsley Hall*, and the arrival of bride cake last evening, which has been sent after me to this place, have evidenced too much kind attention on the part of your lordship and ladyship not to encourage me now to perform what respect and esteem had previously dictated.

"If, when utterly unknown to the *Knowsley* family, I felt a part of that stroke which, while it added another inhabitant to heaven, was at the same time an afflictive dispensation to tenderly affectionate parents and relatives, I must now feel, unless strangely altered, gladdened with the intelligence that the breach is thus made up by the addition of this nobleman to the family, in the relation of *son*.

"The amiability of Lady Mary's character, disposition, and the highly finished, yet condescending politeness of her manners, together with her strongly marked reverence for God and every thing sacred, have often made her the subject of most pleasing conversation at Millbrook; and we have thought how happy must that man be to whose hand the divine Providence should consign that of your excellent daughter.

"The consummation so devoutly wished has in due time taken place, and myself and family have the honour to add our most cordial congratulations to those of the numerous relatives and friends of your noble house, and our earnest prayers to the God of heaven, that this union, so auspiciously commenced, may proceed under his especial benediction, and have all its issues to his eternal glory, and the increasing felicity of the parties, through every period of their earthly progression, and in the interminable beatitudes of the world to come. These devout and fervent wishes stand equally distant from compliment,—which it would ill become us to use; and from flattery,—which would not be received; and are the free and spontaneous emotion of hearts which, while they wish well to every human family, are particularly interested in behalf of the noble family of *Knowsley*, and of all those who are related to, or connected with it.

"I have the honour to be, my good lord and lady, your humble, grateful, and obedient servant,  
ADAM CLARKE."

To this communication his lordship sent the following reply:—

*Eaton Hall, Dec. 25, 1821.*

"DEAR SIR,—Your very kind and obliging letter was put into my hands yesterday, as I was just setting out for this place; and I take the earliest opportunity, after having seen my daugh-

ter, of conveying to you the united, grateful thanks of herself, Lady Derby, and myself, for your congratulations upon her marriage, and for the warm interest you take, and the fervent wishes you express, for her happiness both in this world and the next. I am happy to assure you that, as far as human foresight can extend, there is every prospect of all our wishes being realized in both respects. The marriage is founded upon mutual affection between the parties, and meets with the fullest sanction and approbation of all connected with, or related to, either of them; and I trust that the fear and love of God, which have hitherto been the guide of their conduct, will not leave them when they are experiencing such fresh and gracious marks of his favour and protection: I am sure you will add your prayers to ours, that this may be the case.

"Let me again entreat that you and all your good family will accept our best thanks for all your kindness, and that you will allow me to subscribe myself, dear sir, your much obliged, and faithful, humble servant,  
DERBY."

The reader will be pleased to peruse the following letter from Adam Munhi Rat'hana, one of the Singhalese priests, dated,—

*Colombo, Dec. 19, 1821.*

"MY DEAR FATHER,—Here I am, comfortable and happy: however, I will tell you my good generally. Since we sailed from England, we have every Sunday read prayers, and sometimes had a sermon; every morning and evening we have met in Sir Richard Ottley's cabin to read the Bible and pray, indeed, sometimes bless God; some of the other passengers have joined. We have three Sundays had the Lord's supper; indeed my mind sometimes rejoice concerning my soul.

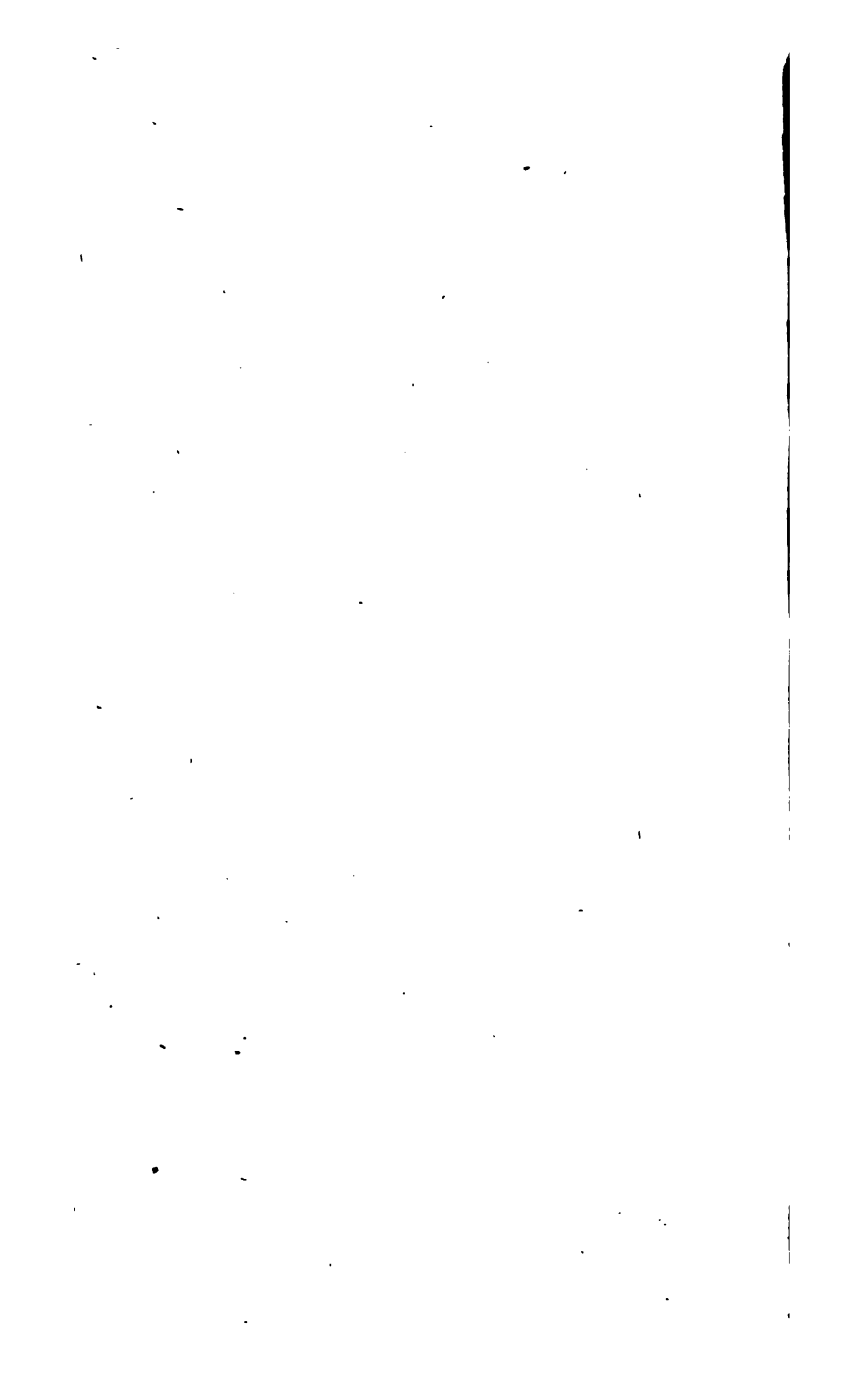
"Every day Judge Ottley order us to go to him, for our improvement; indeed, by his teaching, we have got great knowledge—also he is very kind to us. Your book teaches us great knowledge: he talks to us out of it, and my mind is greatly satisfied with him all the time. I now better understand what you wrote to us in your little book, (*Clavis Biblica*,\*) and I am now sorrowful in my mind when I read your excellent teaching, seeing my great danger of everlasting death, but I have often

\* A tract written by Dr. Clarke for the instruction of the Singhalese priests, and subsequently published, under the title of "*Clavis Biblica*"; or, a Compendium of Scriptural Knowledge; containing a General View of the Contents of the Old and New Testaments: the Principles of Christianity derived from them, and the Reasons on which they are founded: with Directions how to read most profitably the Holy Bible. Originally drawn up for the instruction of two Teerunaxies, or High Priests of Budhoo, from the island of Ceylon."

after reading much satisfaction in my mind: you have done great kindness to me, and I feel much as I can for your sake.

"On the 30th of October we arrived at Colombo; the governor very kind to me, and put me under Rev. Dr. S——, who came from England, colonial chaplain; with him I study Christian religion, and I hope in a very short time I will be able to preach the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ. When I was with you, I told you I wish to have some power to preach the gospel to heathen people: my wish, I thank God, he was done for me, and I have now exceeding happiness in receiving this great blessing, and in seeing my welfare in this respect. My dear father, I will never forget you: you cut me some of your hair, and when I think of you, I take it in my hand, and seeing that, my mind is full of sorrow, wanting you. Hereafter I hope you send me your likeness; what you have done for me makes me feel highly, and my daily prayer is for you and your family. I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

"ADAM MUNHI RAT'HANA."





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## BOOK X.

IN the month of June, 1820, the feelings of Dr. and Mrs. Clarke, as well as those of the whole of their family, were very painfully exercised by the death of Mrs. Butterworth, Mrs. Clarke's youngest sister, who had been lingering under painful affliction for some time, and was called to enter into her rest after enduring much bodily suffering. She was a woman of sound judgment and deep piety : from the time in which she especially took God for her portion, she continued uninterruptedly and devotedly engaged in his service ; and the joy of her heart was to do his will, and assist his cause and people. Her affection for Dr. Clarke was great, the regard created by relationship being deepened by his having been to her the instrument of great spiritual good ; and the love which she felt for Mrs. Clarke showed itself in constant kindness, not only to her, but to each member of her family, who will always remember her as their *kind* aunt.

The following letter from Mr. Butterworth to Mrs. Clarke was written shortly after the decease of his wife :—

*Bedford Square, June 20, 1820.*

"MY VERY DEAR SISTER,—You can, I am sure, enter into my feelings on this mournful occasion :—suffice it to say, that we have also great consolation. The steadfast assurance we have of your dear sister's felicity, should sooth every sorrow. Her uniformly pious life would have been a sufficient evidence of her present happiness, had we had no other proofs than comparing that with the general tenor of Scripture. But she had great peace and assurance in contemplating the prospect of death : we had many delightful conversations on the future state : and, about a week before her departure, we read together the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, and commented upon it with singular foretastes of those joys which are everlasting.

"The night before her final separation, when labouring under excessive weakness, she whispered to me as emphatically as she could, 'God is my support, and my strength, and my portion for ever ;' and she repeated, 'my portion for ever.'

"Those words, seventy-third Psalm, twenty-sixth verse, had often been her prayer and her comfort.

"It was neither her wish nor mine to have what is called a funeral sermon, and I shall have nothing of the kind. I do not

approve of them but in very particular cases. I should, however, feel exceedingly gratified to hear our dear brother Adam from the 24th, 25th, and 26th verses of that Psalm, without any reference to your dear departed sister. Neither she nor I ever met with any preacher so suited to our taste, and under whose preaching we so much profited. The last sermon she heard from him, at Liverpool, she often spoke of with peculiar delight.

"With best love to Dr. Clarke and all the family, I ever remain, my dear sister, your very affectionate brother,

"JOSEPH BUTTERWORTH."

To this letter Dr. Clarke replied as follows :—

*Millbrook, June 22, 1820.*

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER BUTTERWORTH,—Several days ago I wished to have sent you a few lines, but was prevented by the authority of a maxim of my own, 'That offered sympathy, in the time of deep sorrow and privation, whether it come personally or by letter, tends to exacerbate the evil which it wishes to remove.'

"From long observation I formed this maxim; and were I to give way to its utmost authority, I should refrain even now from writing, that I might not open a wound, which must, on every offer of well-meant and officious friendship, bleed afresh. You have now had realized, in your own case, the possibility of that which, in reference to myself, has often penetrated my heart with amazement and horror: but you have had so much of the tempering mercy of the great God mixed with the cup of trembling; which, if it did not, and indeed could not deprive it of all its acrimony, nor render it palatable, could not fail to make it supportable, and convert it into a medium calculated to sooth, if not to heal, the evils of life.

"I need not speak a word on the excellences of your late wife: her steady piety to God, her unwearied diligence in the means of grace, her incessant practical godliness; her continual labours of love among the poor of Christ's flock, and the indigent in general; her sound judgment; her great prudence and discretion, connected with her many domestic virtues;—gave me, and all her friends, the strongest evidence of the soundness of her mind, and the excellence of her heart; both of which were directed, refined, and managed by the grace and energy of the Spirit of our Lord; and, while they illustrated, gave the fullest proof of the purity and supereminence of that creed which she learned from the Bible, and which was interwoven with every fibre of her heart. It was her own boast that she was a *Methodist*, and it was the boast of that part of the church of Christ with which she was connected, that she was a *sound one*, faithful to her God, to his work, and to his people. Her name, her zeal, and her labours of love, veiled as much as



possible from the public eye by her modesty and humility, will long live in the recollection and hearts of many; and will never be blotted out of that register, where *I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye visited me*, is entered as the evidence of the incorruptible faith of every genuine son and daughter of God Almighty.

"In your own remembrance these things must live in a peculiar manner; yielding you much instruction, and I have no doubt will produce much gratitude to God for the mercy so long *lent*, and which, in his unerring wisdom and most benevolent providence, he has now reclaimed.

"Her resignation in her most trying sickness, her peaceful death, and the strong confidence with which God had endued her soul, have put the crown on his mercies, and the broad seal of his approbation on her creed, her character, and her conduct.

"My dear brother, I condole, and at the same time rejoice with you, that the God who has long been *her portion and your portion*, is become *her portion for ever!* May his name have eternal praise, and may we all, when his work is done in us, and his will fulfilled by us, be brought to have her blessedness,—

‘Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in!’

"With respect to the noble words in which she expressed her latest and strongest confidence, it would, I believe, give me pleasure to take them for a text in any place, and associate in the explanation their powerful illustration by her useful life and happy death.

"I am, my very dear brother Butterworth, with heartiest love to Joseph and his family, your ever affectionate

"ADAM CLARKE."

In the month of February, 1821, while Dr. Clarke was on a visit to London, he heard of the illness of the late Rev. Joseph Benson; and though on many subjects, and in many respects, these two divines thought dissimilarly, yet Dr. Clarke ever considered Mr. Benson as one of the greatest theologians in the Wesleyan body of preachers, if not the ablest of his day.

On its being intimated by a mutual friend, R. Smith, Esq., that it was the wish of Mr. Benson and his family to see Dr. Clarke, he immediately accompanied Mr. R. Smith to the house of Mr. Benson, in the City Road. The scene was a solemn one; for the dying servant of God was about to pass into the reality of those things which had been the objects of his faith, and the substance of the long course of his hopes.

On Dr. Clarke's entering the room, Mr. Benson recognised him, and held out his hand, which Dr. Clarke took, and observed, "You are now, sir, called to prove, in your own

experience, that power and mercy of God, exhibited under all circumstances, to which you have so long borne testimony." To which remark Mr. Benson replied, in very articulate tones, "That his reliance was firm and steadfast upon God, and that he did experience the power and comfort of the truths which he had preached." On Dr. Clarke's remarking, he thought the light in the room too great, Mr. Benson observed, "I can bear a strong light." To which Dr. Clarke emphatically replied, "Yes, you always saw things in a strong light."

As it was evident that a few hours would close the mortal scene, Dr. Clarke kneeled down by the bedside, which was surrounded by several members of Mr. Benson's family, and in a short, but earnest prayer, commended this dying servant of God to his especial support and protection, while passing from time into eternity; then, kissing his clay-cold brow, Dr. Clarke left the apartment, deeply affected, yet rejoicing that he had had the opportunity of offering a commendatory prayer beside the death-bed of this venerable and able minister of Christ.

Before Dr. Clarke left town, he had the melancholy task of speaking over Mr. Benson's corpse, in City Road chapel, before an immense crowd of the friends and admirers of the deceased, and of pronouncing a just tribute of praise to his talents and long and successful ministerial labours.

Dr. Clarke had, on a previous occasion, performed the funeral service, and pronounced a short but warm oration, over the remains of the late Rev. Samuel Bradburn, for whose kindly heart and disinterested nature he ever entertained sincere regard.

The insertion of the following letter will best express Dr. Clarke's views, and manner of receiving the observations of the readers of his Commentary :—

*Millbrook.*

"DEAR SIR,—There is no need of an apology either for the language or spirit of your letter; as there is certainly nothing amiss in either. You wish me to 'consider your objections when I can spare an hour.' 'Then I shall never consider them; for were I to live for thirty or forty years to come, I have work now furnished for every minute of that time.

"But it would not be proper to keep entire silence on this account; especially as I feel it my duty to return my sincere and hearty thanks to you, and indeed to every gentleman who, in *such spirit*, endeavours to instruct me in what I know not, and set me right where I mistake.

"I have ever found it difficult to say any thing about the *nature* or *essence* of God. Not because I have not thought much upon the subject, but because it is extremely difficult on such a subject to transfer to the mind of another the evidence which I may have of the truth of a proposition, which is either

new or uncommon. I have considered, as deeply as I can, the whole of the matter relative to *contingency* and *absolute certainty*, and what is intimately connected with the subject—*prescience* and *predestination*; and though I could explain myself in other terms, yet I cannot make up my mind in any other way than that to which you appear to object.

“I wish ever to distinguish in my own mind the infinite liberty of God to exert or not exert any of his attributes in any given circumstances.

“I scarcely have ever seen a treatise on the divine nature, that does not make the being God a *necessitated agent* of his own attributes. This is a fault which I have told the author of the *Views of the Trinity* runs through his whole book. Before I can admit any thing of this kind, my mind must so change that its moral texture and mode of apprehension must be widely different to what they now are. I am sorry that I cannot quite agree with so sensible a man as you are; but my mind feels the same satisfaction in viewing the analogy between the *power* and *wisdom* of God it ever did; and to me the conclusion is as bright as a meridian unclouded sun: and till I was enabled satisfactorily to entertain those views, I had nothing on the subject but painful uncertainty, doubt, and darkness. I have entertained those views for about thirty years; and have often thought that I had reason to bless God for them. I quarrel with no man; and I always strive, both in writing and conversation, to avoid controversy. I propose my own views of truth in as simple a manner as I can; but never in a *controversial way*. This you no doubt have noticed in my comment. I am not fond of *novelty*. If my understanding and conscience oblige me at any time to dissent from commonly received modes of thinking and speaking, I ever do it with hesitancy, and not seldom with pain. I must follow such light as I have, or sin against my conscience; and my prayer to God and my desire to men are, *What I know not, that teach me!* There is something farther on the same subject at the conclusion of my Notes on Heb. xi; but I fear you will not altogether agree with some of my reasoning. The piece contains the outlines of some arguments, *à priori* and *à posteriori*, to prove the being of a God; and are the mere notes of two sermons on this subject, preached before the Methodists’ conference, in Sheffield and Liverpool. I could not, in the Commentary, extend the propositions, and follow out the arguments, as I did in the discourses, because I have neither time nor room. On the *eight à priori* propositions alone I spoke about two hours.

“Wishing you every blessing of grace and glory, and praying that God may be merciful to my head, my heart, and my hand, I am, sir, your obliged humble servant,

“ADAM CLARKE.

“To Mr. John Smith, Sunderland.”

It will be known to many readers that when the London Polyglot was first undertaken by Bishop Walton, it was during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, and to him Walton wrote the epistle dedicatory: before, however, its actual publication, Cromwell died; the bishop suppressed the former dedication, and wrote a new one; dedicating his important work to Charles the Second.

Many of what were termed the republican copies of the Polyglot had, however, got out into the world, and their very suppression made them not only scarce, but desired.

Dr. Clarke had among his splendid collection of Polyglots both of these editions; and, anxious to accommodate many of his literary friends, who could not procure the same, he got a few copies of the Republican Dedication printed, exactly like the original, and, to make the fac-simile perfect, he stained the paper himself to the precise shade of the Polyglot.

It is to this circumstance that the following letter, from his old and much-respected friend, Mr. Surgeon Blair, refers:—

*Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury Square, Feb. 7, 1822.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I think you reprinted a few copies of the Republican Preface to Walton's Polyglot Bible; and, as the duke of Sussex lately expressed some anxiety to have one for his copy, I took the liberty of saying, you would gladly give him the Preface if you had any left.

"I have now been requested by his royal highness to address you on the subject, for which purpose he has given me a frank.

"Do you go on with your great literary labours in good health? My own declines much; so that I cannot be very active: I am trying to 'set my house in order.' How is Mrs. Clarke and your daughter? I am grieved to state that my dear wife is gradually dying: she cannot survive long.

"God be with you: farewell, and pray for me. I am your sincere friend,  
WILLIAM BLAIR."

To this communication Dr. Clarke returned the following reply, addressed to his royal highness the duke of Sussex:—

*Millbrook, Lancashire, Feb. 11, 1822.*

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Yesterday I received a letter from Mr. Surgeon Blair, under your royal highness's frank, stating that, having heard I had reprinted that part of the Preface to the London Polyglot which Bishop Walton had cancelled on the restoration of Charles II., your royal highness was pleased to express a wish to have a copy of the said reprint. I am happy to be able to state, that of the four copies which I had struck off, one, and one only, appears to remain, which it gives me great pleasure to be able to transmit. At the same time I beg permission to send a copy of the little

tract on *Polyglot Bibles*, in which I have described the nature, circumstances, and extent of the bishop's cancel and reprint, and I send this the rather, because the pamphlet has never been published nor sold.

"It has doubtless occurred to your royal highness, that no volume of the London Polyglot has a *title-page* except the *first*. To supply this pitiful defect, and to make my own copy complete, I printed a few sets of titles to the whole six volumes: a set of which I enclose, and entreat your royal highness to accept them.

"To a few copies of the fifth volume, containing the *New Testament*, Bishop Walton printed a separate and *peculiar* title: this I also reprinted, and enclose a copy with the others.

"The *Paris Polyglot*, ten volumes large folio, has but one title-page: nine of the volumes are utterly without any but half titles. I have also reprinted a set of titles for this work, and should your royal highness have this Polyglot in your library, I would wish to make it more complete, by inserting a *title* in each volume. On receiving any intimation of your royal highness's pleasure on this head, I shall be happy to transmit, without delay, a set of these titles also.

"Both sets of titles are, as near as may be, fac-similes of the originals in the Polyglots: any careful binder can insert the titles into their respective volumes so as to look as well as if they had been inserted at first.

"May it please your royal highness, I have the honour to be your royal highness's most obedient and most humble servant,

"ADAM CLARKE."

This letter was acknowledged in the following terms:—

*Spring Gardens, Feb. 14, 1822.*

"SIR,—I have the honour, by the command of the duke of Sussex, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and the accompanying parcel sent for his royal highness's acceptance.

"I am commanded by his royal highness to return you his best thanks, and to assure you how highly he estimates your attention on this occasion. The Richelieu Polyglot is in the library of his royal highness, and he will be delighted to receive the proffered titles for that work.

"The duke commands me to say, that he trusts whenever you come to London you will honour him with a visit; when he will be very proud to show you his library, and be most happy to make the acquaintance of a man for whose talents and character he has so exalted an opinion.

"With great regard, I have the honour to be, sir, yours very respectfully,  
T. J. PETTIGREW."

To this letter succeeded the following one, addressed to T. J. Pettigrew, Esq. :—

*Millbrook, Lancashire, Feb. 19, 1822.*

"DEAR SIR,—I have now the honour to transmit for his royal highness's acceptance a complet set of the titles for his copy of the *Paris Polyglot*. Each bears in the imprint the date of the conclusion of the work, as in Le Jaye's Preface ; but I have marked at the bottom of each leaf the year in which the volume to which they respectively belong was completed. I also enclose what has probably not yet met the eye of his royal highness, *The Plan and Specimen of a new Edition of the Polyglot*, projected by the Rev. Josiah Pratt and myself. As soon as the proposal was made known, several lay gentlemen came forward with liberal promises of pecuniary assistance ; and among the rest my brother-in-law, Joseph Butterworth, Esq., M. P. engaged to give £50. *per annum*, for seven years ; as it was taken for granted the work would require that time in preparation for, and passing through the press. I offered my services to prepare the *Hebrew Text*, and correct it from the press, and superintend the *Persian*. Mr. Pratt offered to correct and arrange the *Varie Lectiones*, which would have given him great labour, and for which few are better qualified. In order to bring the design into a tangible shape, a meeting was appointed at Lord Teignmouth's, with his lordship, the bishop of St. David's, Mr. Shakspeare, the professor of Arabic, Archdeacon Wrangham, some other gentlemen, with Mr. Pratt and myself. As the bishop expressed a strong desire that the work should originate with the *bishops*, and we were earnestly desirous that it should, we were directed to draw up a plan and prospectus, print and send a parcel to Lord Teignmouth, who undertook to distribute them among the lay lords : and a parcel to his lordship of St. David's, who undertook to disperse them among the bishops. This was accordingly done ; and as I was then a sub-commissioner of the records, having a selection of the state papers under my direction, and was in consequence acquainted with his majesty's ministers, I sent a copy to each. No backwardness was expressed anywhere : all rejoiced at the prospect of adding this most signal trophy to our national honour. The work was delivered into the hands of the right reverend the bishops, and there—it sleeps in peace. Had I suspected this issue, I would have endeavoured to have got access to the prince regent, and on my knees have presented to his royal highness a memorial on the subject : and I have no doubt the project would have met with his approbation : under his commands the bishops would have exerted their influence, for this was all that was required of them : and most probably a *Regium Donum* would have covered the expenses.

"Had our project at that time been laid before Bonaparte,

the French government would have snatched this laurel from the British nation; and we should now have had from that country an edition of the Polyglot, as far superior to that of *Walton*, as his was to that of *Le Jaye*.

"I think it will excite the regret of the duke of Sussex when he hears of the unfortunate issue of this noble and important proposal.

"I make no apology, dear sir, for troubling you with this *expose*: you are a learned man, and to such all details of this kind are welcome.

"I feel myself highly honoured by the great condescension of his royal highness, in expressing his desire to see me at Kensington palace. I must request you, dear sir, to make my humble acknowledgments as acceptable as possible to his royal highness. I seldom visit London, though a part of my family is resident there: but, should I come, I shall feel myself honoured in receiving any commands from his royal highness, and be pleased to see the library.

"With much regard, I have the honour to be, dear sir, your humble servant,  
ADAM CLARKE."

It appears from the preceding letter, that the subject of a new edition of the London Polyglot was still an object of Dr. Clarke's earnest solicitude, and the possibility of its accomplishment encouraged the hope of its being ultimately performed.

The succeeding reply did not tend to weaken this pleasing impression.

*Spring Gardens, March 8, 1822.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have many apologies to make for not acknowledging earlier the safe arrival of the roll of title-pages which you were so obliging as to transmit to me for his royal highness the duke of Sussex; and for which I am commanded by his royal highness to offer you his best thanks. The accounts you have favoured me with respecting the projected new edition of *Walton's Polyglot* is exceedingly interesting. The duke laments that he did not earlier become acquainted with the plan: he would have done every thing in his power to aid its being carried into effect.

"Mr. Butterworth's liberal offer deserves to be recorded;—it does him high honour. I hope that still some efforts may be made for the new edition, and should you come to town, perhaps something may be done.

"With great regard, believe me to be, dear sir, yours most faithfully,  
T. J. PETTIGREW."

"To Dr. Adam Clarke, &c., &c., &c."

The following letter, written by Dr. Clarke, from London,

whither he had gone to take a part in the annual sermons and public meeting connected with the Methodist Missionary Society, is addressed to his youngest daughter :—

*London, May 3, 1832.*

"MY DEAR MARY ANN,—You will naturally be anxious to be informed of some of our operations since we came here: well, to begin:—

"I preached at Great Queen-street, and got upwards of £78 for the missions. On Sunday I preached again at City Road: the crowd was immense: I did what I could, and the collection amounted to £118 16s. 6d. On my way from the chapel, a gentleman overtook me on the road, and gave me £50 for the missions, which I did not bring into my collection, but presented it at the anniversary meeting. Mr. Butterworth presented another £105. So that in the whole collection at the meeting, we have got this year upwards of £500.

"After the invitation I had some weeks ago received from his royal highness the duke of Sussex, I thought it right to send a note to his secretary, stating that I was come to town. In the course of the same day, a special invitation was sent to me to dine with his royal highness the next day at Kensington palace. I went, and was received by his royal highness in his closet, and was led by himself through his library, where he showed me several curious things, and condescended to ask me several Bibliographical questions, desiring his librarian from time to time to note the answers down as 'curious and important.' The dinner came—the company was select: his royal highness, Dr. Parr, the highest Greek scholar in Europe, Sir Anthony Carlisle, the Rev. T. Maurice, of the British Museum, the honourable — Gower, the honourable Colonel Wildman, Sir Alexander Johnstone, Lord Blessington, T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., and Adam Clarke. We sat down about seven o'clock, and dinner was over about half-past nine; after which the tables were drawn, and all retired to the pavilion, where tea and coffee were served about eleven. At dinner I was pledged by his royal highness, Dr. Parr, Colonel Wildman, and others, and managed so well, having made the honourable — Gower, who sat at the foot of the table, my confidant, as not to drink more than two glasses of wine, though the bottles went around many times. I wished much to get away, though the conversation was unique, curious, and instructive, fearing your mother would be uneasy respecting my safety. I cannot give you the conversation, but you may judge by the outline. \* \* \*

"I was informed I must remain till all the company had departed, which was about twelve o'clock. When they were all gone, the duke sat down on his sofa, and beckoned me to come and sit down beside him, on his right hand; and he entered for a considerable time, into a most familiar conversation with me.



At last a servant in the royal livery came to me, saying, 'Sir, the carriage is in waiting.' I rose up, and his royal highness rose at the same time, took me affectionately by the hand, told me I must come and visit him some morning when he was alone, which time should be arranged between me and his secretary; bade me a friendly 'good night;' and I was then conducted, by the servant, to the door of the palace; when, lo and behold, one of the royal carriages was in waiting, to carry a Methodist preacher, your old weather-beaten father, to his own lodgings.

"And thus, my dear Mary Ann, ended a day of singular event in the life of A. C., and which I shall ever remember with pleasing recollections. Your affectionate father,

"ADAM CLARKE."

The following extract from a letter, addressed shortly after this, to his son Joseph, is written with much feeling. It is dated from

*Crosby, near Liverpool, June 19, 1822.*

"DEAR JOSEPH,—We are here on Mr. Comer's kind invitation, to get a little health, which has been but a scarce commodity with me for some time past. I have bathed, and I believe it has done me good: your mother and sister Mary Ann are with me. — was to have joined us; but, owing to some want of etiquette in the invitation, has taken such offence as to decline coming! What pitiful bits and scraps is life composed of; and how difficult is it to sort and settle them so as to produce any consistent or tolerable whole! Poor *Friendship*!—it has been so kicked about in the world, that it is now become a complete cripple, and will go halting *usque ad Græcas Calendas*. However, in all its wanderings, it is always sure of a night's lodging with us, and seems quite at home under our roof; and declares, and I suppose with sincerity, that our house is one of the very few out of which it has never been turned, and where it can always confidently expect entertainment. It and myself have never had any misunderstanding; and having grown old together, we are resolved to keep on good terms. It has often interested itself in my behalf, and though it has frequently been unsuccessful, yet, knowing its sincerity, I have taken the good will for the successful deed, and have still kindly taken it in, with all those whom it has recommended. Some of these look well, and speak comfortably, and are full of good resolutions and professions; but a disposition to take *offence* so universally prevails, that several of them take themselves off without any previous warning; and others, after going out, linger a little at the door, and *talk* and *look* as usual: but every day I find them progressively farther off, till at last the distance is such, that I cannot hear them, though they seem still to speak; and in time they get entirely out of sight! Nothing remains of them in our

house, but the name, with a scroll, in my own handwriting, under each. *Whenever thou art disposed to return, thou wilt find here the same welcome as formerly.*

"But whither am I going? Not one word of all this, or any thing like it, had I designed to write, but had purposed a subject of a very different kind; and new to it." \* \* \* \*

In July of the same year, Dr. Clarke was chosen president of the Methodist conference, which held its sittings in London: this was the third time he had had that distinction conferred upon him by his brethren, and is a circumstance as yet unique in the annals of Methodism, since the time of Mr. Wesley, who himself always presided at these annual conferences of his preachers.

The following letter, addressed to Miss Ball, is one proof among many, how kindly Dr. Clarke's heart cherished its old feelings of friendship. This lady had shared a considerable portion of his kind interest ever since his first residence in London; and she had for many years continued to improve it by occasional visits and frequent epistolary communications. Distance and numerous engagements on both sides had, for a series of years, greatly interrupted this intercourse; but on Dr. Clarke's receiving a letter from Miss Ball of kind inquiry concerning his health, &c., in reply to a note he had addressed to her, he immediately sent the following kind acknowledgment:—

*February 24, 1823.*

"MY DEAR DINAH,—You are entitled to my best thanks for your kind letter; my poor note did not deserve it; but I believe genuine friendship loses very little time in weighing and comparing merits: little and great in appearance are to it matters of indifference; and must be so while the principle is alone regarded.

"I can say I never formed a friendship which I broke: my list of friends has not a blot in it; some of them, it is true, have slunk away; some seem to have hurried off, and others stand at a great distance; but I have made no erasure in my list, and when they choose to return, it can never appear by *re-insertion* that they have proved false to their friend, or have been careless about him. I never considered you among this number; and though we have had for many years but little correspondence, and fewer interviews, yet I always knew I had an inviolable friend wherever Dinah Ball had her residence.

"I have finished *The Lives of the Wesley Family*. The work has cost me about six months of hard labour; and I would not take a thousand guineas to do it again: it has been a sad hinderance to me in my Comment, of which, by the way, I am heartily tired. I have passed threescore, and need rest, for I have had none for more than forty years. Your affectionate friend,

ADAM CLARKE."

At the Wesleyan conference of 1833, the subject of the Methodist missions in general, and of the *home* missions particularly, had been much discussed, especially those of the sister kingdom of Scotland, including the Hebrides, Orkneys, &c. This discussion led to farther details in reference to the Shetland Isles, which were ascertained to be in a great measure destitute of an adequate supply of spiritual instruction, though appertaining to this highly Christian country, and consisting of a people of the same language and almost of the same customs.

The rumour of these spiritual necessities was only heard of to be inquired into; and, if possible, to be met by an adequate proportion of relief. The whole state of the case was entered into by the late excellent and intelligent Dr. M'Allum in the conference. During the detail Dr. Clarke felt himself increasingly interested; and ultimately his spirit was so roused by the certainty of their extreme wants, and so spell-bound by the voice which seemed to proceed from them, imploring help, that he spoke warmly in behalf of two missionaries being sent over to the Shetland Islands, to break up the fallow ground, and to sound along their rocky shores, and on the sides of their mountains, the message of mercy, the glad tidings of salvation.

The next consideration was, the means by which these expenses should be met.

On Dr. Clarke's return from the conference he wrote strongly and importunately to Robert Scott, Esq., of Pensford, on the subject; and that gentleman, in the most liberal manner, at once offered £100 a year, for the support of a missionary to Shetland, and £10 towards every chapel that should be built, besides handsome donations from Mrs. Scott, and her sister, Miss Granger, of Bath, to which Mr. Scott ever added an extra sum to his regularly stipulated subscription: to these handsome contributions were added others, from several ladies, personal friends of Dr. Clarke's: and thus encouraged, two young men offering themselves to conference to undertake the mission, it consented to appoint them to that new field of missionary labour.

Dr. Clarke was pleased with the spirit and conduct of the young men, thus appointed by conference as missionaries—the Rev. Samuel Dunn and the Rev. Mr. Raby; but previously to their setting off he requested them to visit Millbrook, that he might converse with them in a more especial manner, in reference to their mission; and, after their residing under his roof, though before pleased with their general conduct and spirit, he was afterwards thoroughly satisfied by their pious demeanour and intelligence of mind.

Dr. Clarke conversed much with these ministers on the subject and object of their mission, and on the best mode of carrying it on. A Scotch gentleman, who was on a visit to Millbrook at the same time, kindly and willingly gave them letters of introduction to merchants of Edinburgh; these, on being presented,

were exchanged for others to several of the principal merchants at *Lerwick*, and thus they gained a ready and respectable entrance upon the work which lay before them.

The conference had instructed Messrs. Raby and Dunn to correspond regularly, and particularly with Dr. Clarke, on the subject of their work, the progress they should make, the necessities of the people, and the supply they had to meet these necessities, &c.

It is not our intention, nor indeed is this the place, to give any thing like the history of this Shetland mission; though but few details of the kind could furnish more matters of interest, or bear any thing like a similar proportion of success, considering the means and money employed: still, however, something must be said in reference to this subject, as its history is so interwoven with that of Dr. Clarke at this period of his life and labours.

The two young missionaries thus sent out soon found favour in the sight of the people: they did faithfully the work of evangelists, and by their instrumentality the word of the Lord ran and was glorified; many hundreds were brought to a saving knowledge of Him whom to know is life eternal. The cottages soon became too small to hold the hearers; and from the nature of the climate, and the islands being, especially at certain seasons of the year, almost perpetually the abode of storms, it was impossible to preach out of doors, and thus places for public worship were loudly called for: in this difficulty, Dr. Clarke had once more recourse to the influence he had over individuals and the benevolent public; and he earnestly besought God to dispose their hearts to help in this good work; and he then put his own shoulder to the wheel, in order to urge forward the machine: nor did he labour in vain: individuals came liberally forward, and the voice of his frequent and urgent solicitations was forcibly felt on the public mind, and produced the fruits of a large supply for carrying forward the work, and for building chapels, &c. Thus, in a short space of time, several commodious places of worship were built, to which hundreds flocked in order to hear words by which they might be saved: during all this time his heart often failed him, lest his supplies should be inadequate to the expenses of carrying on his work: but he had much faith, and he used much prayer; and added to all frequent and powerful appeals for continued aid: wherever he went he pleaded the cause of Shetland, and that so cogently and feelingly, that it seemed impossible to resist the spirit with which he spoke, or to turn aside from the benevolent influence by which he was himself actuated. In process of time numerous chapels were raised: but it was part of his plan not to leave the slightest debt upon any of them, nor did he ever practically deviate from his first resolve in reference to this point: the people themselves, by their gratuitous labour, came up also to the help of the Lord,

and thus a mighty work was shortly accomplished, for the hand of the Most High dispensed a blessing, and his word ran very swiftly.

The account contained in the following letter, which Dr. Clarke sent to his sons in London, will not be uninteresting:—

*Millbrook, Dec. 8, 1832.*

“MY DEAR LADS,—You have, no doubt, heard of the ravages of the extraordinary storm we had on Thursday night, for I suppose it was not confined to Lancashire. In the evening, about eight o'clock, I went into the garden and observed a remarkable halo about Jupiter: I came in, and mentioned it to your mother and sister; they went to the door to see it: I told them that it portended a storm, for this phenomenon is not common. At half past nine I went into the study, and found that the mercury in the barometer had suddenly fallen from changeable to rain, nearly a whole inch. I then took it for granted that we should have a hurricane: however, being ill of a cold, I went up to bed. About ten it began very violently, and actually shook the room, and rocked the bed under me: shortly after your sister Mary Ann came into the room, for your mother was too much alarmed to go to bed, and I was awakened by your sister talking of damage below; but they charged me not to rise, for I could do no good. I lay a little longer, but as the gale was now tempestuous, I arose and dressed myself completely, as I knew hurried-on clothes would shortly be of little use. By the time I got down to the study, I found two of the maids, a work-woman, Bill, mother, and sister, all pushing with might and main against the shutters, as the windows themselves had been stove in by the tempest. Bill was standing on my study table, holding the upper part of the shutters, and as it was slipping into the room, by the reaction of his pushing against the shutters, some were holding the table to prevent his coming down. I immediately got hammer and spike-nails, and drove them through the feet of the table into the floor, which effectually secured it from slipping farther: I then procured boards to hold against the shutters; folded cloaks, hearthrugs, &c., around the shivering women, and then hastened to the bedroom above the study; for by this time that window was split. With great difficulty I opened the door, owing to the vast pressure of the wind against it: I saw nothing could be done there; but I gathered some glasses, &c., out of the way, and then was obliged to abandon the room to its fate. I then returned to the study, which seemed the principal point of attack, and, with excessive exertion, succeeded in securing the shutters, by the agency of boards, shelves, and four *pitchforks* stuck in different places in the shutters, and their shafts secured to the floor by strong nails. A little after twelve o'clock a tremendous crash was heard without: we expected the chimneys had given way, and we knew

not what moment we might be dashed to pieces by their fall through the roof and floors: I went into the kitchen, and found the window dashed to pieces; but, as the shutter still stood, I was afraid to touch it, and only endeavoured to make it still more secure. A little before one o'clock the mercury began to rise in the barometer, and I then announced to our poor exhausted family that the storm would soon abate: this they could scarcely believe; but about two its fury was lessened, but not so much as to allow any of us to leave our posts: about four some of us got to bed, the rest keeping watch all night.

"God preserved all our lives: but what a spectacle did daylight present! The lead on the chapel and the cottages was wrapped up like a scroll, and everywhere torn up; the privet hedge in the garden partly rooted out of the ground; and thirteen yards of the parapet stones, in front of the roof, (which parapet stones run all around the house, on the top of its wall,) torn from their bases; the iron cramps which connected them twisted out, as if they had been threads; and the stones themselves, some one hundred, some two hundred pounds weight each, laid separately flat on the slates of the roof of the house. Seven yards of the same parapet, at the lower end of the house, taken off by the same blast, and dashed into the orchard, some of which had, by their weight and the force of their fall, sunk into the earth a foot deep. Had the stones in the front made their way through the roof, as they were exactly above our heads, where we were endeavouring to secure the study window, to keep the house from being blown up, then your mother, sister, the maids, Bill, the needle-woman, and myself must have infallibly been dashed to pieces, as it was exactly over our heads. Glory be to God for an escape so signal: this was the crash we heard; had we known what it was, what would have been our dismay and expectation! Your sister behaved like a heroine: her natural timidity entirely forsook her: and she was for nearly six hours employed in assisting to labour—going from room to room to report progressive damages; or in administering refreshment to the exhausted labourers. Poor Irish Bill worked till he was often nearly dropping down with fatigue.

"Several people in Liverpool have, I hear, been killed, and, among the number, Mrs. Worrall, whom, twenty years ago, I had, in St. Peter's church, Liverpool, given to her husband: she was killed by the falling in of the chimneys on the roof and floors of her own house, leaving several lovely daughters fatherless and motherless! Poor old father *Owen Davies* just escaped a similar fate: providentially, he had just risen off his chair, when the whole stack of chimneys fell through the roof on *that chair, and the table before it*. Thank God, all our lives are whole in us!

"Mother sends her blessing to you all, with that of your affectionate father,  
**ADAM CLARKE."**

The sentiments and particulars contained in the following letter will be best expressed by being given to the reader in the very terms in which they are couched. They are addressed to his royal highness the duke of Sussex, and are as follows :—

Millbrook, Nov. 8, 1822.

“MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Were I to consider only the vast distance which birth and fortune have placed between your royal highness and myself, I certainly should not presume to seem to obtrude myself on your royal highness's notice.

“But, while I feel the highest respect for your person and rank, I feel assured, by your well-known character as a scholar, that I may, without offence, approach you on a subject which I believe occupies no small portion of your royal highness's attention.

“This letter will serve to introduce a parcel of books, nineteen volumes or parts, royal quarto, of ‘*A Commentary and Critical Notes on the Sacred Writings*,’ which, while it awaits your royal highness's acceptance, will require both apology and explanation.

“May it please your royal highness, my habits, from my early youth, led me to study the Bible, not as a text-book to confirm a preconceived creed, but as a revelation from God to man, which it was the duty and interest of every human being deeply to study and earnestly to endeavour to understand.

“Conscious that translators in general must have had a particular creed, in reference to which they would naturally consider every text, which, however honestly intended, might lead them to glosses not always fairly deducible from the original words; I sat down with a heart as free from bias and sectarian feeling as it was possible, and carefully read over, cautiously weighed, and literally translated every word, Hebrew and Chaldee, in the Bible: and as I saw it was possible, while even assisted by the best lexicons, to mistake the import of a Hebrew term, and knowing that the cognate Asiatic languages would be helps of great importance in such an inquiry, I collated every verse where I was apprehensive of difficulty, with the *Chaldee*, *Syriac*, *Ethiopic*, *Arabic*, and *Persic*, as far as the sacred writings are extant in these languages, with a constant reference to readings collected by Kennicott and De Rossi, and to the *Septuagint* and *Vulgate*, the earliest translations of the Hebrew text which have reached our times.

“This reading and collation produced an immense number of notes on all parts of the Old Testament, which I was prevailed on by several of my learned friends to extend in form of a *perpetual comment* on the whole book.

“The comment I put to press in 1810, after having been for the thirty years preceding employed on the reading, collating, &c., already mentioned.

"When I had finished in this way the *Pentateuch*, and the books of Joshua and Judges, I was advised by many of my friends (who were apprehensive, from the infirm state of my health, that I might not live long enough to go regularly through the whole) to omit for the present the *OLD*, and begin with the *New Testament*. I did so, and having literally translated every word of that last best gift of God to man, comparing the whole with all the *ancient versions*, and the most important of the *modern*, and collated all with the various readings collected by *Stephens, Fell, Courcel, Gherard of Maestricht, Bengel, Mills, Wetstein*, and *Griesbach*, actually examining many manuscripts myself, illustrating the whole by quotations from ancient authors, *Rabbinical, Greek, Roman, and Asiatic*, I brought my comment on the above plan down to the end of the *Apocalypse*.

"When this was finished, I returned to the *Old Testament*, and have now brought it down to the end of the *Book of Psalms*, the last part of which is just now coming from press.

"In the prosecution of this work I was led to attend, in the first instance, more to *words* than *things*, in order to find their true *ideal meanings*, together with the *different shades of acceptation* to which they became subjected in their application to matters which *use* and *circumstances*, in the lapse of time, had produced. And as I perceived an almost continual reference to the literature, arts, and sciences of the *ancient world*, and of the *Asiatic nations* in particular, I made these things my particular study, having found a thousand passages which I could neither illustrate nor explain, without some general knowledge of their *jurisprudence, astronomy, chymistry, medicine, surgery, meteorology, pneumatics, &c.*, and with their military tactics, and the *arts and trades* of common life.

"In such researches, connected with the studies previously mentioned, and in bringing down the comment, as before specified, I have consumed nearly *forty years*. And by this your royal highness will at once perceive that, be the work *ill* or *well* executed, it has not been done in a *careless* or *precipitate* manner: nor have any means within my reach been neglected to make it, in every respect, as far as possible, '*a help to the better understanding of the sacred writings*.'

"In the course of all this labour, I have also paid particular attention to those facts recorded in the Bible, which have been the subject of animadversion by *freethinkers* and *infidels* of all classes and times; and trust I may say, that no such passage is either designedly passed by or superficially considered: that the strongest objections are fairly produced and met; that all such parts of the divine writings are in consequence exhibited in their own lustre, and that the *truth* of the doctrines of our salvation has had as many *triumphs* as it has had *attacks* from the rudest and most formidable of its antagonists.

"On all such subjects I humbly hope that your royal highness



will never consult these volumes in vain. And if the grand doctrines that constitute what some call *orthodoxy* (which prove that God is loving to every man, and that from his innate, in finite, and eternal goodness he wills and has made provision for the SALVATION OF EVERY HUMAN SOUL) be found to be those which alone have stood the test of the above sifting and examination, it was not because they were sought for beyond all others, and the Scriptures bent in that way in order to favour them; but because these doctrines are essentially contained in, and established by, the oracles of God.

"Thus, may it please your royal highness, I have given a general account of the labour in which the principal part of my life and strength has been consumed: a labour which, were it yet to commence, with the knowledge I now have of its difficulty, millions of silver and gold could not induce me to undertake.

"Will your royal highness, then, condescend to receive these volumes, the fruits of all this labour, and the *continuation* as it may come in course, giving it a place in your *select*, and yet very *extensive* library, the *nucleus* and subsequent *accretions* of which have been laid and formed by the bibliographical skill and industrious hand of your royal highness? I trust it will not be disgracing the shelves of Kensington palace:—

'Love is a present for a mighty king;—

and it comes as a testimony of the very high respect with which I have the honour to be, may it please your royal highness, your royal highness's most obliged, grateful, humble servant,

"ADAM CLARKE."

To this interesting detail of efficient labour, his royal highness, the duke of Sussex, returned the following most gracious answer:—

"DEAR SIR,—Had I not been seriously indisposed for some time, long before this you should have heard from me: an illness of upwards of six weeks has hitherto rendered me incapable of doing any thing except of feeling grateful to you for a most interesting letter, as well as for the most valuable present which you could have bestowed upon me.

"Your precious work is already carefully placed in my library, and, as soon as I return to Kensington palace, it will afford me infinite satisfaction to study and diligently to examine its contents, which I cannot do so profitably at this place.

"It is with the Almighty alone, who knoweth the hearts and most inward thoughts of every one of his creatures, to recompense with everlasting grace your great exertions and activity in expounding and publishing the divine truths to the world at large. That this will be the case I have no doubt, and I most

ferverently pray that, when it may please the omnipotent Disposer of all human events to call you hence, you may then receive a more durable and adequate reward for your labours than in this mortal and transitory world I fear you are now likely to attain. We miserable inhabitants of this terrestrial globe are, however, capable at least of judging and estimating your mental and physical exertions in this great cause: and I, for one, can assure you that I feel most thankful to you for having selected me as a witness of your diligence, assiduity, and perseverance, in this godlike work, by the presentation to me of a copy of your voluminous work—the produce of the fruits of your industry. This kind distinction, believe me, is not thrown away upon one who is either insensible to the compliment, or ignorant of the value of the gift; and most faithfully do I promise to read, consult, and meditate upon your faithful, luminous, and elaborate explanations of the sacred book. As far as I have presumed to dive into, and to occupy myself with the holy volumes, I feel satisfied of their divine origin and truth; and that they contain likewise more matters than any one, and myself in particular, can ever aspire fully to understand. This belief ought, however, in no wise to slacken our diligence, nor damp our ardour in attempting a constant research after the attainment of knowledge and of truth, as we may flatter ourselves, although unable to reach the goal, still to approach much nearer to its portals; which, of itself, is a great blessing, as I am convinced that, if we only follow strictly the rules and regulations contained in the Scriptures for the guidance of our conduct in this world, we may present ourselves (although aware of our own unworthiness) before the divine throne with a confident hope of forgiveness, from the knowledge we acquire therein of His mercy to all truly penitent sinners.

“Thus far I boldly state that I think; but I do not venture to enter upon, or to burden myself with what are *commonly designated as dogmas*, and which in my conscience I believe for the most part, if not entirely, are human inventions, and not exerted for purposes, or from motives, of Christian charity: I am, therefore, determined to keep my mind calm upon such topics, and to remain undisturbed and unbewildered by them: I am persuaded that their adoption is not necessary for salvation. This I say, wishing, at the same time that I am making this honest declaration, not to be thought a freethinker; which imputation I indignantly repel; nor to pass for a person indifferent about religion, which God knows I consider if *Christianly*, I mean *most charitably observed*, to be the greatest blessing to mankind in general, and of the utmost importance to my own comfort and happiness in this world, as well as to my hopes in futurity.

“These objects, besides many others which seem to have occupied the greatest and most valuable part of your active life, cannot fail of being most interesting to the historian, the theolo-

gist, the legislator, and the philosopher: from all these details the mind will undoubtedly derive rich sources of information wherewith to make researches, and thence to ground deductions. To these I shall assiduously apply myself when retired in my closet, and as my heart and mind improve, I shall feel my debt of gratitude towards you daily increasing, an obligation I shall ever be proud to own; and with which sentiment I have the pleasure to conclude, signing myself, dear sir, your sincerely obliged and truly devoted,



Bognor,  
Dec. 24, 1822.

The above long letter is altogether in the handwriting of his royal highness, the duke of Sussex, an individual whose nobility of soul illustrates his nobility of birth, and who is a prince in all royal endowments.

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In the commencement of the succeeding year, 1823, Dr. Clarke was, January 4, elected a *member of the Geological Society of London*. Although he still spent the chief part of his time at Millbrook, being deeply engaged in the prosecution of his notes on the Bible, he generally preached once on the Sabbath, either at Liverpool, or in the smaller chapels comparatively near his own residence.

In February he received the following letter from Sir Alexander Johnstone:—

19 Great Cumberland Place, Feb. 1, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Many of my Indian friends and myself have lately formed a plan for establishing an *Asiatic Society*, in London, for the improvement of the literature, arts, and sciences of Asia: the plan appears to be popular, and many of my acquaintances have already applied to me to be proposed as original members. I know no man who will be so great an ornament to such a society as yourself; and should you feel inclined to join us, I need not say how proud I shall be in having the honour of proposing *you* as an original member. We intend once a year to publish such of the papers as may be contributed by members of the society, or may be deemed best

calculated for promoting the ends of the society. After the 15th of March next every candidate who offers himself, must be balloted for: previously to that date *three* original members may put down the name of a friend as an original member.

"Lady Johnstone desires to be kindly remembered to you.

"I am, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,

"ALEXANDER JOHNSTONE."

Dr. Clarke was accordingly proposed, and became one of the original members of *The Royal Asiatic Society*.

In the March following we find him thus writing to his friend, the Rev. Thomas Smith:—

*Manchester, March 29, 1823.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER SMITH,—Your letter deserved the earliest notice I could take of it, and of it I have never lost sight, but I am obliged to write much, read much, and think much about many things which only concern me in my official capacity as president of our conference; added to this I have to travel and labour from the same cause.

"On your main question, my opinion may be given in a few words: *bodies of divinity* I do most heartily dislike: they tend to supersede the Bible; and, independently of this, they are exceedingly dangerous; they often give false notions, bring their own kind of proofs to confirm those notions, and, by their mode of quoting insulated texts of Scripture, greatly pervert the true meaning of the word of God. This is my opinion of them: the ministers who preach from them fill the heads of their hearers with systematic knowledge. As to your request, that I would recommend you a 'proper system of divinity, or let you have any one I may have drawn up for myself,' you will at once see what answer it is likely to have: I know of none that I could conscientiously recommend, and I never made one for myself: the only thing like this which I ever did was, the Principles deduced from the Holy Scriptures, which I drew up for the use of the Buddhist priests, and which you will find in the little tract called *Clavis Biblica*. The only preaching worth any thing, in God's account, and which the fire will not burn up, is that which labours to convict the sinner of his sin, to bring him into contrition for it, to convert him from it; to lead him to the blood of the covenant, that his conscience may be purged from its guilt,—to the spirit of judgment and burning, that he may be purified from its infection,—and then to build him up on this most holy faith by causing him to pray in the Holy Ghost, and keep himself in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life: this is the system pursued by the apostles, and it is that alone which God will own to the conversion of sinners: I speak from the

experience of nearly fifty years in the public ministry of the word : this is the most likely mode to produce the active *soul* of divinity, while the *body* is little else than the preacher's creed. Labour to bring sinners to God, should you by it bring yourself to the grave. Avoid paraphrasing a whole book or epistle in a set of discourses ; it is tedious, and often produces many sleepers. I have often thought God designed you for an itinerant preacher, a current flame of fire. You can bear with me : though a Methodist, I love you full as well as any of your Calvinistic friends either can or do ; and am ever your affectionate brother in Christ,

ADAM CLARKE."

Dr. Clarke, by virtue of his office as president of the English conference, had also to preside over the Irish conference ; and being requested to visit other parts of the sister kingdom, besides Dublin, and being earnestly solicited to preach, and hold several missionary meetings in Scotland, he set off on this tour the latter end of May of this year, accompanied by his friend, William Smith, Esq., of Reddish House, Stockport, and his daughter, Mary Ann.

The following are such portions of the journal which he kept during his absence from home, as may be interesting to the public :—

"After passing through a part of Westmoreland we came into Cumberland, which presents a far better general aspect : it has better roads, and is better cultivated ; the soil is better, and the people and the cattle appear to be more healthy. We proceeded to Carlisle, and, after a tolerable night's rest, went to view this ancient city. Scarcely a yard of the old wall remains, though it was once well fortified : there were only two six-pounders mounted on all the castle ; the walls of which are everywhere running into a state of ruin : the embrasures, through neglect, changed into mere breaches ; the parapets overgrown with rubbish ; in short, scarcely any thing presents itself to the eye but ruins, and what is ruinous. The barrack-master, Mr. Little, a polite, intelligent, well-tried officer, treated us with much respect, and took much pains to show and describe every thing interesting ; among the rest, the long gloomy room in which the unfortunate *Mary*, queen of Scotland, is said to have been confined for eighteen months ; the windows of which are small, narrow, and heavily ironed : it was then used as a barrack-room, and was a wretched place enough for the commonest soldier. We were also pointed out a small place between double gates, where the brave Sir William Wallace was kept a prisoner for one night, with his hands tied behind him, and who was afterwards basely murdered by Edward I., who was afraid of a man whom treachery had cast into his hands. From the top of the castle, the view of the adjacent country is

very fine: the vale, beautifully watered by the Caldew, the Peterell, and the Eden, is everywhere fertile. As to the old gates of the city, termed the Scotch gate, the Irish gate, and the English gate, and which have been so celebrated, they are totally demolished; not one stone of them appears; the corporation having commanded them to be taken down in order to enlarge the city! The city might have been enlarged *ad libitum*, and these have been preserved;—but Goths and Vandals are to be found in different corporations.

"We next went to view the cathedral, built entirely of sandstone or ashler; the surface is everywhere in a state of decomposition. At the entrance you behold in *fresco* upon the inner wall, and in different compartments, the history of *St. Anthony*: and on the back of the opposite wall, (which two walls include the nave,) the history of *St. Augustine*: each of these is illustrated by a distich in old English, and in the old church text character. These frescoes are running fast into decay, and had been some time ago all *whitewashed over*, but this is now washed off. The parish church connected with the cathedral is a much more ancient building than the cathedral itself: its *Saxon arches* are supported on huge pillars of masonry; but the church is small, dark, and dismal enough, yet all the parochial duty is performed in it. Ruin, the consequence of neglect, is making rapid aggressions on both these buildings.

"The city of *Carlisle* is delightfully situated, and, in a general way, well built: the streets are wide, and well paved. They are building a new jail, which is to occupy about three statute acres of ground; the present jail is a very small, ruinous place; but it is to be hoped that crime is not so much on the increase as to require a building so vastly larger than its predecessor. The two law courts are fine modern buildings, and are the first you meet on your entrance from the south.

"May 28.—Having preached last evening to a large and deeply attentive congregation, we set off early this morning for Scotland, and in about thirteen miles we passed over the little river called the *Sark*, which here separates the two kingdoms, and proceeded on to *Dumfries*, which is a neat, well-built, clean town, (mentioned in a former journal.) We went to see the monument erected to the memory of the poet *Robert Burns*, who was a native of this town. This I had not seen on my former visit. The poet is represented in the act of *ploughing upon a rock*; when an angelic form, I suppose designed to represent the *genius of poetry*, surprises him with her sudden appearance; he looks amazed, one hand drops from the plough handle, while the other still holds it on its bed, and with his head inclined a little backward, he contemplates the vision: the device is as large as life, executed in white marble, and placed under a neat dome, with open arches to the front and end; the

back part being occupied by the figures. I asked the old man who attended us, and who was personally acquainted with the poet, if the figure was a likeness: he replied, 'It is a resemblance, but not a likeness.' I must confess I saw nothing in the figure, nor in any of its accompaniments, particularly impressive. The figure of the poet is but mean, and the attitude trite and vulgar: any person may be expected to stare at the sudden descent of a celestial being. His holding the plough points out his early occupation. His ploughing on a rock may not unaptly represent the little benefit he derived from the cultivation of that genius of poetry, with which he was endowed in no common measure; but the emblem may be applied to his country, which suffered him to continue in such contracted circumstances, as to render him accessible to persons of a low and profligate course of life, and thus fostered habits which shortened his life, and eventually cut off a man of such native unforced genius, full of true wit and benevolent feeling; a poet who sketched nature with the hand of a master; and by his inimitable descriptions, causing the rural and rude customs of his country to live through all succeeding generations. Such a man, and such a genius, was, in the nineteenth century, permitted to live in the low contracted situation of a common officer of excise, and thus put in the very way in which he was most likely to indulge in those propensities, which, by frequenting low company, he had unhappily contracted; and he never had it once in his power to rise above the level of his original circumstances, but had to labour on while he cultivated the muses. Scotland must ever feel with regret that she neglected a man who is her boast and her honour!

"We stopped to dine at *Lanark*, which is, for the head of a shire, irregular, and ill built. There is a court-house, decorated in the front with a vast figure of *Sir William Wallace*, the face of which is nearly lost in a huge curled beard and a steel cap. After many chances and changes, we at last arrived in *Edinburgh*, where, having walked from inn to inn for some time, we at last got accommodated at the *Crown and Bell*, in *Princes-street*.

"*May 29.*—I rose early this morning, and walked out, in order to have an uninterrupted view of the city. *Edinburgh*, whether considered in itself, or in its situation, is the most superb and the most beautiful city I have ever seen; the streets are very wide, well laid out, and admirably well paved: the houses being all built of hewn stone, and very lofty, give it the appearance of a congeries of castles; scarcely any thing can be conceived more majestic. This being the anniversary of the restoration of *Charles II.*, the castle guns were fired, and a flag hoisted on *Nelson's monument*; but in this the people here appear to take as little interest as they do in *England*. Finding that the *General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland* were sitting,

I got an admission into the place, which is much too confined for the purpose, and resembles a small *chapter-house* in a poor cathedral: it is capable of holding about two hundred ministers, and has a sort of galleries, which would probably contain about half that number.

"*May 31.*—We went this morning to see *Holyrood* house, or the house of the *Holy Cross*. We were shown into the chapel; it is totally without a roof. There is a window-frame at one end, of beautiful stone-work, which retains a feature of its former grandeur: the floor was entirely covered with grass and weeds; the stone wall chiefly broken down; the monuments either shattered, or so covered with grass and rubbish that they were little discernible, and the inscriptions on them so filled up with moss as to be wholly obliterated, unless by a sharp instrument you picked the letters out, which one of my companions attempted, but the task was too long and difficult for the time we had to spare. The vault, where the remains of the Scottish kings are deposited, and which consists of white marble, is now totally black, and in a state of the most deplorable decay. We left this once beautiful chapel, and still the sacred depository of the remains of some of the first men and first names on the page of history, with feelings of pain and regret; and were taken thence to the gallery of pictures, which are nothing less than a whole series of impositions; for we were shown not only all the later Scottish kings, their ancient warriors—Macbeth, Macduff, and Donald, &c., &c.; but we were pointed out Fergus, the first king of Scotland, and Caractacus, king of Britain. My companions ascended the hill called Arthur's seat, in order to enjoy the fine expansive view it affords; and we then returned towards the city, stopping to view Nelson's monument, and ascend to the top of Calton hill. The former is built on the edge of a mouldering rocky precipice; immense portions of the rock are now in a state of decomposition and almost entire detachment from the rest, and there is no apparent solidity in any part. I should not wonder if, in less than fifty years, the monument and its foundation were precipitated down the hill. From this hill the prospect of the old and new town, Leith, the harbour, and the sea, as well as the adjacent parts of the country, are seen to the highest advantage. The city itself, viewed from this eminence, appears, for the regularity of its structure, the spaciousness of its streets, the height and splendour of its buildings, and the beauty of its situation and scenery, what perhaps it in reality is, *the finest city in the world*.

"*June 1.*—I preached this morning at the chapel in Nicholson's-square, to a large congregation. I took for my subject Luke xxiv, 46 and 7, in which I showed, by strong arguments drawn from *Scripture* and *reason*, that there was an absolute necessity that Christ should die, and that without this the doctrine of salvation could not be preached to the world. In the



evening I preached at *Leith*, from Rom. v, 10, on the natural fallen state of man, and his recovery by Jesus Christ.

"June 2.—We have spent the whole of this day in a painful and long journey, to visit and examine the places and scenery described by *Allan Ramsay* in his celebrated pastoral, called '*The Gentle Shepherd*.' It is known that there are two places which pretend to be the scene of this exquisite poem. One lies on the river *Logan*, the other on the river *Esk*, or the *North Esk*: we took the former, and I describe nothing, because I am fully satisfied that no part of the scenery could have been derived from any of the places I visited through a weary day's search. We had taken some refreshment with us, and it was well we did, or we could have got none, for the only house we could meet with among the hills, and which they told us had once been a hunting lodge of James I., was too poor to afford us any thing to satisfy the hunger and thirst occasioned by our rambling. Our female companions were too much exhausted to prosecute farther examinations, so we left them while I walked with my two friends many miles in fruitless search among hills, dales, crags, and rivulets, till, quite exhausted in body and spirits, I returned, fully satisfied that the scenery described in '*The Gentle Shepherd*' does not lie in this part of the country. It is true that there are places up this river that may be called '*The Craigy Bield*,' '*The Washing Green*,' '*The Lover's Loup*,' &c.; but as to '*Glauds Onstead*,' '*Symmie's Farm*,' &c., no such places ever did exist here, as there is no one place up the course of this river, to what is called *Habie's How*, and the little *Lin*, or waterfall, that presents one single acre of surface for cultivation; nor I believe were these places ever inhabited by man. Nor indeed could any poetic imagination have derived from such imperfect scenery the glowing and natural descriptions in the poem in question. Upon returning after this our sore search to our companions, we set forth to rejoin our carriage, which we had left on entering upon the hills. It we found indeed, but neither driver nor horses; and the key of the carriage he had also taken with him. This was a sad disappointment, for the wind was blowing keenly from off the hills, and we were cold and comfortless. The man, instead of having gone to a small post-house within sight, not finding there all he wanted for himself, had gone off a considerable distance. I walked on with my female companions on our road to Edinburgh, while my two other companions called at the manse, or clergyman's house, to learn from him where it was likely our driver could be. He most kindly sent his man on horseback to find our runaway, and the horses, and bring them after us. He found him, and certainly in a state for which, on the succeeding day, he must have been thankful for a guide; and after we had walked as long as the exhausted spirits and strength of my companions could well be supported, even by all the encouraging

prospects I could hold out to them, at length the carriage appeared, and by one of the gentlemen mounting on the box, as regulator-general, we reached Edinburgh, through God's mercy, in safety. I am sorry that I shall not have time to visit the other places on the *North Esk*, as there, I take it for granted, lies the scenery of this inimitable pastoral.

"June 3.—We visited the castle, and saw the old crown and sceptres, which had originally belonged to *Robert Bruce, king of Scotland*, and which had been locked up and unknown since the period of the Union. The sceptres are silver gilt, and headed with a crystal globe; the crown is small and inelegant, set round with emeralds, rubies, topazes, and pearls. The castle itself is a congeries of very rude, ill-planned buildings, and has no security but from its walls, and naturally strong situation. On the whole, though I was highly gratified by the beauty and situation of Edinburgh, yet it is only in reference to its external appearance that the mind is fully satisfied. When you look into the houses, the shops, the streets, either for their furniture or their merchandise, or for even persons or equipage suitable to the grandeur of the buildings, you are utterly disappointed. Every thing appears out of proportion with these majestic edifices; and must either be passed by unheeded, or, if noticed at all, it must be with dissatisfaction.

"June 4.—Having arranged all matters here, we took a chaise, and in about six hours arrived at James Swords, Esq., Annefield, near the Gallowgate, Glasgow, to which we had an affectionate and polite invitation, during our stay in Edinburgh. Here we were met by a very friendly and religious company, among whom was Dr. M'Gill, professor of theology in the university, and a very intelligent, as well as pious man. The road from *Edinburgh* to *Glasgow* was fine, the country, like nine-tenths of Scotland, mountainous, bleak, and uncultivated, and of course thinly inhabited. I could not help noticing the, to me, peculiar mode, in which Mr. Swords conducts family worship:—first, the bell is rung, and all the members of the family and the domestics assemble; secondly, a Bible, and version of the Psalms in the old Scottish poetry, are put into the hands of each person; thirdly, Mr. Swords then announces, 'We shall begin the worship of God by singing,' such a part, or such a psalm; fourthly, when he has said this, he rises, and all the family with him, and he then offers up a short prayer for divine assistance and influence during their religious exercise; fifthly, they all sit down, and Mr. Swords, having again announced the psalm, reads over the part intended to be sung, gives out the two first lines, raises the tune, and then the whole verses are sung uninterruptedly to the end; sixthly, he then proposes the chapter that is to be read, and each turns to it; seventhly, he reads the two or three first verses, the next person to him the same number, and so on through the whole circle till

the chapter is finished, after which he reads Mr. Scott's Notes on the whole; eighthly, a solemn prayer then concludes the service, after which breakfast or supper is served. This sort of solemn set form has nothing in it objectionable, and suits the genius of the Scottish people; but the reading the portions of Scripture alternately appears to me to have too much of the school form about it, and causes the master of the family not to appear so sufficiently as *God's priest* in the public worship of his own house, as to me it appears he should look; but this may be but a small objection.

"June 5.—We went, at the invitation of Dr. M'Gill, to view the university, and the Hunterian Museum. The principal things I met with worthy of my attention, were the coins and the mineralogy. The great collection of coin I did not see, as Professor Cooper was unavoidably engaged during the time I could spare. The minerals are various, and there is one pretty large case where they are classified after the Wernerian manner. I could not discover any of the newly found minerals. The department of zoology is neither extensive nor in general very interesting; the conchology is valuable.

"We took from the hill the most favourable view of the city: but it was immersed in smoke. The quay is paltry, the shipping poor, and the Clyde here appears to a disadvantage. In the evening I preached to a large congregation of attentive hearers, from Matt. vii, 7.

"It appears to me that, by the public ministry of the word of life, there is a greater likelihood of its doing good in Glasgow than in Edinburgh: here the people are more employed, and there are more public works, in which a vast population is engaged; and I have ever found that true religion produces the greatest effect where the people are employed in regular labour: in Edinburgh there are no public works, and the people are more dissipated.

"June 6.—The day being cold, wet, and uncomfortable, I did not go out, but received visits from friends, and Dr. M'Gill, with other literary men; with whom I had a good deal of useful conversation on important subjects. We have secured our places in the steam-packet for Belfast to-morrow. May God grant us a safe voyage!

"June 7.—Having finished my work in Scotland, we went to-day on board the Eclipse steam-packet for Belfast. Though we had the wind strong ahead, yet in two hours and a half we reached Greenock, a distance of twenty-six miles, where we called and took in other passengers. Had not the day been gloomy, with clouds and storms continually hanging in the wind's eye, the sail down the Clyde would have been beautiful; but as the weather was very hazy, almost every object was obscured. We had, however, a good view of *Dumbarton Castle*, as it is still called, though there is no castle on the place, but

yet this little lofty craggy mound, with its few guns, commands completely the whole river. The wind being so contrary, we did not get into the Irish channel till near night. About nine P. M. we passed the singular rock and island of *Ailsa*, which rises perpendicularly 900 feet from the water. It is famous for the resort of *Soland geese*, who go thither to breed in thousands. A man farms it from the earl of —, formerly for £100, now for £50 *per annum*, merely for the sake of the eggs and feathers. To kill the fowls he has little expense and trouble, for they are so tame and unsuspecting, that they stand to be knocked down with clubs; and being stripped of their feathers, their bodies are abandoned to birds of prey. About ten P. M., being sick, and the weather cold and wet, I went into my cabin and lay down.

"June 8.—Between two and three this morning, the wind blew a hurricane; the sea wrought, and was very tempestuous; and we were much retarded in our way, the packet losing sometimes from four to six miles every hour. However, though the storm continued, we reached Belfast Quay between nine and ten o'clock; having been about twenty-three hours on a passage usually performed by the same packets in sixteen or seventeen. I had been but an hour and a half on shore, when I was obliged to preach, and again in the evening at seven, to crowded audiences, in which I could discover almost all our cabin passengers, with many of the clergy and chief gentry of the town; who all heard with such attention as might be expected from Christians and well-bred Irishmen.

"June 9.—I went to examine the Belfast institution, which may be called the *Northern College* or *University of Ireland*. It is partly supported by voluntary subscriptions, and partly by the sums paid by students in certain branches; uniting, in some sort, a school for all departments of learning, and an academy for arts and sciences. It is patronized by two classes of religionists, *Presbyterians* and *Seceders*, each of which has a professor of theology in the institution. The apparatus is very scanty, and kept in dirty and bad repair, without order or arrangement: their specimens of natural history are few and neglected; and in every respect the institution appears to promise no long life, and to contain the seeds of its own dissolution.

"In the evening I had a meeting with the preachers, stewards, and several principal friends; together with almost all the leaders, male and female, and endeavoured to set them right on many matters on which they had got very uneasy. It was a very solemn and affecting time; and I believe all were determined to leave minor matters and considerations, and strive together for the hope of the gospel, laying themselves out for the future to be more useful to society at large, and to labour more abundantly to bring sinners to God. On one proposing the

question to me, 'Is Methodism now what it has been?' I answered it in a way very different from what was, I believe, expected and intended by it. 'No! It is more rational,—more stable,—more consistent,—more holy,—more useful to the community,—and a greater blessing to the world at large:' and all this I found no difficulty in *proving*.

"June 10.—Instead of proceeding immediately for *Dublin*, for which our places had been taken, my companions expressed an earnest desire to visit that extraordinary production of nature,—the *Giant's Causeway*.

"After this gratifying visit to all parties, we set off to visit *Kilchronagan* church,—the church in which, in my infancy, I was dedicated by baptism to the holy trinity, by my own uncle, the Rev. *John Tracy*, the incumbent, and in the yard of which my uncle, *Adam Clarke*, lies interred, after whom I was named, as well as my grandfather and grandmother Clarke, and another uncle, named *William Clarke*.

"We searched the burial-ground for a considerable time before we could find the grave in question; at last I discovered it, and found a plain head-stone, with the following words in relief:—'Here layeth the body of *Adam Clarke*, who died in *August, 1756*, aged six years.' This date I had not before known: the engraving had been trusted to a rude workman. The young lad in question died of the small pox: he was, as I have heard my father say, 'A child of great hope.'

"Here lie several of my ancestors, and I go to lie, most probably, in another land, and shall not, in all likelihood, be *gathered to my fathers*: but I too shall be found when all the quick and dead stand before the Lord; and wheresoever my dust may be scattered, the voice of the Lord shall call it together, and I shall stand in my lot, at the end of the days. May I then be found of Him in peace, without spot, and without blame, and have an entrance into the holiest through the blood of Jesus. After viewing the church-yard, we got admission into the church. I went within the communion rails; with silent solemnity and awe, I there, in the presence of Him whose I am, and whom I serve mentally, and in a deep spirit of prayer, took upon myself those vows, which had so long before been in my name, and on my behalf, made by my ancestors. \* \* In my younger days I well remember the large tomb-stone of one of my god-mothers as standing inside the altar rails: it was high, and of white marble, with the inscriptions all in gilt letters: now it stands some yards out in the church-yard. I inquired of the sexton the meaning of it, to which he replied, that 'several years ago, that end of the church having long been in a bad state of repair, the walls had eventually fallen in, and, to save expense, they had simply thrown up a wall at the end of the fracture:' thus of course shortening the church some yards,

and excluding the really handsome monument of my godmother, Mrs. Henderson.

"June 11.—We quitted *Magherafelt* early this morning, and proceeded through *Tobermore*, crossing the beautiful river *Moyola*, where, in my younger days, I used to accompany my father to fish, and got to *Maghera*, where we called upon Mr. Alexander Clarke, one of my earliest school-fellows. He had no recollection of my person; and a great many circumstances had passed off his mind which were fresh in mine: but no wonder, it is more than half a century since we last met: he and his amiable lady urged me to spend the day with them, and promised that I should meet other of my old friends: but my plan was fixed, and I had no time to spare: we proceeded on to *Coleraine*, where I had to preach of course, as it was the preaching night.

"June 12.—Early this morning we took a chaise and proceeded by *Ballymoney*, *Rashorkin*, *Ahogill*, *Randalstown*, and *Antrim* to *Belfast*, where we arrived at half past seven, P. M., and found, as we had desired, our places secured for five o'clock next morning to proceed to Dublin. So far, through mercy, our journey through England, Scotland, and Ireland, has been prosperous, and unaccompanied by any kind of disaster. In the course of this week, from Sabbath morning, I have preached five times besides incessant travelling; and now I must prepare for new labours and journeys: may He who has hitherto helped and borne with me, continue to show me his mercy and his salvation!

"June 13.—We entered the mail at five o'clock, A. M., and passed through *Lisburn*, *Hillsborough*, *Newry*, *Dundalk*, *Dunleer*, *Castlebellingham*, *Drogheda*, to *Dublin*, where we arrived at half past six, having run a course of one hundred and five English miles in a little more than thirteen hours. Thus far hath God helped us!

"June 14.—I read prayers and preached this morning to a noble congregation, solemnly attentive to every word. My text, 1 Tim. ii, 8, gave me an opportunity of speaking strongly concerning the necessity of prayer to obtain grace in order to be enabled to resist evil, and to pursue and receive good. Prayer is the language of dependance upon God: the spirit of independence was that which was the first sin of the soul, infused by the old tempter—*ye shall be, כְּאֱלֹהִים ke Elohim, like God*. Ye shall be independent of him, and live to, by, and of, yourselves. This is the seed and germ of all iniquity: men endeavouring to live without their Maker. Hence the general neglect of prayer which prevails throughout the world. Men do not pray, because they feel not their dependance upon God.

"June 15.—I have this day received a proof from the most unquestionable authority, that the superstition of the Irish is

reference to *fairies* is not yet extinct; in proof and illustration of it, I have just heard the following fact from an eye-witness of it:—‘A farmer in the town of *Freshford*, county *Kilkenny*, built himself a house of three apartments, which is generally the mode of building the better kind of farm cottages;—the kitchen is in the middle, and a room for sleeping, &c., on either end. Some time after it was finished, a cow of his died—then a horse—to these succeeded other smaller cattle—and last of all his wife died. Full of alarm and distress, supposing himself to be an object of *fairy indignation*, he went to the *fairy man*, that is, one who pretends to know *fairy* customs, haunts, pathways, antipathies, caprices, benevolences, &c., and he asked his advice and counsel on the subject of his losses. The wise man, having considered all things, and cast his eye upon the house, said, “The *fairies*, in their night walks from *Knockshagowney* hill, in county *Tipperary*, to the county of *Kilkenny*, were accustomed to pass over the very spot where one of your rooms is now built; you have blocked up their way, and they are very angry with you, and have slain your cattle, and killed your wife, and, if not appeased, may yet do worse to you.” The poor fellow, sadly alarmed, went, and with his own hands deliberately pulled down the timbers, demolished the walls, and left not one stone upon another, but razed the very foundation, and left the path of these capricious gentry as open and clear as it was before.’ How strong must have been this man’s belief in the existence and power of these demi-natural and semi-supernatural beings, to have induced him thus to have destroyed the work of his own hands.

“June 16.—Not being able to get off from Dublin to-day, I preached this evening from Heb. iv, 16, *Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace*. I observed that two classes of persons were herein included: 1. Those who want mercy: 2. Those in necessity. I. God is great, and awfully present everywhere, but peculiarly so on his throne, for that is the place of judgment and justice; but here it is represented as the throne of *grace*, and himself sitting upon it dispensing mercy,—pardon to the penitent—healing to the backslider—and purity of heart to the believer. II. Christ is represented as a priest before this throne, and also as a sacrifice. God is infinitely well pleased with his son Jesus—as a priest and as a sacrifice. But Christ assumed those characters, of priest and sacrifice, in reference to *man* only: consequently, God is infinitely well pleased to dispense the *benefits* of his priesthood and sacrificial offering to *man*. This is a grand principle not to be forgotten. III. To the above persons he shows *mercy*. This is opposed to *merit*:—none can *deserve* any good from God, neither angel nor man; all have their being and support from his mercy; for the greatest of them can *merit nothing*. IV. This mercy is to be obtained by *coming boldly to the throne of grace*—*μετὰ τῆς*

*bravas*, with confidence, liberty of speech. *Boldness*, as generally used, signifies—1. *Rash and inconsiderate daring*, proceeding from pride and vain glory. 2. *Courage and heroism*, springing from a consciousness of ability and skill, and a determination to fear nothing while in the path of duty and honour. In none of these senses can the word be used here:—Pride, vain glory, and rashness, can have nothing to do in the case of a guilty and condemned sinner: a broken-hearted backslider: 2. To such, courage and heroism, and the *objects* on which they act, as well as the *ends* to which they tend, are alike inapplicable. But confidence and liberty of speech they may rightly assume: 1. Because they are invited to come; 2. Because they come in His name, with whom God is well pleased; and, 3. Because they bring that present which is worthy the majesty and dignity of the Being they approach. In the eastern countries no man can come into the presence of a superior without bringing a suitable gift; nor a noble to a monarch, without a suitable present. The gift here is the sacrificial death of *Jesus*; the Lamb without spot is presented before the throne. The offerer is conscious of the worth and dignity of this present; hence he brings it with confidence, and has full liberty of prayer and pleading before his God. *Come with boldness, &c.* V. A second class of persons is invited: those who are in necessity, who are exercised with trials in their families—poverty in their circumstances—or afflictions in their relations or in their own persons—or temptations in their souls; but, coming in the same way, *these* also shall find help in the time of need; support in, and deliverance from their afflictions, and a happy issue out of all their adversities. The words *εἰς ευχαριστων βοηθειαν*, which we translate *in time of need*, would be better translated *for timely assistance*. There may be in other cases *post bellum auxilium*,—succour when the battle is lost, a rope thrown out when the man is drowned, the arrival of the physician when the patient is dead; but God gives help *when* it is wanted, and *as* it is wanted. Divine assistance is continually needed: 1. To enable us properly to fulfil the duties required from us; for without divine help we can do no good, nor resist any evil. VI. But there are peculiar times and circumstances in which we need especial help. 1. Sudden trials. 2. Violent temptations. 3. Premature deaths. 4. Unforeseen and unexpected losses, &c. In all these cases, if the heart be right with Him, God grants timely assistance. Let us come, therefore, that we may find what we need, and come in the way He has appointed, who has promised us succour!

"June 17.—Since writing the above I have learned the following particulars:—I have recorded that on June the 11th, I was earnestly, and, I must confess, temptingly invited to spend the remainder of the day and night at *Maghera*, in order to meet



some of my oldest school friends, and visit many places dear to my recollection from the time of my childhood ; but that, owing to my having made other arrangements, it was out of my power to comply. We had not been many hours out of town when it was strongly attacked by the *Ribbonmen*, and, after a stiff conflict with the few Protestant families in it, was ultimately taken. There were only an ensign and four soldiers in the barracks, for the protection of the town, and after firing a few shots, the officer was himself severely wounded. The neighbouring Protestant inhabitants of the country, and a detachment of soldiers from *Tobermore*, hearing of the fate of their brethren, gathered together, assailed the assailants, who were in the act of demolishing the houses, &c., of the Protestants, many of which they had destroyed, and they finally succeeded in beating and driving those murderers out of the town. Several were killed, and many more wounded. This news has just reached the castle, and from thence been forwarded to me. Had we remained but a few hours longer in *Maghera*, which we were disposed to have done, very probably we had been among the first victims of these desperate men. We have just escaped as out of the den of lions. Blessed be God for ever !

" June 18.—Owing to the present extremely disturbed state of Ireland, particularly the south, many of my brethren and my friends became exceedingly anxious about my taking the journey to Cork. The preachers met together on the subject, and after making it a matter of prayer for divine direction, all except one thought it most prudent for me not to go, while that one gave it as his belief that my person would be safe, and my journey prosperous for the cause of God in that part of Ireland, to which I had never been. They came and informed me not only of their deliberation, but also of its issue ; and as I found there was *one* dissentient voice, mine went with his, and I told them I was resolved upon going. Had they been all agreed, knowing the local circumstances of the country through which I was to travel, as well as the present excited state of the public mind, better than I could, and feeling assured that they had in full sincerity asked counsel of Him who never lets any seek it in vain, I should not have gone ; but as it was, I felt my mind free to act agreeably to its own suggestions. However, all things considered, I wished to leave Mary Ann behind ; but when she found it originated from a supposition of danger, to which her father was about to be exposed, she absolutely refused to be left, and so accordingly we all three took the mail for *Cork*. On entering the post-office yard, we could not but remark the extra precautions for safety on the road. We were to travel with two guards all the way, each having four pistols in his girdle, and a broad-sword at his side. Relying on Him, we trust to have a prosperous journey ; and the brethren, not unmindful of the dangers of the way, have commended us to the grace and

protection of God. I find that the *lord lieutenant* has, by proclamation, put the whole of the south under the insurrection act. According to appointment, we set off last evening at half past seven. Owing to the disturbed state of the country from *Naas*, fifteen miles from *Dublin* to *Cork*, the road was patrolled by soldiery at certain distances. However, we were not molested during the night, nor all the next day; arriving, covered with dust, and feverish enough, at half past five o'clock, in the city of *Cork*. At *Carlou*, we were joined by the Limerick mail, with its two guards also strongly armed, and we thankfully kept close company all the night. We saw multitudes of people in the streets of the town, and on the roads through which we passed: they were quiet, and were neither drinking nor making any kind of merriment. That part of the country through which we passed in the daytime was generally fine; but, alas! cultivation is everywhere conducted in so slovenly a way, that even half crops cannot be produced. The seed is not properly cleansed before it is sown, and hence the millions of weeds found in almost every field—thistles, dock, coltsfoot, mag-weed, wild mustard, and every thing that can be termed *vitia segetum*, grows in multitudinous luxuriance. Besides, no care is taken to weed the fields: to see the state of most of them is painful, for they are a reproach to man; but indolence and disorder are the Irishman's characteristics. In every town through which we passed, we were annoyed by the multitude of beggars, who literally beset the coach. The blind, the lame, the halt, the withered, invoking all heaven to induce you to give them money, and all in the most abject rage. One blind man used the following words:—'Look in charity upon me, that Jesus, who left me blind, may look in mercy upon you.'

"June 19.—I arrived here (*Cork*) last evening at half past five o'clock, P. M., and found several friends waiting for me, who received us with much affection. We were all exceedingly exhausted; but a good night's rest has relieved us; and I hope I shall be able to go through the labour appointed me both here and at *Bandon*. We went to see the *Cork* institution, and I was glad to find that much of its attention is turned towards the improvement of agriculture in Ireland. The library is scanty, and the books chiefly on the arts and sciences. The mineralogical room is well laid out, and they have many good specimens, both foreign and domestic: they have a large one of silver, several ounces in weight, thicker than a finger, and several inches long; it is one of the finest I have ever seen. Their native *conchology* is good: their natural history but indifferent. After spending some time here, I had a little yet to spare; we walked around the wharves to observe the shipping, &c. With one circumstance I was much struck: the vast quantities of acorn shells which they import from Italy, and which, it appears, answer as well as the oak bark for tanning, and for which they pay a high

duty to government. I should think such a traffic ought to be encouraged, as most certainly the oak is fast running out of England, and Ireland and Scotland have none. I remarked nothing on the quays for exportation, but whiskey, of which many pipes lay ready to be put on board. Even here the general want of order prevails: every thing is at sixes and sevens, and neatness and cleanliness have little prevalence, or indeed place. In the evening, at six o'clock, we held our public anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. The chapel was very full, the people very attentive, and a good influence appeared to pervade all present.

"June 20.—I have spent this day almost entirely in paying and receiving visits. This ill suits my disposition; but my present circumstances are such as to require it. I have endeavoured to make my conversation as instructive as possible, and leave no company without prayer. This gives the proper turn to every meeting; and all part with the resolution of becoming wiser and better. The seed which is sown in this way is likely to bear much fruit, as in such companies it is sown in honest and good ground. I find many deeply pious, as well as sensible people in this place: they enter into the spirit of the gospel, and desire to receive its fulness. My companions, with two other friends, are gone to visit the lakes of Killarney, and I should gladly have accompanied them; but I cannot go, for I have to preach the gospel of the kingdom both here and at *Bandon*. I went four or five miles down the river to dine with a friend, a Mr. Edwards, on a little island, called *Hop Island*, which contains about twelve acres of ground, an excellent house and offices. It is beautifully situated in reference to the main land on both sides of the river. Indeed, the scenery down the river, and at this place, is very beautiful; superior, I think, to any I have ever seen. The river is on both sides exceedingly well wooded, and at due distances the noble mansions, arising and looking out from among the rich and beautiful foliage of the surrounding trees, give the whole a fine effect indeed. On our way we called at the house of Mr. Carnegie, on the island of *Incherra*, with whom, together with his amiable wife, and her friendly and polite brother, Captain Wood, we were highly entertained. Captain Wood is lately returned from *Canada*, where he has been with his regiment for the last nine years. They kindly presented me with a finely dressed and ornamented buffalo's hide, a superb pair of Indian stockings, and finely wrought moccasins, made for an Indian chief by his squaw. We left these friendly people, and soon gained *Hop Island*, where we sat down to a splendid dinner, with a party of thirty distinguished people. The conversation was useful; not one trifling word was spoken by any person present: soon after dinner was withdrawn we united in an earnest prayer, and I then re-entered the boat, and returned to *Cork*.

"June 22.—I preached this morning to a very large congregation, from Col. i, 27 and 28, with considerable liberty and power; and again in the evening from Rom. i, 16; but in the morning my strength was so much exhausted, that in the evening I found the task far from an easy one. After all this, I found I must go to a friend's house to supper: there were fifty persons present; and as they were all invited on my account, owing to my short sojourn in these parts, I endeavoured to improve the opportunity. I told them many anecdotes of Mr. Wesley and the primitive Methodists. These are tales on which I could long dwell with delight. The excessive exhaustion during the day prevented my rest at night; but I believe good was done; and God is all sufficient.

"June 23.—I went to *Bandon* this morning, having to preach at twelve o'clock, and had one of the loveliest congregations I have ever seen in Ireland; and I had much freedom and power in urging the apostle's exhortation, Jude 20 and 21. The time was solemn, and the congregation deeply attentive; and I am satisfied God bore testimony to his own truth. The day was fine, and the roads pleasant; and the country was interesting through which we passed. Having completed my work in the south of Ireland, I purpose to-morrow setting off on my return to Dublin.

"June 24.—My two companions being returned from their gratifying visit to the *Killarney* lakes, we set off in the mail from the post-office this morning, at eight. The roads were dusty beyond any thing I have ever met with, and we were greatly incommoded. It being St. John's day, there were multitudes of idle people, both male and female: they were engaged in no pastimes, but seemed to be merely idling away their time, while their fields remain uncultivated, and their houses fall into total decay, only because they are too indolent to prevent dilapidations.

"June 25.—We arrived safely this morning at the post-office about six o'clock, having met with no molestation; and now I hope our journeyings of danger are ended.

"Several reflections suggested themselves to my mind at the conclusion of this journey. I shall place them under the two following heads:—

"I. The Roman Catholic population of Ireland is in general in very great misery, and this is chiefly occasioned, not by any political incapacities under which they labour, but, 1st, through a bad creed, which prevents the cultivation of their minds; for among the Roman Catholics, education is greatly proscribed; and, therefore, 2dly, they know nothing of the management of their own minds, but become the tools of their priests, and thus, through their want of knowledge, they are easily misled; and through the strength of their passions, they are readily employed in acts the most desperate, and schemes the most preposterous

3dly. Having no education, and no mental cultivation, they are unacquainted with method, plan, and order : they do nothing by rule, consequently nothing regularly, nothing in its time and place, but all is hurry and confusion. 4thly. They are dirty in their persons, clothes, houses, furniture, and even in their food : from the grossness of their habits, they will associate *con amore* with their cattle, and even with their *swine*. I have seen them often all together in the same place, and eating together as creatures of the same species : the pig himself stands by to have a portion thrown to him while the family are devouring their meals. 5. They have no *economy* : they are wretched, because they will not endeavour to be otherwise : they destroy one half of their property by *mismanagement*. 6. They are *slothful* and *idle*, and, therefore, are in poverty, and the greater part of the distress they endure is owing to these two principles—*mismanagement* and *idleness*. 7. Their religious holydays, that is, their vast number of *saints' days*, for on these they do no manner of work, necessarily retard useful labour, engender idleness, and from it proceeds *disorder*. 8. *They are not really religious* : they will invoke you by the holy Trinity—by *Jesus, Joseph, Mary, and St. Patrick* ; but these have no moral influence in their hearts, or on their lives ; for immediately after these devout prayers and invocations, if you do not yield to their suit, they directly curse you in the bitterness of their hearts. 9. They have no idea of inward holiness ; outward observances constitute their religion, leaving all other matters to be transacted for them by their priests with God. 10. They are taught to hold in hatred all other religionists, because they are told *God hates them*. Hence, 11thly they are cruel and blood-thirsty ; they will sometimes hamstring living animals, or mangle their flesh, leaving them at the same time life enough to be sensible of their agonies. The annual plucking off of the feathers of living geese is not less a proof of their cruelty than of their extreme poverty. 12. *Inhumanity to brutes* is ever connected with *cruelty to man* : hence they are incendiaries, and often murderers ! 13. What, then, does Ireland owe to the Roman Catholic religion ? It finds them uncultivated savages—it leaves them little better than fiends. 14. But compare their state with that of the Protestant Irish, who are less cruel, less wretched, less ignorant, less superstitious, less idle, less dirty, less distrustful ; in short, who are, in every respect, the reverse of their poor misguided countrymen.

“ II. The Irish are, on the other hand, capable of much improvement. 1. They have a quick apprehension : it is an easy task to instruct them in any thing. 2. They have a ready wit ; they can see things in their various bearings almost on a first view, and they possess a vivid fancy, which is indeed the cause of their making what are called *bulls*. 3. Uncontaminated by their priests, they are open, unsuspicious, and friendly. 4.

They have a strong desire for knowledge, and are fond of learning, because by it their stock of knowledge is increased. 5. When left to the bent of their own dispositions, they possess strong benevolence: hence they are proverbial for hospitality. 6. They are patient, and can cheerfully endure any kind of hardship, and seldom complain, while in the path of duty, of either hunger, thirst, or nakedness. 7. While unwarped and unsophisticated, they are capable of strong friendship, and unswerving fidelity. In short, you have but to emancipate them from their superstitions, and to cultivate the *minds* of the Irish, and they are as noble, as intellectual, as fine a race of beings as are in the world; while, at the same time, they are as capable of practising the moral and social duties as any people under the sun!

"June 26.—I find I have much need of rest, in order to fit me for my laborious conference duties, and have devoted the whole day to writing letters.

"June 27.—I have this morning begun our conference.

"June 28.—I went on with the business of conference, and afterwards dined, *more Hybernica*, between four and five, with a very large party. It is very difficult to make such meetings profitable either to soul or body. To be pent up in a close room for two hours with a crowd of people, where the vital principles of the air is soon absorbed by the persons present, and nothing left but a mortal *azote* to be breathed and rebreathed, must assuredly be unfriendly to animal life. In these circumstances people labour and pant, and are little sensible that it is their multitude in such circumstances which is the cause of this inconvenience and evil.

"June 29.—I preached this morning at Albion-street chapel, to an exceedingly large congregation, on those important words of our Lord, *God is a Spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth*, John iv, 24. I have reason to believe that not a few of my deeply-attentive hearers during the discourse came even unto His seat, and received both light and life. O Lord, who would not worship thee! Why is it, while thou art so good, that even thy professing people are not more what thou wouldst have them to be! Why, while thou waitest to be gracious, are we so unsaved! have so little of the spiritual life, so little inward holiness! so much of the carnal mind, that we do not strive to know thee, that we do not seek to worship thee, but restrain prayer before thee, and remain dwarfs in religion when we might be going forward like the sun in his strength! Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us. Amen.

"June 30.—Went on with the business of conference, which was directed in the best spirit.

"July 1.—Had to examine three candidates for the ministry among us, previously to their public admission in the evening;

when the congregation was large and earnestly attentive. I explained at large the nature of the gospel ministry, and what might be expected by and from it when the minister was called of God. In formally admitting the young men, after each had, in the most distinct and energetic manner, and with the utmost simplicity of spirit, spoken his experience, I used the form of the church in ordaining priests. The congregation were all much affected, and much edified, and the preachers seem to have found it a time of a fresh anointing from God.

"*July 3.*—Went on with our conference, and in the evening held our anniversary of the Missionary Society. I spoke at considerable length, describing the state of the missions in *Asia, Africa, and America.*

"*July 4.*—We had much conversation to-day in the conference respecting the best mode of instructing the children of the Irish: everywhere the priests show their most decided hostility to it: they even come into the schools, and whip the popish children out of them, and curse the teacher, and the parents who send them: thus they prevent many from being educated, who thirst for knowledge, and break up, through their influence, many most promising schools.

"*July 5.*—We have nearly concluded our conference. We had to-day some very edifying conversation in reference to an increase of the work of God, not only among our people, but in our own souls: all appeared determined to make this a personal matter, and also to strive to promote *family* religion, as well as to dispense abroad the blessings of the gospel.

"I observed to-day one of the causes of what are termed *Irish bulls*: they generally arise out of the great disparity of idiom between the English and Irish languages. An Irishman who speaks but a little English, translates that little *from the Irish*, following exactly the same collocation of terms as in his own tongue. This may appear more plainly from the following speech of *Brian M'Sorley*, who lived on the mountain called *Bessy Bell*, in the county *Tyrone*. He had gone to the market to buy a little flesh meat for his children: upon inquiry he found his finances would only enable him to purchase a piece of *bull beef*: he thrust his staff through the piece, put it over his shoulders, and thus carried it home. This transaction I shall give in his own words:—'I went to market to buy a little beef ball: I ran him through my staff, and threw my shoulder over him, and brought him home to kitchen the childer among the praytees: for nothing is better than something.' Kitchen among these people signifies to cook up any thing that is eaten with bread, potatoes, &c., such as flesh, fish, butter, and the like: here the poor man translated his Irish literally into English, with several blunders, which occasioned the misplacing of almost all the terms: to Englishmen it appears ridiculous; but an Irishman could readily understand it.

"*July 6.*—I preached this morning at White Friars-street chapel, from Phil. i, 9-11, to a vast crowd of people of all distinctions,—clergy, ministers, and some of the Irish functionaries of state, *This I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in all knowledge and judgment, &c.*

"*July 7.*—This day I finished the conference; having settled all our affairs to the entire satisfaction of the brethren. We concluded by taking the sacrament of the Lord's supper together, and it was a time of great refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

"I have now finished my work in Ireland: it has been a time of hard labour, and some dangers, but God has preserved me, and made his word, by me, a blessing to many. I have not seen a more excellent set of men than the Irish preachers: for simplicity of spirit, godly sincerity, true and deep piety, and disinterestedness, they have not anywhere their superiors: may God preserve them from the many dangers to which they are exposed.

"*July 8.*—Last night I had a severe attack of those spasms in my stomach and bowels, which are the usual consequences of being overworked: for a time they were so severe as to threaten my life: but in a few hours I was, in mercy, relieved from their severity, and had some tolerable rest afterwards.

"Having appointed to sail this day for England, in the *Mountaineer* steam-packet, though much indisposed, I began to prepare for my departure. The rain fell in torrents all day; but in the evening it cleared up a little, and we went on board, and sailed off from Sir John Rogerson's quay, at a quarter past nine. In a short time the weather became clear, and we had a fine night, and I had no return of my spasms.

"*July 9.*—Early this morning we were near Holyhead, all things prosperous, and the morning very fine. A gentleman who was on board showed me an original letter of the late Lord Londonderry's, giving an account of a remarkable preservation he had from drowning. The substance was as follows: 'Robert Stuart, late Lord Londonderry, then seventeen years of age, and a school-fellow of his, aged thirteen years, went into a boat on Lough Strangford, August 12, 1786. A storm of thunder and lightning, succeeded by a deluge of rain, upset the boat, and the two lads were a whole hour in the water without any assistance. Their situation had been seen by some persons from a tower near the water, who hurried down to the lough, seized a boat, the only one in the place, and rowed off to save them: they reached the place, and found the younger lad at his last gasp, and master Stuart ready to sink, having lost the use of his limbs by the cold; both, however, were saved. Stuart was a very indifferent swimmer, and the younger lad had never before been able to support himself in the water: it was, therefore, apparently a miracle that both the lads were preserved during the space of at least an hour in such circumstances'



“The letter that gives this account was written by Lord Londonderry himself, to Dr. *Percy*, bishop of *Dromore*, who, in some notes, makes several judicious reflections upon this accident and deliverance: but how mournful to think that the very same person should have died by his own hand on August 12, 1822, thirty-six years afterwards: how much more preferable would death in the first case have been, than death in the second!

“At a quarter past eleven, A. M., we safely landed on the quay at Liverpool; and thus for the present end my travels by land and water, which have been nearly 2,000 miles in six weeks. My daughter and I took a chaise and got to Millbrook in two hours, and found, through the mercy of God, my family in tolerable health.

“May the dangers I have escaped, and the mercies I have received, make a suitable impression on my heart, and may my soul and body be devoted to God, and saved unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ my Lord. Amen.

“ADAM CLARKE.”

Shortly after Dr. Clarke's return home, he was again obliged to leave it in order to attend the English conference, this year held in Sheffield. An extract from one of his letters to Mrs. Clarke will be interesting to the reader:—

*Sheffield, July 27, 1823.*

“You know, my dear Mary, that I was appointed to preach this morning, and open their new chapel here. It is built in a complete Gothic form, with a tower, &c., and windows of narrow lights. I preached with much liberty, but when within ten minutes of the conclusion of my sermon one of the front seats in the gallery gave way: I need say little more: recollect only the scene you witnessed with me, when I was opening the chapel at *Rochdale*; well,—this was its counterpart. In two minutes a thousand people were out of the chapel; and some in their alarm tore out the windows in the gallery, and the gallery-stairs, and precipitated themselves thence! It is useless to attempt to paint the scene: this is the *third* of the kind I have witnessed, and I think it will be the last, as I do not intend ever to open another chapel: break the ice who will,—but I intend to skate no more. What damage is done, I cannot tell; but I believe neither life nor limb has been lost; I am satisfied many must have been severely hurt, and the chapel is much injured; most of the fine windows have been torn to pieces. When quiet was a little restored I finished my sermon, but, as to a collection for the chapel, it was nearly impossible to make any. As soon as possible I came off to my lodging, and am now sat down to write to my ever dear Mary!”

## BOOK XI.

It will have been remarked during the perusal of the preceding pages, the great attachment of Dr. Clarke to his family and home: but as in the course of events most of his children were married, or settled in London, he became anxious to be nearer to them, and, though not less fond than ever of the retirement of Millbrook, still its great distance from his children, and the anticipated removal of its last member from the paternal roof to settle also in London, determined him to dispose of his estate there, and to come to town till he should be able to procure another within a few miles' distance of his children. This he easily accomplished as far as related to the disposal of Millbrook; but the poor felt much at the announcement of his intended removal, and the gentlemen of the neighbourhood testified their regret on the occasion, for he had been a kind, as well as an intelligent neighbour, and one to whom they could ever have easy access.

In order to make arrangements for his family's removal to London, Dr. Clarke preceded them several weeks, and fixed himself in a house in Canonbury-square, Islington; where he patiently awaited the gradual arrival of his books, &c., &c. His letters, during this period, detail in lively colours the miseries of an almost empty house, and the utter confusion and total want of comfort by which he was surrounded; and few persons would suffer from them in an equal degree with himself, because of his rigid habits of order and neatness.

The early part of February, 1824, Dr. Clarke was joined by Mrs. Clarke, and the other remaining members of his family, and thus he was once more restored to domestic comfort. Shortly after Dr. Clarke's arrival in town, he drew up, at the request of his royal highness the duke of Sussex, some observations on the subject of the "*Complutensian Polyglot*," which had previously been a matter on which his royal highness and Dr. Clarke had not only conversed, but corresponded. This paper of observations and criticism on the Complutensian Polyglot was inserted in the *Bibliotheca Sussexiana*, by T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., and is thus, in page 12th of that work, introduced by the author:—

"By the kind permission of my excellent friend, Dr. Adam Clarke, I have the pleasure of submitting to the Bibliographer

some very interesting particulars as to a variation not only in the title-pages of some copies of the *Complutensian Polyglot*, but also in the prefatory matter; and variations so numerous as most decidedly to prove a recomposition and reprinting of it. Nor is it to be confined to the Prolegomena, but it also appears that the leaf containing the conclusion of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the beginning of the Acts of the Apostles, has also been recomposed and reprinted. But the reader shall have the account in the learned doctor's own words, as communicated to his royal highness the duke of Sussex.—Feb. 25, 1824."

From the first of Dr. Clarke's taking up his abode in Canonbury-square, it became evident that London would not agree with him; for, in a short time, his health was so seriously affected as almost to preclude the possibility of study. His friend, and kind and constant medical attendant, Mr. Hunter, of Islington, recommended his removal from town, and his family shortly succeeded in finding a residence sixteen miles from London, strongly recommended for the salubrity of its situation, and yet sufficiently remote for the purposes of seclusion and study: the house and grounds were beautiful and spacious; and entirely meeting the wishes and views of Dr. Clarke, he purchased the estate, and, in the month of September, 1824, he retired to it. Once more in the country, Dr. Clarke felt all that elasticity of mind which he could only experience when surrounded by rural objects and occupations, and as he used to look around him he would often exclaim, "God made the country, and man made the town; here I feel myself at home; the endless noise, and brick and mortar of London, distract and make me nearly miserable: thank God, he has once more saved me from it." At Eastcott, the name of the place to which Dr. Clarke had retired, he shortly recovered his health, and continued with the improved state of it to prosecute his Commentary on the Old and New Testaments, which work was now happily drawing to a conclusion. There being no place of public worship within two miles of Haydon Hall, (the name of Dr. Clarke's house,) he opened one of his cottages for the purpose of preaching, obtained a license for that end, and it was soon filled with orderly and attentive hearers.

Shortly after taking up his residence at Eastcott, Dr. Clarke addressed the following playful invitation to one of his daughters:—

"MY DEAR MARY ANN,—We are yet any thing but settled; but we are daily getting nearer to that happy state. I have at hand but this single half sheet of paper, but to it you are welcome.

I write merely to say,  
There's a chaise in full play,

Which I'll get if I may,  
 And at moderate pay,  
 On Monday or Tuesday,  
 Or eke Saturday.  
 The horses are good and the tackle is gay,  
 The driver is sprightly as April or May,  
 He'll run up to London to bear you away,  
 And drive you to Eastcott to hold holyday ;  
 And when you are here, we would keep you for aye,  
 And make you quite happy as long as you stay.  
 Then come at our bidding, and do not say nay,  
 And may you have safety along the highway,

Says your affectionate father."

When in health, this playful disposition of Dr. Clarke's marked all his conduct. From the severest studies he could immediately unbend his mind into the social converse of the fire-side, or amuse himself with any children who might chance to form a part of the domestic circle. To these he would sing the nursery rhymes of his own infancy, or the popular ballads familiar to the days of his youth ; and, as these arose to his memory, he would narrate to the "children of a larger growth" the historical or traditionary circumstances to which they had reference, and thus pleasure and instruction went hand in hand.

The following letter to Mrs. Clarke is an additional proof that even amid the severities of study Dr. Clarke retained such cheerfulness of mind :—

*Haydon Hall, Dec. 21, 1824.*

"With an old pen.

"To my wife, Mary Clarke.

"MY DEAR MARY,—I began my comment on *Jeremiah*, Nov. 1, 1824, and finished that and the *Lamentations* on the 30th of the same month. I began my comment on *Ezekiel*, Dec. 1, and finished it this day, Dec. 21, 1824, and the whole has been written with this miserable pen, with which I write this, and which I here enclose.

'With this poor pen I wrote these books,  
 Made of a gray goose quill ;  
 A pen 'twas then with shabby looks,  
 And a pen I leave it still !'

"*Jeremiah* and *Lamentations* occupy 320 closely written large quarto pages, and *Ezekiel* 176 pages.—Total 396. Ever yours at command,

ADAM CLARKE."

That Dr. Clarke never lost, amid all his many duties, his deep interest for Shetland, is apparent from the numerous let-

ters he wrote, and applications he made in behalf of those islands to his friends and other benevolent persons: among the latter must be ranked Mrs. William Williams, whose considerable attention and active exertions for the support of the mission itself, and the comfort of the missionaries, were only equalled by their deep necessities and subsequent comfort. In letters to this lady, soon after the establishment of the mission, Dr. Clarke thus writes, stating the importance of the mission itself, and the labours and confidence he had in the missionaries employed there:—

“I feel gratitude to God, madam, in finding that he has disposed such as yourself to help me to bear a burden which, without such assistance, would be an overmatch for my strength.

“From the commencement of the Shetland mission, it has been placed by my brethren under my care, and its wants and trials come all before me, and indeed are laid upon me. I have been a missionary myself, and in various places have, for between forty and fifty years, seen the work of the Lord. But a more effectual opening among a numerous, very destitute, and interesting people, I have never witnessed. The labours through which the missionaries have gone, and are still going, are almost incredible; but God mightily sustains them, preserves their lives and health, and makes them more than a general blessing. They not only travel and preach always without the comforts and conveniences of life, but frequently without its necessities. They also teach the children in every place, and visit and instruct the people from house to house: never did a people receive the word of God with more gladness and simplicity of heart, nor have brought forth for the time more unequivocal fruits of genuine repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

“There are four missionaries labouring there, of the same spirit,—Messrs. Dunn, Raby, Lewis, and Thompson. They are now building a chapel and preachers’ house at Lerwick, and I have gone a begging through all my friends to cover this expense; the latter will be a rendezvous for the missionaries when they return from time to time from visiting the different islands. The tracts, culinary articles, calico, &c., which your benevolent heart has devised and sent for them, will be most acceptable.

“I thank you, madam, in the name of God, and of this people, for what you have already done. You take such an interest in my poor Shetlanders, that I know not adequately how to express my thankfulness. I do bless God for every friend he has raised up to the missionaries, and the people of those Hyperborean regions. To persons so absolutely beginning the world as the Shetland missionaries are, every thing necessary for housekeeping and furniture must be very acceptable. I

only wish your last bounty had already reached them, as they must feel many sore privations in these dreary days, in which they have but about four hours of daylight.

"The quarto Bible, with marginal readings and references, which you have sent, is the best for the pulpit; and the chandelier, sent by Mr. Williams for the chapel, went also quite safely. The Bibles and Testaments which you purpose sending for the people will be most acceptable; but suffer me to say, the larger the print, the better, as there are many old people not well furnished with spectacles. I am always glad to see your letters, for they bring me good news of precious gifts, or liberal devices from you.

"May the Lord Jesus lay his healing hand upon you, and save you and yours with all the power of an endless life. Amen. I am, my dear madam, your much obliged, humble servant,  
ADAM CLARKE."

That this interest continued intensely alive is manifest from the following letters to the missionaries sent out to Shetland; which, though out of the chronological order endeavoured to be preserved in this narrative, are inserted here to afford a connected account of how Dr. Clarke laboured for the maintenance of this interesting mission:—

*Millbrook, March 22, 1823.*

"MY DEAR LADS,—I am just returned from holding a missionary meeting in Bath: there I spoke largely about the poor Shetlanders, and respecting your labours. To an impressive letter which I wrote to my old friend, Robert Scott, Esq., I received a glorious answer. I told him that I had pledged myself to raise £50 to enable you to build a chapel at Lerwick; and what is the result, under God's blessing? He promises to give me £100 per annum towards supporting two missionaries in Shetland, and more if it be necessary, and sends me £50 for the chapel.

"After the missionary meeting at Bath, on leaving the chapel, a gentleman, whom I did not know, touched my shoulder in the street, and said, 'Sir, you have spoken particularly about the mission in the Shetland Isles, and of a chapel which you purpose to erect. I give you twenty guineas towards the former, and twenty guineas towards the latter!' O, how my heart danced for joy! Now, my noble fellows, see that you get a piece of freehold ground, large enough to build a chapel equal to the necessities of the place, and for a house for the preachers. Should I be spared, I think I shall get more money. But be prudent: go to no unnecessary expense: and let me often hear of your operations and progress. My representations have been the means of raising up many friends to the poor Shetlanders, who offer numerous prayers to God for you and

for them. Live to God,—pray much,—labour hard,—and have an immeasurable faith in God. I am, my dear lads, your affectionate brother,  
ADAM CLARKE."

Shortly after this, Dr. Clarke, writing to Mr. Raby, says:—

"I like the manner of your labours; but I tremble for your life. You should get a small hand-bag, and always carry with you some hard or ship biscuit: this would keep you alive, and a little warm milk to this would nourish you. God has put great honour upon Mr. Dunn and yourself: you are God's apostles of this mission: my heart glories in you. Be steady, act by united counsels, love one another, help each other, speak well of each other, prefer one another in love. Tell me all that concerns yourselves and the work; act as evangelists; preach Jesus—Jesus in the plenitude of his salvation. I have sent off to you about 6000 tracts and pamphlets; and I will, if God spare me, see you in the spring. I am, my dear brother Raby, yours affectionately in Christ,

"ADAM CLARKE."

The health of Mr. Raby, especially from having been before a missionary in a hot climate, gave way before his labours and a northern latitude; and to supply his place, and to increase the number of missionaries now necessary for that extended mission, Dr. Clarke wrote the following letter to the Rev. John Lewis of Garstang:—

*Millbrook, May, 1823.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER LEWIS,—I want two additional missionaries for the Shetland Isles, to assist brothers Raby and Dunn. Will you, in the name of the Lord be one of the two. and go into a place where the fields are so white unto the harvest?

"You have seen, by the accounts I have sent to the Magazines, how our brethren go on there, and what a great and effectual door the Lord has opened among the islanders. This will show you that probably your zeal cannot be more successfully employed than in that place. I am, my dear brother, yours affectionately,  
ADAM CLARKE."

That Mr. Lewis accepted this invitation appears from the following letter, written by Dr. Clarke, in reply to his communications:—

*May, 1823.*

"I thank you, my dear brother Lewis, for your noble-minded letter, which came to hand this morning. I knew you were missionary property, and it was in consequence of the strong

recommendation of Messrs. Bunting and Taylor that I applied to you.

"Your going to Shetland need not prevent your going a few years hence to the antipodes, should you wish it. I desire you to hold yourself in immediate readiness to accompany me to Scotland. May God ever have you in his holy keeping! I am, my dear brother, yours affectionately,

"ADAM CLARKE."

*Eastcott, near Pinner, Middlesex, Feb., 1824.*

"MY DEAR SAMMY,—I have just received your letter of February 16:—two, if not three, I had written before, which I find you have not received. One I wrote almost in despair. In it I had desired you to remit all building, as I could raise no more money, Mr. Mason having written to me that you had overdrawn him, and begging me to send him more money, when I had but one sovereign in the world for this account. I prayed, called earnestly upon God, and sat down and wept, till I could scarcely see to write or read. Well, I once more thought I must lay the whole before our best earthly friend. With a free heart, I stated the matter in a letter to Mr. Scott. He wrote me word that he and Mrs. S. would be up in a fortnight and see me. They came, and I set off in very bad health to London to meet them; and O, what a meeting! Their hearts were nearly as full as mine. Says Mr. Scott, 'Come, let me have a check; I will give orders on my bank for £100.' Says Mrs. S., 'and I will give £5.' 'And I am desired,' says Mr. S., 'by my sister-in-law, Miss Grainger, to give £5; and, lest any chapel begun should be impeded, here is £10 more; and thus I will give the check for £120. And this is not all that I will do. I tell you again, I will give £10 to every chapel or house begun under your direction in Shetland.' You can hardly tell how much I rejoiced. I thanked God, I thanked them; and could have kissed the ground on which they trod. I said in my heart, 'O, my poor Shetlanders, (whom I have never seen, and now never shall see, but God has laid you upon my heart,) God has not forgotten you.' I sent my check to the bankers, got the cash, £120, sent it to Mr. Mason, and immediately wrote to you, and told you what God had done. So take courage, and go forward. This letter you have probably received.

"Mr. Scott has written to me two or three days ago, stating that he is very poorly, and wishes to make a trust deed in behalf of the Shetlands; and to do this immediately; and desires me to give him the names with which I think it ought to be filled. Old as I am, I must be one; Mr. Butterworth will be another; you shall be the third; and I have not made up my



mind yet on two others. I wished him also to include the Orkneys; for perhaps God may give us a people there.

"And now, my dear Sammy, what shall I say to you! To ask you to continue longer in the Shetlands, I dare not; because you have been so ill, and need to be recruited. But I have thought that possibly you might continue, if your health served, to nearly the end of the summer; then get to the Orkneys, where you would be near to our conference; and could easily get to Leith, I suppose, at any time, and not be exposed to so much hardship as in Shetland; and perhaps God may make you the father of another work; or, if you do not approve of this, or think the hardship would be too great, I will, if you choose, get you provisionally appointed for Edinburgh, without making you responsible for any work there; and you might visit either Shetland, Orkney, or Fair Isle, as you might judge best, and hide yourself in our mainland during the severity of the winter. At any rate, if you come over, you must come and live with us in this place, (a paradise of God,) till you become strong and vigorous. We are only fifteen miles from London.

"I wish you to give me a long letter on the moral state and necessities of the Shetlands, that I may send it about to do good.

"A little half granddaughter of mine (Caroline Smith) is just now dead, ten years old, and has left a most glorious testimony for God. It is now in the press, and I will send some for presents to good little girls in Shetland.

"Take care of too much labour; at those frequent wettings and privations to which you are exposed, I tremble. You must, you must avoid them as much as possible. Write as often as you can. Yours, my dear Sammy, affectionately,

"To the Rev. Samuel Dunn.

ADAM CLARKE."

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*To the Same.*

*London, Feb. 23, 1824.*

"MY DEAR SAMMY,—I am just favoured with your letter of the 4th instant, and am glad to find that you are all well, and that the barrels are arrived. You may change any part of their contents for any thing more necessary for your use and comfort. There is another barrel on its way, containing, I think, more elegant hardware. Mr. Beet, of Sheffield, is the donor. He promised it to me at conference; but it is only lately that he has been able to complete it. It is worth £10 prime cost.

"Mrs. Williams, my steady Shetland assistant, who has already sent you so large an assortment of culinary utensils, as you are informed by my last, wishes to know the dimensions

of the rooms and windows of the preachers' house. She is meditating some liberal thing. When you get all she has sent, you will have a rich provision indeed. I should have been often at my wit's end in this Shetland work, had not the hand of God been upon me for good. If you have great Shetland difficulties in point of labour, I have no small number in point of anxiety, begging, letter-writing, &c., &c.

"You tell me that 'some one has sent word from Scotland, that it was stated in our annual missionary meeting, London, that the gospel was never preached in the Shetlands before Mr. R. and you went there.' Nothing can be more false than this. No person spoke on the Shetland mission in that meeting but myself; and I then gave the highest character of the Scottish clergy. I have ever considered them the best preachers in Europe, and equally learned with their brethren of the English Establishment. I may be mistaken, but I have ever considered that the gospel of Christ was preached wherever a Scottish clergyman had his residence. I am not referring to the points in dispute between them and us. I believe they preach Christ crucified, and redemption in his blood. This is the essence of the gospel. But after having stated my opinion, and referred to the population of the Shetlands, (25,000 souls,) scattered through a number of islands, often extremely difficult of access, I showed that twelve ministers, had they been twelve apostles, were utterly insufficient to dispense the bread of life among such a multitude; and the fact was, that multitudes of these never heard a gospel sermon, but at very select times; and many, especially women and children, perhaps not in their lives. And I used this as an argument why we should, if possible, supply their lack of service. Who can convict this of falsity? If the general assembly will send a sufficient number of men, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, who will take their lives in their hands, and travel, and preach, and visit from house to house, and suffer want and hardship, and the loss of all the comforts of life, as you and Mr. Raby, and your fellow-labourers, Lewis and Tabraham, are doing, I have done, and will cheerfully turn my attention elsewhere, and praise God that a suitable supply can be found in Scotland to meet the spiritual necessities of their brethren; but this has not been done, nor will it be done, by that venerable assembly: if they have even the men that would go through all these hardships, and these are not easy to be found, they have not the means. The Shetlands have been shamefully neglected by them, by us, and by all. The other islands are not much better off. There are at least five thousand inhabitants in the island of my ancestors, (Mull,) and is there a single clergyman in the whole island, or even one regular place of worship? I know that it is now and then visited. But will this satisfy the chief Shepherd? The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed. You are welcome to post the above statement

on the market-house of Lerwick if you please, and let shame fall where it ought. I am, my dear Sammy, your affectionate brother,  
 ADAM CLARKE."

*To the Same.*

*London, June 6, 1824.*

"MY DEAR SAMMY,—I received your letter yesterday, with all your accounts. I ordered Mr. Mason to transmit you bills to the amount of the whole deficiency which you have stated. Thus I have taken care that your credit should ever be preserved; for I think it fatal to our missionary work in any place to dishonour the bill of a missionary, or to trifle with his just demands, so as to render his credit suspicious. Take care to be ever prudent and economic, and while God spares me, in reference to your station, I shall take care that your credit shall be preserved. I have often hard fagging to scrape up pelf for the necessities of your mission, but God never permitted me to labour in vain. I am glad that you have begun the preachers' house; let it be a sufficient one: I will not have the missionaries there in dog-holes. We owe it not only to the prejudices of the people, but to the honour of the gospel, to have the preachers' residence in Lerwick as respectable as our circumstances will admit; and as the preachers often return exhausted, it is well that they should have all things comfortable at Lerwick, till they recruit their strength for new exertions.

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"I believe I shall not venture to go to conference. I have not been able to lift my hand in a pulpit for more than a month; and indeed only about three times in four months, and so shattered and so infirm does my health seem, that I doubt whether my active services be not at an end; yet, like one of the worn-out Levites, I can help the church of God with my experience, counsels, and advice. I am not at all alarmed at the proposal of four chapels to be built. I wish you to write me a detailed state of the work in the islands,—what is done, what is doing, and what must be done, in order fully to occupy the house, the door of which God has so effectually opened. If possible, let me have this before conference. I wish to have a chapel in Yell—surely God has not closed that door. Could you not sketch me a map of the islands, distinguishing the places where you preach, the number of inhabitants,—of the congregation,—in society, &c. I cannot get a map with a satisfactory view of those islands. Let not one inhabited rock even be without a Methodist sermon on it. The work goes on well in Cornwall: several thousands have been added since last conference. Ever yours affectionately,  
 ADAM CLARKE."

The following letter Dr. Clarke wrote to Mr. Lewis, of Shetland, dated,—

*London, Jan. 13, 1825.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am thankful that your life and health are preserved in your arduous labours, and that He so particularly owns them. It is hardly possible in the Christian ministry that we should sincerely labour for God, through Christ, and not be successful. I well know what yourself and brother Dunn must suffer through the want of many of the necessities of life, and particularly through innutritive food, and bad or no beds. I have suffered in this way often. You cannot imagine how destitute we were, in many cases, about half a century ago, when I came into the Methodist connection: both these were common: I have often lodged in out houses in the coldest weather, without fire, and with scarcely enow of clothes to keep the vital spark in existence. Take courage, my noble brother: a preacher of the everlasting gospel must endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; and while you see sinners brought to God, who would not be hungry, cold, and destitute, in such a work! I greatly honour your wife for the pains she is taking with our poor Shetland females: next to preaching Jesus, this is the most essential good that can be done for the inhabitants of those islands: by affectionate condescensions she will get into the hearts of those young women, and do them, and endless generations, the greatest good."

To this succeeds an account of the different articles of bedding, blankets, calico, cutlery, &c., &c., which Dr. Clarke had procured and had had given to him for the use of the preachers' houses, and also a quantity of calico for destitute old men and women, cloth for poor men, &c.: for, not only for their spiritual but temporal wants did Dr. Clarke concern himself, and these his kind friends in Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c., largely assisted him in supplying, for in a letter to Mr. Lewis, Dr. Clarke says:—

"None of these things have been purchased by any money belonging to any fund in the connection, not even the bedding; and I have not lifted for them one shilling from the Shetland treasurer, in order that you may have the more to draw for your work."

It will have been seen that his royal highness, the duke of Sussex, had, on several occasions, testified his kind regard for Dr. Clarke, and the following letter will evince that he still held him in the same estimation:—

*April 4, 1825.*

"DEAR SIR,—I am honoured with the command of his royal highness, the duke of Sussex, to say that his royal highness is

anxious to introduce you to a very enlightened nobleman, the duke of Hamilton, one of the oldest friends his royal highness possesses. The duke proposes that you should name a day in the present week, (Wednesday or Thursday would, I think, be most convenient,) to meet his grace at his royal highness's table. You will have the goodness to reply, appointing your day, and recollect that there shall be a carriage for you at five precisely to convey you to the palace. Yours sincerely and affectionately,

T. J. PETTIGREW.

*"Saville Row, Burlington Gardens."*

When Dr. Clarke received this invitation he was in London, having come up to consult his friend and relative, John Ware, Esq., about his eyes, which had been considerably inflamed. In consequence of this, his absence from home, he wrote to Mrs. Clarke an account of the visit referred to in the preceding letter: an extract from which is here subjoined:—

*Christopher-street, Finsbury-square, April 13, 1825.*

"MY VERY DEAR MARY,—I do hope that my eyes are mending, but it is very slowly.

"On Monday last I received a note from Mr. Pettigrew, stating that, when his royal highness made the appointment for me to meet his grace the duke of Hamilton, at the palace, on Thursday next, he had forgotten he had on that day to preside at the 'Gaelic Education Society,' and begged that Tuesday (yesterday) might stand in its stead, and that I would bring with me my son, J. W. Clarke, of the chapter house, whom he would be most happy to receive. I was full of fears on account of my eyes; but I thought it not right to plead them in excuse. We accordingly set off and reached Kensington palace about six o'clock.

"The duke of Sussex soon made his appearance, for by this time the whole company were in the pavilion, and singling me out, took me by the hand and led me forward to two Indian gentlemen, saying, 'Here is my friend, Dr. Adam Clarke, who will speak Persic or Arabic with any of you.'

"I turned, and taking John by the arm, said, 'May it please your royal highness, I have the honour of presenting to you my eldest son:—' he took him by the hand and bade him welcome, and on the arrival of any new guest, introduced both myself and our son.

"Previously to dinner being announced, all the company were ushered into the room where the MSS. and early printed books are kept. On the duke of Hamilton remarking upon the probable date of some of them, from their illuminations, John gave two or three opinions, heraldically, which were happy and decisive.

"The profusion of plate was amazing, and as to the meats

and drinks, they were abundant, various, and splendid. I ate about an ounce of turbot, and did not taste one drop of fluid of any kind. His royal highness two or three different times recommended viands from the head of the table to John, and pledged and sent him some Trin. Col. ale : he soon felt at home, and took his part in discussions on antiquities and heraldry, which were well received.

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"The conversation was what might have been expected from such a noble and intellectual company, and referred to several points of language and criticism. I suffered no inconvenience from the visit, yet, being really indisposed, I was anxious to retire unobserved ; but this I could not do, for his royal highness bade me a most friendly farewell, the duke of Hamilton, &c. We left the palace about ten, and got to Christopher-street before eleven, where I had one of the best night's rest that I have had for a long time. Yours most affectionately, my dear Mary,

ADAM CLARKE."

In the summer of this year, Dr. Clarke was earnestly requested to go over to Ireland, to hold a public missionary meeting at *Cork*, and to preach in aid of the funds of the Wesleyan foreign missions.

Several reasons urged his compliance with this invitation, and to these he yielded, though his health was but little improved, and far from restored ; it served also to impede the progress of the Commentary, which, as it drew towards a close, became a matter of deep solicitude, that it might be brought to an entire termination.

In reference to this visit to *Cork* there is the following letter, addressed to one of his daughters :—

*Cork, July 4, 1825.*

"MY VERY DEAR MARY ANN,—I wrote to your mother twice from *Bristol*, and you would find from the last letter, that we sailed out of that city in *The King George* steam-packet, on the second : the wind was fair when we set out, but when we got to *King Road* it changed ; and was exactly in our teeth all the rest of the way : the sea was on the whole tolerably smooth : we were crowded with passengers : we had three clergymen, two of them D. D.'s, General *Welsh*, General *Greaves*, and General *Bingham* : the latter, Sir *George Bingham*, comes to be commandant of the county. We had also several majors and colonels ; one *Indian* judge ; some members of parliament ; several families of distinction ; and some ladies of rank : we had no less than five carriages on board, besides horses, servants, &c. &c. ; in short, we were crowded ; but such an agreeable company I never before met with : On Sunday morning the ladies sent me a message, requesting me to preach to them ; but as there were three clergymen on board, I thought it much

better that they should be asked; they were not only respectable, but pious men. They consented: an awning was placed over the deck: one read the prayers, another the lessons, and the other preached: it was really a good sermon on the subject, and well read by its author, Dr. Woodward, son of the bishop of Cloyne: the ladies then begged that I would preach in the afternoon; but as this was not practicable, owing to the dinner hour, &c., they came round me, and made me talk bravely. I had invitations on all hands, to visit different country seats near Limerick and Cork; but I was obliged, as my stay in the country must be so short, to decline them all.

"The various company tried me on all subjects, religious, civil, military, medical, philosophical, and literary: I bless God, who has given me some brains, and who has enabled me to cultivate them. Thus I was not at a loss in any one instance, and spoke largely on all. There was no profanity, and not one oath sworn; and all was according to the best good manners. Though the passage was long, none found it tedious: I never had less anxiety respecting the issue. After long sailing, we got into the channel, and thence to Cork. The prospects on both sides of the river were extremely lovely. We had a French horn on board, which blew different airs,—*'Adeste Fideles,'* 'God save the king,' and some psalm and hymn tunes, which echo gave back in the finest manner I ever heard. In consequence of its being a clear evening, the shores were crowded to see the packet come in: for ten miles before we reached Cork, my companions computed that there could not have been fewer than three thousand spectators: and when we got to the quay, there were at least one thousand. They ran along the beach and the quay, to keep pace with the packet, in the most disorderly and tumultuous manner. Such a human tempest, I never saw; but they were all good humoured, though tremendously vociferous. When we landed, which was in thirty-six hours after we had set sail, many friends we found waiting our arrival, who received us with the most kindly demonstrations of affection. Your brother, Theodore, appeared more than happy to see his father thus welcomed.

"Strange to say, my eyes are almost absolutely well. The salt air has had the most friendly influence upon them. They are weak, but the inflammation is nearly gone. The blue glasses your husband gave me have been of the most sovereign use. I could have beheld no object had it not been for them; tell him this, with my love.

"Theodore and his party set off for Killarney to-morrow: but I cannot go, having to preach here the same evening. Let your mother see this letter, my dear Mary Ann, and be assured it is inscribed with love to her, and a blessing to, and on each of my dear children, from their and your affectionate father,

"ADAM CLARKE"

After holding their public missionary meeting at *Cork*, and preaching for its funds, Dr Clarke returned to *England* by way of *Dublin*; but that his journeyings in behalf of missions were far from being over, is evident from a letter he wrote to Mrs. Clarke. He had been attending the *Bristol* conference after his return from Ireland, and the letter in question is written after its conclusion:—

*Bradford, (Yorkshire,) Sept. 4, 1825.*

"I have now, my very dear Mary, finished my work at this place. I preached this morning at the old chapel. It was not a congregation, nor an assembly, nor a concourse, nor a crowd; but a tremendous torrent of human beings, produced by a conflux from all the thirty-two points of the compass of this town, and its vicinity. I thought preaching would have been impossible; and so it would, had it not been for Mr. Dawson, who got into the grave-yard, and carried off one thousand of the people. I began at half past nine, the chapel being at that time thronged. To deceive me, some one soon slyly stopped the clock. I had in a few minutes perfect stillness. \* \* \* The spirit of glory and of God rested upon all. Although there had already been three collections, at the first of which, on Friday, I got them £100, yet this morning I got upwards of £100 more, besides what Mr. Dawson got in the yard. I came to my lodging in a piteous state.

"*Leeds* comes next on the 9th, and I almost dread the human billows, the mountain swell of thousands that will be there. Immediately after, perhaps that evening, God willing, I set off for *Lincoln*, where I am to preach on the next Sabbath morning. On the 13th, I am to preach, and hold the missionary meeting in the same city, and probably on the following day proceed to London. I need rest, for I have now been labouring and travelling by sea and land upwards of three months, with but little intermission. This morning I received a letter from Mr. Longden of *Sheffield*, inviting me to go there to preach their anniversary sermons: this I have declined. In Mr. Longden's letter is this paragraph:

"This day (September 2) we have been mournfully committing to the tomb the remains of our late beloved minister, Mr. *Manwaring*. He caught a malignant fever three weeks ago, was confined to his bed a fortnight, and was during that time chiefly insensible; but in these aberrations he was most affectionately preaching and praying. He was a holy man of God, and is no doubt now reaping the rich harvest of his labours. Mrs. Manwaring, who was recovering from her confinement, caught the fever, and now lies dangerously ill, and ignorant of the departure of her husband."

"O, my dear Mary, this is a most distressing case! In *Dublin*, it was once all but our situation, when we lay in separate



rooms below and above stairs, and for three weeks neither of us knew whether the other was alive ! These were dismal days ; and, besides bodily affliction, we had many other calamities to sustain ; but God supported and brought us through them all ; and to his name alone we can give glory. Your affectionate husband,

ADAM CLARKE."

The insertion of the following grateful expression of the sentiments of the Shetlanders is perhaps due to them, and evinces that the law of kindness was implanted with the law of God upon their hearts :—

*To the Rev. Adam Clarke, LL. D. and F. A. S., from the class-leaders in the Methodist Society, in Walls and Sandness.*

*Shetland, 25th July, 1825.*

"REV. AND MUCH ESTEEMED DOCTOR,—It is some time since we had it in our minds to address you ; and nothing but a fear that such a liberty would give you offence, has deterred us until now. We are at a loss for words to express the obligations we are under to you, and the gratitude we feel for your great and manifold kindness to us. We know, sir, that you have higher objects in view than the praise of men ; yet we owe you a thousand thanks, and should feel guilty in not thanking you in our own name, and in the name of every member in our respective classes. Sir, it is for sending us the gospel that we thank you. We would not intimate by this that we had never heard the gospel before the ministers you sent reached our shores,—no such a thing is meant ; but we must say that, until then, the gospel was to us but a dead letter : we were dead in trespasses and in sin, until aroused by the plain and faithful preaching of the Methodists : they were the instruments which God employed to bring us from darkness to light. There are above two hundred persons in our society in this neighbourhood, the most of whom are adorning the gospel of God our Saviour. But the good done by the Methodists is not confined within our society : all denominations have benefited : many of the clergy have received new energies, have appointed sermons to be read in the distant parts of their ministries, and sanctioned prayer-meetings among their own members : there are three such meetings in this neighbourhood every Sunday evening ; such were entirely unknown to us two years ago. The dissenters have also benefited materially by their arrival in our isles ; for before their congregations were exceedingly small, but on their lending their meeting-houses to the Methodist ministers, they were crowded to excess, and continue to be filled to this day : and a greater number of persons has joined their community in the last two years than in any four years previously, since their establishment in Shetland ; and many of these are known to have been awakened under the preaching of the Methodists.

"Sir, we rejoice that good has been done, and is still doing; and a great good has been done in this neighbourhood. There are at present ten sets of prayer-leaders in our society,—four held by the dissenters, and three by the kirk folks; in all seventeen meetings held for prayer every Sunday night. Some of our people hold their prayer-meetings three times on a Sabbath, when they have no preaching. Most of these meetings are well attended: they will average forty persons each at the very lowest. We can declare to you that we rejoice that so much has been done in our isles, and we grieve that so much is yet undone; for in Walls and Sandness all are not converted. May the Lord send by whom he will send, for we wish to be free from party zeal, and pray for the day when Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim; but we trust that we have learned from Him who bore such contradictions of sinners against himself; for 'once we were also disobedient, serving divers lusts; and we know that were we of the world, the world would love us,' but it hates us for the same reason that it hated our Master, and we bless his name for having counted us worthy to suffer for his name's sake. O may the Lord keep us unto the end; as only those who are faithful unto death shall have the crown of life.

"Now, sir, we pray God to keep you and spare you many years for the good of his church at large, and for the benefit of Shetland in particular; and be pleased to accept of our ten thousand thanks for your disinterested kindness and unwearied zeal in behalf of our country and countrymen; and we wish to thank Robert Scott, Esq., of Penesford, near Bristol, for his unprecedented liberality to us; and to many others we would return our sincere thanks, but we do not recollect their names. We thank them all; God knows them all; God will reward them all; and thousands in Shetland will rise up to call them blessed, and will be stars in their crown in the day of the Lord. Rev. and esteemed doctor, we remain yours in the best of bonds,

"JOHN COUPER,  
"JOHN SINCLAIR,  
"JOSEPH CHRISTIE,

SCOTT ROBERTSON,  
CHRISTOPHER TAIT,  
WALTER GRAY."

Dr. Clarke's wish even to please children, is evidenced by the following letter, addressed to one of his little grandsons; accompanied by a present of foreign stuffed birds:—

*To Adam Clarke Smith.*

*Haydon Hall, Nov. 8, 1825.*

"MY DEAR LITTLE GRANDSON,—Your father and mother tell me that you are fond of birds, especially pretty little birds that have pretty feathers—blue, green, yellow, red, fine glossy black, and fair lily-white, with nice bills and beautiful legs; but your

mamma tells me that you have but one such bird ; what a pity, when you love it so well, and would take great care of others also, if you had them. Well, my dear Adam, I have many very beautiful birds, which have been sent me from countries very far off, and they were sent me by very good people who love me, and I will give some of them to you, Adam, because I love you. Now, my dear Adam, I much like these little birds. Is it because they have very beautiful feathers, and beaks, and legs ! or that because when they were alive they sang so delightfully, ran so fast, and flew so swiftly ! All this indeed I love ; but I love them most because it was the same good God who made them that made myself ; and he who feeds me feeds them also, and takes care of them ; and he made them beautiful, that you, and I, and all people might be pleased with their fine feathers and sweet singing. Now a man who has a great deal of money may go to places where people sing for money, or have music in the house, such as your dear Cecilia plays ; but there are a great many poor people in the world who have scarcely money enough to buy bread when they are hungry, or clothes to keep them warm in the cold weather. Now, my dear, these cannot hire people to sing, nor can they have music in their houses like your mamma ; yet they love to hear music ; so would it not be a pity that they should not have some also ! See, then, why the good God who made you, formed so many fine birds with such sweet voices to sing the sweetest songs ; these are the *poor man's music* ; they sing to him for nothing ! They do not even ask a crumb of bread from the poor man ; and when he is going to work in the morning they sing to encourage him ; and when he is returning home in the evening very weary, because he has worked very hard, then they sing again, that he may be pleased and not grieve nor fret. Now is not God very good for making these pretty little musicians to encourage and comfort the poor labouring man ! And will you not then love this God who made them for so kind a purpose ! \* \* \*

"Now you must know, Adam, that I am very fond of these nice little birds ; and often take crumbs of bread and scatter them under the windows, that they may come and peck them up ; and once I put a stick in the ground before the parlour window, with a cross stick on the top of it, just like your letter T, that you have been learning in your A B C, and often would I lift up the window and cry, Bobby, Bobby, and the sweet red-breast, so soon as he could hear my voice, would fly near the window, and sit on the cross stick ; then I left the crumbs and bits of cheese, of which they are very fond, upon the ledge of the window, and when I had shut down the sash, then Bobby would come and eat them all up ! \* \* \* I have told you before that I love little birds ; yes, I love them even when they are dead ; and I get their skins stuffed, and made look just as if the

birds were alive. Now I send you several of these beautiful stuffed birds, and they shall be your own, and you must take care of them, and keep them for the sake of your loving and affectionate grandfather,

ADAM CLARKE."

In the autumn of this year his royal highness the duke of Sussex expressed his pleasure to pay a visit to Dr. Clarke, and to inspect some of his valuable oriental and other MSS. His royal highness arrived without state at Dr. Clarke's residence at one o'clock, accompanied by his librarian, T. J. Pettigrew, Esq. Dr. Clarke received his royal visiter with that frank politeness which best suited the honour conferred. The different members of the doctor's family, together with Joseph Butterworth, Esq., his son, Mr. J. H. Butterworth, and John Caley, Esq., were alone present on this occasion.

During dinner his royal highness entered freely into social and intellectual conversation; and almost immediately afterward retired into Dr. Clarke's study, where his fine taste was amply gratified by the rich store of rare and curious MSS. which it contained, into the respective particulars of which he minutely entered during the hours he remained there; for his royal highness did not leave Haydon Hall till late in the evening; enjoying with the feast of reason the flow of soul, and combining both with the dignity of the prince, and the frankness of true greatness.

The following letter was addressed by Dr. Clarke to his friend, the Rev. Thomas Smith, upon his marriage:—

*London, Christmas day, 1825.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER SMITH,—You may well complain of my inattention to you, for I have received two letters from you since my last; but I was hindered from writing by an inward voice, saying, 'Let him alone now, he is happy; for the voice of an old friend can only be heard in complaisance, in the hearing of a strongly beloved bride.' I said, True, O monitor, and laid down my pen. When your second letter of kind invitation came, my old friendship said, 'This is old and genuine friendship, attend to its voice and do it reverence.' I said, I will, and take the first opportunity to do so, and that is this holy Christmas morning, long before day.

"So you are married at last to the maid of your choice, and to what warm and affectionate people call, the girl of your heart: my whole mind wishes you all the happiness that can be enjoyed in the married state, which, take it for altogether, is calculated to afford more happiness than any other state on this side heaven; but it is often grievously mismanaged, and is a snare and a curse; but to those even to whom it is such, the other state would have been more so; for I am perfectly of Solomon's opinion, that 'he who findeth a wife findeth a good thing.' Even in any circumstances matrimony is better than celibacy;

and hence I execrate the addition made here by the *Targum*, and some other would-be menders of the word of God, who have added *very good*; a truth indeed that a child could have told—a truism and an *actum agere* very unworthy of the wisdom of Solomon—for most assuredly he that finds a good thing finds a good thing. Please to enter this beautiful criticism in your *Adversaria*.

"I am really sorry that I was from home when Mrs. Smith and yourself favoured Haydon Hall with a visit:—I should have rejoiced to have had the privilege of welcoming you, for, come when you will, I can assure you my doors shall all be open, and my heart not closed. You make too much of your entertainment at Millbrook. I never had you there but to my own gratification, even when I aimed most at yours.

"I always felt you as one of my family, and even the difference of creed could not for a moment lessen you in the sight of my soul, nor the feelings of my heart; therefore blot out of your entries all noted obligations to me or mine on this account, and know that, if we gave gratification to one, that one gave in return pleasure and gratification to several. I write, you see, in the season in which we celebrate the birth of Him who was formerly published from heaven as good tidings of great joy to all people, and who, thirty-three years after, tasted death for every man. In a few hours I shall have the happiness to proclaim this Christ to a multitude who will rejoice to hear that, in due time, his having died for all is testified to them: away with all limiting principles,—Selah. I do not send respects to Mrs. Smith, they mean nothing—nor compliments, for they are empty—but my love. God bless and save you both, with all the power of an endless life. Amen and amen. I am, my dear brother Smith, yours affectionately, ADAM CLARKE."

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*To the Same.*

*Haydon Hall, 1825.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER SMITH,—I know scarcely any thing of the controversy you mention. I never saw any thing Professor L. wrote on the Turkish Testament; nor have I seen Dr. H.'s book. I had left London before these things took place. When the Scottish missionaries at *Karass* purposed to print the Turkish Testament, I was requested to get a fount of Turkish types cast, adjusted to sorts, so that no letter might abound, and none be deficient. I drew up a scale of sorts, and proved from the nature of the language, from the different styles of *Matthew* and *Luke*, of *Paul* and *John*, of *James* and the *Apocalypse*, that the letter *ἄ* *alif*, must occur so many thousand times; the letter *β* *beth*, so many thousands, and so of all the rest, in their different form of initial, medial, and final; and



vived in his hopes and wishes, by the warm manner in which it was taken up by the venerable the Archdeacon Wrangham, to whom Dr. Clarke's youngest son was then curate. The following letter is addressed to him by Dr. Clarke, in reply to one from that eminent scholar and gentleman :—

*Eastcott, Aug. 17, 1825.*

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that I can say nothing relative to the success of the Polyglot project, in which I am sure you felt a warm interest. I was willing to have done any thing in my power, under the direction of the prelates of our church ; and a more willing slave they could not have found ; and, perhaps I might add, none in the kingdom who better knew the work, and the best and most effectual method of accomplishing it : but, having stood for several years in the marketplace, there is neither an employer nor scarcely a fellow-workman to be found, and with me it is now the eleventh hour, though I have been standing, in reference to this work, since the early morning tide. This to me is truly astonishing ;—not that I am not employed, but that, in this era of Bibles and translations of the Bible, a standard Polyglot work has not been attempted by the British hierarchy ! Such a work, from such a quarter, would have been a bulwark against Deism, and a relief to many an honest skeptic, who, in his painful agitations on the troublous sea of doubt, borne hither and thither by boisterous waves and variously conflicting tides, would have been glad of seeing such a safe haven in which he might have cast anchor (after satisfactory soundings) on so sure a bottom ! Had I been a clergyman of the church, I would have sounded an alarm in the holy mountain, and have blown a long and strong blast on a trumpet which should have given no uncertain sound ! If I had ever reason to regret, in an especial manner, my not being in the orders of the church, it was on this account.

“I have often thought of urging my way to the foot of the throne, and laying the subject before the king ; there were several who would have introduced me, but I was afraid that the simple circumstance of my being only a *lay preacher* might have injured the business I wished to promote.

“Never can a more favourable era recur ; money would have amply been found, and labourers also, had the proper patronage appeared. Nothing was wanting but the suffrages of the bishops and clergy of England, and had they come forward, it would have been to the endless good of the church, and to their lasting credit.

“When Mr. Pratt's proposal and mine went out, some years ago, in reference to the Polyglot, we had several Dissenters who offered to subscribe so much annually till the work should be completed : among the rest, I recollect Dr. *Williams* of Rotherham, who promised to assist us by counsel and advice,

and to give £30 per annum, for seven years. Mr. Spear, of Millbank, £50 per annum, for the same time : and also Mr. J. Butterworth, for the like period ; besides others, whose names I have forgotten.

" But the sun of my expectation is now set, and the help that I could have afforded, however little, will soon be past account, as I am now on the wrong side of threescore years !

" You, reverend sir, I ever found ready, but we all wanted a *Mæcenas Bishop*, without whom I should not have wished to move, as my heart's desire was, that the honour should be with the British Church !

" But enough of this now nearly hopeless subject ; this is probably the last letter I shall write upon it.

*Extremum hunc—mihi concede laborem.*

" It would be very improper and ungrateful, should I close this letter without returning you my heartiest thanks for the great and affectionate attention which you have showed to my son Joseph : he is truly sensible of it, and I hope I may say, so am I. That he will never be a discredit to your recommendation, I have the fullest confidence. It is not for me to give to my son a character, because it might be supposed that the partiality of a parent might blind him to the defects of a child : for your satisfaction, however, I would say that his conduct has ever been upright, and his mind has ever appeared to me uncommonly strong, and its cultivation has not been neglected ; his judgment is sound, and his faith formed on the model of that which enabled our reformers to brave the violence of the fire ; and his heart and conscience are in that work to which I believe God has called him.

" What Joseph has, he has radically, and he assumes neither character nor conduct for times and occasions. That his intense study must injure his health, I am well aware, and have often spoken to him on the subject. In this respect I own I have set him a bad example ; but then I was obliged to travel much, and this in some sort supplied the lack of that exercise with which intense study should be frequently interrupted : I will, from your affectionate hint, press it upon him.

" My dear sir, I feel particularly obliged to you for your kind and considerate letter. I thank God that my son has got into the hand of such a spiritual father : for the rare kindness shows him by yourself and your excellent lady, accept my warmest acknowledgments.

" I am, reverend and dear sir, your much obliged, humble, and affectionate servant,

ADAM CLARKE."

The following letter, addressed to Mr. John Hall, of Bristol, though of a different description from the preceding, will prove interesting to many readers ; especially to such as know the



excellence of the character addressed, and his great usefulness in the church of God at Bristol and the neighbourhood :—

*London, Dec. 10, 1825.*

“ MY DEAR BROTHER HALL,—It was with sincere grief I heard, on coming into town last evening, that you were seriously indisposed ; I felt for you as my old, long well-tried friend, who knew my soul in adversity, and who was ever ready to rejoice with me in prosperity. I felt also for your excellent wife, for your large family, and for the church of God ; and my heart said, ‘ My God, remove him not till he be old and full of days : remember the important relations in which he stands, and hear the prayers of his family, of his friends, of the poor, and of thy people, and let him have many more days, and rejoice in them all.

“ God is sovereign of his own ways : he can do nothing unwise or unkind, and he will make all things work together for their good who love him : I need not tell you of his mercy ; I need not speak to you of his love to sinners, nor of his affection towards his children : all these you have long and well known. Nor need I tell you of the necessity of trusting in the Lord with your whole heart, because that with him there is mercy, and with him a plentiful redemption : but he ever expects to hear the voice of your faith in the ardour of your prayer.

“ Fear not, my brother, the Lord Jehovah is your strength ; you are in his merciful and loving hands : he will turn your weakness into strength, and your pains into blessedness. You cannot believe too confidently in, nor ask too much from, Him who gave his Son to die for you, and through his Son has shone into your heart, giving you the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins.

“ What is farther necessary,—the complete renewal of your heart in righteousness and true holiness,—he ever stands ready to bestow : open thy mouth wide, and the Lord will fill it. O my dear brother, God can deny nothing to those to whom he gave his Son Jesus. The afflictions of the wicked are generally from themselves ; the afflictions of the righteous are from the Lord, and as he does not afflict willingly the children of men, when he afflicts his own children it is for their own advantage. Yea, he himself tells us that he afflicts that they may be made partakers of his holiness : you are safe in his hand : his providence will watch over and for you, and his grace will watch in you ; and whatever afflictions you may be called to pass through, God will so work by them that they will work for you a far more exceeding weight of glory, and I trust the God of heaven will hear prayer in your behalf, and spare you long, and bless you more than ever.

“ With love to Mrs. Hall and the family, I am, my dear brother Hall, yours most affectionately in the Lord,

“ ADAM CLARKE.”

## BOOK XII.

WE are now drawing towards the period of the finishing of Dr. Clarke's greatest literary undertaking,—his Commentary on the Old and New Testaments. It had been a labour of long continuance, and a task of extreme anxiety and difficulty: throughout the whole of its prosecution he had felt the high responsibility attached to its proper execution, for he knew the importance of not handling the word of God deceitfully, as well as of searching the Scriptures to see if these things were so: not according to a mere preconceived creed, but agreeably to the will and mind of God in reference to man. It may be well to refer to his concluding remarks at the close of *Malachi*; for it will be remembered that, after proceeding as far as the book of Joshua, in the Old, he had commenced his Notes on the New Testament, and went through the whole of it, before he returned to the Old Testament: his concluding observations are as follows:—

“In this arduous labour I have had no assistance, not even a single week's help from an amanuensis;—no person to look for commonplaces, or refer to an ancient author, to find out the place and transcribe a passage of Latin, Greek, or any other language, which my memory had generally recalled, or to verify a quotation: the help excepted which I received in the chronological department from my own nephew, Mr. John Edward Clarke, I have laboured alone for nearly twenty-five years previously to the work being sent to the press; and fifteen years have been employed in bringing it through the press to the public; and thus about forty years of my life have been consumed; and from this the reader will at once perceive that the work, be it *well* or *ill* executed, has not been done in a careless or precipitate manner, nor have any means within my reach been neglected to make it in every respect, as far as possible, what the title-page promises,—‘*A help to a better understanding of the sacred writings.*’ Thus, through the merciful help of God, my labour in this field terminates—a labour which, were it yet to commence, with the knowledge I now have of its difficulty, and, in many respects, my *inadequate means*, millions even of the gold of *Ophir*, and all the honours that can come from man, could not induce me to undertake. Now that it is finished, I regret not the labour: I have had the testimony of many learned, pious, and judicious friends, relative to the execution

and usefulness of the work. It has been admitted into the very highest ranks of society, and has lodged in the cottage, of the poor. It has been the means of doing good to the simple of heart, and the wise man, and the scribe: the learned and the philosopher, according to their own generous acknowledgments, have not in vain consulted its pages. For these, and all his other mercies, to the *writer* and the *reader*, may God, the Fountain of all good, be eternally praised!

“ADAM CLARKE.”

“*Eastcott, April 17, 1826.*”

As the heart can alone feel its own bitterness, so in this respect the writer of the work in question could alone sufficiently estimate the toil with which it was prosecuted; the nights of waking—the days of restless solicitude, through which it was brought to a conclusion. The benefit resulting from the work itself can alone bear any just proportion to the labour of the task: his toil was seen by God; and often has his family witnessed his spirit pressed down beneath difficulties which were hard to be understood and explained: frequently, on entering the study, he has been seen with his knees bent against the seat of his chair, his paper before him, and the pen in his hand, in such earnest communion with the Father of light as not to hear the knock of entrance: can it then be a matter of surprise that, when the work was actually brought to a conclusion, it was not only a subject of thankfulness to himself, but of unfeigned rejoicing to each member of his family? On his knees was the last sentence written, nor did he rise from that posture till he had, in the fulness of his heart and soul, offered up his thanksgiving to almighty God, who had not only spared his life to bring this arduous work to a conclusion, but who had enabled him to labour so long and so strenuously for the benefit of his fellow-creatures; for permitting him to bear such testimony to the truth and mercy manifested in the divine oracles for the recovery of man from the evils of his fall, and for providing for, and offering them, a full salvation from guilt and death, into all the light and liberty of the gospel of Christ Jesus.

Among many of the happily singular incidents of Dr. Clarke's life, this may be added, that this, his greatest of all labours, his highest of all literary works, was unintentionally finished on the anniversary of his wedding-day.

The afternoon in which the work was finished, Dr. Clarke came into the parlour, and, without speaking to any one, but beckoning to his youngest son, took him into the hall, and said, “Come with me, Joseph: I wish to take you into my study.” His son had no suspicion of any thing unusually extraordinary to be seen, and followed mechanically: but his astonishment was indeed great when Dr. Clarke opened the door and pointed to his large

study table, and the stand at his right hand, cleared of all their folios, &c., and nothing remaining on either but his study Bible: "This, Joseph, is the happiest period I have enjoyed for years: I have put the last hand to my comment: I have written the last word of the work: I have put away the *chains* that would remind me of my bondage; and there (pointing to the steps of his library ladder) have I returned the deep thanks of a grateful soul to the God who has shown me such great and continued kindness: I shall now go into the parlour, tell my good news to the rest, and enjoy myself for the day."

Some time after this conclusion of his Biblical labours, in testimony of their heart-felt joy upon the occasion, his sons, daughters, and sons-in-law determined on presenting their father with a large silver vase, in memorial of the completion of a work which they had seen him so long, so laboriously, and so anxiously prosecuting. On the occasion of its being presented, without in the slightest degree acquainting Dr. Clarke with the purpose of the invitation, their two elder sons requested their parents and the family to dine with them at their house, in St. John Square, once the residence of the learned *Bishop Burnett*. After dinner was over, the proposed offering, covered from the sight, was introduced, and placed at the head of the table. Dr. Clarke's eldest son then rose, and, in the name of each and all of the family, uncovered and offered it, with an appropriate address, to their revered parent: for a few moments he sat incapable of utterance: then regarding them all, he rose, spread his hands over this token of his children's love, and pronounced his blessing upon them individually and collectively.

His eldest son then filled the vessel with wine, which his father raised first to his own lips, then to those of his beloved wife's, and afterwards bore it to each of the family present: he then put it down, and in a strain of the most heart-felt, eloquent tenderness, addressed his children in the name of their revered mother and himself in terms which they will never forget.

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The encouraging accounts of the extensive good resulting from the zealous and unwearied exertions of the Shetland missionaries, had long excited the deepest interest in the mind of Dr. Clarke, and with it also a desire to visit the Shetland Islands, in order, not only to see the good, but to secure it in as far as experience, judgment, and church discipline could effect it. At first he but breathed the intention to his family as a matter of desire, knowing the objections which affection would raise against the realization of his wishes, and the obstacles which the climate itself, added to his weakened health, would form into cogent arguments against the execution of this undertaking; but Dr. Clarke's was not a mind easily turned: he

rarely resolved without much previous consideration; and if convinced that even any privation, any labour, became his duty, nothing then could turn him aside from following after it; and such he esteemed a visit to Shetland at this period. In vain did his friends join their entreaties with those of his family to dissuade him from so perilous, so fatiguing a voyage; its utility was before him, and its dangers and difficulties he resolved to abide, in order to the fuller accomplishment of his Christian and benevolent plans.

From a letter to Mrs. Clarke, written while absent from home on a missionary journey to Birmingham, it will appear that he did not lightly estimate the obligation he felt laid upon his spirit for the execution of his project, for in this letter, dated May, 1826, he says:—

“I may be ultimately hindered from going to *Shetland*; but to all my judgment and feelings it seems a work which God has given me to do: I must go on till *he* stops me. To sacrifice my life at the command, or in the work, of God is, as to pain or difficulty, no more to me than a burned straw: my life is his, and he will not take it away out of the *regular course*, unless greatly to his glory and my good.”

*May 29*, writing to the same, he says:—

“I feel very poorly, and have no extra strength to depend upon; and when I get to *Edinburgh*, if I do not feel myself equal to the task of proceeding to *Shetland*, I will relinquish it, with pain, it is true, but yet with submission to that high authority which imposes the necessity, and who does, at all times, all things well. If I am enabled to take the journey, fear not for me; for I shall be most certainly supported through it: I am sure God will not bury me in the Northern Ocean!”

In the course of the following month, Dr. Clarke's health was so far restored as to enable him to proceed to Shetland. We shall make copious extracts from his journal, by which the reader will be able to trace those habits, feelings, and modes of thinking, which had so strongly marked all his previous life, and given it a character of its own, even in what might be termed its minuter circumstances.

“*Thursday, June 1, 1826.*—My son John and myself took the *Express* coach for *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. We had two fellow-passengers, who seemed as if they had never occupied such a vehicle before: one was a servant girl, in poor health; the other an overgrown boy of about eighteen, from whom we did not receive much information, nor were they capable of receiving much from us. This was all blank to me, who have made it a fixed principle either to impart or to receive instruction in all my travels, whether by land or water. We travelled all that day, the night, and the next day; and got into *Newcastle* late at night, where a great concourse of people was waiting to receive us.

"June 3.—We set off at half past six for Edinburgh: our companions were two young lasses, and a stout old lady, who, almost as soon as I entered the coach, asked, 'Sir, hae ye ony snuff?' I believe, poor lady, she had forgotten her box, and was sadly disappointed when I told her I had none.

"I was much pleased in passing through *Alnwick*, especially with its *castle*; the fortifications appear entire, and even its grotesque ornaments,—men with bows, guns, and stones, in attitude as if ready to cast them down, and in the act of repelling assailants. Near *Haddington* we saw a drunken man, who had fallen from his wagon, and the wheel had gone over his foot, and almost crushed it to pieces. The horses had run away with the wagon itself, and were stopped by our guard, else we had all been overset, and perhaps killed. 'No man liveth to himself':—his righteousness, or his profligacy, is doing constant good or constant evil. This man's drunkenness was the cause of his being lamed for life, and nearly of destroying the lives or limbs of several innocent people.

"Sunday, June 4.—On reaching Edinburgh, we were joined by Mr. A. Mackey and Mr. Campion, our two intended companions to *Shetland*. We were too much indisposed with our one hundred and twenty-one miles travelling yesterday, and the nearly three hundred of the two preceding days, to go out much; but seeing a fine English church, we entered it, and heard a serious sermon on, *This is his commandment, that we love one another*, 1 John iii, 23. From this the clergyman took occasion to observe, 'that Christianity is a religion not founded on mysteries, nor, in effect, containing any, though Deists had made this an objection to its authenticity; for any person could plainly perceive that there was no mystery in the text, though it contained the substance of this religion; for, to love one another is neither mysterious nor difficult.' This was very injudicious; for if there be no mystery in Christianity, then there is no redemption; for God manifested in the flesh, and dying for the salvation of men, is one of the highest and deepest mysteries that can fall under the consideration, and claim the attention of the human being.

"Our inn is one of the dirtiest I have ever seen: the waiters are dirty; the utensils are dirty; the meat mean, ill-dressed, and very dirty; and, to complete the whole, the charges are the most exorbitant I ever met with.

"June 5.—Having settled all matters at this villanous inn, we left it; my son went to a private lodging, and I to the house of a friend, not knowing how long we might have to remain. On inquiry, we find that the packet had sailed several days before we came, and that there is not another in the port bound for *Shetland*. This is heavy news, as we are straitened for time.

"June 6, 7, 8.—Spent our time in useless inquiries. One

vessel arrived, and after she had discharged her cargo, we offered the captain twenty guineas to go, and twenty to return, instead of six, which is the full fare, if he would take us; but he pleaded 'repairs,' and we could not prevail.

"June 9.—Seeing no hope of getting to the Shetlands, I formed a resolution to sail for the *Hebrides*, that I might visit *Mull*, the island of my maternal ancestors: while preparations were making for this, the *Woodlark*, Captain Fremby, a fine cutter engaged in the survey of the *Shetland Isles*, together with his majesty's ship the *Investigator*, touched at *Leith*. On hearing this, we made immediate application to know if the captain would permit four gentlemen, who were waiting for a passage to *Shetland*, to go on board of his ship. With much hesitation he agreed to take *myself and son*, but could not possibly make room for Mr. Mackey or Mr. Champion. Though sorely reluctant to leave these worthy gentlemen behind, we have come to an agreement with the captain, and are to sail on Tuesday morning, June 13. May God speed us!

"Sunday, June 11.—I preached this morning at the chapel in Nicholson Square, to an attentive, but not large congregation. Being in a bad state of health, I was overpowered by my work, and for the remainder of the day, and all night, was severely ill.

"June 12.—This morning I do not feel myself much better, and am certainly not in a very fit state to take a sea voyage; but it may do me good—at any rate, I have put my hand to *this plough*, and cannot now look back. May God take me to that people in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace.

"June 13.—Variously exercised all day in reference to the probability of sailing, Captain Fremby, of the *Woodlark*, having appointed us to be waiting at *Leith* for his return from *Inverkeith*, where he was to take in his coals; but the tide having failed him, he could not get back as soon as he intended, and thus were we kept in a state of uncertainty for a whole day. At last the *Woodlark* came in sight, and almost immediately the captain arrived on shore in his boat, and after getting the *mail* and several articles of provision, we rowed off in the boat to the vessel, which was lying to for us. We got safely on board, and about 8 P. M., with a fair wind and lovely weather, we got under way. We were politely received by Mrs. Fremby and the officers, and after a slight refreshment, all retired to their respective berths and hammocks. Mine was very low, but I lay down, and ultimately fell asleep. Every one appeared solicitous to make us as comfortable as possible, and made many apologies for the *berth* which I occupied. I felt it was exceedingly kind of the captain, his lady, and the officers to consent to take us at all into their little vessel, where they had but barely accommodation for themselves. I thank God for giving us favour in the sight of these strangers.

"June 14.—Rose early and went on deck, and found that in the last eleven hours we had run sixty miles: we are close in with the land on the Aberdeen coast. I feel no inclination to be sea-sick, and the rheumatism, which I had so much reason to dread, appears to be leaving instead of gaining upon me. Rather an odd kind of conversation took place at the dinner-table; how it arose I cannot say. There were present Captain Fremby, his lady, Mr. Lord and Mr. Bedford, two midshipmen, my son, and self.

"How is it," says one, "that the most simple and unadorned rings are used in the matrimonial ceremony?"

"Because I believe the canon law requires that no other shall be used."

"A. C.—'I am not aware that there is any law on this part of the subject; the law states that a *metal* ring shall be used, and not one of *leather, straw, thread, &c.*, and the reason to me appears to be this:—the *ring* itself points out the duration of the union; it is without end in reference to the natural lives of the parties. Metal is less liable to destruction than flax, leather, straw, &c. Gold is generally preferred, not only because it is the most precious, but the most perfect of metals, being less liable to destruction or deterioration by oxydisation. Life will wear out by labours, trials, &c., and so will gold by attrition, frequent use, &c.; therefore, life and the metal shadow forth each other properly enough. As to the ring being simple and unadorned, I think it has its reason in the case itself, and in the feelings and apprehension of the spouse who produces it. He has chosen, according to his feelings, one whom he esteems the most perfect of her kind: she is to him superior to every other female, adorned with every charm. To use then, in this state of the case, any *ornament*, would be a tacit confession that her person was defective, and needed something to set it off, and must be more or less dependant on the feeble aid of dress.'

"Mrs. Fremby.—'But, sir, there is soon added what is called a *guard*, and this is, if circumstances will admit, highly ornamented with pearls or brilliants.'

"A. C.—'True, madam, and this not without much signification: the unadorned ring supposes the fact of the bride's great superiority as already mentioned, and her suitable feelings towards her spouse; but the guard is afterwards added:—in order to preserve this perfection, the husband feels it necessary to add ornaments to the union, *i. e.*, endearments, attentions, and obligations, to keep his wife steady to the character which he has given her to assume; and without attention to the support of the character, and the continuance of endearing conduct, he knows the progress of married life will soon remove all false, or too sanguine expectations of each other's character; the bubble, if it were one, would soon burst; animosities and mutual recriminations would soon imbitter wedded life, and show how



false and empty the high-formed estimation and expectations of each other were at the beginning. Thus the guard, as well as the ring, are not without their respective significations.'

"Mrs. F. smiled—the rest were silent, and the discussion ended.

"June 15.—We got on pretty well to-day till we came to the Pentland Frith: here we had a monstrous sea, tide conflicting with tide, raising the billows to a fearful height; but, as the wind was pretty fair, our inimitable cutter literally cut through all. We went on with a strong gale, principally in our favour, till we came near to the *Fair Isle*, when the wind changed directly opposite, coming from north-east, and blew a hurricane: the sea wrought, and was tempestuous: we seemed to have arrived at the end of the terraqueous globe, where nature existed in all its chaotic confusion and fierce uproar; there appeared a visible rage and anger in every wave; they seemed as if contesting with each other which should contribute most to destroy and engulf all within the vortex of their action. Next to God, we trusted in the soundness of our little cutter, and in the attention, and continual skill, experience, and labour of our officers. As to the divine Being,—

'He, in the visitation of the winds,  
Took up the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds.'

And 'slippery' they were; for, after appearing to be suspended for a moment, they fell down with such tremendous thunder, as if a whole park of ordnance had been discharged at once: 'deep cried unto deep at the noise of his water-spouts, all his waves, and his billows, went over us.' At first we reefed all our sail, then struck our topmast, next brought down every inch of canvass upon the deck, and then set a small try-sail to steady the ship. In these circumstances we were obliged to bear away, no possibility of anchoring, or of seeking port in such horrible contention of the elements, and in such dangerous seas; we continued to ship sea after sea, till our little vessel seemed as if on the very eve of being submerged. In a short time the angry, sullen wind chopped about, the storm became more moderate, and we had at least a fair gale, though the sea was still tremendous. We sailed around the *Fair Isle*, regained our true course; the gale settled shortly into a strong breeze, and continued so to the end of our voyage.

"Not far distant from the place where we encountered the brunt of the storm, between *Fitzel Head* and *Sumburgh Head*, two fishing-boats were cast away in this storm; one crew, Captain Grey, of the *Elizabeth* sloop, succeeded in saving; all the hands of the other boat perished; five of the men were

married, and I saw the five widows afterwards in *Lerwick*; these five widows had among them twenty-two children, without any kind of provision for their support.

"There is one fact which took place at the commencement of this storm which had likely to have been productive of serious consequences. The *Waterloo*, king's revenue-cutter, being out in these seas on the *preventive* service, was off *Fair Isle*; and when, by the wind changing, we were obliged to bear away, as if for *Iceland*, she was driving before the storm, making for the Scotch coast. Taking us for a smuggler-cutter, she made a signal, which we were unable to repeat, our colour getting foul in the shrouds: she then fired a blank cartridge, and finding her signals not answered, was on the point of firing into his majesty's cutter. However, the two vessels meeting, our commander told him he was tender to the *Investigator*, then employed in surveying the Shetland Islands; learning this, he reshipped his boat, which he had ready to board us, and shore off.

"*June 16.*—The weather continued moderate, with light breezes, and we got nearly in by *Sumburgh Head*, the most southern point of Shetland; and, with every hope of getting into *Lerwick* early next morning, the spare and fatigued hands lay down for some refreshment and rest.

"*June 17.*—At half past three this morning we dropped our anchor in *Bressa Bay*; this place is locked in by the land on every side, having only one *salet* and one *oulet*, and is thus formed into one of the finest little bays I should think in the world. But O, the appearance of Shetland! a continuous series of barren hills and mountains—scarcely any cultivation to be seen, and perhaps not even in general cultivatable soil; the grass is of a brownish green, and the rugged rocks, or large districts of *peat-moss*, or *hether*, appearing in most places. It had this day a truly horrid appearance: the sea was still very rough, the breeze having much freshened, and we seemed to come to behold the termination of the terraqueous globe, at its utmost northern extremity; as in our north line of direction there is not beyond *Shetland* one other foot of known land. I could not help exclaiming, 'Who could choose this for an abode!' and, on looking around me in this dreary barrenness, I seemed to wonder why I had come hither, and could not help crying out, 'How shall we get away?'

"On coming ashore, we found the *Norna*, the only ship for England, had not sailed, but had gone to the northern isles to collect her cargo of fish, previously to her sailing for *Leith*. We immediately came to the resolution, if God should spare us, to return by the *Norna*, as it would be the only opportunity of our getting back to England for many weeks. We came to the Wesleyan chapel house, where we found three of the preachers, who had been on the look-out for us for three days; but by

our getting in before it was light, we had not been perceived. We sent to inquire for a private lodging,—inn, there is none in the town,—and took that in which I now write, an old, cold house, which does not promise much of comfort; but all seem willing to do what they can to make us happy, and what can they more? I have appointed to preach to-morrow forenoon.

"*Sunday, June 18.*—After having taken a broiled fish and an egg for my supper last night, I went to bed about ten, and, thank God, slept soundly till six this morning. O what a blessing to get rest when nature is nearly exhausted by previous fatigue, and to have a place to rest on. Though my bed was about six inches too short, I contrived, by taking it obliquely, to make it do, and feel that my sleep has done me good. The bay is finely open under my window, and the island of *Bressa* full in my view. It is separated from this island, (*Mainland*,) by what is called the *Sound*, which is a narrow frith of fine safe water, through which all ships must pass that come to *Lerwick*, which is the only place for merchandize and trade for all the other islands in this very extensive group; nor is there a town, or even a tolerable village besides, in all the *Shetland Islands*. The breeze is still strong, and the sea rough, which I suppose to be generally the case here, for every thing bears the aspect of wildness, uproar, and misrule. Yet there is something majestic in the whole, something that pleases the imagination, and on which intellect can ponder, and even feed with profit, and a certain measure and kind of delight. At half past ten I entered the chapel: it is a light, airy building, in a very good situation, and I think, in every respect, is a credit to *Lerwick*. The preachers' house is also an excellent building, joining the chapel, and one of the best dwelling houses in the town. The congregation was large, respectable, quiet, and attentive. I proclaimed to them the willingness of God to satisfy their every want, and to save them to the uttermost, from *Luke xi, 9, 10: Ask, and ye shall receive, &c.* I did not make a long discourse, not having recovered from the fatigues of my long sea-voyage. The congregation was in most respects entirely new to me—I mean in the appearance of the males and females: there was a character of honesty, openness, intelligence, and, I might add, of critical simplicity, which I have rarely met with. The countenance of the *Shetlander* has certainly a peculiar cast, both as it respects males and females. To me it argues honesty and trustworthiness,—not easily inclined to a first impression; but, when persuaded, firm, determined, and inflexible. The eye has a peculiar corulean, or blue-green glance, like that of the ancient Gauls; that which *Plautus* calls the 'grass-green eye,' of which the Roman poets have spoken, '*Qui hic est homo cum conlativo ventre, atque oculis herbeis?*' Who is this man with a great pannch, and grass-green eyes,' *Curculio, 229.* This is singular

and does not appear, except in very solitary cases, either in Scotland or England. There is something like it occasionally in the aboriginal Irish, who are all of the same *Gothic*, or *Celtic* stock. It is not the eye itself that is green; but a certain glance of it, in a particular light and direction. I am pleased with this first specimen of a Shetland congregation. I hope to have yet more opportunities of making observations, at once more near and more accurate.

"The Sunday school commenced as soon as the preaching was over. There were fourscore male and female children present. The teachers are some of the most respectable of the youth of both sexes in the town. I was sorry I could not attend the afternoon meeting, when some of the classes had to stand examinations on the chief attributes of God, and to show from the Scripture what he is. The teachers also appeared solicitous for me to be present, that I might be gratified by the progress of the scholars; but my attendance was impracticable through bodily suffering.

"*June 19.*—The weather appears a little more settled, the wind N. W., and the sea calm. I hope I shall have strength to preach here to-morrow evening, and if it hold out, and the weather be favourable, I intend visiting some other of these singular islands.

"The weather continuing moderate, I walked out into the island, in order to have a better view of the inhabitants, and their manner of life. We met many barefooted females, each with her straw basket at her back, called her '*kishey*,' formed after the manner in which bee-hives are constructed. In these they were carrying bottles of milk, fowls, eggs, live sheep, and calves, for the consumption of Lerwick. The sheep are remarkably small and lean: the calves of only two or three days old are now to be slaughtered for the tables of the rich, for the poor get nothing of the kind. All these female peasants, for there were few males, appear to enjoy excellent health; their complexion is in general olive, and their hair light-coloured and long. The agricultural occupations which I principally observed, were those of digging in the fields, and cutting, drying, and burning sea-weed, to make it into kelp: this kelp is not strong: it is the mildest kind of *alkali* I have ever tasted. They told me that it was esteemed much inferior to that of the *Orkneys* and the *Hebrides*, and sold at a much lower price. At one place we saw eight young girls, each pair having a light handbarrow to transport the weed from place to place; and these eight were under the direction of an elderly woman whom they called mistress. As these young ones are hired by the lairds at a certain rate per month, at eleven and twelve years of age, an old woman is appointed over them by the master, to see that they work, and work well. As I troubled them with several questions in reference to their employment, I gave them each a

small piece of Danish money, the currency of the island, which was worth about fourpence English.

"The agriculturists have a miserable soil to cultivate, and miserable implements. The Shetland spade is the rudest I ever saw: it is between four and five inches in breadth, the iron part most clumsily made, and fitted still worse to a long wooden handle; and at either the right or left side, according to the foot used by the digger, there is an ill-contrived tread, by which means the foot presses it into the soil. The blade of the scythe is about fourteen inches long, and inserted at a right angle into a long handle: as this scanty grass is grown among stones, they can take no sweep, so this may be a proper instrument enough.

"In order to get a view of their *modus vivendi*, I asked a poor cottager who was nursing her child at the door, to permit me to enter. This was readily granted. The place was very low, and dismal, full of smoke, which, had it not been contrary to the principles of gravity, might have escaped through a hole in the roof; but there being no flue, nor any thing like one, it diffused itself in all directions, up, down, and laterally. There were two beds in the place, and these singular things were like large, slight-made boxes, standing upon four small pillars of between two and three feet high. There was a sort of sliding door to each, by which the occupants could shut themselves in: by being raised upon posts they had a great advantage in saving room, the space under serving the purpose of stowing away the culinary utensils. After a pleasant and not uninteresting walk, I returned to our lodgings, where I had invited the four preachers and their wives to dine with myself and son.

"June 2.—At seven this evening I preached to a very large congregation; some of the principal merchants and inhabitants of the place were present: it was a most impressive time, and I am persuaded many will never forget it: God gave me power and convincing speech to show, from Col. i, 27, 28: *Which is Christ in you the hope of glory: whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus!*—1st. The sum and substance of the apostolic preaching. 2dly. The manner of that preaching. 3dly. The end of that preaching. From the whole I showed that this is the doctrine of the Methodists; that they preach after the same manner, and that thousands in every part of the world where they had laboured, (and their line has gone out nearly into all the world,) are truly converted to God, and saved under such ministry.\* I was greatly

\* This discourse was subsequently published, under the title of "The Sum and Substance of Apostolic Preaching;" and was dedicated "To the Inhabitants of the Zetland Isles, and particularly to the Members of the Methodists' Societies in those Islands."

reduced in strength by this exertion, having been now for several weeks really indisposed.

"June 21.—Having been kindly furnished with two very good Shetland ponies, my son and self, accompanied by some friends, set off on them to *Scalloway*, about six miles over mountains and glens, and through ravines, passing through the parish of Tingwall, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Turnbull; we were surprised by meeting him on the way, and were kindly informed by him, that he was then going to Lerwick to pay us his respects: he turned with us, took us to the *manse*, or clergyman's house, where his good lady received us kindly and regaled us with wine, milk, bread, butter, &c. After a short visit we remounted and got to *Scalloway*, where a boat was in waiting to carry us to *Walls*, twelve miles. We had six oars, and passed over the twelve miles in three hours and a half; we often fell in with old headlands, and plenty of barren rocks, where the gulls, shagga, &c., were either amusing themselves by looking over the precipices, or drying their feathers. We arrived at *Walls*, cold and cramped. Within half a mile of where we landed, a large shoal of whales came into one of the voes or bays. The islanders manned all their boats, got behind them, drove them into shoal water, and succeeded in killing the whole shoal, which amounted to a hundred and one. I have to preach in *Walls* to-morrow morning, after which I purpose going to visit this vast akeldama, to see these mighty monsters of the deep.

"June 22.—It was highly pleasing to see the poor people, chiefly women, for the men were almost entirely employed in the fisheries, coming over and down the hills in all directions to the half-finished chapel in this place, to hear the glad tidings of peace and salvation. The chapel was well filled, and there were fifty women to one man. I had great liberty and power in describing Christ, as the great Teacher, and all true Christians as his scholars, daily and hourly learning from him, in order to have their souls confirmed, that they may continue in the faith, and get through their various tribulations into the kingdom of God, Acts xiv, 22.

"After dinner I went to view the *whales*: what a slaughter! One of the gentlemen who was present at the taking of them yesterday, told me that the water of the bay for a mile distant from the place of attack was dyed with their blood.

"The Shetlanders having succeeded in driving them into shallow water, where they could not swim freely, attacked them with spears, and even swords, and so dexterous are these islanders, that in general they pierced their hearts at the first thrust, so that most of them were killed in an instant! About fifty persons were present at the attack, and it is the custom here that each person has share and share alike. Mr. Robinson, a respectable merchant of this place, amused me by the following

anecdote :—“Hearing of the shoal of whales that had entered the bay, five poor women got a boat, and set off, hovering on the skirts of the scene of action : a large whale, that had received his death wound, and was striving to regain the ocean, failed : the women perceived him, rowed up boldly to him, entangled him, his strength being nearly gone, made him fast to their boat, and towed him safely off to a landing-place near to their own dwelling !”

“In this shoal there were a few young ones, and it is the young in general that occasion the capture of the old ones ; for they heedlessly run into the shoal water, and so attached are these monsters to their offspring that they will risk their lives to save them. A friend told me that he saw one of the female whales take her wounded young under her breast fin, and endeavour to make her escape with it. He saw another young one, which appeared to be greatly terrified, dash itself upon the shore, where it was soon killed : the mother, which had been near the shore, had turned, and was regaining the deep water ; but missing her young one, and finding, no doubt by instinct or smell, that it had gone ashore, she turned again, took the same direction, and absolutely dashed herself on shore alongside her young, where she also was immediately speared. On examination of several of these females, I found two cavities near the navel, on each side, in which their teats were included, and which they can extrude at pleasure, in order to suckle their young : thus exemplifying Lam. iv, 3 : *The sea monsters draw out the breast to their young.*

“I am sorry to add, that much of this booty is likely to be lost, as the poor people have not vessels enough to contain the oil. Some of the people said, indeed I heard one of the lairds myself say, ‘I believe God has sent this shoal of fish to us in honour of Dr. Clarke, who has come so far to see and do us good ; for though we have had shoals of whales in these islands, yet the memory of man does not record a shoal coming at this time of the year, nor for two or three months later.’ At all events, I find it is the earliest shoal that has ever been seen about these islands.

“On returning from this vast and interesting scene, I climbed to the top of the highest hill in the place, where I could see much of the *Mainland* and several islands, and among the rest the island of *Foula*, which is not only a fine sight, but the highest out of the sea of all the islands of this group : the voes and bays indenting the land looked well ; and we saw several fresh-water lakes which seem to abound with fish, but the inhabitants do not appear to regard, or pay them any attention : I was informed that the salmon trout abounds in them. I returned to *Bay Hall* quite wearied with my day’s preaching, walking, and riding, and, after a noble pediluvium in warm salt water, went to bed.

"June 23.—I begin to feel the effect of my sea passage from *Scalloway* to *Walls* in an open boat, in a considerable loss of my voice, and the great prostration of my strength; but the good people, in their zeal, have appointed me to preach this morning also, and at ten o'clock the little companies of women were seen pouring down the different hills to assemble in the chapel: my voice was weak, but all could hear, and I felt great liberty of heart in speaking to them from Heb. xiii. 20, 21: *Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory, for ever and ever. Amen.* This congregation consisted of about two hundred women; but only four or five men. The men were afloat at the fisheries: the women were without bonnets of any kind, and their faces generally oval: almost all of them were stout and remarkably healthy, though they live in the most dismal huts, or rather hovels, where continual smoke renders all things nearly invisible: their diet is chiefly fish: fish for breakfast—fish for dinner—fish for supper—fish to fish: this fact still farther tends to convince me of the healthfulness and nutritiveness of a fish diet; and from this we perceive how judiciously the Roman Catholic Church has acted, in ordaining a forty days' lent or fast, upon a fish diet: prescribing also weekly fasts to be kept on the same. I have no doubt that those who follow this plan, find themselves more healthful and vigorous at its termination, than at its commencement.

"Mr. Henry, one of the lairds, had invited us to his house at *Burrastow* to dinner: we went by boat after preaching, and had a plentiful table of every thing but *fish*, which they think too mean to be offered to any genteel stranger: the custom in Shetland is to set every thing of food at once upon the table—no second or third courses; and yet I have seldom seen a more abundant provision, or a much greater variety: Scotch beer and porter, wines and whiskey, are also in plenty.

"June 24.—*John Scott*, Esq., proprietor of the isle of *Vaila*, which lies at no great distance from the *Mainland*, and from which it is separated by what is called the *sound of Vaila*, having invited us to visit and dine with him, sent his barge for us, and, after a pleasant passage, we arrived on his island, and were, indeed, well received by himself, his lady, his daughter, a fine young man, his grandson, and a young friend of the family, a Mr. Thompson, purser of a man-of-war, who is here on a visit to his relatives in Shetland: the conversation at, and after dinner, was such as to edify and impress a mixed company. Mr. Scott has been one of the sincerest and best friends to the Wesleyan Shetland mission from its commencement. I was quite delighted by the earnest concern he expressed in its



prosperity, and the lively interest he takes in its working generally: he has given us ground to build chapels on, and has variously helped us in this important mission. His estates are large, for not only does this island belong to him, but also that of *Foula*, by many supposed to be the real *Thulé* of the Romans. After spending a pleasant afternoon, and the fog beginning to arise in all directions, I became anxious to regain the Mainland: the barge was soon ready,—the breeze was favourable, and in a short time we arrived at the preachers' residence, in Walls. Many boats had come in to-day laden with blubber from the whales lately captured.

"June 25.—I had appointed to preach to-day at *Sandness*, about six miles off; but my voice being bad, and a heavy fog investing the hills and valleys over and through which I must have passed, my friends earnestly requested me not to attempt the journey: with reluctance I have submitted, and Mr. Lewis has gone in my place; and I am to preach here at ten o'clock, if able; and at five this evening, when it is expected the people of *Sandness* will have had time to get over. *Stat voluntas Domini*.

"At ten I had a noble congregation, about one third men, who came in last evening from the fishery. I found much freedom in explaining to them Rom. xvi, and in expounding verses 25 to 27. The word appeared to be imbibed by all present, and I am fully convinced that deep and lasting good was done. O, had I twenty years less of age and infirmity, how gloriously might I be employed here. But I have had my time, and through mercy I have laboured in my day and generation. I think I can say with a clear conscience, I have not spared my strength in the work of the Lord.

"Long before five the chapel was filled to excess: I thought it would answer no good end to wait for an hour, when the congregation were already on the spot: I went immediately, and with much difficulty got to my standing place, and proclaimed the power and willingness of the Lord Jesus Christ to cure all the diseases of the soul, from Matt. xi, 5, 6. Though the place was greatly thronged, and there were many on the outside, yet there was the utmost stillness and attention: my voice was in a great measure restored, and God did his own work. I got to my lodging, and had a good night's sleep. Blessed be God for his mercies.

"June 26.—Rose this morning much refreshed, and spent the chief part of the day in superintending an improvement connected with the preachers' house, which, by the evening, I had the satisfaction of seeing completed.

"June 27.—I rose with a severe attack of rheumatism in my head, and yet have a long journey to go in order to get back to Lerwick to meet the first packet for England: we first took boat and sailed a few miles; then left it, and walked over an isthmus

in order to reach the next voe, where we took boat again: this boat was nearly a wreck, and one was obliged to keep bailing out the water, that came in nearly as fast as the person could lade it out. Having crossed that voe, which is one of the most beautiful harbours I have ever seen, we then took to land again, and had about three miles of a most mountainous, trackless country to walk over to reach *Raewick*; my pain was often most exoruciating; when we got to *Raewick*, there was not a man to be found to take us along the great deep to *Scalloway*, about six miles: at last a poor sick man and a boy were found, and with our own company helping, we got safely to *Scalloway*, though often, through the density of the fog, without a compass, we lost all sight of land, and knew not where we were: when we did arrive, however, we found our friends waiting, who had brought three ponies, for Mr. *Lewis*, my son, and self, to take us on to *Lerwick*: we mounted, and travelled between five and six miles of the most miserable and often dangerous roads I have ever passed over: nothing on earth of the horse kind could have kept its feet on some of these declivities and precipices,—nothing but a Shetland pony: they climbed and descended the rocks like wild goats, and never once missed their footing: I often thought my life is imminent danger, but at last seeing and considering the adroitness of the little creature which I bestrode, I got confidence, and trusted myself implicitly to its guidance. We reached *Lerwick* about four, P. M.; and what with the incessant pain I had suffered—my different water passages—the long and fatiguing walks—and, to sum up all, this last long ride on the ponies, I was most excessively wearied, and much worse than when I set off: indeed, I was so ill I was obliged to take to my bed, where I suffered more pain than I have felt for years.

“On our arrival at *Lerwick*, we found that no vessel of any kind had come in from *Leith* since the *Woodlark*; so that if we had not got a passage in that cutter, we should not have seen the *Shetland Isles*!

“*June 28.*—A king’s cutter is come in this morning, and has brought papers and letters. Through God’s mercy my head is much better;—O what a blessing to get a little ease in the midst of severe pain. We are now waiting anxiously for the *Norna* to come in from taking her cargo at the northern isles, as my son is half afraid of my ‘dying at Shetland:’ certainly since I came here, I have suffered excessively from rheumatism, &c.

“*June 29.*—I have met all the preachers, and made provisional arrangements and appointments, which are for the conference to ratify: I have now done my work here, and am anxious to get away: my health continues to amend, but it is still precarious, and I feel utterly incapable of any additional fatigue: I feel my natural force abated; my eye is become dim,

and my days of extra labour are over. *Non eadem est ætas—sed quid de mente?*

"June 30.—My son is gone to visit *Bressa* and the *Noss Islands*; I was afraid to venture. One of the boxes which I had packed with my own hand in London, is this morning arrived, and I have now unpacked it: it contains various articles of clothing for the poor—blankets, rugs, flannel, and shawls for poor women, &c., with a great number of hymn-books, &c., as Sunday school rewards. Much of these matters I have this morning distributed, others I have sent by the preachers into their respective circuits.

"July 1.—The weather is exceedingly warm and sultry. The oldest inhabitants never remember such weather in *Shetland*; if the heat in England be in proportion to what it is here, the thermometer must be nearly at fever heat. There is scarcely a breath of wind: what there is, is right ahead against our getting off: our packet dare not go out to look for a wind: as I hear she has twice as many passengers as she can accommodate, and our deck is to be filled with lean cattle for the *Edinburgh* market; on the rich *Mid Lothian* soil they soon fatten, and become excellent beef. If it please God to give us a fair breeze, it will be a great mercy. The crier now announces that the *Norna* is to sail on Monday morning. Lord, grant thou prosperity!

"Sunday, July 2.—The weather is beautiful. The wind is come about to the north. I hope the blessed God will give it us fair, full, and merciful, till we get once more on British *terra firma*.

"I preached this morning to a very large, and deeply attentive congregation, from Luke xiii, 23, 24: *Are there few that be saved?* and in the evening again, from Rom. xv, 4: *Whosoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning*, &c. The throng was immense, but as the evening was fine, more than a hundred heard distinctly outside the chapel, through the windows, &c. I was so much exhausted as to be obliged to call for a glass of water to be brought me into the pulpit. I have risked my life in coming this journey; I have expended all my strength in labours while in these islands; and I hear that I am to sail off to-morrow morning. O, may God grant me a speedy and prosperous passage, for I do feel that I cannot bear much hardship. Father, thy will be done. Amen.

"July 3.—The wind is quite contrary, and the *Norna* is making no disposition for sailing: so I perceive we shall yet be detained here a day longer.

"I have just received a polite letter from Dr. A. Edmonston, expressing his high approbation of the sermon I preached last evening, and 'wishing that it might be published, as it would eminently add to the Biblical literature of Great Britain, and be a never failing source of important and much required instruc-

tion to the inhabitants of these islands.' The principal subject of the discourse respected the manner in which a Divine revelation was first given to man, and the care that God has taken to preserve that revelation from corruption, arising either from the carelessness or malevolence of the transcribers of the original text, or in the different translations made of it; and I particularly spoke of the *Greek version* of the *Septuagint*, made at *Alexandria* about 285 years before Christ, and the *Latin version*, called the *Vulgate*, made by *St. Jerome* in the fourth century; and I concluded by speaking at large of the gracious design of God, in preserving this revelation for *our learning*, and *how, by patience and comfort of the Scriptures*, we might obtain and hold fast the *hope* of eternal life given unto us in Christ Jesus our Lord.\* The whole subject was very important, but I was too weak, and too much indisposed to do it full justice; however, I find the congregation were both pleased and edified. *Deo gratias!*

"*July 4.*—Weather fine, with occasional showers, which are much needed, to help the vegetation of these islands, where the arable soil is very light and thin, being in general a slight covering thrown over a universal rock. The wind is in the south and southwest, as opposite to us as it can be. I can easily distinguish the Dutch fishing fleet, which is very numerous in the offing. They are too far permitted to engross that bounty of Providence which is sent for the comfort and support of these islands. They have capital, and find they can employ it to advantage in the cod, ling, and herring fishery, off these coasts. The Shetlanders are poor, and although they do a good deal in these fisheries, yet it is mostly for the benefit of their masters, who in general fix the price of the fish, and thus make them pay the high rents of their scanty and unproductive farms.

"*July 5.*—The wind still continues adverse. I am anxious to get off, being severely indisposed, in consequence of which I have been obliged to decline invitations from all the chief people of this and the neighbouring islands, who have called upon, and shown me the most flattering tokens of personal respect. *Shetland stockings and gloves*, all of the finest wool, and the most exquisite texture, have been presented to me; one pair of these stockings I have myself drawn through a small-sized gold ring; the wool is as white nearly as snow, and this without any preparation, but just as it comes off the sheep's back. Some

\* This discourse, also, was subsequently published, under the title of "God's Mercy in giving a Revelation of his Will to Man, and his Providence in preserving that Revelation from Corruption and Decay;" and was dedicated "To the Gentry, and Inhabitants in General, of the Town of Lerwick."

[The above sermon, and the one mentioned in page 594 are reprinted in "Dr. Clarke's Sermons."]

Of the gloves are of a very peculiar, almost indescribable natural colour.

"One of the highest compliments I have received in Shetland are the following verses, just sent me from Miss Dorothea Primrose Campbell, a poetical authoress of considerable merit and celebrity in these northern regions :—

*To the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke.*

'Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise in the islands.'

'And hast thou, generous stranger, come  
From blooming scenes where nature smiles ;  
And left thine own delightful home,  
To visit Thule's barren isles ?

'What tempted thee to come so far,  
A wanderer from the land of bliss !  
To brave the elemental war  
Of such a stormy shore as this ?

'Twas not th' insatiate thirst of gold,  
Nor proud ambition's loftier aim ;  
Nor brighter regions to behold,  
Nor undiscover'd lands to claim.

'No ; it was still a loftier aim—  
'Twas Christian zeal, and Christian love—  
A bright, and never-dying flame,  
Pure, holy, harmless, from above.

'Bless'd is the man whose holy breast  
Enshrines this spark of life divine ;  
Bless'd is his home—his family bless'd—  
Such bliss belongs to thee and thine.

'Such bliss on earth thy portion be,  
And everlasting bliss above,  
When death shall set thy spirit free  
To live with God in realms of love.

'DOROTHEA.'

'Lerwick, July 5; 1826.'

"I have just received a note from the packet agent, stating that the *Norna* will sail to-morrow if she can possibly get out of the sound. I do not like this, for the wind is right ahead, and I would rather be ashore than be sick on board, contending either with a contrary wind, or becalmed among the swells of this strangely agitated sea, especially as our vessel is laden to the water edge, and crowded with passengers.

"July 6.—At twelve o'clock to-day we got on board the *Norna*, which was immediately under sail, the wind serving to

get us out of the *sound* of Bressa. We had a heavy sea, and almost every passenger on board was sick. These are the strangest seas I have ever seen; for such immense and conflicting swells I can find no reason, either in the winds or in the tides: I think they are purely electrical, and as that fluid acts by a variety of laws of which we are ignorant, though a few of them are known to us; therefore there is no certainty in these seas either of wind or weather. Our vessel is a bad sailer; she is deeply laden and ill trimmed, so with great difficulty we make little speed.

"July 7.—We still get on slowly at three, four, and four and a half knots per hour. We saw a very large *finner* whale, which followed us and swam around us for several hours; he once came so close alongside as to blow the water on board. This was the hugest sea-monster I ever beheld: it was supposed to be upwards of *fourscore* feet in length. We made Fair Isle, in the vicinity of which, alas, we were obliged to spend several hours. At last we had a dead calm, and could not gain one inch of way in an hour. Some of our gentlemen and the sailors improved the opportunity and threw out their lines to catch cod, and soon got seven fine fish, so that all the time was not lost; we had some of the fish for dinner, and it proved excellent.

"July 8.—Still indisposed, and not getting on at all well. In the evening the sun set most beautifully—and 'down sun, down rain,' and an almost dead calm succeeded, which has prevailed for the most part of the night.

"Sunday, July 9.—We are still in the *Murray Frith*; a breeze however has sprung up. At one o'clock Mr. Lewis preached in the door-way which separates the fore and after cabins, where all the passengers and most of the sailors attended with becoming gravity: his text was taken from Isaiah xii, 1. As the evening advanced, the wind fell, and the tide coming against it, we could not stem it, and so fell to leeward.

"July 10.—The morning being fine, we threw out our lines from the stern of the vessel, and I caught two gray gurnets. After a vast deal of trouble and pains, we have at last gained the *Bay of Aberdeen*; and several persons earnestly desiring to go to shore, and my son and myself in particular heartily weary of this continual conflict with adverse winds, now, on the sixth day of our sailing, we hailed a mackerel boat, and bargained with the man to take us into Aberdeen. Six of us entered the boat, and after a severe tug, we got to the pier at 8 P. M., and I once more set my foot on *terra firma*, with the heartfelt exclamation, '*Vive Jesu! me voila sauvé!*'

"July 11.—I called to-day on my friend James Bentley, professor of the oriental languages, in King's College, *Aberdeen*, but he was not at home. I went to see Dr. Kidd, O. LL. P., Marischal College, who took us over his university, and afterwards dined with us at our inn. I regretted much not seeing

Professor Bentley as well as my old friend, Dr. Kidd; the remainder of the day we spent in viewing Aberdeen, and in the evening took our places for Edinburgh.

"July 12.—We travelled exceedingly well. On my arrival in Edinburgh I received the melancholy intelligence of the death of my brother-in-law, Joseph Butterworth, Esq., late M. P. for Dover, of another brother-in-law, Mr. James York, and of my old friend, the Rev. Charles Atmore! It was much more likely that I should have gone before them; but 'the lame still takes the prey.' O, may God help me to live for eternity! I set off for London with all possible speed. God direct my way.

"ADAM CLARKE."

The death of Mr. Butterworth was regarded as a public calamity. He was taken ill upon his return from *Dover* after an unsuccessful poll for the parliamentary representation of that port, of which he had, previously to the dissolution of parliament in 1836, been one of the representatives; but, though unsuccessful in this election, he was by all parties there highly respected and esteemed for his moral worth and benevolent character: this was fully testified by the letters of inquiry and condolence sent to his friends upon the melancholy occasion, and publicly manifested on the day of his funeral in *London*, when all the shops in *Dover* were closed as on the Sabbath, and the bells of the town were tolling the chief part of the day.

On the occasion of the death of Mr. Butterworth, his funeral sermon from Gal. i, 24, "AND THEY GLORIFIED GOD IN ME," was preached by the late Rev. Richard Watson, at Great Queen-street chapel, *London*:—a man well qualified for the task, not because of his great endowments as a preacher merely, but as having for several years been associated with him in the Wesleyan Missionary Society, of which Mr. Butterworth was the treasurer, and Mr. Watson the secretary. From this funeral sermon an extract and outline may be made in this place:—

"Mr. BUTTERWORTH'S life," proceeds Mr. Watson, in the discourse alluded to, "was evidently a life of faith in the Son of God; without the least affectation, for his character was one of great simplicity, he appeared ready for every good word and work. I would regard his character as strongly marked by the following particulars: It was *devotional*: to the duties of the closet, prayer, and meditation on the Scriptures, his attention was strict and faithful. The service of his domestic altar was regular and serious. There was in his house no guilty shame of bowing the knee to God. The appointed hour of worship was sacred, and the family circle of worshippers open to receive, not to fly from, the presence of visitants and strangers. The hour of seven o'clock, on the morning of the Sabbath, found him in the vestry of this chapel, in the exercise of the office of a class-

leader, an office which he had held for nearly thirty years, and discharged with a regularity, faithfulness, and affection, never to be forgotten by many excellent persons still on earth, ever whose religious progress he watched; and by many in heaven, to whose preparation for the rest they now enjoy with God, his admonitions and advices, with the blessing of God, so greatly contributed. Neither the distance from his residence, nor the most unfavourable weather in the depth of winter, prevented his punctual attendance at this early hour.

"His personal religion was social: it neither confined him in retirement, nor detained him wholly among the active scenes of external life. It is indeed remarkable how a man who lived so much for others, and who, exclusive of his parliamentary engagements, was in the committees, and took so active a part in the management of so many public charities, could enjoy so much of home. Kindness of heart and manner, at once frank and dignified, almost constantly collected around him smaller circles of select, or larger companies of more general acquaintance. I have met with few men who possessed in so high a degree the great but rare art of leading on an instructive, or a directly religious conversation, without stiffness and effort. He made the various circumstances and talents of his guests to contribute part to the general edification,—led each to converse on those subjects with which he was most familiar, and thus placed the whole at ease with themselves and with each other. To the young he was especially and attractively benign, affectionately affording them his counsel, stimulating them to exertion, and showing a solicitude for their best interests, the more impressive and influential, as it was free from all austerity, and carried with it the soft and penetrating influence of an unaffected benevolence. To these particulars," proceeds Mr. Watson, "I must add Mr. Butterworth's truly catholic spirit. Without laxity in his religious opinions, holding with tenacity the leading doctrines of orthodox Christians, the minor differences of party were no check upon the flow of brotherly affection. In this respect, his mind had a truly noble bearing: few men have had a more extensive intercourse with what is called the religious world; and when persons of varying sentiments met at his social board, the voice of controversy never disturbed that harmony of feeling which united all as the followers of the same divine Saviour, and the heirs of the same immortal hopes.

"In his personal character," adds Mr. Watson, "our departed friend exhibited zeal: 'The Strangers' Friend Society,' 'The British and Foreign Bible Society,' and the missions, all of which, from almost their commencement, called forth his liberality, his time, and attention; of the latter he was for several years the treasurer, and chairman of its annual meetings. To these instances of his zeal must be added his general benevolence. One day in each week he appointed to receive, at his



own house, the applications of such as needed pecuniary relief, or advices and assistance in various exigences. His servant, on being once asked how many petitioners he had on that day admitted, answered, 'Nearly a hundred.' Into all these cases he entered, in order to make his charities at once discriminating and efficient. The stranger in a strange land found in Mr. Butterworth a ready, and often an effectual friend. His intercourse with foreigners was frequent and extensive; where relief was necessary it was given; where not needed, the hospitality of his table, his friendly counsel, protection, or assistance in accomplishing the various pursuits of business, literature, or curiosity, were afforded with a blandness of manner, and a warmth of interest, which have impressed upon the heart of many a foreigner sentiments favourable to the character of the country, and honourable to the Christian name.

"Such are the reasons we have to '*glorify God*' in the religious experience, character, and conduct of Mr. Butterworth, whose loss we have all so painfully felt. He honoured God, and God honoured him; he '*scattered abroad*,' and was '*increased*,' he was blessed, and '*made a blessing*.'"

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Upon Dr. Clarke's return from Shetland, he was not long permitted to enjoy the quiet and rest of his domestic hearth. Applications were awaiting him to go from place to place in behalf of missions, Sunday schools, or anniversary chapel collections; and each application pleading some cogent reason why its claim upon his services should be especially regarded. That he did shortly go from home, in compliance with one of these requests, appears from the following extract from a letter to his youngest daughter, dated Stockport, September 12, 1826, where he observes:—

"I preached here on Sunday morning to a noble congregation, and felt my heart and mind at much liberty. It was a collection for their new chapel; and at this sermon we got £180. The next morning I preached again in the same place, and the collection amounted to £80; besides which, the good people here have given me both money and clothes for my poor Shetlanders."

In the following month (October) his royal highness the duke of Sussex again expressed his condescending purpose of once more honouring Dr. Clarke, by dining at Haydon Hall. This he intimated in a manner so frank, that the distinction seemed almost relieved of its solicitude, by the courteous terms in which it was conveyed. His royal highness arrived at Dr. Clarke's residence at two o'clock, when he retired into the study and library until the dinner-hour arrived, where Dr. Clarke showed to him several matters of high gratification; and among the rest,

some Hebrew manuscripts which had been bought for him in *Holland*, at the sale of the library of the Vanderhagen family: of these MSS., and of the mode of his becoming possessed of them, he gave his royal highness the following interesting particulars:—

"These ten Hebrew MSS. formerly belonged to a Dutch family of the name of *Vanderhagen*, and have been a sort of heir-loom for many generations, as one member of the family had always been educated for an ecclesiastic, and to him, by agreement, they necessarily reverted on the demise of his predecessor in the church. These MSS. have never been collated, but are the identical ones which Dr. *Kennicott* describes in the introduction to his Bible, as having used every argument and entreaty to procure a sight of, but in vain. About five years ago," continued Dr. Clarke, "having had a Dutch catalogue of books sent me, I observed advertised these very MSS. for sale. I went off instantly to my bookseller, and directed him to purchase them for me at any thing short of a ransom. He went over to *Holland*, and, on the day of the sale, bid for and obtained these very singularly important MSS. After the sale was over, some of the literary men present requested to know of the bookseller for whom he had purchased them; and when they heard, they expressed themselves 'highly gratified, since they must go out of the country, that they had fallen into the possession of an individual who not only knew their value himself, but how to estimate their importance to Biblical literature in general.' From these gentlemen the bookseller learned, that the *Vanderhagen* family, having fallen in its fortune, and none of its immediate branches having embraced the ecclesiastical profession, they were induced to part with books which had to them thus lost both their interest and their importance."\*

It is well known that his royal highness possessed not only great taste, but very considerable knowledge in Biblical literature, his own library furnishing great rarities in this branch of learning; consequently the preceding narrative could not fail to be highly interesting. Dr. Clarke also pointed out to his royal highness other matters of deep interest to the man of learning and science, and among these several beautiful oriental MSS., highly illuminated, with which Dr. Clarke's library was enriched.

In the month of October, 1826, it graciously pleased his royal highness the duke of *Sussex* to constitute Dr. Clarke's youngest son one of his royal highness's chaplains.

From the time of Mr. J. B. B. Clarke's ordination by his grace the archbishop of *York*, in the year 1825, he had been

\* The above-mentioned Hebrew MSS., together with the extensive MS. library of Dr. Clarke, amounting to nearly one thousand volumes, are now in the possession of the editor of this work.

curate to the very learned and venerable Archdeacon Wrangham, at Hunmanby, in Yorkshire.

Upon his arrival at Hunmanby, after a visit to his father, at Eastcott, he found the archdeacon's family in great affliction, and the whole parish in a state of consternation, in consequence of the typhus fever, which was raging and ravaging on all hands, as well as in the archdeacon's own family.

Upon Mr. Clarke's communicating these distressing tidings to his parents, they were of course extremely solicitous in reference to their son, who, though not daunted, had commended himself to their especial prayers on his behalf. Dr. Clarke's letter in reply is as follows :—

*Haydon Hall, November 10, 1826.*

"MY DEAR JOSEPH,—We hear with great concern of the affliction of Mr. Wrangham's family, and the endemic in the parish. We do earnestly pray the good and merciful God that his life, and the life of his family, may be precious in the sight of the great Physician, and that the present stroke may be speedily removed.

"My dear Joseph, you are now in the post of honour, and of danger; God may have work for you to do of a peculiar kind at present. Ever let your ear be open to the cry of the afflicted and the dying; in the warmest and most affectionate manner give them directions and exhortations, open to them the fountain of mercy, and lead them straight to God, through the sacrifice of his Son: show them, prove to them, that with him is mercy, and with him a plenteous salvation: and that in very faithfulness he has afflicted them. We are in hope that this weather will check the arrow that flieth in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

"While you are ready at every call, make use of all your prudence to prevent the reception of contagion. Do not breathe near the infected person; contagion is generally taken into the stomach by means of the breath, not that the breath goes into the stomach, but the noxious effluvia are by inspiration brought into the mouth, and immediately connect themselves with the whole surface of the tongue and fauces, and in swallowing the saliva, are taken down into the stomach, and, there mixing with the aliment that is in the process of digestion, are conveyed, by means of the lacteal vessels, through the whole of the circulation, corrupting and assimilating to themselves the whole mass of blood, and thus carry death to the heart, lungs, and to the utmost of the capillary system.

"In visiting fever cases, I have been often conscious of having taken the contagion. On my returning home, I have drunk a few mouthfuls of warm water, and then, with the small point of a feather, irritated the stomach to cause it to eject its contents. By these means I have frequently, through mercy, been

enabled to escape many a danger and many a death. Never swallow your saliva in a sick room, especially where there is contagion; keep a handkerchief for this purpose, and wash your mouth frequently with tepid water. Keep to windward of every corpse you bury. Never go out with an empty stomach, nor let your strength be prostrated by long abstinence from food.

"Above all things, preach the truth with its unction; preach it without harshness, preach it in the love of it: show the people how much God loves them, and how ready he every moment is to make them holy and happy. The zeal that is not tempered with love and affection does more hurt than good. Be wise, be cautious: visit the people—show them that you are their pastor, and that you care for their souls, and they will in return love and cleave to you. Look onward, look inward, look upward, and the holy God ever have you in his holy keeping.

"Mother sends you her blessing. I am, my dear Joseph,  
your affectionate father, ADAM CLARKE."

The very beginning of the year 1827 was marked by a merciful preservation of the life of Dr. Clarke; which will be best detailed by himself in a letter to his son-in-law, Mr. Richard Smith, written shortly after the accident it relates. He had been into London, taking his regular preaching appointment on the Lord's day, and in returning home on the Monday evening, the accident narrated in the following letter occurred:—

*January 17, 1827.*

"MY DEAR SMITH,—It is through the mercy of God that I can once more address you. We came on pretty well from town to *Pinner*, yesterday, though, from the darkness of the night, I was often apprehensive of danger. Here I found our man and barouchette: the front leather was up, the night being exceedingly cold, so I got immediately into it on leaving the coach.

"When he came to the hill, near our house, the horse set off on a quick trot, which he speedily changed into a gallop. The next moment I felt that the chaise had struck the bank on the right hand, just at the turn of the road, by which I was projected forward with such violence that my head felt as if it had been perfectly cloven asunder by the violence of the shock. In two seconds more, the barouchette was overturned with a tremendous crash, and by this second concussion I was rendered nearly lifeless. I made no cry, expecting the plunging horse would soon make an end both of the vehicle and myself; and hearing no cry without, I feared that Isaac was killed; for my-

myself, I could do nothing, being closed in by the leather, and the chaise was then on its side in the road. At last I heard Isaac's voice crying out, 'Master, master, are you hurt! O let me get you out!' I replied, 'No; but unloose the horse, if possible.' It was pitch darkness, for the lamps had been dashed out. A neighbour coming up, Isaac called to him to help his master out, as he was obliged to hold the horse. At last I got out of the barouchette: I stood in the road some time, wiping the blood from my face: my hat had been cut through, and I could not replace it on my head, on account of the soreness of my forehead. I said, 'Attend to the horse, and I will strive to get home, and send you some help;' but I found that I could not take one firm step. Isaac, fearing for me, left the horse with his neighbour; and by the help of his arm, I got home. His own face was bleeding, for, having been projected from the box on to a thorn hedge, it had been severely scratched, but otherwise he was uninjured. When I got to the light I was found to be in a poor condition: my face and nose were fearfully cut, my back severely injured, my arm and several of my ribs all but broken. Both my legs were severely hurt; but not cut. The pain in my forehead was excessive. I got my face washed, and my forehead rubbed for an hour by your trembling mother, and thus the swelling of it allayed. To-day I find many mere bruises, which had been absorbed last night in greater evils. Humanly speaking, nothing could have saved my life, had the horse continued to plunge on after the barouchette was overturned. As it is, the lamps and their irons are dashed all to pieces; the screws, bolts, &c., of the splinter bar are either wrenched out or broken off, and both the shafts are in splinters!

"All now appears to me as a fearful dream, except indeed the pain I feel from the cuts and bruises. The blow I got when the carriage, at full career down the hill, struck against the bank, was the most astounding I ever felt. It is a mystery, as well as a mercy, that I am still alive; but such a shake at my time of life I cannot expect to be soon shaken off! God can bring to the sides of the pit, and bring up again; but I will thank you to call on Mr. Stevens, and tell him I think I shall not be able to show my face in public by my next appointment in City Road chapel.

"Break this affair to Mary Ann as you best can. I write in much pain; but could not forbear telling you, for fear of your hearing of it in a less favourable relation. Yours affectionately,

"ADAM CLARKE."

It is not to be supposed that Dr. Clarke would long remain at any place without endeavouring to establish preaching where it did not exist, for the benefit of his family, domestics, and neighbours. It was quite impossible for Mrs. Clarke to go far from her own door, and consequently, as had been the case at

Millbrook, so it was at Haydon Hall, that the preaching was brought within the compass of her walking abilities. To effect this desirable object, Dr. Clarke turned first one of his cottages, and a part afterwards of a large range of stabling, into a place where his family and neighbours might have an opportunity of conveniently attending the public and private ministrations of the word of life, and those other means of grace to which they had been accustomed. He was also anxious to establish a Sunday school, there being none near his dwelling; for no sooner did the poor people begin to attend the preaching than they became solicitous to have their little ones instructed also; and many, even big girls and boys, who had been hitherto unlettered, earnestly entreated that they might be instructed to read. Such entreaty was not poured into a deaf ear, or an indifferent heart; and he who had lately come as a stranger among them soon acted as a friend and a father! The cottage in which the preaching was first held was soon found to be too small to hold those who were anxious to attend; and, consequently, preparations were soon made for a more commodious place of worship, which he diligently watched in its daily progress towards its completion. This was accomplished, as appears from a letter to one of his daughters:—

*March 5, 1827.*

“MY DEAR MARY ANN,—Having got our chapel in a good state of readiness on Saturday evening last, we opened it in the name of God yesterday. The place was completely thronged: every corner was filled, yet all was perfectly quiet: all appeared as if they had come to *hear*, and finding a little suffering also unavoidable, they made up their minds to suffer: several of our most respectable neighbours attended, and there was a good sprinkling of the farmers, besides a considerable number of decently dressed elderly men and women. I began the service with reading the prayers; Mr. Strahan was there ready to preach, but I took courage and kept the pulpit, and preached for an hour: all listened with riveted attention, and the word was with power. At the conclusion I gave out that hymn,—

‘Come, let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne,’ &c.,

which two or three of our friends, who had come to the opening, sung to the ‘Old Hundredth’ tune: the effect was indeed noble, for its majestic notes were skilfully applied to this appropriate hymn. I then announced our design to open the place for a Sunday school, and I told the people what it was that we proposed to teach their children; bade God bless them, and thus sent them away either better people, or determining to become such.

“Mr. Strahan has gone among the poor people to-day to get

the names of children, and he has come in with a list of seventy, who all are anxious to attend, and promise to be punctual in their attendance: surely God hath visited this people.

"Well, now I want books; I have got but twenty-four of the 'Union Spelling-Book,' and what are these among so many? Testaments also I require: some of my friends have done enough: we can do no more;—but yet books we want, and books we must have. There are some young people coming, seventeen and eighteen years of age, who cannot read a letter, and who yet desire to learn: some of the children would be glad of some hymn-books too: we shall shortly have the songs of Zion here. Hallelujah!"

Though Dr. Clarke had, from indifferent health, been for a considerable time unable to preach, excepting once on the Lord's day, yet he still frequently went on what he used to term "begging expeditions," and then he spared neither mental nor bodily labour; besides which he used frequently to preach in his own little chapel when he had no appointment for preaching in town.

At this time we find him thus writing to a young friend:—

"MY DEAR JANE,—I thank God I am quite recovered from all my cuts from my late accident; my flesh is remarkable for healing. It is a wonder that I was not dashed to pieces: my eyes have been but very poorly since, but when milder weather comes they will be better. We are frozen here as hard as steel, but there is a good coat of snow upon the ground, which will save the roots of the tender vegetables, and preserve grass for the cattle: the frost has come in good time: without it we could not expect good crops in the clayey soil of this kingdom: it is God's plough, which he drives through every inch of ground in the nation, opening each clod, and pulverizing the whole: the process is simple: the moisture which is in the ground is turned entirely into icicles: as frozen water occupies much more room than when fluid, the particles of earth are all separated by these minute icicles, and when the thaw comes, the hard-beaten clay falls into fine vegetable mould, and this is prepared to cover and nourish the tender roots of the seeds lately sown, those yet to be sown, and the roots of grass, plants, &c.; in general, when there is intense frost, the juices in plants are converted into icicles, and distend and rend the sap-vessels, and kill many plants, and impair the growth of all; but the covering of snow shields off the action of the freezing air, and thus the plants are protected; so you see frost is an under-ground blessing, and snow a blessing on the surface. Yours affectionately,  
ADAM CLARKE."

It appears from a letter to one of his daughters that Dr. Clarke had complied with one of those often urged petitions to come over and help in making collections for a newly erected chapel this summer :—

June 13, 1837.

"MY DEAR MARY ANN,—I wrote to you from *Stockport*, where I had been preaching; and now I add that, on my arrival in *Manchester*, I was greatly surprised to find that they had had a collection for the same chapel, in all the chapels of this circuit, on Whit-Sunday, and Monday, and even on Tuesday. Now I do not think it was fair to make me preach the following Sabbath in the same chapel, and for the same purpose: and yet I did, and got, to the astonishment of all, £104 16s. 6d. I took the mail on the following day, and got home, where we both desire you to join us with your family retinue. Your father,  
ADAM CLARKE."

On these occasions, as on all other, Dr. Clarke made no difference in his style of preaching; he preached under the immediate influence of Him who had "touched not only his lips," but his heart also with fire, and who had said to him, when he so singularly called him to go out into the world to preach the gospel,—*Wo unto thee if thou preach not the gospel.* So, on these occasions, he felt the same injunction to preach that gospel faithfully and earnestly. To all who have ever heard him, it will be remembered how at these, as well as other times, he laboured to show forth the love of God to man, manifested in the gift of Christ for their redemption; and how affectionately he exhorted them to become reconciled to God, who had, on his part, made "all things ready;" nor was it till the close of his discourse on these occasions, that he ever referred to the charitable object he had to bring before his hearers: he had previously shown to them the love of God to man, and from its influential dictates he then reasoned to the people—"if God so love you, so ought ye to love one another." The plea was a sacred one; it came home to prepared hearts, and had its result in increased acts of benevolence.

Though, in the course of his ministerial and benevolent duties, Dr. Clarke was frequently absent from home, he was never thoroughly easy while away, and always hastened his journeys even to the injury of his health; but, his work done, nothing could retard or detain him.

About this time he had been preparing and bringing some sermons through the press, a presentation copy of which is thus acknowledged by the late Sir *Albert Pell*, who resided near Dr. Clarke :—

*Pinner Hall, Nov. 9, 1837.*

"DEAR SIR,—I should have replied to your letter earlier, but I was from home upon its arrival; and on my return I was



anxious to read your discourses before I acknowledged your kindness in sending them to me.

"I have now done so, and hope that I am a better man than I was before I perused them. To you this circumstance would form the most agreeable return, because the world well knows that your object in publishing them is to make it wiser, and better, and happier.

"I cannot but admire the honest sense of truth which seems to have actuated you in their composition, and still more the unbounded hope they hold out to all who, being children of evil, may still obtain the aid of God's Spirit to enable them to do well, if they will but properly ask it. More I ought not to say; for I may perhaps betray my weakness and ignorance when thus addressing one of the most learned men of his age; yet I could not rest easy without saying this, because it is the language of truth, under the influence of which I beg leave to subscribe myself, dear sir, your most faithful friend and obliged servant,

ALBERT PELL."

The following note, addressed to one of his sons-in-law, on learning the illness of one of his children, will serve farther to illustrate the kindly feelings of Dr. Clarke. It is as follows:—

*Haydon Hall, Dec. 14, 1827.*

"MY DEAR HOOK,—I have received your note this morning, and am quite concerned about your nice little babe, and I write to request you will let us hear how it is. I well know that it is not an easy thing to bury children; and can never forget the saying of a plain man in *Leeds*, who, having lost a child, was bewailing his case to a neighbour, who said, 'My dear friend, be thankful that God has taken your child; he will do better for it than you could ever do; he has taken it to himself in mercy.' The poor father only answered, 'Ah, I see it is an easy thing to bury other folks' children.' A man does not like to see even a thorn which he has planted in his garden, either wither or die. With hearty love to Eliza, I am yours affectionately,

ADAM CLARKE."

## BOOK XIII.

THERE is a maxim much more current for its truth and propriety than for its general observance,—“It is right to begin a new year well.” The unthinking at such a time are often arrested by serious reflection, and the simple ones will sometimes learn then a lesson of wisdom. There is something peculiarly solemn in the commencement of a new year;—the flight of time past into incalculable eternity;—the rise of time present from that hitherto undated eternity, yet connected as it is with all the circumstances and relations of life:—the very consideration itself necessarily imposes reflection on the mind.

It had been the habit of Dr. Clarke, from his youth, to watch in the new year, not only by deep reflection, but in the spirit and attitude of devout prayer: generally he had observed it by publicly assembling in the house of God, with those who habitually met for preaching, exhortation, and prayer, at this season; and by many it will be remembered how earnestly affectionate used to be his addresses on those occasions; but he had ceased to go out of an evening, the night air frequently producing a recurrence of spasmodic attacks; but in private, in the secret of his own chamber, he did not neglect the spirit of the duty, nor the renewed dedication of himself and family to the God and Father of the spirits of all men: this will appear from the following extract of a letter to one of his daughters:—

*January 1, 1828.*

“MY VERY DEAR MARY ANN,—Most of our people went to chapel last evening to hold the watch-night: mother was not well enough to watch in the new year, so I kept watch by myself in the parlour, and was in solemn prayer for you *all* when the clock struck *twelve*, and for some time after. Even to watch by myself I found to be a good thing: I felt that it might be the last watch-night I might ever celebrate. Mary, dear, pray much to God, and make him your portion. I remained up till the preacher and our people returned from chapel; I had an excellent fire and a good supper for them; I made them sit down, while I served them myself; they were pleased, and thus we were all pleased. Love to all from your affectionate father.

“ADAM CLARKE.”

The following letter has reference to the doctrine of the eternal sonship of our blessed Lord, which tenet Dr. Clarke, in

this Commentary on Luke i, 35, combats by one strong argument. By some of the Wesleyan preachers this reasoning was deemed perfectly conclusive; but several of them wrote on the opposite side of the question, both in the Methodist Magazine and in separate pamphlets. The opposition of some few of his brethren did not, however, alter Dr. Clarke's judgment: he formed it deliberately, and he held it entirely till his death.

The same letter also refers to the introduction of organs into Methodist chapels, which was an innovation on the original simplicity of the Methodist public worship, to which Dr. Clarke ever objected, and which, in his opinion, amounted to a positive evil when introduced contrary to the wishes of the generality of the congregations assembling in such chapels.

The letter in question is addressed to Mr. Stephen Brunskill, Orton, Westmoreland, and dated,—

*Haydon Hall, Feb. 20, 1828.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER,— \* \* \* The church of Christ is never much hurt by the persecutions which come from the wicked; but when the church persecutes the church, then is desolation.

"The subject of the introduction of organs into Methodist chapels, and forced subscriptions to inexplicable doctrines, are at present rending the church of Christ, and scattering the flock. Perhaps God will not permit these things to go much farther. \* \* \* Though these things pain me, yet do they not move me; the Foundation still standeth strong.

"I cannot believe the doctrine of the eternal sonship of my glorious Redeemer, which they are now inculcating: I believe it is not warranted by Scripture. \* \* \* As a commentator, I have written one paragraph to explain the 35th ver., chap. i, of St. Luke; twenty, if not forty, pamphlets, letters, &c., &c., have been published in order to overthrow that one paragraph; yet still it is untouched, and in the whole succession of writers, this is evident,—that each who follows is satisfied his predecessor has failed to establish his point: this brings out another and another answer, the last being convinced that all who have gone before him have failed; and, though backed by authority, menaces, eloquence, and calumny, they are as the efforts of a man who went to the sea-shore to keep off the tide by his pitchfork.

"I am now preparing, if God will give health and open my way, to take another voyage to Shetland. There are some things that remain to be done for that interesting people which I think no man can do but myself. My life is the Lord's; I take it in my hand, and make it a most free-will offering to him: his work there is the most glorious, deep, extensive, and steady, I have ever known; for its support God has given me the hearts of the people, who have most liberally helped me. The

preachers have been faithful and laborious, and God has been invariably with them. Mr. Hindson, one of your countrymen, is a torch that burns with a clear and steady flame: still we must allow Sammy Dunn to have been the apostle; few men have ever been more highly honoured in the work of God. When I saw the effects of the labours of those two young men, Messrs. Dunn and Raby, and considered the circumstances in which they stood, I have been astonished at them.

"My dear brother, let me have your prayers in reference to this projected voyage and labour. Humanly speaking, I am too old to take on me such fatigue: I know pretty well what it is, for I have suffered much, both in sailing, preaching, and travelling in those northern regions; but God sustained me, and I think he will do so till I am *his*. With thanks for your letter, I am, my dear brother, yours affectionately,

"ADAM CLARKE."

In the following April, Dr. Clarke had engaged once more to go into Cornwall, in order to hold missionary meetings, and preach in several towns in that county. On his way he stopped at Bristol to hold a public meeting, and take his part in the missionary sermons, when, after preaching, he was taken severely ill, and ultimately laid up, as appears from the following extract of a letter addressed to Mrs. Clarke, dated,—

*Bristol, April 10, 1828.*

"MY DEAR MARY,—I wrote to you from Pensford, and told you that I was very poorly, since which I have almost hourly been getting worse: I have now almost lost the power of using my right arm, and now I cannot command my pen in it; but I thought you might be alarmed if you saw a strange handwriting. What to say of myself I know not, as I am now a close prisoner, not only to my room, but to my bed: I am everywhere in pain. I am exceedingly distressed when I think of *Cornwall*; but there are, before I need be there, a few days yet to get better or worse in. Pray for me: I have in solemn faith given myself into the hands of God; may he ever bless and save you."

It appears from subsequent letters, that, so far from being able to attend his appointments in *Cornwall*, Dr. Clarke was wholly laid up with a *rheumatic fever* for several weeks in Bristol, and his place in *Cornwall* was supplied by the kind and very able services of the Rev. Mr. Morris; but notwithstanding all these disappointments, and the pain of body he was enduring, his spirits still continued tolerably good, as is evident from the following extract of a letter to one of his daughters:—

*Bristol, April 17.*

"My right hand, my dear Mary Ann, has lost its cunning; I cannot use either it or my arm better than the scratches you

see, and even these are made by my left hand pulling along the paper as the stiffened fingers of my right lay with my poor afflicted arm on a pillow. I am quite a *Nazarite*, no razor having been on my face for about a fortnight: you know I never liked any man playing with a naked razor about my throat; so that I look like one of the most forlorn of hermits."

It was not till the 30th of April that Dr. Clarke was so sufficiently recovered from this rheumatic fever as to be able to return to town, his eldest son having gone down to Bristol to bring his father home; where, in a short space of time, by continuing to follow the judicious advice and directions of Dr. Wallis, of Bristol, who had constantly and kindly attended him during the painful attack, he was soon perfectly restored to health, and to his numerous and important duties.

It is not easy to conceive the extreme solicitude Dr. Clarke felt in reference to the subject and the management of the Shetland mission: it had now become a large concern, the number of chapels was greatly increased, and consequently the missionaries also; societies were formed in almost every island, and the object was one of deep interest. To establish these societies on their proper foundation; to see that their discipline was fully regarded, and that all the institutions and regulations of Methodism were properly recognised, induced Dr. C. again to entertain thoughts of a second visit to those islands, that they might, as he expressed himself, "in case of his death, be enabled to get on well by themselves." By the means of the Wesleyan Monthly Notices and Reports of this mission, and the incessant begging in its behalf on the part of Dr. Clarke, it had now become pretty generally known, and a proportionate interest was taken in it by many individuals. But if the family and friends of Dr. Clarke objected to his first visit, they were more strenuous still in their opposition to a second, from the known dangers attending the undertaking, and the severe rheumatic attack he had when last in *Shetland*, and especially after the rheumatic fever he had so lately suffered from at *Bristol*, and from which he was as yet but scarcely recovered; yet, as he often expressed himself, "*Shetland* lay near his heart, and was bound up with the deepest and most affectionate feelings of his nature," so he was constrained to visit it once more, to set it on a firm and lasting footing. Whatever objections his friends could raise as to his going himself, yet there could exist but one opinion as to the beneficial result to be anticipated from such a pastoral visit. Were it possible for some father in the gospel to visit and confirm the societies formed by the instrumentality of the missionaries in the different parts of the globe, how great and how happy would be the result; for, without the zeal of comparative youth, they could not, humanly speaking, have been gathered in and formed; and without the wisdom and experience

of age, they cannot expect to be so solidly and advantageously "established, strengthened, settled;" but still, notwithstanding such considerations, Dr. Clarke's family could not so readily admit their cogency to their feelings, as they could to their judgment: in short, the anticipated good was at a distance, while the instrument of its fulfilment was in their tenderest and most anxious affections, and must be personally endangered in order to its accomplishment. But he did not thus hesitate in his own mind; there the call was entertained in the light of a duty which he owed to God, and he halted not between a conviction of duty and the voice of affection.

We shall make copious extracts from the journal kept by Dr. Clarke on this second visit; for, though nearly all the ground passed over on the previous occasion was travelled over this second time, yet a much more extensive visitation of the islands was made, as Dr. Clarke enjoyed the convenience of a small sloop, which was entirely at his command; by this means he was enabled to circumnavigate the whole Shetland group; and to visit all those places where he thought his presence necessary for the establishment of this interesting mission on a permanent basis. On this occasion he was accompanied by his friends, the Rev. *James Everett*, the Rev. *J. Loutit*, Mr. *J. Campion*, of Whitby, Mr. *Read*, of Salford, Mr. *John Smith*, and his second son, *Theodore*.

"June 17.—We went on board of the *Henry*, at Whitby. She is a fine little smack, about seventy tons, and fitted out in the most judicious manner, with every convenience that can be expected in such a vessel. We have two cabins, one containing the dining-room, which will seat ten or twelve persons. We want nothing now but a fair wind.

"June 18.—This morning we left *Whitby*, being towed out by three boats. At half past nine we bore away, but with a very light, and evidently uncertain wind. There was a very heavy swell from the east, which caused an almost universal sickness in the ship's company, the vessel being under very little way. The wind was foul all night, so that we did not make more than five or six knots.

"June 19.—The rain excessively heavy. In the evening a fresh breeze sprang up, which took us in a direct course six knots per hour. This continued all night, but with increase, which ran us regularly nine knots per hour: most of my companions are well, and in good spirits.

"June 21.—We saw the sun rising between two and three o'clock—no previous night. Still no land in sight. The cook, about three minutes before twelve, A. M., cried out from the topmast head, 'Land,' which turns out to be *Sumburgh Head* in *Shetland*, so that it appears we have scarcely lost a foot of our true course since we left *Whitby*. Many of the Dutch

busses are now ahead. A boat has come alongside, from which we have taken a pilot. Over every face, and through every heart, is now diffused cheerfulness. The sun has broken through the clouds: the land from *Sumburgh* Head along *Dunrossness* opened beautifully to our view, and landscapes also, as far as hill and dale, rock and precipice, with here and there a cultivated spot, now appeared all along the coast. The *Bard of Bressa* looked majestic. At fifty minutes after six, P. M., I set foot on shore in *Lerwick*, having completed our voyage from lat. 54. 30., to lat. 60. 30., in eighty-one hours. Here I have been received with the greatest affection and politeness by all classes. I may now rest for a few hours, after which another kind of labour will soon commence. My companions choose to lodge on board, but my son and self on shore; my invariable maxim being, one thousand leagues of water for one inch of dry land.

"*Sunday, June 22.*—After a good night's sleep, I rose much refreshed. I preached in the chapel at ten, to a large and attentive congregation; Mr. Loutit at two, and Mr. Everett at six, to a crowded chapel on both occasions. Great good has been done, and there appears a great increase of spiritual religion.

"*June 23.*—Sailed to-day to the Noss Island; and on the passage we had a fine view of the *Bard of Bressa*. This is a stupendous bold headland, full of terrific scenery. We landed on the island of Noss, and were most hospitably entertained by the only inhabitant, Mr. *Sinclair*, who rents it from the owner, W. Mouat, Esq. After dinner we took boat and passed the little frith that separates this island from that of *Bressa*. Mr. *Sinclair* insisted on my having one of his ponies, which he sent over with us in the boat, and his farmer to bring it back. On this nice little beast I took a ride now and then. On the other side of the island we found our own boat waiting for us, and after a mile's trajet were in *Lerwick*.

"*June 24.*—Visited some sick persons, baptized a child more *Ecclesia Anglicana*, and spent much of the day in distributing clothing among the poor. There is much not only of poverty, but abject poverty, in these islands: in every case, what was given was received with gratitude. With the simple manners, open unspicious countenances, and frankness of these islanders, I am more and more pleased. Here God is performing a great work, the greatest I have ever seen; but it is only yet in its commencement. On examination of the societies, I find there are in *Lerwick* 420, in *Walls* 455, *North Main* 115, *Yell* 250; besides several in the *Fair Isle*, and in *Foula*, to the amount of 900 more. I had to-day all the Sunday school children, both male and female, brought before me in the chapel, to discover the most necessitous, that I might provide them with some articles of clothing: many of them are remarkably fine children, but their wants are great.

"June 25.—I went to see the *Burgh*, situated about three quarters of a mile from *Lerwick*. It is built in the water, and cannot be approached without a boat. It is now in a state of great ruin; but has, no doubt, been a place of considerable strength in the time of the *Picts*, as they are called. The walls are very thick, and there is a cavity within them, which communicates by doors with that of the interior. It is a great pity that these walls have been permitted to fall into such decay. The stones have been put together without any kind of cement, and the building must have been a comfortless abode to any but those who had fled for their lives from pirates and freebooters.

"Having invited the magistrates, professional gentlemen, and merchants of the town, to dine with me on board the *Henry*, they came, and, for the place and circumstances, the dinner was satisfactory, and all seemed pleased. The conversation turned upon subjects of science, and matters in which the reality of the invisible world is concerned, and was upon the whole both useful and improving.

"June 26.—I employed the chief part of this day in apportioning clothing of different kinds to the necessitous of the poor in the different neighbouring islands.

"June 27.—Again busy among my poor. This evening we go on board, in order to be ready for the early tide on our way to the *north isles*.

"June 28.—Rain in the night, but a dead calm. About six a breeze sprang up, we weighed anchor, and though against a strong tide, we went upwards of five knots; we are now passing through the *North Entrance*, and have the *Green Holm* and the *How Holm* on our starboard, with a fine view of the two rocks called the *Brothers*.

"The legendary rock named the *Fraue Stack*, is now visible off the point of *Aiswick*: the legend is, that a father built a house on this rock, in which he incarcerated his daughter, to prevent her from having any intercourse with her lover; that he, coming in a Dutch ship, landed, scaled the rock, and bore off his prize: but it would appear that on such a rock as this, neither man nor woman could ever have been incarcerated.

"About one o'clock we lay to in a small bay, in the island of *Whalsea*. Having lowered our boat, we made to shore. On our landing we were very politely received by R. Bruce, Esq., the owner of this island, who had given us land to build a chapel on. He is building a vast mansion entirely of granite, which he quarries at *Nesting*, on the *Mainland*, and transports it to this island of *Whalsea*: all his masons, &c., are imported from *Aberdeenshire*, from which he brings them every spring in his own ships, and takes them back again at the fall of the year, when the days are too short for labour. From the top of this building there is a very extensive prospect; but the sea, and



Comparatively barren rocks, are nearly all the objects. Above this gentleman's chimney piece there is a fac-simile of the plate that was found in 1818, in the kirkyard of Dunfermline, on the wrecks of the coffin of *Robert the Bruce*, king of Scotland : the inscription is very simple :—

ROBERTUS BRUCE SCOTTORUM  
REX.

The family arms are over the hall door ; which I believe are the same as the royal arms of *Bruce* : under the helmet, which is surmounted with a horse's head and neck, *coupee*, caparisoned, is the word TRUTH, and in the scroll under the shield, *Terram ornat Cultura*. When we got into the parlour of the old mansion, for the new one is not yet habitable, we found a table loaded with different kinds of excellent provision. When I came up to the table, having just previously been reading the scroll under the family arms, I parodied the inscription, addressing myself to the fine old chief thus, *Mensam ornat Benevolentia*. When I took the glass of wine into my hand, I rose, and turning to the lady, the laird, and their daughter, I said, 'I pray our good Lord to bless you, madam—you, sir, and all your offspring ; may you live in prosperity and peace ; see yourselves happy in your mansion, and may you spend many years there before you are called to the kingdom of God.' This new house has already been nine years in building, and it will require nearly half that time yet to complete it. Taking leave of this hospitable family, we regained our boat, got on board our vessel, and having a fine breeze, we entered *Burra voe*, in the island of Yell.

"June 20. Sabbath.—*Burra voe* is the most commodious, safe, and land-locked bay I have ever seen. We lie within a few yards of the Methodist chapel, which is beautifully situated at the very end of the voe. The inhabitants had learned that we were coming, and many boats came off to tow us in ; joy is in every countenance : may we answer their expectations. The morning is thick and hazy, truly Shetlandic ; shortly, however, it began to clear away, and then we could see the people coming down the different hills to the chapel : it was really a fine sight. The place was soon crowded, and the deepest attention was manifested by all : I felt both liberty and power to declare to them the Lord Jesus Christ, and the way in which he becomes the Saviour, the Anointed, and the Sovereign to mankind :—the success of the apostles' preaching,—the hand or power of the Lord, by which it was effectual,—and the gathering together of the many people to the Lord, which was the issue of this true preaching, because the Lord Jesus Christ was preached, and his power accompanied the ministration of the word ;—all this I founded on Acts xi, 20, 24. In the afternoon

and evening Mr. Everett and Mr. Loutit preached, and numbers of the people, who had come from far, remained about the place all day, wishing to attend the different services, not being able, on account of distance, to go home and return.

"June 30.—Our business being done in this quarter, I am anxious to sail out, but the wind is right ahead. Several boats are come alongside with milk, butter, eggs, fish, and fowls. They offered us a young calf for 1s. 6d., a lamb for 2s. 6d., a duck for 6d., a hen for 4d., a cock for 2d., milk 1d. per bottle, (wine bottle,) eggs 2d. per dozen, pillocks, a fish less than a herring, for 1d. per score, beautiful red rock codlings for a half-penny apiece. Money is very scarce.

"July 1.—The wind is still contrary, nor is there any appearance of a change in our favour. The captain and pilot offer to sail out, but I have told them that, though I would not wait five minutes after it was fair, yet I would not sail till there was some human probability of our being able to reach our destination; (Unst;) for though I do not see that we have any thing farther to do in this place, yet there is no use in going contrary to common sense and experience.

"July 2.—At last we got out, but make but little way: we are now in *Uyea sound*, which is a noble bay. I took the advantage of coming here to go ashore on the island of *Uyea*, which is a fine island belonging to Mr. Leisk, who has removed all his tenantry, and turned the whole place into pasturage for *stock cattle*, a very fine drove of which we saw.

"A poor fisherman is just come alongside, with a *halibut*, a *ling*, and a *codling*: for the halibut I have given him 1s. 6d., all he asked, though the fish weighs thirty pounds, and is the finest I have ever seen; and for the young ling and young cod I have given him one penny; these three were all caught about half an hour ago. The Shetlander has no ill luck who pulls up 1s. 6d. in one haul, on one hook. A heavy haze overhangs the shore; but an old man has just come alongside, with his son's respects, and that, if we will land, he will give us his house to preach in. I dared not venture in such dampness in an open boat; but Mr. Everett, and some of the ship's company went, and he had a blessed congregation, for the people soon heard the tidings and flocked to the preaching. See for what we were obliged to put into this sound! The preachers had long sought for a place to preach in here, but could obtain nothing, and now I have no doubt the ark of God has found a place to rest in. There is no place of worship within five or six miles of this place. How adorable is thy providence, O Lord.

"July 3.—Four women have come begging us to take them on with us to Unst, in order to hear the preaching there. They have already walked sixteen miles. Here the word of the Lord is scarce, and the people love it. Having done our work in *Uyea sound*, a right wind in a few hours carried us into *Balta sound*,

a fine safe harbour, where we are discharging our sand ballast, and replacing it with chromate of iron. I threw a line over the side to try my fortune in fishing, and soon caught a cod of nearly twenty lbs. weight. Several gentlemen came on board with kind invitations to go ashore and lodge. From Mr. T. Edmonston I received not only an invitation to make his house my home while I continued in the sound, but also to preach in his house. The latter I most cheerfully embraced, and went on shore. When I entered his dining-room, he said, 'Sir, in laying this large Bible on the table, I casually opened on this place, and laid my finger on this verse : *Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee*, Isa. lx, 1.' I said, 'It is a good word,' and immediately took it for my text, and preached on it for an hour and a quarter. There were one hundred and fifty persons present, who all heard with deep attention. Mr. Edmonston was himself 'amazed to think how a subject could be so treated on so short a notice.' Thus, the last sermon I have preached has been on the farthest northernmost ground over which Britain's king claims the supremacy ; and here is a people prepared for the Lord.

"July 4.—My companions and self went all to dine with Mr. T. Edmonston. Never was hospitality more emphatically manifested. The conversation was truly edifying ; and by the special wish of the family, I discoursed on the intention of God in the incarnation of his Son, and considered the question, 'Did Jesus die for every man ?' I then proved that the benefits of Christ's incarnation must extend to the whole human race ; for it was the nature of man that Christ assumed ; and the benefits of what he did and suffered in human nature, must extend to all that ever did, or can, partake of that nature ; that from the infinite dignity of our Lord's nature, there must be an infinite merit in the sufferings which he endured, and the death which he died for man. Of one flesh are formed all the kindreds that dwell upon the earth :—He became man, in order to make an atonement for man : and, as there is but one nature, so in that one nature he suffered death, the just for the unjust ; and, consequently, he tasted death for every man ; and through him every human soul may be saved ; and thus are left without excuse, if they will not come unto him that they may have life eternal. *Contiguere omnes*.

"The company heard with deep attention and evident interest my arguments on this subject ; and then I took an affectionate leave of this most hospitable family. Mr. Everett remained behind to preach in the same dining-room in the evening. As I wish to reach London for the ensuing conference, I am anxious to get away. Late in the evening Mr. Edmonston sent on board—no mean presents to Englishmen in Shetland—a quantity of potatoes, lettuces, cabbages, rhubarb for pies, and four fine turks. May God think upon this family for good, and be

ever with them for good! We bless them in the name of the Lord for the favour they have showed to us his servants! Amen.

"*July 5.*—The wind is perfectly contrary; it would be vain to contend with it, for it is more a gale than a breeze. The poor people are now come to me, entreating me to apply to Mr. T. Edmonston for ground to build a chapel on. I wrote, and received on fair conditions a favourable answer to my application; and thus, thank God, I have got ground on which to build a Methodist chapel in the uttermost northern region of the empire of Great Britain.

"*Sunday, July 6.*—The wind still continuing contrary, I determined to improve the opportunity put into my hand to visit Northwick. I set off, and having crossed the high hills, a congeries of rocks of serpentine, with scarcely any vegetation upon them, we passed *Haroldswick*, and at length reached *Northwick*, about north lat. 61, which is the farthest town or habitation north of the British dominions. Here I preached on Job xxii, 21, 22, 'Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace, that thereby good may come unto thee.' On this line of latitude there was no other sermon preached on this day, between this spot and the North Pole. There was a press of people present: but and bin, parlour, kitchen, and barn, which opened into the latter, were full, and many on the outside. I felt great power in explaining and enforcing the exhortation. I was too much heated to attempt to mount a pony they had brought for that purpose, and consequently I returned on foot over the high hills, accompanied by six other people who had come sixteen miles to hear the preaching. I took them on board to dine, and they are just gone off in our boat to regain the shore, most deeply affected. At first they began to sigh heavily, then to weep, then to mourn, and then all burst forth into a most distressing lamentation, sorrowing most under the conviction that they would in all probability see our face no more! This scene was more than I could bear.

"*July 7.*—The wind is still contrary. We begin to hope, from the unsettled state of the weather, that the time of our departure from this place is at hand. May God send us his own wind, and govern it when sent, that it may take us in safety to the haven where we would be. Mr. Read, one of our companions, left us this forenoon, being unable to remain longer on account of engagements at home. He has gone off in a boat to Lerwick, to gain, if possible, a quick passage to England. We were all much affected at parting with him. He was an intelligent, pleasing companion; sought to oblige all, was willingly the servant of all, had the love of all, and his leaving caused the regret of all.

"The wind coming about to the south-west, we weighed anchor, and got under sail. Though the breeze was light, we

attempted, and succeeded in sailing through the very narrow northern entrance of *Balta sound*. The wind soon died away; but having the tide in our favour, we were carried up to *Lambaness*, the last point of northern departure for vessels going to *Greenland*, the *North Cape*, &c.; thence we made a little tack, to go west about, to gain our true course.

"July 8.—Little better than calm all night, with a heavy, perplexing, sickening swell, a strong tide taking us northward, without advancing us one mile on our course. A few young whales appeared playing about, and seemed to be proceeding from the land. There are also several fishing boats come alongside, from one of which we have got a fine halibut, for some biscuits and a little cold beef. One of these boats contained six men, who had all heard me preach at *Northwick*, on Sunday. They wished us a hearty farewell, and we bade the blessing and presence of God be with them.

"Mr. Edmonston had lent for our amusement the work of M. Biot, entitled, '*Notices sur les Voyages entrepris pour Mesurer la Courbure de la Terre.*' This gentleman and philosopher was received by Mr. Edmonston, and in that gentleman's own garden he fixed his great pendulum and other instruments, and there for two months carried on his experiments. His account of this family is perfectly accordant with my own observations, for I have received at their hands the same hospitalities and civilities,—civilities and friendship never to be forgotten by me.

"All this day we have been tossed in the sea off the north end of the isle of *Unst*; sometimes driving to the east, then to the north, then to the west, and again to the north, and on the whole making leeway. Towards evening a light breeze sprang up, and we are now beginning to recover our lost way, and hope to weather the *Scaw* in the night.

"July 9.—We have weathered the *Scaw* of *Unst*, and are making direct for the western coast, for *Papa Stour*. We have passed by that beautiful collection of rocks, called *Ranna Stacks*: they afforded several fine views, and Mr. Everett is busily employed in sketching them. We sailed down the coast of *North Main*, and have a full and fine view of *Ronas Hill*, the highest in Shetland, and said to be between two and three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Got some fine views of that interesting stack of rocks, called *Ossa Skerry*: these rocks in all their phases, approaching, abreast, and receding, have been taken by Mr. Everett. We now see *Papa Stour* ahead, the island to which we are bound; and the high hills of the island of *Foula* begin to lift their lofty heads above the marine horizon. Passing on, we have covered *Foula* on the west: the *Horn*, or head land of *Papa Stour*, running out into the sea, has afforded us some excellent views. So interesting a line of coast I have never seen in any country. The variety of hills,

promontories, stacked rocks, rock caves, and arches ;—the little hamlets appearing here and there between the high hills, which slope down to the tops of the rocks, and present a variety in their surfaces of black, gray, reddish, &c., &c., are fine, grand, and impressive. Our ship presents a noble figure, running like an arrow along this coast, and bounding over the waves. At 1 o'clock, P. M., we dropped our anchor in *Housa Voe, Paps Stour*. We got a little dinner after we came to anchor, and sent on shore to announce my preaching at half past three o'clock, P. M. I went ashore an hour before the time, and the men being all on shore, we had the *kirk* on the island full, at least three hundred people. I preached to them with liberty on Mark xi, 24, 'Therefore,—what things soever ye desire when you pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' As soon as I had done, I almost literally ran about half a mile to the chapel that we are now erecting in this isle. I found the walls raised to the square, and one of the gables almost completed. I entered, and with solemn prayer devoted it to the service, worship, and glory of the eternal and ever blessed trinity ; and earnestly besought God for his blessing on the word to be preached there, and the salvation of the people who should hear. When this was finished, I continued my race, got to the shore, took boat, and got aboard ; and in a few minutes had the anchor up, which had been nearly weighed, stood out of the bay, and got into *Vaila sound* by half-past eight o'clock, P. M. I now find Mr. Scott, of *Vaila*, who had gone to *Foula* to meet me ; after staying seven days, has returned home. He had gone to assist me in laying the first stone of a Methodist chapel, in an island that was supposed by the ancients to be the farthest land towards the North Pole—the *Ultima Thule*. I hope God will enable me to perform this service also. He has wonderfully helped and strengthened me to-day.

"Several of my old friends met me in coming into the *sound*, from all of whom I had the most hearty welcome ; and with them I have appointed to preach at *Bay Hall* in the chapel there, at ten o'clock to-morrow. Most of my friends remained, and supped with us on board, and did not leave till late.

"*July 10.*—Arose early this morning, took the boat, and rowed to Mr. J. Scott's, on the island of *Vaila*, to consult him about going to *Foula* ; but as he had spent seven days there already waiting for me, while I was detained by contrary winds, he cannot return. I then rowed to Mr. Henry's, *Burrastow*, to try if young Mr. Henry can accompany us, but he also was engaged. I returned to the ship to breakfast, and about ten o'clock got ashore again, and preached in the chapel to nearly the house full, from Phil. i, 2. I have heard some curious accounts of the popular superstition relative to *selkies*, or seals. I will give them here :—

"1. The popular belief is, that they are fallen spirits, and that

it is dangerous to kill any of them, as evil will assuredly happen to him who does.

"2. The very sea resents their slaughter: for the moment the blood of the seal touches the water, when it has been shot, the sea begins to rise and swell, and seems to rage against those who have shed the blood of this sacred animal.

"3. The gulls take an especial care of the seal; and will expose themselves to death to save it. Hence, if they see the life of the seal threatened, they will fly at the pursuer, and even flap his face with their wings, and then fly to the seal of which they knew the man to be in pursuit, and make a terrible noise, in order to induce it to plunge into the sea and make its escape. Mr. T. Edmonston assured me he had been repeatedly thus assailed by the gulls, when he has been on a seal-shooting expedition; they have flown about his head with dreadful screamings, and when he has been near his prey, he has seen them fly instantly to the seal, make the most passionate crying about him, and if they saw the danger imminent, he has known them to scratch the seal's face with their claws, which never fails, on this signal, to plunge into the sea, and thus elude the pursuit of its destroyer. He told me, farther, that he had been warned by his simple and benevolent neighbours to desist from the practice of shooting them, as they were sure it would bring disaster and ill luck upon himself and family. We have now a live seal on board—Mr. Henry caught it the day before yesterday, in a net, at the island of *Papa*, and brought it a present to me. It refuses all nourishment; it is very young, and about three feet long; it roars nearly like a calf, but not so loud, and continually crawls about the deck, seeking to get again to sea. As I cannot bear its cries, I intend to return it to the giver. Several of them have been tamed by the Shetlanders, and these will attend their owners to the place where the cows are milked, in order to get a drink: this was the case with one Mr. Henry, of *Burrastow*, brought up. When it thought proper it would go to sea and forage there, but was sure to return to land, and to its owner. They tell me that it is a creature of considerable sagacity. The young seal mentioned above made his escape over the gangway, and got to sea. I am glad of it, for its plaintive howling was painful to me: we saw it afterwards making its way to the ocean.

"At six this evening, Mr. Everett preached from 1 John iii, 2, *It doth not yet appear what we shall be, &c.* It was a sensible and good sermon, and the chapel was crowded.

"As soon as we had concluded, Mr. Scott, of Vaila, advised me, the wind being fair, to lose no time, but make sail for Foola. I communed with the captain, got all things in readiness, weighed anchor, and got under sail by half past nine. Young Mr. Henry, of *Burrastow*, offered his services as pilot, of which we were glad.

"Mr. Scott sent us a present of a fine sheep, some ale, porter, and two bottles of whiskey. Miss Henry came to bid us farewell, and brought us a living lamb, several pounds of butter, bottles of milk, and eggs, &c. Many of the people came off the shore with presents of eggs; fish they thought too mean to offer; but a fish called the *cat-head*, bigger than a good-sized cod, was presented to me: the sight of it was so horrid I could not bear it: it barked like a fiend, and had teeth like a dog. They say its flesh is equal to that of a fine *crab* or *lobster*.

"We have now left this very affectionate people; and many of them followed the vessel along the shore till we got to the north entrance of *Vaila sound*, and shouted farewell from the shores. It is not likely I shall ever more visit these regions; but I may work for them, though I cannot see them.

"*July 11.*—We had a very light wind all night, and made but little progress towards the island of *Foula*. A breeze sprang up in the morning, and took us, by twelve o'clock, so near its shore, that we took to our boat; by half past twelve we reached this *Ultima Thule*, proceeded rather more than a mile up the east side of the mountain, and came to the place where it was proposed to erect our chapel. It is a little enclosure, with a stone fence, about ten yards square, which had been cleared of stones, and on which there is a considerable depth of peat soil, which had been used for a garden, but had that year been left uncultivated, because of the projected chapel. We got a spade and dug away the soil till we got to a rocky bottom, and having procured a large stone with a good angle, about eighteen inches square, and six or seven in thickness, and given out three verses of a hymn, I laid the stone, where probably it will remain till the resurrection, with these words: 'In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, I lay this stone as the foundation of a house intended to be erected here for the preaching of the everlasting gospel, for the glory of thy name, almighty God, and the endless salvation of all who may worship in this place!' As soon as I had pronounced these words, I knelt on the spot, and solemnly, in a prayer of three or four minutes, commended the projected chapel to the care and blessing of God, praying for all who might preach the word of life in it—for those who might hear it when preached—for the inhabitants of the island in general, and for those who might labour at the building thereof. The island itself is about three miles and a half long by one and a half in breadth: it is composed of three very high mountains, and is an excellent fishing station. It feeds many cattle, sheep, and horses; the latter are the best in the Shetlands. The site of the chapel commands a fine prospect, almost the whole length of the islands being visible from it, and to the south-east the *Fair Isle*, or *Fara Isle*. The day being fine, the horizon everywhere clear, we had a fine prospect of the whole main land of Shetland, and many of the



islands, from the nearest of which *Foula* is about twenty-four miles distant, and from *Fair Isle* not less than fifty miles from the spot on which the foundation-stone is laid. The wind was keen, and from the exertion of climbing the hill, and then remaining so long without my hat, I was fearful of taking cold, but I have not suffered in the least. We rejoined our boat, gained our ship, and the wind and tide being in our favour, we delayed not, and are standing so as to gain *Fittiel Head*, one of the southern points of Shetland. A vast number of whales have passed near our ship, making towards shore, and from their direction they will probably gain *Papa Stour*. I acknowledge God's goodness in giving us so fine a day, and so smooth a sea, to land on an island at all times difficult of access, and in which there is no port of any kind. I have now finished the work which by the help of God I hoped to do, and have been most blessedly helped by him, through cold and wet, both by day and night, and much daily bodily fatigue; but through all I have been sustained in health and strength. *Gloria in excelsis Deo!*

"July 12.—Heavy rains all night. By ten we were abreast of *Fittiel Head*, and were pointed to what is termed *Norna's Cave*. The ship pitches so much, I can scarcely use my pen. We have a fine view of this head and cave. We are nearing the mouth of *Quendale Bay*, or, as it should be written, *Cwendale Bay*, that is, the 'white portion,' and most fitly so called too, as the white sand has covered the ground above the rocks for a considerable distance, and thus given the whole a white appearance. This I believe to have been the true origin of the name. By four o'clock we had a round sea and a stiff breeze, and cannot make *Sumburgh Head*. When we came near it, the light-house hoisted its flag to do us respect. This has also been done by all the sloops belonging to the islands. Our arrival spread everywhere: even the very fishing boats used to hail us, and ask, 'Have ye Dr. Clarke on board?'

"I have now encompassed the whole Shetland group, from *Sumburgh Head* south, to the *Scaw of Unst* north, taking first the east side, and then the west, including the island of *Foula*. Now we are bound to *Lerwick*.

"Sunday, July 13.—We had hard beating all night; and in about twelve hours advanced eleven miles. At last we got into *Bressa Bay*, where I went on shore, in order to enjoy the luxury of clean things and a good washing. By the time this was done the preaching hour arrived, and, without eating a morsel of food, or tasting any fluid, I had to go into the pulpit and preach. It is strange that I should have been capable of doing this, after having been exposed on the deck to the weather for twenty hours. I found much power in preaching, and the people heard with the deepest attention.

"July 14.—We had much confusion and labour to-day in preparing for our departure. In the evening I amused myself

by catching piltocks, over the quarter-deck. The piltock is the year's growth of the sillock, which is the young of the *Gadus Carbonarius*, or coal-fish. I caught twenty-three, which afforded an ample and fine supper for all the ship's company and crew. One of our companions, while fishing for piltocks, had the bait taken by a gull, which he brought on deck. A second took is also; and had not a dense haze come on, it is more than probable he would have fished as many gulls as piltocks.

"July 15.—We took on board several sheep, seven ponies, two cows, and some poultry. A boat is come alongside from William Mouat, Esq., of Gardie House, with various kinds of vegetables, milk boiled for keeping, green peas, and a basket of strawberries. These are indeed singular rarities in so high a degree of north latitude.

"July 16.—The breeze still against us. The Dutch commodore, which went out yesterday, was glad, this morning, to put back into port again.

"July 17.—This morning, at half past eleven o'clock, the captain weighed anchor, and stood out of *Bressa sound*, with a light breeze from the west, and a slight mizzling rain. May God grant us a prosperous voyage! Several friends came aboard, who took an affectionate leave, and many are following along shore to get a last view of us. God be with these people for ever! A boat came alongside, and sold us some large and small ling, two haddocks, the largest I ever saw, and two gurnets—the whole for two shillings.

"July 18.—We had a light breeze all night, and this morning are abreast of the Fair Isle.

"July 19.—A storm prevailed all last night, so that we were obliged to make all the usual preparations for meeting and weathering it. We cannot keep our direct course, but are sadly beaten about.

"July 20.—We are still far northward of Aberdeen, having not gained one foot for the last twelve hours. I am doomed by the providence of God to pass my Sabbath upon the great deep, without getting or doing any kind of good. After breakfast I read a chapter in the New Testament upon the deck, and sung two very solemn hymns, suitable to our circumstances. The weather was fine all day, and we lay generally on our true course.

"July 21.—Rose very early, and found that we had scarcely gained any way during the night.

"July 22.—The rain came down copiously, not only on our deck, but into our cabin, and has given us great discomfort. We have not gained one mile during the night: it seems to be the rule of our ship to sleep where she sups; for it has generally been the case that we have not gone on in the night time. The wind has now freshened, and brought us near Whitby; but, taking in a pilot, we find we cannot pass the bar for several

**hours.** Thus we are detained amid distressing swells. At ten o'clock, P. M., however, through the mercy of God, we set foot on the pier at *Whitby*, the sixth day after we had left *Lerwick* in *Shetland*. Thank God, we have met with no kind of accident, and all my companions are in good health.

"*July 23.*—Being importuned to preach, a large congregation assembled at seven, and for an hour and a half I preached to them from Gal. iv, 4-7. I was heard with the deepest attention: but I noticed that numbers went out directly after the sermon was concluded: this I remarked on with a gentle reproof. Another irreverence was, to put on their hats even in their pews, and thus walk through and out of the chapel. A third thing, worse than all, was, the universal chatting to each other as soon as all was concluded. If the 'fowls of the air' do not pick up this seed, it is, I think, impossible that such persons can profit by the word preached. I did not suppose that there was one place in universal Methodism where such irreverent, reprehensible customs existed. Were I stationed among these people, if I could not break these customs, they would break my heart.

"*July 24.*—I chiefly spent this day in making preparations for proceeding home.

"*July 25.*—The rain has fallen in torrents. We proceeded slowly on our way through a difficult road, and reached York about six o'clock, P. M.

"*July 26.*—A little before nine o'clock, P. M., I reached my son-in-law's house, Mr. R. Smith's, at Stoke Newington, where I had the unexpected pleasure of meeting my wife, two sons, and two daughters, who were waiting to receive me. Thus God has been better to me than all my fears, for I hear nothing but good news from all branches of my family and friends. Blessed be his holy name for ever and ever!

"*July 28.*—This day I have reached my own house, Haydon Hall, in at least as good health as when I set out on my voyage, after having been absent six weeks and one day. I have made the circumnavigation of the Shetland Isles complete, and preached, or did some other part of my sacred duty, in the following isles and ports:—*Lerwick*, in the island of *Mainland*, *Bressa*, *Noss*, *Whalsea*, *Burra Voe*, *South Yell*, *Uyea sound*, *North Yell*, *Uyea Isle*, *Balta sound*, *Northwick*, *isle of Unst*, *Papa Stour*, *Vaila*, and *Foula*; then around *Fitful* and *Sumburgh Heads*, back to *Lerwick*.

"The work done, the good effected, and the good received, are in part given in this journal. And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be eternal praise and glory. Amen and amen."

Shortly after Dr. Clarke's return from Shetland, hearing of the serious illness of his friend Mr. Forshaw, of Liverpool, he

addressed the following kind letter of condolence to Mrs. Forshaw :—

*Eastcott, Aug. 30, 1828.*

"DEAR MRS. FORSHAW,—It was only by a letter received yesterday from our daughter Anna Maria, that we have learned that Mr. Forshaw is again ill; we love him and you too well, and have loved you both too long, to hear this with indifference: the account puts us both to pain, and sent us to our knees to implore help for him and for you. On the safety of Mr. Forshaw's state, whether for life or death, we have no concern: I know that all is well between him and his God; but still we cannot but feel when such persons are likely to be taken away from their place in the church, and their place in society; but this painful feeling is increased when we had the happiness to reckon such among our friends, and our intimate friends too. Highly do I value Mr. Forshaw's worth, and, should I have the happiness of ever again visiting Liverpool, to find the place of such a man vacant in the circle of my friends, would produce pain of heart: as it is I feel for him, I feel for you, I feel for myself, and I feel for society; and each of these feelings brings a distinct concern.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My last journey and voyage was a great undertaking; God wonderfully supported me through it, but I cannot comfortably take any other. With heartiest love to Mr. Forshaw and Mr. Comer's family, believe me to be, my dear Mrs. Forshaw, your very affectionate friend,

ADAM CLARKE."

It appears that, in the autumn of this year, Dr. Clarke again reluctantly undertook a preaching circuit in behalf of chapels and schools. A detail of one of these journeys appears in the following letter, addressed to Miss Elizabeth Birch, of *Bruerton*: it is dated,—

*Reddish House, Stockport, Oct. 31, 1828.*

"DEAR MADAM,—As you knew that I had suffered a little from the effects of my journey down to Staffordshire, you kindly desired a few lines relative to my health when arrived at this place. The gratitude I feel, and the thanks which I owe you for your great kindness and attention, meet this request; and, in thus acting, I feel not the slightest measure of what may be called compliment: this may indeed be employed when mere civilities are to be acknowledged; for polite attentions require polite returns; but it is badly in place where genuine friendship, in full operation under Christian principles, has conferred upon strangers obligations which the common language of ceremony is ill calculated to express. Here, then, that I may

not uselessly multiply words, permit me to say that I acknowledge your great kindness with a heart as feeling as that by which the kindness was conferred.

"And now a word in the way of reporting progress. We got safely and pleasantly on to Lichfield; but as there was no coach ready, nor any likelihood of our getting a passage even by waiting a reasonable time, I took a chaise, and while we were just stepping into it, we saw Mr. Robert Newton, who had then arrived by the Birmingham coach, looking about for a passage to *Burton*. I called him up, made him enter, and drove him to the place of his destination. If we failed to get coach conveyance to *Lichfield*, we were equally destitute at *Burton*, so we took another chaise and drove on to *Derby*. Here all hope of getting any other kind of conveyance was taken away, unless by great waiting, so we drove on to *Loughborough*. Here I found myself almost at my wit's end, as I knew not a soul in the place, nor where to call, nor for whom to inquire. We ordered a mutton chop at the inn; but the landlady appeared, and smilingly informed us that there was an 'ordinary in the next room just ready, and she would feel much obliged if we would go in and partake of that.' Now I do not like ordinaries, nor do I wish to spend any eating-time at a traveller's inn, and would rather take a crust than dine in a medley; however, we went in. This repast was soon finished and paid for, and then we went out to seek, if not adventures, yet friends: at last we found the new chapel, and after that the preacher.

"Monday morning came, and with it my heavy work, for I was unwell. The day was remarkably fine, and the concourse of decent, orderly people from all parts was vast. The chapel is even beautiful, and every way well ordered. I preached with all my power, and God was indeed present; the people were much affected, and I think great grace was upon all. The collection, to their great joy, amounted to £88, some odd shillings. I arrived at *Derby* that night, got up early, and finding a *Manchester* coach, reached, thank God, this place in safety, and have met with a *Bruerton* reception; and thus, for the present, ends our journal. I am, my dear Miss Birch, yours affectionately,  
ADAM CLARKE."

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*To the Same.*

*Stoke Newington, Nov. 5, 1828.*

"DEAR MISS BIRCH,—I wrote to you of my progress to *Loughborough*, and of my arrival at *Reddish House*, at which place I was laid up till the Sabbath-day, when I went to *Manchester*, to preach for their Sunday-schools. We had an

immense crowd of people, and the influence of the Most High rested upon all: this was evident, not only from the serious attention and devout manner of the hearers; but also from the collection, which amounted in the chapel to £148, and from the doors it was made up to £150. This was very far beyond what was expected, and it cleared off the whole debt. The schools are very numerous; they contain now six thousand, and are well organized and very useful. This work done, and fearing I should be laid up so far from home, on Monday evening I took the coach, and, after travelling all night and the whole of the next day, I arrived, through God's mercy, at my daughter Hook's; from thence I walked to this place, where I passed the night, and have arisen early to tell you that hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and that still his hand is upon me for good. And now, my dear madam, permit me to tender you my best thanks for your liberality to my worthy Shetlanders. May God bless you in your deed, and cause all grace to abound towards you.

"With best respects to your good sister, I am, dear madam,  
yours truly,  
ADAM CLARKE."

The visits of Dr. Clarke to the sick were of a peculiarly instructive character, and the earnestness of his exhortations on such occasions was ever tempered with the utmost kindness of manner.

At the close of this year he had called repeatedly to see the father-in-law of one of his daughters, Mr. Richard Smith, sen.; and the rapidly declining state of his health deeply impressed the kind feelings of Dr. Clarke. Early in the following year, 2d of February, it pleased almighty God to take this excellent man to himself; on which occasion, in reply to an application made to Dr. Clarke to read the burial service over his remains, in a letter to his son-in-law, he bore the following testimony to his worth:—

"MY DEAR SMITH,—I can have no objection to consign to the earth what was mortal of your late father, nor can I scruple, knowing as I did his spiritual state, to say, 'in sure and certain hope of the resurrection unto eternal life,' for out of a million of men, I doubt if ten die in a safer state. And thus it is that the chain of human life is broken, and that, one after another, its links are severed, till, by-and-by, all will be disunited; generation succeeding generation, till the time of the restitution of all things. Yours affectionately,

"ADAM CLARKE."

On the day of the funeral, after reading that part of the church service which is performed when the body had been removed from the chapel, just as it was about to be put into the

vault, Dr. Clarke affectionately placed his hand on the coffin, and with strong emphasis pronounced, "Farewell! There lies an affectionate father and an honest man."

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Though Dr. Clarke was returned from the Shetland Isles, he had not left behind him his fatherly affection for the Shetland mission; and, as in the order of Providence, through the severe illness of Mrs. Trueman, the wife of one of the missionaries, Mr. T. was obliged to leave those northern regions, and return with her to England; Dr. Clarke immediately set himself to find another labourer for that vineyard, who should be calculated to give full proof of his ministry; and from a letter, dated June 28, 1829, Pinner, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Tabraham, it appears how solicitous Dr. Clarke was to fill Mr. Trueman's place.

"MY DEAR BROTHER TABRAHAM,—Long ago you were warmly recommended to me as a proper person for the Shetlands. Mr. Trueman's wife, who was in a bad state of health when she went there, must be brought back to England; of course he returns with her. I want you and your wife, in the name of our Lord Jesus, to go to Lerwick and superintend the glorious work in those islands: in no place under heaven, perhaps, can a faithful, zealous minister of God have more fruit of his labours: I know the place, I know the people, I know the work, and I know the God who is there with his faithful labourers. Had I twenty years less of age on my head, I would not write a leaf to entreat any person to go: I would go; I would there labour, and there die, if it so pleased my divine Master."

In a subsequent letter to the same, Dr. Clarke proceeds to detail his views:—

"I regret the removal of Mr. Trueman, for he was suited for Shetland, as he had drunk deep into the spirit of his work, and had laid good plans for future usefulness: in his place I want a proper person; one who knows Methodism, who will preach all its doctrines, who is strong and willing to labour, and one who will be fit to be trusted with the general superintendence of the whole work, and whose wife will act as a proper helpmate, is fit to lead a class and give important advice to the female part of our societies, especially in Lerwick: now, such a preacher I think you to be, and such a woman I deem your wife."

That Mr. and Mrs. Tabraham did go, appears from the following extract of a letter from Dr. Clarke, addressed to him in Shetland:—

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I thank God that yourself, sister Tabraham, and the children are well, and that his work

prosper in your hands : it is true that winter is a dangerous and slavish time for the Shetland preachers ; but it is their harvest, and if they do not work, and work hard in winter, the male population of Shetland will know little of Methodism ; as during the summer months they are absent at the fisheries. For the success of your work, scheme, labour, see that the preachers spread themselves, and everywhere mingle your labours ; God will be with you. Set the people themselves to pray for the success of the gospel in all the islands, and as concerns yourselves : watch for this, work for this, fast, pray, and believe for this."

In another letter to the same Dr. Clarke says :—

"Do not let me die before *Dunrossness, Lunnasting, Sand, &c.*, chapels are built : with all my faith for Shetland, I do not see where money will be got, or how it can come, after the green sod covers me : what thousands of miles have I travelled, and what reams of paper have I written over, in behalf of Shetland !

"O ! my brothers, my dear brothers in the Lord Jesus, my brothers Tabraham, Stephenson, Bolam, M'Intosh, and Rickets, rush into every opening door, besiege the throne of endless mercy ; make God your refuge and your strength : do not kill yourselves, but spend and be spent for the souls in Shetland : fear not, the Lord hath given the people into your hands. Hallelujah ! Jesus is with you—fear not. Yours in Christ, ADAM CLARKE."

In the summer of this year, Dr. Clarke published a Discourse on the *Third Collect for Grace*, but intended to circulate it merely among his friends and acquaintance : no sooner, however, did it appear, than it met general satisfaction. Some of our learned prelates suggested and requested that it might be printed in a small pocket size, for more extensive circulation, and thus it might become the companion of all who "travel by land or by water." This Dr. Clarke accordingly did, and entitled it *The Traveller's Prayer*.

The following note of Lord Teignmouth's on this subject is interesting :—

*Portman-square, July, 1829.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—On my return to town, I had the pleasure to receive your note and 'Discourse on the Third Collect for Grace,' which I have read with great interest, and I do hope that it will prove useful in reminding some of the careless and thoughtless of their dependance on God for their daily and hourly comfort and safety. Little did I think when I rose from my bed about six weeks ago, that I should be within a few seconds of losing my life. I was in the habit of taking some medicine, which I frequently did from the vial which contained it, without using a glass : I took one which contained an ounce of lau-



danum instead of the proper draught, and the whole contents of it were in my mouth: in a moment, and before I had swallowed any portion of it, I discovered the mistake, more from the difference in the size of the vial than from the taste of the laudanum, and thus I got rid of the poison without any injury. How much need for prayer that we run not into any danger,—how much reason for gratitude, for our preservation from dangers which we neither foresee nor suspect.

"I thank you for your kind and good wishes: let me express a very sincere wish, that of having the pleasure of seeing you on your visits to town, the realization of which will afford very great pleasure to me. I am, my dear sir, your very sincere

"TEIGNMOUTH."

In the early part of the year 1829, it appears that the pecuniary concerns of Shetland considerably harassed Dr. Clarke. Chapels were multiplying in those islands, and as it was an undeviating rule with him never to have any debt upon them, of course it was often a matter of extreme difficulty to find adequate funds from the kind friends of Dr. Clarke and his Shetlands to supply all these calls, and to carry on the work of the general ministry. The following extracts of letters to Miss E. Birchevince that she was one of the liberal supporters of the Shetland mission, as well as Robert Scott, Esq.:—

*Pinner, Feb. 23, 1829*

"I owe you thanks for farther help to my poor Shetlanders, as intimated by Mr. Roper: such help could not come in a time of greater need, nor in a time when it would be more efficient: to get the people places to worship God in, is the greatest charity for those desolate islands. So deeply do I feel for them that I seem to live for them alone, and would be content to live in misery that I might contribute to their happiness. But in such a place, where all was to be done, a little improvement goes but a short way: but I am astonished that so much has been done in so short a time, and may be well amazed that His hand has been so much upon me for good in behalf of this blessed people. Robert Scott, Esq., who first began to help me in reference to the Shetlands, still continues to help powerfully: from the beginning to the present time he has given towards the support of the preachers, building of chapels, furnishing, and houses for the preachers, upwards of £1,200. May the blessing of God rest upon him, upon you, and upon all who have helped in this good work."

To the same lady Dr. Clarke writes, June 28 of this year:—

"I have received the second half of a £50 bank of England note from you for chapels for the poor Zetlands. May the

Lord God, the possessor of the heavens and the earth, bless you for your deed! May he cause all grace to abound towards you, and may your sun never withdraw his shining."

In the following month, Dr. Clarke has again occasion to return thanks to his kind friend Miss Birch for farther assistance, for in a letter of his to her, dated July 10, he says,—

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I scarcely know how sufficiently to express my thanks to you, for your most beneficent grant to my poor Shetlands. I can scarcely believe my eyes when I see a gift of £100 for the work in Shetland: it sent me on my knees to return thanks to God, and to implore his blessing upon you."

Dr. Clarke having, about this period, published some volumes of sermons, forwarded a copy of them to the bishop of London, accompanied by the following letter:—

*Haydon Hall, Oct. 16, 1829.*

"MY LORD,—I humbly beg your lordship's acceptance of the volumes of Discourses which accompany this note. They are now for the first time published, though the substance of them has been preached at various times through the now united empire, and the Norman and Zetland islands. Whatever may be their merit, they are not constructed after the common manner of sermons. It has ever been my aim, both in preaching and writing, to endeavour to explain the words of God, that by this method I might attain to the knowledge of the things of God. Your lordship well knows how little is done for the interests of divine truth, where texts of Holy Scripture are taken as mottoes to sermons, in which only sentiments or maxims of general morality, or social duties, are explained. To secure the end of public instruction, I have often been obliged to call the attention of the people not only to the literal meaning of several exotic words, but also to the import of many terms in their mother tongue, which, though of frequent use in religious matters, are little understood.

"With this short explanation, I take the liberty of sending these volumes, as a mark of my deep reverence and high respect for your lordship's sacred office, and great personal worth; a reverence and respect which I have long entertained for your lordship, and which have been greatly increased by the late opportunity with which I have been favoured, of having the honour of paying my respects to your lordship at Fulham. The *talis cum sis*, &c., with which your lordship dismissed me, have done me indeed great honour; for your lordship's inflexible attachment to truth and honour showed me how much I should value the opinion then expressed, though retaining a just sense of my own littleness.

"I hope that the *omnino* in the remaining part of the quotation, which I told your lordship had been sent in a letter to me

by the worthy archdeacon of Cleveland, neither refers to my creed nor to my essential membership in the church; but only in reference to my being destitute of its orders. I am afraid of making too free in mentioning the following anecdote; if so, your lordship's goodness will pardon me:

"At an anniversary meeting of the 'Prayer Book and Homily Society,' an excellent clergyman, quoting something that I had written, was pleased to preface it by the remark, 'The worthy doctor, who, of all the men I know who are not of our church, comes the nearest both in doctrine and friendship to it.' When he had done I arose, and after making an apology, (which the company were pleased to receive with great tokens of kindness,) I took the liberty to observe, 'I was born, so to speak, in the church, baptized in the church, brought up in it, confirmed in it by that most apostolic man, Dr. Bagot, then bishop of Bristol, afterwards of Norwich, have held all my life uninterrupted communion with it, conscientiously believe its doctrines, and have spoken and written in defence of it; and if, after all, I am not allowed to be a member of it, because, through necessity being laid upon me, I preach Jesus and the resurrection to the perishing multitudes without those most respectable orders that come from it, I must strive to be content; and if you will not let me accompany you to heaven, I will, by the grace of God, follow after you, and hang upon your skirts.' This simple declaration left few unaffected in a large assembly, where there were many of the clergy. Mr. Wilberforce, who was sitting beside the chair, rose up with even more than his usual animation, and with 'winged words' said, 'Far from not acknowledging our worthy friend; far from not acknowledging him as a genuine member of the church, and of the "church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven;" far from preventing him to be of the company who are pressing in at the gate of blessedness,—we will not indeed let him "follow," he shall not "hang on our skirts," to be as if dragged onward,—we will take him in our arms, we will bear him in our bosom, and with shouting carry him into the presence of his God and our God!' The worthy clergyman, whose speech had given rise to these observations, soon placed himself on the best ground, with 'Indeed, Dr. Clarke, my observation went only to the simple fact of your not being a clergyman of the established church.'

"Whatever evil may be in this, I believe your lordship already knows, lies at the door of the *res angusta domi*.\* It was neither my fault nor my folly. Of the established Church I have never been a secret enemy, nor a silent friend. What I feel towards it the angels are welcome to ponder; and what I have spoken or written concerning it, and in its favour, I be-

\* Alluding to the narrow circumstances of his *father's family*, which precluded the possibility of his receiving a university education.

lieve I shall never be even tempted to retract. Being bred up in its bosom, I early drank in its salutary doctrines and spirit. I felt it from my earliest youth, as I felt a most dear relative. While yet dependant on, and most affectionately attached to her (my natural mother) who furnished me with my first aliment, I felt from an association, which your lordship will at once apprehend, what was implied in mother church. Howsoever honourable it may be to a person who was in the wrong, to yield to conviction, and embrace the right, that kind of honour I have not in reference to the church. I was never converted to it; I never had any thing to unlearn, when, with a heart open to conviction, I read in parallel the New Testament and the liturgy of the church. I therefore find that, after all I have read, studied, and learned, I am not got beyond my infant's prayer:—'I heartily thank my heavenly Father, that he hath called me into this state of salvation; and pray unto him that he may give me grace to continue in the same to the end of my life.'

"Begging pardon for the freedom I have used with your lordship's time, I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's much obliged, grateful, and humble servant,

"ADAM CLARKE."

In the beginning of the winter Dr. Clarke was again called from home to preach various annual charity sermons. An account of one of these excursions will be found in the following letter addressed to one of his daughters:—

*Reddish House, Stockport, Nov. 12, 1829.*

"MY DEAR MARY ANN,—I should have been thankful had your letter informed us of your better health, but you are in His hands who is too wise to err,—too good to be unkind. You will be anxious to hear the remains of the Halifax business. Sunday morning came, and the weather was pretty fair, and the country people began to come in at an early hour. I was to preach in the old chapel, which is much larger than the new one, and the trustees had set collectors at the foot of the gallery stairs to take silver from all who should go *thereup*. This answered for a short time; but when John Bull and his own natural family came, they began to say, 'We han cummin monny a maile to hear Dr. Clarke, and ye wantin silver fra we? ye shan ha none.' They forthwith turned the boxes to right and left, and the collectors with them; forced all the pusses; took the whole chapel by storm, and in a trice filled all the great seats, reserved seats, and preserved seats, and possessed the whole from stem to stern, and that with vast quietness, all things considered. Finding how things went, though I was there half an hour before the time, I immediately got into the pulpit, and, having spoken a few words to order, began my work

Though the press was intense, there was absolute stillness. Mr. W. Smith had got your mother, through his gigantic strength, into a pew where she was safe and comfortable. I preached by the power of God; and some people, I afterwards found, had been blessed exceedingly. When I had finished, and looked over the congregation, though I was thankful such a mass of the poor had had the gospel preached unto them, yet I felt for the collection. This feeling was not a little increased when I went into the vestry, and saw a basket brought in containing apparently about forty pounds' weight of copper, without a shilling, sixpence, gold, or paper among it! However, when that and the collection-plates were reckoned, I was surprised and thankful to find there were four-score and three pounds sterling!

"On Saturday a respectable-looking man was introduced to me, to prefer a singular request, viz., that I would permit him to make, and present me with, a new suit of clothes! I excused myself, and said I had a completely new suit in London, which I had never worn, and therefore had no need. He was sadly disappointed, and I believe would have been glad had I been half naked, that I might have been obliged to receive his gift. However, he has sent a most beautiful greatcoat after me to Stockport, which I have this morning tried on, and it fits nobly: such a coat I never had before, either for material or making!

"Now go to: by eight o'clock on Monday morning Mr. W. Smith had a chaise at the door, and in we went, after receiving the most unequivocal manifestations of affection and esteem from this kind people, over hill and dale, rock and bog, till we arrived at Mr. W. Smith's, Reddish House, where we were received by the rest of the family in the old affectionate manner. Your affectionate father,

ADAM CLARKE."

During the severity of this winter, Dr. Clarke exerted himself much in behalf of the ill-clothed, ill-fed poor of his own neighbourhood, causing one of his old domestics to go into every house, and inquire into and see the state in which the families actually were. Much he did towards their relief, but little compared to their destitute circumstances and necessities. While his heart was in the work, with his own hand he distributed what he could, and that in the most effectual way, towards the alleviation of the distresses around him. A neighbouring gentleman, well known for his liberality, hearing of his beneficent exertions, called upon him, and after expressing the satisfaction he felt at hearing of the benevolent work in which Dr. Clarke was employed, requested that he might be allowed to join so industrious and discriminating an almoner, by helping towards increased operations; he drew forth his purse, and presented Dr. Clarke with £20, who lost no time in going into town, and

purchasing with it blankets, flannel, calico, &c., &c. With this increased stock he hastened back to Eastcott, and spent three whole days in dividing and arranging, according to their varied and most pressing necessities, these articles among the poor, all of whom he questioned, and severally gifted according to his means, and their wants, with the articles he had thus parcelled out. In this way seventy families were essentially relieved; and though exhausted by the work, and often cut to the heart at the tales of woe which were poured into his ear, and stood corroborated to his eyes, yet he was thankful that he had it thus far in his power to minister to the comfort of his fellow-creatures. His little chapel was still well attended by an increasingly attentive congregation; and the Sunday school produced its moral influence on the youth, and the whole neighbourhood rose in its social and civil character.

Early in the ensuing year Dr. Clarke had the honour of receiving the following literary distinction:—

*33 Great Prescott-street, Goodman's Fields, Jan. 13, 1830.*

"REV. SIR,—I have the honour of communicating to you that you have been elected an honorary fellow of the 'Eclectic Society of London;' and the fellows and members request your acceptance of this mark of their respect, paid only to those who have rendered themselves eminent in literature, or in the arts and sciences. Rev. sir, I am your very obedient servant,

"C. E. JENKINS."

In the course of this month, Dr. Clarke wrote the following interesting letter to his eldest daughter:—

*Haydon Hall, January 19, 1830.*

"MY VERY DEAR ANNA MARIA,—We are here fast bound in the glittering chains of Bruma,—a considerable depth of snow, and an intense frost; but through all I continue to go into London to preach, which costs me a good deal of fatigue, and exposure to various kinds of weather; but I am, thank God, hardier than I have been for many years. To me it is a real wonder that I should travel many miles, in an open gig, or on foot, through the keenest easterly winds, for many miles, through the falling snow and the descending rains, and yet not even take cold. I have never once missed my preaching appointments. Such a state of power to resist cold, and disregard storms and fatigue, I possessed when young; but I lost it altogether, many years ago, in London: I got better at Millbrook, but was generally there laid up in the winter months. I lost all the good I got at Millbrook in the few months I was at wretched Canonbury Square. At Eastcott I received much back again; but my kind friend, Mr. Hobbs, taking me

in his gig, for the last two years, to my different places of preaching, in all weathers, has been the means of restoring me to nearly all the firmness of youth ! What a mercy that infirmity has not rendered me in my old age a burden to any of my fellow-creatures !

"With the new year I felt a purpose to mend, particularly in two things :—

"First, to read my Bible more *regularly*, and to get through it once more before I should die.

"My second purpose was, to bear the evils and calamities of life with less pain of spirit ; if I suffer wrong, to leave it to God to right me : to murmur against no dispensation of his providence ; to bear ingratitude and unkindness, as things totally beyond my control, and consequently things on account of which I should not distress myself ; and though friends and confidants should fail, to depend more on my everlasting Friend, who never can fail, and who to the unkindly treated will cause all such things to work together for their good. As to wicked men, I must suffer them ; for the wicked will deal wickedly, that is their nature, and from them nothing else can be reasonably expected.

"Again, I have resolved to withdraw as much as possible from the cares and anxieties of public life, having grappled with them as long as the number of my years can well permit, and in this respect I have a conscience as clear as a diamond, 'that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, I have had my conversation among men ;' and now I feel that, with the necessities and conveniences of life, I can cheerfully take up in the wilderness, the lodging place of a wayfaring man. I no longer like strange company of any kind : not that I have fallen, or would fall out with the world ; for, thank God, I feel nothing of the misanthrope : I am ready to spend and be spent for the salvation or good of men. In all these things I think I am gaining ground, and yet I have many grievous things to contend with. *Shetland* and its concerns are still a heavy burden upon my spirit : I do not get the help I might receive on this head from some who should help ;—the whole burden is about my neck, and I have begged till I am ashamed of asking more from my friends,—I cannot swim against the stream ; I must act like *Hagar*, 'lay the lad under a bush, and retire to a distance, lest I see the child die,' &c., &c. Your affectionate father,

ADAM CLARKE."

The preceding letter is highly interesting : the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, whose house, at Bayswater, Dr. Clarke made his home when in town, while stationed in Hinde-street circuit, was as great as it was unremitted : and the observations it contains upon personal unkindness and ingratitude, are in the true spirit of Christian philanthropy : too frequently individual

ingratitude has the effect of hardening the heart and the mind against the whole human race ; the heart feels that it has been betrayed, and rather than question the soundness of the judgment which placed the unmerited confidence in such an individual, the mind is apt to cherish sentiments of dissatisfaction against all others.

Dr. Clarke's attachment to young persons formed a leading feature in his character : in them he saw the future generation which would take the lead in all the concerns of life ; and to train them to fill up well its duties, was with him a point of the greatest consequence ; and he pitied as well as loved them ; for he had felt neglect in his youth, and knew how sore a temptation it is to give up the hope of good, and, consequently, all endeavours after its attainment. Thus feeling, thus judging, a young person ever claimed his particular attention, and he was sure to make those observations in their presence, though often not personally addressed to themselves, which he trusted would prove as guides and supporters through life.

In the following letter, addressed to the step-daughter of Dr. Clarke's youngest daughter, who was from home for the recovery of her health, will be found much of this spirit :—

*Stoke Newington, February 22, 1830.*

"MY DEAR CECILIA,—I am just arrived at this place, and before I sat down the postman came to the door with your letter, and on hearing it read, I begged permission of your mamma to answer it ; this was obtained, and in consequence I am thus engaged. I have made many anxious inquiries respecting your health during your absence, and am rejoiced to learn that it is improved, and hope soon to see you safely returned to your father's house : I fear, however, I shall be out of the way at the time of your coming, probably in Ireland, where, according to newspaper reports, 'I am purposed to spend the rest of my life.' Where I shall spend it I cannot tell ; but I know of no place where I should more willingly spend the last of my days, or end my life, than the place where I was born, educated, first saw a Methodist preacher, found the peace of God, joined the Methodist Society, became a leader and local preacher, and from which I was called to be a travelling preacher ; and all this took place within a quarter of a square mile. If I can spare time, I shall spend a few days there, and, by preaching Jesus and the resurrection, be enabled to do some good.

"And now, my dear Cecilia, I hope you are endeavouring to live in time, so that you may live for ever ! I hope you read your Bible. What think you ? After having for more than half a century read the Bible so much, I formed the resolution, on January 1, 1830, to read the Bible through once more, beginning with the first chapter of Genesis, and the first of Matthew, binding myself to read a chapter of each every day.



I read the New Testament in Greek, and the Old Testament in English, collating it occasionally with the Hebrew; I bind myself to one chapter in each daily, but I often read more, and have, since the first of last January, read over the five books of Moses and the four gospels; this I find very profitable. Now I commend this kind of reading to you; and read so that your mind shall feel the reading, and then the reading will profit you. I shall be glad to see you, and to see you well. May the God of heaven bless you with long life, good health, and endless salvation, through Christ Jesus. Amen! I am, my dear Cecilia, your affectionate friend,  
 ADAM CLARKE."

It appears from subsequent letters that Dr. Clarke, shortly after this, undertook another preaching tour; for, in a letter to his eldest daughter, dated March 18, 1830, he says,—

"I hope to see you, please God, my dear Anna Maria, on Monday evening next. I can stay but two days; but your mother, who accompanies me, will remain with you while I go and preach at *Derby* on Friday; at *Manchester* and *Salford* on Sunday; at *Ashton-under-Lyne* on Tuesday; at *Stockport* on the following Sabbath; and then on to *Liverpool* to work there."

A circumstance is connected with this journey which illustrates Dr. Clarke's feelings as a husband, and the intensity of his solicitude for his wife. The incident referred to is related in a letter to his youngest daughter, dated,—

*March 29, 1830.*

"MY VERY DEAR MARY ANN,—I believe you know that your mother was to meet me at *Uxbridge* on our way to *Worcester*. I had been into town preaching on the Sabbath, and your brother John had accompanied me thence to *Uxbridge* to see us safely off: on our way, a barouchette passed us, but so swiftly that it was impossible to recognise any thing of it till it was far out of sight, the horse having evidently run away. When we got to the inn where your mother was to have been waiting our coming up, there was no word of her. It then rushed into our minds respecting the barouchette which had so furiously passed us; we inquired and found that the horse had passed on through the town, and nothing more was known. I instantly sent a man on horseback in the direction it had taken, and John ran on foot the same road: shortly they came back, leading mother and our friend Mr. Gardner. The horse, it appears, had been stopped, and both mother and Mr. Gardner had got out before the frightened animal had done much mischief to the machine. Mother was the most calm of the whole; Mr. G. was so ill and frightened on your mother's account as to

require medical aid; John seemed as if he would pant to death with his terror: I scarcely knew what to do, or say, or apprehend: I was as if turned into a stone. The coachman and guard of the coach we were to go by were all kindness and attention, and, by dint of extra driving, we got up our lee-way, and arrived at the learned city of *Oxford* at the usual time.

"I had spoken very little from the time we left *Uxbridge*. On attempting to pronounce *Blenheim* I found I could not express the last syllable, but another in its place, totally different: I tried it two or three times, but could not succeed. It was the same with other dissyllables, and besides there were several other words which I could not at all catch; at last I found I could not recollect some of my well-known sentences, nor even the best-known verse of a hymn, though I could perfectly recollect the tune. As I found I made the same error in the last syllable of words, I did not attempt to speak any more, lest it should attract the attention of the strangers that were in the coach. When we arrived at *Worcester*, I endeavoured to describe what I felt to your sister *Anna Maria* and your brother *Joseph*, who had come from *Bristol* to meet us; but they were obliged to supply me with words very often, and guess out my meaning. I felt no affection in my head, no giddiness, no confusion, and my intellect was perfectly clear, but my power to call up words greatly impaired. I was better the next day, but not recovered, and the work which I have since been obliged to go through has not helped me.

"Yesterday morning, at *Manchester*, my severe labour began, though I was not half recovered. At *Oldham-street* the congregation was overflowing; it was for the *Wesley chapel*, for whose deficiencies they had had a sermon in *November* last. Well, when my work was finished, and before the two last plates came in, the collection amounted to £103. The poor souls were in ecstasy, and literally some of them jumped for joy.

"I was obliged to go from that to *Cheetham Hill* to dinner, where was a splendid provision, of which I tasted not, for fear of fever, having to preach at *Salford* at night, to which I was driven off so spent that I could barely stand or speak. The congregation was overwhelming, the silence of death prevailed, and there was not an eye apparently in the place that had any other object than your poor father's face. I was very weak, but spoke the deepest and highest things concerning God, the human soul, and its redemption, that I have ever uttered. Before the congregation was dismissed, they had reckoned the collection, and a person came in and announced; 'The collection amounts to one hundred and five pounds.' In such times, having suffered so much from poverty and various distresses, such collections, within a mile of each other, and on the same

day too, were truly astonishing. I believe, if the people were obliged to *fast*, they would still give their money when I beg. I have little strength left; but must proceed to *Ashton-under-Lyne* to-morrow, and to *Stockport*, for their schools, on the next Sabbath.

"I hope your mother, by her quiet stay at Worcester, is recovering the strength her fright had weakened. Let all know of our safety. Your affectionate father,

"ADAM CLARKE."

It appears that, in the month of April, Dr. Clarke once more visited Ireland. On his way thither he was detained by various circumstances in Liverpool, some of which he details in the following letters to Mrs. Clarke:—

*Liverpool, April 17, 1830.*

"This is the anniversary of our wedding-day, my very dear Mary; and this day I have kept with comfort for above forty years. You are more regardless of these kinds of observances than I naturally am; with my mind such things have much weight; and now, being absent, I wish to show you that I carry the remembrance of it, and my respect for it, two hundred miles beyond my own dwelling. Many may deplore their marriage, and such I would advise to forget their wedding-day; but whether motives, principles, or circumstances be considered, I never yet found reason to deplore mine. I am much exhausted by my journey, but find I have both to read prayers and preach in the large chapel to-morrow. Well, this is the mode to go the way of all flesh, and this is the way I am taking, and in that day all my preachings will end, and my thoughts perish. The God of heaven be ever with you, and all belonging to us. Your affectionate husband,

ADAM CLARKE "

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*To the Same.*

*April 20, 1830.*

"You will be surprised to hear, my dear Mary, that I am still in Liverpool; but the weather is so exceedingly rough, and the sea working so tempestuously, that I feel no desire to go on board.

"This is the missionary anniversary. Their bespoken chairman having been taken ill, I was obliged to occupy his place, and sit in that chair from eleven to four o'clock; and the meeting was then adjourned till to-morrow evening. Mr. Comer accompanied the preachers yesterday to hold a similar meeting in Chester; they returned but just in time to begin with us here. The river was very rough, and just under their eyes

they saw a boat ingulfed, having eight persons on board, out of which number six perished !

"Mr. Everett has arrived, and accompanies me to Ireland. If the weather become fine, we are to sail to-morrow. I commend ourselves to God and to your prayers. May he bless you and save us, says your affectionate husband,

"ADAM CLARKE."

Accordingly, on the following day, it appears from Dr. Clarke's journal that himself and his friend Mr. Everett set sail in the Chieftain steam-packet for Belfast, at half past ten, P. M., April 21st, 1830.

"April 23.—We left *Belfast* for *Coleraine*, a distance of about forty Irish miles, and after various driving, got there safely, whence we took a chaise to *Port Stuart*, the residence of John Cromie, Esq., where we were most hospitably and affectionately received. On coming to this place, which is about three miles from Coleraine, I passed by several of those places which had been the scenes of my boyhood. The church in which the school was kept where I had part of my education, is totally destroyed ; but it is compensated by a new one, neat enough, and sufficiently large for the size of the parish. The house where my father lived has been lately repaired in a respectable manner. I have spent chief part of the day in looking at Mr. Cromie's various improvements ; and afterwards dined with a party he had invited, which was at once select and intelligent ; and the conversation was either religious, philosophical, or both. From such a company something was to be learned, and to it something might be communicated. Mr. Cromie himself is a true gentleman, has a mind well cultivated with learning, and stored with useful knowledge. The urbanity of his manners, and the ever well-timed display of his hospitality, convey the most favourable impression to the minds and hearts of his guests ; and the extreme ease of his manners removes all constraint from the minds of his friends ; and all these favourable circumstances are greatly strengthened by the elegance and dignity of his person.

"This gentleman has made a port here, where nature seems not to have intended one. He has scooped out a basin for the fishermen's boats, out of the solid whinstone rock ; he has in another place shut out the sea ; at another introduced it ; and all along his part of the shore in this place, he has gained upon the sea. He employs a number of the poor, whom he makes instrumental to his own comfort by labour and improvements in which they themselves are particularly concerned.

"He is attached to true religion, promotes the welfare of those around him by educating the young, and getting the gospel preached to all.

"April 24.—Much indisposed all day.

"*Sunday, April 25.*—Rose considerably better, and set off to preach at Coleraine one of the missionary sermons. The congregation was large and deeply attentive. The mayor and some of the magistrates were present, the former of whom became one of the collectors. Having published for Mr. Everett to preach there in the evening, I proceeded back to Port Stuart, where I was earnestly solicited to give them a sermon at six o'clock, when the Methodist chapel was as full as it could be of anxious and deeply attentive hearers; and I was enabled to give them deep and solemn advice from Exod. xiv, 15: 'To go forward' in that way in which God had placed their feet.

"*April 26.*—I took a walk to the grounds above Port Stuart, which afforded me a most grand prospect. While walking on the hills, I met an old woman, evidently a beggar, nearly in rags, who came up, and courtesying to me, said, 'Is not your name Mr. Clarke?' Yes, I am called Clarke; but there are many others of that name, and it may be after one of them you are inquiring. 'No, sir, it is yourself. Did you not preach many years ago at *New Buildings*, near Derry?' Did you hear a person of that name preach there? 'Yes, sir, I heard you: but you were then very young.' Who was there beside you? 'Mr. and Mrs. *Mountjoy* and Mr. *Halliday*.' Who else? '*Betty Quige*.' Well, where did I go to from *New Buildings*? 'Up the hill, to meet the class, and to sleep.' What else do you recollect? 'O, you held a meeting the next morning at five o'clock. I then lived servant in Mr. *Mountjoy's* family, which was several miles from *New Buildings*; but still I was at Mr. *Halliday's*, where you preached, before five.' Thus circumstantially detailed to my own perfect recollection of the circumstances themselves, did I find that I had actually before me a person who heard the first sermon I ever attempted to preach. I gave her a shilling, and bade her call upon me. At the same time and place, I recollect a young man of the society said to me, 'You are very young to take upon you to unravel the word.' Most probably this is the only person living who heard me first venture to explain a text, which was, I recollect, 1 John v, 19, 'We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness.' This was about the year 1780, or rather before,—nearly half a century ago. What scenes of well-tried being have I since passed through! I have laboured hard to be useful; I have suffered, and have not fainted; but still I may truly say, I have been an unprofitable servant, and pray God to be merciful to me a sinner. May I live to grow wiser and better!

"*April 27.*—I went over all this port, visiting in their houses those whom I had known, and with whom I had been in religious fellowship nearly fifty years ago. I found but few of that time remaining; but many of their descendants. In each house I spoke particularly on the things of God, and the necessity of preparing for a better world; and in every house I prayed with

the family. This was pleasing to all. Several of the old people were in raptures; and some of them, being blind, could not help still thinking, that 'the little boy,' and 'the good little boy,' that was used so long ago to visit and pray with them, was now come again after a lengthened absence. Of my present growth they could not judge, being from their blindness unable to discern objects; and their minds passed over the lapse of fifty years without the least difficulty. The past they immediately connected with the present; and half a century was at once lost. One effect of this was, they forgot their own advance in life; forgot the sorrows and trials of fifty years, and talked with me in the same endearing strain and affectionate manner in which they were once accustomed to converse with the 'little boy.' 'O, my dear, how glad I am that you are come again! how glad I am to hear you once more.' Even the children, hearing their grandfathers and grandmothers talk thus, seemed at once to consider me as some one of the family that had been out on a journey for a long time, but was now returned home; and to me how delightful were this morning's visits. Seeing in the same habitation grandfathers and grandmothers, young men and young women, children and babes, suggested to my mind the words from which I preached in the evening, 1 John ii, 12, 13, and 14; at which time the poor old woman, before referred to, was present, and thus she heard the first, and has now heard the last sermon which I have preached up to this time.

"April 29.—I rose between four and five. The morning was most beautiful; the sea literally calm, not having the slightest ruffle upon its polished surface.

"May 1.—There is a keen west wind, with thunder, lightning, and heavy showers. I was up as usual long before five, beholding the vast ocean rolling his tremendous but magnificent waves to the shore, and against and over the rocks. What pleasing ideas are awakened in my mind while visiting these scenes of my boyish days, and passing by the places where I first heard the pure gospel of the Son of God, and first saw a Methodist preacher; and especially when I entered that field where, after having passed through a long night of deep mental and spiritual affliction, the peace of God was spoken to my heart, and his love shed abroad in it! I would give almost any thing to buy that field where I found the heavenly treasure; but it is not to be sold! O, it almost makes me young again to view these scenes! The boisterous winds are now driving the tremendously majestic surges of the Deucalionian sea almost to my feet.

"I have to-day purchased a house in Port Stuart, *In nomine Eternæ et Individuæ Trinitatis!* From all the circumstances narrated above, the place is dear to me. Here I purpose spending three months in the succeeding summers of my life, if it be spared. May God smile on what I have done, and make it a

blessing to myself, and the many among whom it is my intention to proclaim the word of life and salvation!

"May 2.—I heard Mr. Everett preach a good sermon in this place at half past seven; thence I had to go to Coleraine to preach at half past ten, where I had a large and attentive congregation.

"May 3.—I rose at four, and began answering some letters previously to my departure from this most hospitable mansion. Directly after breakfast, we set off for *Grace Hill*, a Moravian settlement near Ballymena. I find the single sisters are to celebrate the centenary of their institution to-morrow. Three of the Moravian ministers supped with me at my friend Mrs. Kenning's: they are sensible, pious men, of simple manners and cheerful tempers. The conversation was miscellaneous; and they strongly invited me to remain, and preach for them; but as this could not be on the morrow, and I had no time to wait longer, I was forced to decline.

"May 4.—The jubilee mentioned above began early this morning, by strewing flowers before the doors of all the single sisters, whether in the house of their instruction, or living in the houses of their parents in the village. After this, a band of music, formed of the young men of the institution, played some sacred airs and psalm tunes at the four corners of the square, which lasted for a considerable time; and is to be repeated in the afternoon, when they are to have a religious meeting in their chapel, to which I was to have been invited, had I remained; but we proceeded to *Antrim*, and thence to *Belfast*.

"May 5.—Understanding that the *Hibernia* steam-packet sails to-morrow for Liverpool, I have sent to take our passage in her.

"May 6.—Left Belfast pier-head at eleven this morning. The weather was hazy, with much rain. We had only ten cabin passengers, and no female. I amused myself with reading a part of 'Mr. Hamilton's Account of the Coast of the County Antrim.' It is both intelligent and scientific. He founded a literary society, called the Palæosophic Society. Shortly after, others raised one, denominated the Neosophic Society. These two were blended together, and out of them arose 'The Royal Irish Academy.' This was incorporated by royal charter, patron, George III. Mr. Hamilton (who became a member of the latter, and was ordained and made a magistrate) met with the following most tragical end:—He had been very active in taking up and bringing to justice several of the rebels; for this, the rebel party vowed his destruction. Discovering the house in which he was to lodge for the night, they surrounded it, and threatened the inmates, that if they did not at once deliver Mr. Hamilton into their hands, they would set fire to the house, and consume it, and all within it. On the reiteration of which threat, the servants thrust Mr. Hamilton out of the door, when

the mob instantly despatched him in the most perfect cold blood, and then quietly withdrew!

"May 7.—The morning opened beautifully, and we came on at considerable speed. Through mercy, I stepped on the pier at eight o'clock, A. M., having been absent from the time of our embarkation seventeen days. God be thanked for his preserving mercy and sustaining grace. Amen, amen.

"May 8.—I rested to-day at Liverpool, and had, as usual, several albums presented me to write in; in one I wrote the following:—

'God, the eternal Spirit, the unoriginated fountain of existence, is also a being of incomprehensible goodness. From goodness spring benevolence and beneficence; and these have for their principal objects those intelligent creatures which he made in his own image, and in his own likeness; benevolence wills their happiness—beneficence labours to promote it: these attributes can never be affected by partialities or caprices. All human beings are equally their objects: this, their perfection and independence demonstrate. Hence God wills the salvation of all men, and Jesus, by his grace, has tasted death for every man.'

"In a friend's album I wrote the following:—

'*The Seasons of ADAM CLARKE's life.*

'I have enjoyed the *spring of life*—  
 I have endured the *toils of its summer*—  
 I have culled the *fruits of its autumn*—  
 I am now passing through the rigours of its *winter*;  
 And am neither forsaken of *God*,  
 Nor abandoned by *man*.  
 I see at no great distance the *dawn of a new day*,  
 The first of a *spring* that shall be eternal!  
 It is advancing to meet me!  
 I run to embrace it!  
 Welcome! welcome! *eternal spring*!  
 Hallelujah!"

"Sunday, May 9.—I preached this morning at Leeds-street, from Matthew vii, 7, 8. The mighty power of God was present among the people, and all rejoiced in the consolation.

"May 10.—Being determined to get home as speedily as possible, I took a place in the express coach, and set off from Liverpool. I did not perceive, till we reached Warrington, that we had *nine convicts*, five in one chain, and four in another, on the head of the coach, accompanied by two keepers. They had been convicted of various offences, and were sent from Lancaster to London, in order for transportation. Had I known of it in time, to have travelled with this company no man could have persuaded me; their manacled hands and fettered legs were a dismal sight to me, and the sound of their rattling chains



was not only new to my ears; but produced sensations of the most painful nature to my mind. They suffered much in getting up and down, off and on the coach, and were their punishment to extend no farther than what they endured on this journey, I am sure their sin was dearly bought.

"May 11.—After a journey of twenty-seven hours' length, I arrived in town, and after remaining a night at my excellent, kind, and hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs's, and being refreshed by a few hours sound sleep, which my feelings and circumstances had prevented me from having on the previous night, I the next morning, May 12, set off to my residence, Haydon Hall, where, through God's mercy, I found all my family well, and no evil tidings awaiting my return. O Lord, for all thy mercies, make me and keep me thankful.

"ADAM CLARKE."

Shortly after Dr. Clarke's return home, he wrote the following letter to his kind friend, Mrs. Wilkinson: its subject is interesting, and one on which that lady requested his opinion:—

*Haydon Hall, June, 1830.*

"DEAR MRS. WILKINSON,—You wish for my opinion on the subject of confirmation. It is supposed to be a rite by which the moral burden is taken from off the shoulders of the sponsors and transferred to those shoulders to which it properly belongs. Now, as long as these opinions and feelings relative to it prevail in the minds of all parties, I say in God's name, let the rite, duly administered, be humbly received; but the subjects of it should be well informed that by it they have not merely performed a duty, and so far may have an easy conscience, but in addition, they have by it taken a strong and perpetual yoke upon their necks, in their vow 'to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh, and that they should keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of their lives.' This is no ordinary obligation. 'This they solemnly take on them when they come to be confirmed, and by the act they come under a new and perpetual covenant to give themselves wholly to God, that they may have a thorough 'death unto sin,' and a complete 'new birth unto righteousness.' Should any young person say, 'If all this is comprised in being confirmed, then I will not be confirmed at all:' I answer, You are bound to all this by your profession of Christianity: so that, confirmed or not confirmed, this yoke is about your neck, and if you break it, or throw it away, it is at the peril of your final destruction. Again, the rite itself is useful to call these things to remembrance, and who knows how much grace may be received during the performance of the ceremony, and especially by having a holy man's hands laid on your head. and the bless-

ing and protection of God solemnly invoked on your behalf. Tell these things to your dear daughters and sons, and tell them another thing, of which few would think, viz., that, not having the opportunity of being confirmed when I had arrived at that age in which I had an ecclesiastical right to receive it, I was determined not to be without it, and therefore went and received confirmation even since I became a Methodist preacher. Yes; I was confirmed in the Collegiate church at Bristol, in the year 1782, by that very holy man, Dr. Lewis Bagot, then bishop of that see, and afterwards bishop of Norwich. You see now, my good sister, both from my teaching and my practice, what I think of the rite of confirmation; and I will just add one word more,—I believe the rite will be very solemnly administered by the present bishop of London, who will go through the whole with an honest conscience towards God. I have sometimes thought that I should write a little tract on this, as I did on the Third Collect for Grace, now called 'The Traveller's Prayer.' I am, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, yours affectionately,  
 "ADAM CLARKE."

It is not to be supposed that Dr. Clarke could make a purchase of any dwelling-house in the sister kingdom without his English friends being seriously afraid that he purposed leaving England as a place of residence; but in the latter kingdom resided all his children; and those who best knew the strength of his parental feelings, were the last to give credit to such a report, which, however, at this time became very extensively circulated. That he was attached to Ireland as the place of his birth, and that he loved and admired the genius and character of the Irish people, is perfectly true; but his long residence in England—his family relationship—his best friendships were all here—all, indeed, but those indescribable early associations which every good mind feels, and dwells on with enthusiastic devotion; nor are those feelings to be envied which can allow their possessor to "creep from the cradle to the tomb," unmoved by the recollections of childhood.

Upon the return of Dr. Clarke to his own home, he wrote and published another volume of sermons; and, as before he preached his sermons he never committed them to paper, merely studying the subject which he proposed to take, and which was almost universally to be found in the Gospel or epistle for the day, it could have been no easy task for Dr. Clarke so to possess his mind and memory with the subjects delivered, as to preserve their resemblance in the pulpit and in the press; but on all occasions so carefully did he study the meaning and bearings of his discourses with their respective contexts, that both in his preaching and writing, the same individual is felt to be speaking, and to be affectionately exhorting his hearers and his readers to come to God through Christ, for all things are now ready.

Dr. Clarke was, at this period, on the Hinde-street circuit. It would have been impossible for him to have come from Haydon Hall, to his appointments in that circuit, on the Sabbath mornings; consequently, he generally left home on Saturday afternoon, and remained over the Sabbath at Bayswater, at the house of Mr. Hobbs, where he felt perfectly free to go out and come in at pleasure, and by the undeviating, affectionate attention of which family, his visits to London were rendered easy, and even salutary to his health and comfort.

In the month of July, Dr. Clarke was once more called upon to leave home, as appears from the following letters, the first of which is addressed to Mrs. Clarke, from Carmarthen, whither he had gone to supply the place of the Rev. Jabez Bunting, who had, owing to an accident, been prevented from fulfilling his engagement to visit and hold the district meeting in that place:—

*Carmarthen, July 2, 1830.*

"MY VERY DEAR MARY,—Your letter came in while we were at dinner to-day: I was glad to see it, and had much ado to keep from opening it at the table: but I managed to get out directly the cloth was removed. I am thankful to God that you are so far well, but am disappointed at the prospect of not meeting you in Liverpool, which makes me indifferent about going there myself.

"You know I have to preach at *Bruerton* shortly; and I am advised to take it in my way hence: in order to this, I must retrace my way to Worcester, a painful journey of one hundred and thirty miles, which took me last Wednesday from half past five A. M. to eleven P. M., knocked variously about; and confined with the worst company with which I was ever compelled to travel: the last half of the road, however, I had three good companions in the coach, who took off much of the tedium of the journey by their intelligent and scientific conversation: but, on the whole, it was a slavish journey.

"On the next morning after my arrival, I found myself appointed to preach *out of doors*: three sermons had already been preached at five, seven, and ten o'clock. I went to Field, but before the last preacher had done, the rain descended; the winds blew, and the floods came: so we were driven into the chapel and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit was upon us: my fatigue after this service was great, and yet I had to begin the district meeting this morning at six. I have now finished one whole day of district work; but it is slow and tedious, owing to scarcely one half of the preachers being able to speak English: and thus there must be an interpreter from them to me, which takes up double time.

"*South Wales* is, I think, the most beautiful country I have ever seen for wood and water, hill and dale: the country forms

a most lovely picture, and the people are more than civil : they are clean, well clothed, and in every respect decent : and some of the women are exceedingly fine. Hitherto I have had no reason to speak any thing but good of them or their country. They hear the word of life with the utmost attention ; but I think the preachers are not strict in their discipline ; they make nothing of beginning a quarter, or even half an hour, after the proper service time, and excuse themselves by saying, ' O, it will be time enough, for the people will not be come.' True, because the people know that the preacher will not be there ! and this is the reason of all the irregularities in the congregations. I have to sit all day to-morrow also, to preach on Sunday morning, and eke on Monday too, and finish the district on Tuesday. When, or by what, I shall be able to get away from this place, I really know not. Your very affectionate husband,  
 "ADAM CLARKE."

From another letter, to one of his daughters, we learn that he prosecuted his journeyings to Liverpool ; for, in the following communication, dated Liverpool, July 12, he adds :—

"MY DEAR MARY ANN,—I have had hard, and indeed oppressive work since I left you. Independently of my travelling, I had, in *Wales*, six days of close sitting and talking, from six in the morning till seven or eight at night, which so completely exhausted me, that when I sat down to table, I usually fell asleep : my stomach refused food, and it became a cross to me even to see it.

"Having finished my work on Tuesday night, I set off the following morning for Worcester, between four and five, and after travelling seventeen hours, during which time, for the previous reasons assigned, I took neither breakfast nor dinner, I arrived at your sister Rowley's between ten and eleven at night. Here I was totally laid up, and could not proceed on my Staffordshire journey. I am, however, here, and have to preach to-morrow : your brother Joseph is also arrived, who has to preach his entrance sermon at St. Matthew's to-morrow.

"*July 13.*—Not being able to preach at Brunswick chapel this morning, I deferred it till the evening, and went to hear your brother at St. Matthew's : his church was full and his congregation deeply attentive ; and in one or two parts of his sermon he opened all the fountains of all heads : some cried—some wept—and A. C., in attempting to play the man, was subdued by mother in his eyes : the people looked astounded, and scarcely knew why they were so tragically affected : the whole formed a seal, I trust, on his mission to this place. In the evening he went again to his church, and I to Brunswick : such a glorious crowd I have hardly ever seen : by the very first sentence I spoke in my discourse, the great Master of assem-

bolies drove the nail of attention, and secured its hold by the rivet of interest. I had all eyes, and, under God, commanded all hearts, for nearly an hour. The Almighty, Sovereign, Eternal Fountain of love was everywhere manifested; and I felt great liberty in publishing the fulness and the freedom of salvation.

"Mary, confide in God, his mercy never ends. Your affectionate father,  
ADAM CLARKE."

Dr. Clarke's youngest son was, at this period, about to be married to Miss M. E. Brooke, of Henbury, near Bristol, a lady personally unknown to Dr. Clarke, and though he highly approved of, and rejoiced in the intended union, as likely to bring into his family an individual possessed of every excellence, yet distance had prevented a personal intercourse. The following letter is the first communication which he had with Miss Brooke, inviting her to his house as the bride of his son:—

"DEAR MISS BROOKE,—To write to one utterly unknown, and to whom I have no introduction, may at first view appear to savour of a thoughtless boldness, which ill comports with my habits and character. A very short explanation may serve for a sufficient apology, and this is furnished by an occurrence which took place about two hours ago.

"My son Joseph, passing through this city (*Worcester*) on his way to Liverpool, stopped a few minutes at his sister Rowley's while the horses were changing; and among other communications he gave her to understand that, probably early in the next month, he might pass through this city, and most likely shape his course for his father's residence in Middlesex, in company with one whom he appears to prefer to all other human beings. To the paternal abode he knows that he is always welcome; and he might think that on his own account his companion might be equally so; and considering the place which he holds in the affections of the family, he would naturally suppose this to be a just inference. I grant it; but still there is a sort of technicality of invitation, which may be thought proper on such occasions, which, while it avoids the cold formality of mere politeness, offers the hand and heart of kindness to the friend of one's friend.

"I therefore invite you, dear Miss Brooke, to visit us at Haydon Hall, where you may rest assured you will meet a most sincere welcome, and an honest endeavour on the part of all our family to make your visit as comfortable as we possibly can. Our place is not without many natural attractions. if I may credit others whose taste is allowed to be correct; but were it otherwise, the interior of the house would make ample compensation, if some of the rarest curiosities in literature, and invaluable monuments of antiquity, be allowed their due place.

These have often attracted the notice of the wise, the learned, and the good : not a few of the nobles of the land have visited them ; and they have had the honour of being admired by royalty itself. I say these things not out of ostentation, but simply to remove or prevent any backwardness you might feel to pay us that visit which I must feel, on several accounts, solicitous to obtain. It may be said that all this must be a reflected respect, and offered only on account of another. Suppose it were even so, it may be not the less sincere on the part of the inviter, and not less gratifying on the part of the invited : for many who, unknown, have been valued only on account of their connections, have, upon becoming known, been highly esteemed on their own account, and thus have had a double advantage—much esteem for the sake of their friends, and more for their own.

“ But leaving all these considerations, I will put the whole on a more positive footing : I have a very high opinion of my son’s judgment and discretion ; accustomed to examine men and things in themselves, and not in their relations or circumstances, he is seldom deceived in the estimate he forms of the human character in the different individuals who fall under his notice. He has seen you—he has weighed your spirit and manners, and has given the highest proof of his approbation in selecting you for his companion through life : one with whom he is confident he may fearlessly meet the smile of prosperity, or endure the frown of adversity ; or, as it is technically called, ‘ the better for worse ’ of connubial life. *His* choice has determined my judgment, and *your choice* is with me an additional argument in your own favour ; therefore, for your own sake and worth, I request you to favour myself and family with a visit at Haydon Hall, and perhaps on a nearer acquaintance we may not only esteem, but love one another.

“ With best respects to your parent and family, I am, dear Miss Brooke, your friend and humble servant,

“ ADAM CLARKE.”

BOOK XIV.

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There has been, it is allowed, but little notice taken of Dr. Clarke's conversational powers; these all who knew him can attest were very considerable, and extremely diversified; and they were at all times suitable to the company and the circumstances of those around him: with the young he would enter into his own childish labours, disappointments, and encouragements, always blending religious and moral truths with the details of his well-told narrative: to the sanguine feelings of rising youth he would speak of the shadows which experience throws over the glare of untried life, of the shoals and quicksands which sometimes cause shipwreck, yet insisting on how much energy of purpose, and strength of good resolve, enabled a man to cope with advantage against many and mighty evils when the wide field of life and usefulness lay before him. He was at all times remarkably social in his habits and dispositions, and his conversation abounded in instructive and humorous anecdotes. While speaking on subjects connected with religion, his sayings were the wisdom of experience, resulting from the knowledge which his own spirit had gained in the deep things of God. An economist of time himself, he could not bear to see it wasted by others; and even when his little grandchildren were around him for a time, he always kept them engaged according to their ability: to one he would give a book of pictures to look over,—to another different bits of coloured stone, or paper, to arrange on the floor,—to a third a piece of board, with a little hammer and some nails, to drive in and pull out again: and so on, in order that even their infancy should not know the evils consequent on idleness; well aware how early the human mind is capable of being moulded into form, or susceptible of an unfavourable bias towards negligent habits and ill-directed endeavours.

When the hours of study were over, and he joined the other members of his family—in order to rest his eyes, Mrs. Clarke, one of the party, was in the habit of reading aloud all the evening, on which occasions his observations on the works, the sentiments, the opinions of the author and the times, were fraught with important information, but ever treated with a rigid regard to that fair and manly construction which he put upon all things of which he had to judge: but any evidence of absolutely false sentiment, or unsound reasoning, he analyzed and rooted up,

that his family might not drink in injurious opinions or prejudicial errors. Sometimes this mode of reasoning and conversation led to interesting anecdotes, or instructive details; and deeply is it lamented that such anecdotes were not oftener committed to paper: but that which is of every day occurrence is often neglected, even while its utility is felt, and its interest acknowledged. During this year these oft-neglected tales of interest seemed to gather strength by their less frequent enjoyment. It was after an evening's conversation of this kind that the following anecdote was narrated, and the subsequent observations occurred:—

"It is well known that the celebrated Erasmus, though a professed Catholic, had serious doubts relative to some of the essential doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and, among the rest, to the doctrine of transubstantiation. In passing through London, from Cambridge, on his way to the continent, he had an interview with Sir Thomas More, then high chancellor of England, and a very zealous Catholic; he proposed his doubts to him on the above subject. The chancellor pressed the literal meaning of our Lord's words, as they stand in the *Vulgate*, *Hoc est corpus meum*, 'This is my body.' Erasmus could not conceive that Christ meant that the *bread*, which our Lord then held in his fingers, was his *own body*, then before them in its whole human form, and that still it could be that which possessed all the properties of *bread*, and which they were then receiving in the way of common nutriment. The authority of the church was appealed to: 'Thus the church had ever understood those words, and had positively commanded all the faithful thus to understand them, on pain of everlasting punishment: for, if we eat not the flesh, and drink not the blood of our Lord Jesus, we have not eternal life abiding in us; and that *flesh* and *blood*, *soul* and *divinity*, we cannot have but in the *eucharist*, and that *eucharist* cannot feed us, but as it is the *flesh* and *blood* by *transmutation*, in the hands of the consecrating priest. Thus we must believe, or not be saved.' 'But how can I,' said Erasmus, 'believe I eat the flesh and drink the blood of our Lord Jesus, when to all my senses nothing but mere bread is apparent?' Sir Thomas: 'You must believe—*crede quod edes et edes*, believe that you eat it, and you do eat it.' This was conclusive with Sir Thomas, but left Erasmus unconvinced.

"As Erasmus was to embark at Gravesend, Sir Thomas ordered a servant, with a couple of horses, to convey him thither. When he came to the place, he looked about among the people who stood by, for a purchaser of Sir Thomas's horse, which he had ridden to the fort; and as he offered the beast for a small sum, he soon got a chapman. Erasmus was not only highly learned, but also very witty; and he thought now he had a fair opportunity of convincing Sir Thomas of the weakness of his



position, '*crede-quod edes et edes*, believe that you eat, and you eat it,' by using the argument called the *reductio ad absurdum*; then entering into his lodgings, he wrote the following note to Sir Thomas, which he sent back by his servant:—

*Nonne meministi,  
Quod nuper dixisti,  
De corpore Christi,  
Crede quod edes et edes?  
Sic tibi rescribo,  
De tuo palfredo,  
Crede quod habes et habes.*

"Do you not remember what you said lately, concerning the body of Christ, 'Believe that you eat it, and you eat it?' With the same reason I write back to you concerning your palfrey, 'Believe that you have him, and you have him.' How the chancellor brooked the loss of his palfrey, I have not heard: but the strong sarcasm of Erasmus's note he must have felt most keenly.

"I had this anecdote," remarked Dr. Clarke, "from my father, nearly sixty years ago; I never met with it elsewhere, but from what we know of the parties, it bears every internal evidence of authenticity."

After concluding this anecdote, turning to his son, who chanced, with one of his daughters, to be at Haydon Hall on a visit, Dr. Clarke said, "Joseph, did you ever read Archbishop Usher's '*Life and Letters*?' " *No, father.* "Well, then, read it at once: that is the first book which ever gave my mind a desire for Biblical criticism: it might not have the same effect upon others; but to me it appeared so fraught with the most useful knowledge for a divine, that you cannot too soon go through it."

Then, continuing a desultory conversation, he remarked, "There is one great *desideratum* in English literature, namely, a good translation of *Pliny's Natural History*, with proper illustrative notes. It is a Herculean task, and I know no man who could successfully have undertaken it but Mason Good. I spoke to him upon the subject; but he said he 'dreaded it,' and now I fear the hope of its accomplishment is over, for Mason Good is no more!"

On being asked, "What think you, father, of Mr. —'s Memoirs of —? Was he fully qualified to write the life without any personal acquaintance with the individual?"

To this interrogation Dr. Clarke replied, "I can answer your question thus:—A French gentleman being once asked, 'What do you think is the strongest evidence of the truth of Christianity?' answered, 'The four gospels.' 'What mean you, sir; they may rather be considered as the history of it?' 'So they are, sir, also; but from them it is evident that their author did really exist, for no person could have written those accounts of

Him but from a personal knowledge and an intimate converse with his actions and habits. The evangelists narrate things which, had they not seen, they would never have thought of, and throughout the whole four gospels they severally speak of our Lord in such a manner as to prove to us that they must have been with him, and personally acquainted with all those passages of his life which they detail, or it would have been impossible for them to have detailed them as they have done: they thus bear the strongest evidence of the truth of their own testimony.' Apply that remark to the question you asked me, and you have my opinion and answer at once."

Shortly afterwards he said, "Joseph, after having now laboured with a clear conscience for the space of fifty years, in preaching the salvation of God, through Christ, to thousands of souls, I can say, *that* is the most successful kind of preaching which exhibits and upholds, in the clearest and strongest light, the divine perfection and mercy of the infinitely compassionate and holy God, to fallen man; which represents him to man's otherwise hopeless case, as compassionate as well as just,—as slow to anger, as well as quick to mark iniquity; tell, then, your hearers, not only that the conscience must be sprinkled, but that it was God himself who provided a Lamb! All false religions invariably endow the infinite Being with attributes unfavourable to the present condition of men, and with feelings inimical to their future felicity, and in opposition to their present good: such descriptions and attributes can never win man's confidence, and, as far as they are used and carried into the Christian ministry, are a broad libel upon the Almighty."

Dr. Clarke then added this playful admonition, in reference to his son's close application, and too great disregard of suitable attention to his health: "By such means you will shorten your life; and, under such circumstances, I am not quite sure, lad, of your favourable reception at the gate of heaven; for, if Peter watched there, when you knock at its portal, he might say, 'Who are you? Why are you here at this time? You were not sent for, and need not have come hither for several years.' And it will be well for you if he does not add, 'Get along with you.'"

Dr. Clarke attended the Wesleyan conference, held in Leeds, in 1830, when the subject of negro slavery came immediately before it, and the following resolution was adopted: "The conference, taking into consideration the laudable efforts which are now making to impress the public with a due sense of the injustice and inhumanity of continuing that system of slavery which exists in many of the colonies of the British crown, invites a general application to parliament, by petition, that such measures may in its wisdom be adopted as shall speedily lead to the universal termination of the wrongs inflicted upon so large a portion of our fellow-men." The conference entered into the

subject warmly, and drew up several strong resolutions, enforcing the determined opposition of the Methodist body to the nefarious system of slavery; not only pledging themselves, as ministers, as far as their power and influence extended, but exhorting their individual and collective members to join cordially in withstanding its longer continuance. That Dr. Clarke was firmly in favour of its entire and speedy abolition will appear from the following note written to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Forshaw, on the fly-leaf of a printed copy of the resolutions:—

*Leeds, August, 1830.*

“DEAR MR. AND MRS. FORSHAW,—You will see from the preceding resolutions what the Methodist ministers have done as a body, which is to be followed by petitions from every society and congregation in the united kingdom, separately signed; and these will bring before the two houses of the legislature at least one million of names of honest men, who are determined to use their preponderating influence in all the counties of England, to petition for the speedy and total abolition of colonial slavery!

“There is no time now for trifling, or half measures. We have put our hands to the work, and by the help of God we will do it with our might! Knowing that this will give pleasure to that benevolent heart which has long, and indeed successfully, laboured to redress the great mass of wrong done to Africa, I send one of these to-night to Mr. Wilberforce. I am, dear Mr and Mrs. Forshaw, yours very affectionately,

“ADAM CLARKE.”

That the doctor fulfilled this his intention, appears from the following letter to him, from Mr. Wilberforce:—

*Highwood Hill, 17th Aug., 1830.*

“MY DEAR DR. CLARKE,—For you will permit me, I trust, to use the language of friendly regard, since I can truly assure you it is warranted abundantly by the undissembled feelings of my heart,—I return you many thanks for your kind and highly gratifying communication. The ‘resolutions’ are truly excellent; and I rejoice to hear that the cause of the poor slaves will be so zealously pleaded for by your numerous congregations. With what insane as well as wicked bitterness are those most respectable men who are devoting themselves as missionaries to the service of God among the poor slaves in Jamaica, persecuted by the legislature of that island! In complaining of this ill usage, it would surely be useful to bring forward the testimony which has been borne to their disinterested beneficence, and to the effects of their labours, in several of the other West India islands. I remember many instances of this kind were mentioned by Mr. Richard Watson, in his excellent answer to Mr. Joseph Marryatt, some years ago.

"Before I lay down my pen, which a complaint in my eyes permits me to use but very little, compared with the claims on it, (but I would not write to you by my amanuensis,) let me express my regret that you were from home when Sergeant Pell and I paid our respects at Eastcott. We were received with great courtesy and kindness by Mrs. Clarke, and we saw many deeply interesting objects; but that which we most wished to see was absent. I hope I may be able some time or other to pay you another visit.

"Though personally strangers to each other, it is not merely by your works that you are known to me. I well remember hearing, many years ago, from our late excellent friend Mr. Butterworth, so many particulars of your early life and labours, especially in Cornwall, that I have ever since felt acquainted with you.

"I am going from home very soon, but, if it please God that we both live till another summer, I hope we may effect a meeting.

"Meanwhile, begging you to present my respects to Mrs. Clarke, I remain with great respect and regard, my dear doctor, your obliged and faithful servant,

"W. WILBERFORCE."

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To subjects of very different natures was the attention of Dr. Clarke called, as the following letter will evince; and it will also prove the deep interest which he took in whatever concerned the venerable founder of Methodism, and will be, at the same time, but a just tribute to those respective artists who voluntarily came forward with their labour and talents, to secure a just likeness of the Rev. John Wesley:—

17 Newman-street, Sept. 29, 1830.

"VERY DEAR SIR,—As I am already laid under such peculiar obligation to you for the important assistance rendered me in reference to the statue of Mr. Wesley, I should feel considerable hesitation in troubling you again on the subject, were it not for the encouragement you have given me to address you, after having been favoured with another visit from the president and the Rev. Henry Moore, agreeably to your suggestion; and having received letters expressive of their approbation since the alterations I had the pleasure to make by your direction. I beg to submit them for your consideration; and to say that, however flattering these testimonies may be, I am extremely anxious to avail myself of the recommendation you were so kind as to promise; and without which, I feel myself totally unable to proceed.

"Waiting the favour of your reply at a convenience, I beg

to remain, with great respect, dear sir, your highly indebted  
and obedient servant,  
SAMUEL MANNING."

To this letter Dr. Clarke replied by drawing up the annexed testimony of his approbation of Mr. Samuel Manning's statue of the Rev. John Wesley, and also of the respective busts of the venerable founder of Methodism, taken by Mr. Enoch Wood of Burslem, and Mr. John Forshaw of Liverpool:—

*Sept. 30, 1830.*

"Few men in the British nation have come more frequently under the hand of the artist, whether painter, sculptor, modeller, engraver, or founder, than the late Rev. John Wesley. Likenesses, or pretended likenesses, on canvass, on paper, in wax, gypsum, terra cotta, brass, and silver, have been multiplied beyond all precedent and example. Most aspiring artists have wished to try their skill, and acquire a name and reputation, by a successful copy of the face of a man universally celebrated for his learning, deep and manly sense, solid piety, and most extensive usefulness. That those endeavours have had various degrees of merit, no proper judge can deny; and that almost every one fell far short of the original, all who were best acquainted with him must acknowledge. Some were tame and flat, others insipid; some without character, others with certain true features; while others in the same piece had the eye of a Saracen, with the mouth of mere insignificance. Some were juvenile, others senile beyond nature and age. Several were merely tolerable, and a very few true to nature and creditable to art. Mr. Enoch Wood, of Burslem, in 1781 made a model of Mr. Wesley, in busto, which was the most happily executed of all that had hitherto been done. Mr. Wesley himself was so satisfied that Mr. Wood would succeed in his work, that, though pressed by various duties, and straitened for time, he cheerfully sat five several times to this artist, till he was convinced that he had given a very faithful copy of nature. Some correct copies were taken from this model, and were spread among Mr. Wesley's intimate and original friends; but the original model was recopied by mere mechanical men, till the likeness, the expression, and even the attitude, were lost, and the thing became a mere caricature. Fortunately; the original model is still preserved: some years ago it was presented to me by the artist himself. This, to preserve it for ever, I had cast in brass by Mr. John Forshaw, of Liverpool, and under the eye of that eminent master, John Jackson, Esq., R. A., it was chased up to the original. The model itself I lent to Mr. S. Manning, when I found that he meditated a whole length marble statue of this supereminent man: and I have seen with the highest satisfaction the progress made by Mr. Manning in this work. With respect to other parts of the

statue, Mr. Manning has had the advantage of seeing the original drapery, the identical book, the *O mirificam* edition of the Greek Testament, printed by Stevens, at Paris, 1546, which Mr. Wesley used, and of receiving from contemporaries the description of Mr. Wesley's manner, attitude, and expression, which he has copied with a delicacy and warmth of feeling which must give the most sensible pleasure to the few who remain of those who were long and intimately acquainted with the justly celebrated original.

'I had the honour of Mr. Wesley's acquaintance for many years. I have been with him by night and by day, in the powerful exercise of his ministry, and of his mode of discipline, and this in troublous times; and I have seen and been with him in trials and dangers, by sea and by land: as his counsels can never depart from my breast, so his image can never be obliterated from my mind. The noble appearance of his face I see in the *terra cotta* of Mr. Wood; and exactly transferred from it to the clay, and afterwards to the selenite of Mr. Manning; and also in the brass cast by Mr. John Forshaw, and chased up to nature under the eye of John Jackson, R. A. I see likewise in Mr. Manning's work the whole length, with its exact proportions and drapery, his commanding attitude, his attractive expression; in a word, his mind and his manner, as his friends now remaining long beheld and rejoiced in him; and, as those who have only seen him in his works may be not a little glad to know on the faith of those who have seen him and could judge,—I add, this is a perfect likeness of John Wesley.

"ADAM CLARKE."

Dr. Clarke had not only a remarkable aptitude in conversation, but he could at any time so withdraw his mind into itself, and his attention from all around him, that, though sometimes obliged to compose for the press, or answer letters, even in the midst of noise and conversation, he scarcely appeared to hear, and certainly was not much disturbed by the varied engagements of those pursuing or discussing other subjects in the same place with himself. About this period, being on a visit for a few days with his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins, who had invited several others to join the party, one brought and handed him a letter, which had, as is too frequently the case on such occasions, been long delayed by coming through a private hand; not wishing to absent himself from the party, he had withdrawn his chair, table, and writing materials, a little aside. Having read the letter, the company still going on with their discourse, while a younger member of the party was singing and playing, Dr. Clarke wrote the following letter, addressed to a gentleman at whose school two young lads were boarded, the sons of a missionary for whom Dr. Clarke felt considerable interest; and in reference to the apprenticing the younger of

these, the following communication was sent to the lads' school-master, Mr. Philip Theobald :—

15 m. after 4, P. M., Oct. 29, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR,—As above, I received your letter of the 25th, and, were I near yourself and Mrs. Theobald, I could make some remarks on its contents. I have no high opinion of *Polyglot business*, though I am an admirer of *Polyglot Bibles*. 'A chymist, a druggist, a grocer, a bookseller,' are too much at once. A chymist, if properly understood, is a business of science and practice sufficient to occupy the whole of a man's life. A chymist is a student by fire, and his eyes should ever be awake to behold the operations of nature, and the synthesis and analysis of endlessly varied substances, which require such an accuracy of observation, and such a patience of investigation, in order to find out all the double and single multitudinous elective attractions, as would require the attention of a first-rate mind. As a druggist, he should understand the chymical nature and action of all simples that enter into the composition of the whole *materia medica*, and the proper method of disposing the recipes of physicians.

"As to a grocer, whether he be a wholesale or a retail person in that line, he requires not only a knowledge of the simples in which he deals, but also an acquaintance with the state of the commercial relations of his own country, with those of the nations with which we hold commercial traffic and trade, each of which requires particular knowledge.

"Now, as to the bookselling, it is a science as well as a trade of great extent and difficulty. The man who professes it should have an accurate knowledge of the whole operations of typography, compositions of papers and inks, of spacing, pointing, registering, &c., and, in short, of Bibliography,—without which he cannot give a proper character of a book; be enabled to point out the characteristics of a good from a bad, a genuine from a spurious edition, and be able to judge of the merits of the different editions. I might say much more on all these topics, but I forbear. If, however, 'chymist' mean only one who sells some matters prepared by the chymists, without knowing any thing of the science itself: a 'druggist,' the seller of those matters used by apothecaries, and prescribed by physicians to their patients, without knowing a tittle of their hygeian properties; or, whether they are calculated in the case (*pro re nata*) to kill or to cure: the 'grocer,' the dealer in pounds, or pennyworths of tea, sugar, spices, raisins, soap, starch, blue, &c., &c.; and the 'bookseller,' merely a vender of reading-made-easys, geography, histories of England, and the snivellings and drivellings of the sentimental writers;—all these may be dealt in by the same per-

son, and collected together in the same shop, if it only be large enough.

"Now, my dear sir, speaking to you and to your excellent wife, *sub rosa*, I do not think that the offer of the gentleman in question, whoever he may be, is a matter much to rejoice in; and, though I am a decided advocate for acknowledging God in all his ways, I do not see the particular reason why the said gentleman should 'go and lay the matter before the Lord,' whether he should take, 'for six years without a fee, a lad brought up as the son of Mr. and Mrs. M'Kenny, and educated by Mr. Theobald, his parents providing him all the time with clothes, washing, pocket money, &c.' I need not quote to you, *Nec Deus intersit*, &c. I must confess I pay great deference to ancient adages, and among them I remember, 'Jack of all trades, and master of none;' 'He who has too many irons in the fire, some of them must cool,' and last, not least, '*Ne sutor ultra crepidem*.'

"I am fully satisfied that you have the lad's best interest in view; and, as you must be better judges in the case than I can be, you knowing the parties, I say, Do what God puts it in your hearts to do, and assure yourselves that I am, with great esteem, yours affectionately,

ADAM CLARKE."

It was in the autumn of this year that a friend, with whom Dr. Clarke had been in the habit of corresponding on the subject of the Shetland mission, and who had largely contributed towards its support, in one of her letters pointedly remarked, "If you would come to the help of Ireland, as you have done to Shetland, what good might not be effected!" In reply to this observation, in a letter dated September 30, 1830, he says—"Here am I, send me! On the surface of the world, there stands not a man more willing to add Ireland to Shetland, and serve both with all his heart and strength."

Immediately after this, Dr. Clarke wrote to the Rev. Samuel Harpur, at Coleraine, to inquire the state and wants of the populous districts around that town. The information received in reply he communicated to his friend, and adds,—

November 8, 1830.

"Many of these places mentioned by Mr. Harpur, and indeed the major part, are the land of the shadow of death, the deep darkness that may be felt. More than half a century ago, I travelled through most of these places, and several others in their vicinity, proclaiming as I could the gospel of Jesus, where a Methodist had never been seen; travelling through bog and mire, over hill and dale, and in the course of one day walking nearly twenty miles of the above country, preaching and exhorting eight and ten times a day, and having little, very little, to eat. I sowed the first seed, and should I, after threescore



years, return to water it, would it not be a singular circumstance ! and now to carry thither the bounty of one who was not then born, nor ever had, in the course of Providence, any connection with the country, but who felt for it from the immediate influence of God, who laid Ireland upon her heart, and who now says to me, 'Go over to wretched Ireland, in person or by proxy, and help it !' Do not all these things look like a well-planned order in Providence ! a little heightened, perhaps, by the consideration, that the very person who, through the same kind of influence, had first blown a minor trumpet which he could but merely sound, should be spared to return in better circumstances, with a louder blast, and bearing more seed, have the high pleasure of beholding that the seed so long sown had neither rotted in the ground nor been picked up by the fowls of the air !

"My dear friend, my old soul, in this age of decrepitude, is becoming young again in the prospect of thus revisiting the land in which I first drew the breath of life, and the breath of God !"

Mr. Harpur had, as appears in the communication referred to, stated to Dr. Clarke that, on the immediate subject of schools, "Although much had been done to extend education in Ireland, yet much remained to be done ; that there were several districts wholly uncultivated, there not being a school of any description for many miles, where the population was very considerable ; and that the invitation he had received, entreating him to take up *Ireland* as he had done the *Shetland Isles*, would do incalculable good." Dr. Clarke, in reply, informed Mr. Harpur, that several friends who were personally unknown to him, and who were anxious at present to remain unknown, would enable him to bear the expenses of the work, with this sole condition, "That he should occupy no district where any school now existed, or where any class of religious people was making any attempt to educate the poor." "Although," observes Dr. Clarke, writing on this subject, "I well knew that there were such districts in places where I had even lately been ; yet on this matter I thought it would be best to consult some judicious friends in that country, who I knew had a very extensive local knowledge of most parts of the nation, and solicit their opinion on the quantum of the necessity, and the places where it was most prevalent, whether among Roman Catholics or Protestants. To my several inquiries I soon received the most satisfactory answers ; and thought it rather singular that the very places I had in my own mind fixed on, were chief among those which were pointed out to me, and which had been overlooked by all the religious classes and societies, whose bounty in various ways had been, for some years past, extended to Ireland, particularly for the especial purpose of giving education to the poor. From the general persuasion that Protestant districts,

however poor and depressed, were better cultivated, both religiously and usefully, than Roman Catholic districts, the former had been chiefly passed by, and thus the neglected and uneducated progeny of wicked Protestants were nearly as destitute of moral and religious instruction as the children of the wicked Papists. The districts which were particularly recommended to my notice were in the northern parts of the province of *Ulster*, especially about *Magilligan* in *Ahadowey*, the upper parts of the parish of *Mocosquin*, at a place called *Cashel*, near the mountains of *Newton Limavaddy*, and on the other side of the river *Bann*, on the sea-coast parts of the county *Antrim*, *Port Rush*, and its vicinity, where there was a large and rapidly increasing population, owing to their enlarging the port, and carrying out a breakwater to defend it, and where for miles there was no school of any kind, nor any sort of instruction, and where, consequently, ignorance and vice had almost an uncontrolled sway. The parish of *Ballintoy*, with *Ballycastle*, *Red Bay*, and the *Heathe*, or *Hether Country*, were all equally destitute. These, and several other districts, either Protestant or Catholic, or of both mixed, were also earnestly recommended to my attention. Among the others, the Port Rush district seemed to be the most destitute of all, and therefore I begged the Rev. S. Harpur to procure for me a proper teacher for a school in that place; and as the excellent persons who wished me to enter into this labour of love desired me, if possible, to procure Methodist local preachers as teachers of these schools, in order that they might by their qualifications be capable instructors of the children, and by their grace and endowments be not less enabled to spread religious knowledge among the parents, I entreated Mr. H. to look for men suitable in all these respects, and to go himself and canvass the whole of the district, and examine how many there were who would welcome the establishment of a free or charity school among themselves as a blessing, and a thing to be desired, and who would avail themselves of it in reference to the benefit of their children.

"This was done, and the whole country seemed to come forward to hail the appearance of such a school. I then wrote out a plan, laid down a number of plain and simple rules for the admission and continuance of scholars, and the best mode of furnishing the necessary instruction; and having remitted a sum of money for initial expenses, I begged my friend Harpur to commence without delay. But a difficulty immediately presented itself,—there was no school-house; and the plan of the institution was, to give the poor the most effectual gratuitous teaching, themselves providing places for the assembling of the children. The people being gathered together, and no house being found, and it being the depth of winter, (December,) and a severe winter too, they knew not what to do; but, fearing to lose the benefit of the present offer, they proposed to occupy a

place dug out of a sand-hill, though dismal, cold, and in every sense improper ! In this exigency, a gentleman stepped forward, and said, ' As the sand-pit can never do, I will give you, for the present, my parlour and the adjoining room, till a more suitable place be procured.' This kind offer was joyfully embraced, and a meeting of parents was called for the purpose of forming the projected school, on the first day of January, 1831. Thirty children were then admitted—an excellent man as teacher engaged, every way qualified to instruct them, and their parents also, if any among them were desirous of such help. The good man began his labour ; the children increased daily in number, although the weather was severe, the cold excessive, and the children miserably poor.

" Out of school hours the teacher went about among the parents, reading the Scriptures to them, exhorting them to flee from the wrath to come, and praying with and for them. This was indeed a new thing to the poor people, and many, who had scarcely ever heard any sort of prayer, now heard, felt, and learned themselves to pray.

" The number of the school was soon increased to sixty, and, as the weather became a little more moderate, to ninety, and is now, only two months after its first establishment, amazingly increased.

" It will at once be seen that the gentleman's parlour could no longer contain the fast increasing school, and the only house that could be procured in the neighbourhood was one not in all respects suitable ; but which was engaged till the next November, at the rent of £5 for the nine months, hoping in the interim to be able to procure a more convenient place. I purpose doing this as well as I can, by proxy, and when the milder weather comes, to go over to Ireland myself, and gather up other schools in some of the districts already mentioned.

" It may naturally be supposed that a number of children, whose education had been so totally neglected, would be rough, stubborn, intractable, and immoral, and such was indeed the case ; and it was found that few of them could utter a sentence of even simple negation or affirmation without an oath, a blasphemy, or an imprecation ; but it is highly encouraging to know that even in this short time, under the pious, prudent, well-timed, reproofs of their teachers, their horrid language is greatly changed, and an increasing decency of appearance and deportment prevailing. Thus is God giving tokens of his favour to these infant establishments, and his approbation of the means used to arrive at the end proposed and desired."

The instruction of the rising generation was a subject which ever lay near to the heart of Dr. Clarke, an object he strenuously on all occasions laboured to promote ; it cannot then be matter of wonder that, when thus solicited to advocate the instruction of the youth of his own country, his heart answered

to the call, and that he lost no time in endeavouring to further such a noble object; nor did he labour in vain, because of that influence which he had acquired, by God's blessing on his disinterested active benevolence. This appears from the following extract of a letter to his friend, the Rev. Samuel Harpur, of Coleraine:—

*Nov. 12, 1830.*

"In reference to the Irish schools; I expect considerable help from three ladies; but I wish to have something more tangible to lay before them. I transcribed Mr. M'Alwine's letter, and sent it to one of them, and she, if earnest before in this business, has now tenfold zeal. She has sent me £50 already for initiatory expenses, and £200 are at my command. Now go to: is not this a good commencement? I am, my dear brother Harpur, yours affectionately,  
ADAM CLARKE."

After this preliminary work towards properly organizing schools for the destitute districts of Ulster, and the promise of such efficient help, Dr. Clarke wrote to his liberal Shetland friend, Miss E. Birch, laying the proposed plan before her also, and requesting her assistance. That this was granted, appears from the following extract of a letter to that lady:—

*Pianer, Nov. 22, 1830.*

"DEAR MISS BIRCH,—On my arrival this morning from London I found your letter. I thank you for your noble promise of £100 for my projected, and now organized schools in Ireland. It is like yourself, and is a glorious help; and the promise of £50 more for my distressed Shetlands, is also great and noble: your acts in this behalf I have sent up to heaven to be recorded there. Yourself and Mr. Scott, with others who have helped, and helped well, have done more than the benevolent man mentioned in the gospel, 'who loved the Jewish nation, and built them a synagogue:' you have loved the long-neglected Shetlanders, and built for them many a synagogue; for now we have nearly a dozen chapels, and on all that are finished, thank God, not one shilling of debt is left to be paid by my successor."

The subjoined interesting letter was addressed at this time by Dr. Clarke to his friend, Mr. James Everett, of Manchester:—

*Dec. 21, five o'clock, A. M., shortest day in 1830.*

"DEAR EVERETT,—In the name of God! Amen. About threecore and ten of such short days have I seen, and as my time in the course of nature, as it is called, is now ended, (for the above period is its general limit,) I need to have little to do, as my age is at the longest, and this day is the shortest I may ever see; yet I have never fallen out with life: I have borne many of its rude blasts, and I have been fostered with many

of its finest breezes; and should I complain against time and the dispensations of Providence, then shame would be to me! Indeed, if God see it right, I have no objection to live on here to the day of judgment; for while the earth lasts there will be something to do by a heart, head, and hand like mine,—as long as there is something to be learned, something to be sympathetically felt, and something to be done. I have not lived to, or for myself—I am not conscious to myself that I have ever passed one such day. My fellow-creatures were the subjects of my deepest meditations, and the objects of my most earnest attention. God never needed my services. He brought me into the world that I might receive good from him, and do good to my fellows. This is God's object in reference to all human beings; and should be the object of every man in reference to his brother. This is the whole of my practical creed. God in his love gave me a being: in his mercy he has done every thing he should do, to make it a well-being; has taught me to love him by first loving me; and has taught me to love my neighbour as myself, by inspiring me with his own love. Therefore my grand object, in all my best and most considerable moments, is to live to get good from God, that I may do good to my fellows; and this alone is the way in which man can glorify his Maker. Perhaps a man of a cold heart and uncultivated head might say, in looking into the articles of his faith, 'This may be the creed of an infidel, of a deist, or a natural religionist.' I say, No. No such person ever had such a creed, or ever can have it. It is in and through the almighty Jesus alone that the all-binding, all-persuading, all-constraining, and all-pervading love of God to man was ever known; and to me it is a doubt whether there was, is, or can be, any other way in which God himself could or can make it known to the compound being, man. Jesus the Christ incarnated; Jesus the Christ crucified; Jesus the Christ dying for our offences, and rising again for our justification: Jesus, sending forth the all-pervading, all-refining, and all-purifying light and energy of his Holy Spirit, has revealed the secret, and accomplished the purpose of that God whose name is mercy and whose nature is love.

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"O, thou incomprehensible Jehovah, thou eternal Word, thou ever-during and all-pervading Spirit—Father! Son! and Holy Ghost! in the plenitude of thy eternal Godhead, in thy light, I, in a measure, see thee; and in thy condescending nearness to my nature I can love thee, for thou hast loved me. In thy strength may I begin, continue, and end every design, and every work, so as to glorify thee by showing how much thou lovest man, and how much man may be ennobled and beatified by loving THEE! O, my Everett, here am I fixed, here am I lost, and here I find my God, and here I find myself! But whither

do I run, or rather rush? When I sat down to write, not one word of what is written was designed. I only intended to write a little on a subject in which you had so kindly interested yourself, in order to render the last days of your aged brother a little more comfortable, by enabling him to continue in a little usefulness to the end;—not rusting, but wearing out.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have lately been called upon to enter into a work that, without giving me a groat, may employ the rest of my days. Some benevolent persons, chiefly ladies, some of them not at all known to me, have begged me to undertake the establishment of charity schools in those parts of Ireland where neither the Methodists nor any others have set their feet. Now the district where you and I were—*Port Rush*, and all its vicinity, where I proclaimed Jesus when but a little boy, has neither Sunday nor day school, nor a place of worship of any kind. These schools I am now beginning: and there we shall open a school, under Methodist direction, on the 25th. Already nearly £400 are offered to me for the work. There shall I turn my face, please God, as soon as the weather permits.

"Wishing you every blessing of all short and long days for a century to come, I am, dear Everett, yours affectionately,

"ADAM CLARKE."

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It appears from the following extract of letters from the Rev. Mr. Harpur to Dr. Clarke, dated January, 1831, that the subject of the Irish schools did not languish:—

"DEAR DOCTOR,—We have commenced our school in *Port Rush*: the people were growing impatient, and although it blew a hurricane, and was piercingly cold, thirty-seven children came, and were for the most part accompanied by their parents: I mentioned to them your object, and what you, assisted by some English friends, contemplated, the regulations for attendance, &c., &c. All these things were cordially agreed to; and although the weather from that time has been unusually severe, the children are increasing in numbers rapidly. The teacher has commenced his labours in the fear of God, and is remarkably well received both as a master and a public Christian teacher.

"A gentleman has offered me £20 on condition that we would build both a school-house and chapel under one roof, and several other friends will come forward liberally and cheerfully. What a blessing to have a house built for God in a place so neglected—a place proverbial for Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness," &c..

Though Dr. Clarke wrote much on behalf of these Irish schools, and his friends as liberally and cheerfully came forward to meet his wishes, and farther the undertaking, yet he desired to go over to Ireland, in order to see the scene of so much usefulness, and be the better enabled to state their necessities and probable success: but he was obliged to yield to the wishes of his friends, that the spring might advance before he left home for so long a journey.

Shortly after this, Dr. Clarke received the following very interesting letter from the Rev. William Case, one of the Wesleyan missionaries in Upper Canada, which not only gives a highly satisfactory account of the success of the missionaries there, but also introduced to Dr. Clarke's personal knowledge a chief of the Chippeway tribe of Indians, of the native name of Kahkewaquonaby, but bearing the Christian designation of Peter Jones: this interesting stranger remained in England a year, and then returned to his own people to publish, with increased light and zeal, the wonderful works of God. The letter itself is dated

*York, Upper Canada, Feb. 22, 1831.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Although unknown to you personally, yet, through the medium of your excellent writings, I have, on my part, contracted a friendship as strong and endearing as is generally produced by social and brotherly intercourse. Through these, many of my doubts have been removed, my faith strengthened, and my understanding guided; yea, my heart has often been made glad in seeing so clearly unfolded the immeasurable love of God and the riches of grace in Christ Jesus. These benefits I have received in common with my younger brethren in the ministry in this province, and who are now in the providence and grace of God, in some measure, under my care. And I take this opportunity for myself, and for them, to convey to you the gratitude which I know they feel for the helps you have provided towards the right understanding of the pure gospel and word of God.

"The bearer, Mr. Peter Jones, a chief of the Chippeway nation of Indians, is an itinerant minister, and a missionary to the tribes of his nation; he is also engaged in translating the Scriptures into the Chippeway tongue: not understanding the Greek, he has derived much help from your Commentary, to which he has continually referred, in rendering the gospel of St. Matthew, and other portions of the New Testament, into the Indian language. As Mr. Jones is desirous of making his acknowledgments personally, I take the liberty of introducing him to you as an humble Christian, and faithful minister of Jesus Christ, respectfully requesting you will afford him such counsel and advice as his youth, inexperience, and situation among strangers, may seem to require.

"Brother Jones was among the first converts of the Chippeway station. He soon manifested great concern for his brethren; went out into the wilderness; entered their wig-houses, and taught these wild men of the woods the way to heaven, by the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. To these, and other labours of our missionaries among the Indians, the blessing of God, through the Spirit, has been added, and many hundreds of the poor, wandering, ignorant Indians have been brought to the knowledge of the truth. This glorious work is now spreading through various tribes north and west, affording hopes that many thousands, and many nations, now in utter darkness, may come to the light of life and be saved. Six tribes of the Chippeways, and considerable numbers of the Mohawks, have embraced Christianity, many of whom are eminently pious: several have become able and useful teachers of religion, and are frequently employed by the missionary society on missions among the wild tribes of the wilderness. In the several bodies who have embraced Christianity, during five years, are numbered about one thousand six hundred souls. Eleven hundred are members of our societies; and four hundred Indian children are in the several mission schools, one hundred of whom can now read the word of God.

"Brother Jones, you will know, has had but few advantages of education, having been almost continually employed, since his conversion, in journeys and labours among the Indian tribes; our English friends will, therefore, not expect too much from him as a speaker in English, his labours having been principally among his Indian brethren. We believe that brother Jones may derive many advantages in religious and useful knowledge by a visit to the Christian churches in England. In his coming at this season of the year, we felt desirous that he might be present at the approaching anniversaries in the month of May. From these sacred festivals we hope he may return to his Indian brethren, like the disciples from the pentecost, declaring the wonderful works of God, which he heard of many languages, and tongues, and people.

"He will bring with him portions of the New Testament, which he has translated into Chippeway, and which he will present to the British and Foreign Bible Society for publication. He will also probably have a work for publication designed for the use of the Indian schools: it consists of about one thousand five hundred Indian words, with their signification in English: this will be valuable to missionaries and translators.

"Another object of brother Jones's visit is, to solicit donations for the cause of missions among the Indians in this country. The Missionary Society of the Canada Conference have made great efforts to supply the great and pressing calls for missions and schools; but such has been the rapidity of the work, (for in some instances whole tribes have embraced religion in the



course of one year,) that the society is not able to meet all the expenses that the work demands; and, besides, vast fields of labour among the tribes of the north appear to be opening before us. We are, therefore, constrained to let our wants be known, and solicit help from abroad.

"At this time a whole tribe on the south shore of lake Huron, who have lately become Christians, are now calling for a mission and school, which we have no funds to support. But, venturing on the providence of God, and the benevolence of his people, we comply with their earnest solicitations, and a school will commence as soon as the ice departs from the lake, which will be in April. There being no road through the wilderness to this tribe for sixty miles, our missionary will be conveyed in bark canoes by the Indians. He takes with him books, &c., for the school: to instruct them in agriculture, and building cottages, he takes axes, hoes, augers, chisels, grindstones, &c., &c., &c.; with these he will assist the Indians in building, of the trunks of trees, a room for a school and for meetings, and a cabin for himself and the Indian brother who will act as an interpreter and assistant in the school.

"With these remarks we now submit our undertaking to the care of divine Providence, and commend our brother Jones to the Christian confidence and fatherly care of our English brethren, and remain, with sentiments of respects and esteem, reverend and dear sir, your brother and fellow-labourer in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, WILLIAM CASE.

"P. S.—Mr. Jones is in company with George Ryerson, Esq., who is the bearer of petitions to the imperial parliament on the subject of religious privileges. Brother Ryerson, having been a missionary to the Indians, will afford information relative to the state of the Chippeways and the other nations, and of the work of religion among them."

In the course of the same month Dr. Clarke addressed the subjoined letter to a friend on the following important subject:—

"DEAR MRS. WILKINSON,—That your friend is gone safe you have no reason to doubt: he who takes Christ in his heart out of time into the eternal world is sure to meet Christ there!

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"In the various places in my comment wherever I found a scripture that had been twisted by the *universal Restitutionists*, I took it out of their hands and freed it from this abuse: to these observations I need not add any thing else: a more untenable and deceptive tenet has never been promulgated under the sacred name of religion. Were I seriously to attribute two tenets to the great Deceiver, it would be these—1st. There is no devil. 2ndly. The never dying worm will die, and the

unquenchable fire will be quenched. By the first all circumspection, and watchfulness, &c., are precluded; for why watch against an enemy which does not exist? And by the second all fear of punishment is taken away, and with it the justice of God, the sinfulness of sin, and the atonement of Jesus Christ; for if the fire of hell be only emendatory, the very idea of punishment is destroyed; and as to the sacrificial offering for sin, it is totally unnecessary, because this is proposed to be done by the infernal flame! But O, what an awful risk does that man run, in reference to his immortal soul, who trusts to a doctrine supported by a puny, ill-defended, and baseless criticism, in matters which concern his eternal salvation or perdition: but the other opinion is already registered, and will not be refuted while the pillars of the everlasting hills endure. As I cannot go into argumentations on the subject at present, I can recommend to your friend a tract, written by the Rev. Daniel Isaac, which I believe will afford complete satisfaction.

"With love to all your family, and prayers for the eternal welfare of the whole, I am yours affectionately,

"ADAM CLARKE."

The milder weather having arrived, Dr. Clarke lost no time in setting out on his visit of inspection to the Irish schools, the particulars of which are to be found in his journal of that period, from which the following copious extracts are made:—

"Purposing to visit the Irish schools myself, and yet having to preach at several places previously to my going over to Ireland, I set off on my journey, leaving London *March 24, 1831*; and travelling day and night, I reached *Bruerton* in *Staffordshire*, where having rested on *Saturday, 26th*, I proceeded to *Stafford*, and preached on *Sunday, 27th*, and was afterwards, by *Miss E. Birch*, promised *£50* to help to build a school and chapel at *Port Rush*; and before I left the place she gave me *£100* for the schools. May God bless her in body, soul, and substance.

"*March 31*.—I reached *Burslem*, where I was kindly received by *Enoch Wood, Esq.*, and family, who conducted me through his very extensive potteries, which he has carried on and improved for a great number of years—his father, and himself afterwards, for nearly a century. One circumstance I heard here is fully worthy of remark:—when the jubilee of his and his amiable spouse's marriage arrived, all their children and grandchildren presented them with a large and costly silver cup, inscribed with all their names, and made it conjointly an offering on the occasion to their excellent parents; the whole of *Burslem* caught the same feeling, and every window in the town was illuminated;—an unqualified declaration this of the great respectability of the family, and of that integrity and public

spirit with which they have carried on, for so long a period, so extensive a business.

"April 1.—Being *Good Friday*, I preached on the passion, death, and resurrection of Christ, from St. Luke xxiv, 46, 47: *Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead, &c.* In twenty minutes after I left the pulpit, being anxious for letters from my family at home, I threw myself into a coach, and did not halt till I reached Liverpool, where I expected to find some: a journey of nearly fourscore miles, not a small work for threescore and ten years!

"April 3, *Easter Sunday*.—I preached this morning in the new chapel over the river Mersey, at a place called *Woodside*, where they are building a new Liverpool. The chapel was well filled, the attention was deep, and the power of God was present to heal. I afterwards administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper to a large number of communicants. The text was Rom. v, 10: *For if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more being reconciled we shall be saved by his life.* With this verse I collated verses 6 and 8, which together point out the *natural state* of man, and show the necessity of the *sacrificial death* of Christ. Man was without strength—ungodly—a sinner—an enemy; there is nothing in the fallen state of man that is not included in these four words. I waited some days in Liverpool to hear from home, and to get a companion on my journey, who at length arrived.

"April 8.—In conjunction with my friend, F. H. Holdcroft, Esq., I entered the *Chieftain* steam-packet, at four, P. M.; and this morning, April 9, at ten o'clock, landed on the pier at *Belfast*, having completed the passage in seventeen hours. The wind in general was fair, and the sea smooth.

"April 10.—I preached in the chapel at Donegal-square, to a noble congregation, who heard with deep attention and reverence. The text was Rom. xii, 1, 2: *I beseech you therefore, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service: and be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.* Beginning at the last clause,—(which clause I consider to be the foundation proposition of the apostle, on which all the preceding exhortation rested)—I treated the whole of the subject in the following manner:—

"I. The will of God. The term God, I observed, was generally understood; but to help those who were not accustomed to examine minutely subjects of this kind, I added, that there were attributes commonly acknowledged to belong essentially to this supreme Being; these are omnipotence and infinite goodness.

"1st. *Omnipotence*, or *power* to do all things which are necessary or proper to be done.

"2d. *Omniscience*, or *wisdom* to know how to plan and to do all things to the most proper and best effect.

"And 3d. *Infinite goodness*, which employs power and knowledge in behalf especially of intelligent beings. If, therefore, this *omnipotent* Being undertake to defend man, man's weakness can be no reason why he should be overcome, even by the most powerful foes. If *omniscience* undertake to instruct man, man's ignorance can be no reason why he should be led astray by the cunning or subtlety of any adversary, however wise or artful. But his infinite *goodness* is a reason why man's native badness, deep sinfulness, and utter helplessness, cannot prevent his eternal happiness; as this God has plainly declared himself the friend of man, and 'has so loved the world that he has given his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Now, although omnipotence and omniscience, taken by themselves, give no reason to a sinner why he should believe that God will exert these attributes in his salvation, yet *infinite goodness* gives the most sovereign reason that it will interest all the other attributes to co-operate in order to effect his salvation.

"II. But what is the 'will of God' which we are here called to prove? Will is that principle by which we can determine to do, or not to do, what appears to our reason and judgment to be proper or improper to be done, or to be left undone. In man this principle is often confounded with headstrongness, obstinacy, and stubbornness; reason and judgment not being considered. Hence, men act without reason, and often indeed contrary to it; and when asked why they will do such and such things, give for answer, 'because they will do so;' thus making their obstinate conduct the reason of itself—which is no reason, but absurdity. But *will*, simply considered, is a mere volition of the mind, implying acquiescence, consent, or determination relative to action; sometimes even wish, or desire,—*sic volo*, I wish, I will, I consent, I determine to do, or not to do; and all this may subsist in man independently of understanding, judgment, and reason. But in God, *will* implies a determination to act, or not to act, as his infinite reason, understanding, and judgment see proper; and a thing is proper or improper, in the sight of God, as it is good and useful; or as it is bad, or destructive, or ruinous.

"Here the apostle gives its essential characters: first, it is the *το αγαθον*, that essentially good principle, the *το ευαγεστον*, that well becoming, well pleasing, or acceptable thing; secondly, and the *το τελειον*, the complete, the consummating, or perfect thing. Hence, the *will* of God is essentially good, and what is not such cannot be its object. What is not becoming the dignity, justice, holiness, and truth of the Deity, cannot be an

object of his will ; and what is not completive, and perfective as to its object and end, in relation to what is to be done according to justice, holiness, truth, and goodness, can be no object of the volitions of the divine mind in relation to man. And it is so demonstrable that such must be the attributes of the will of God, that they are plain to all rational capacities, so that men are called *εἰς τὸ δοκιμαζειν*, to have the fullest proof, conviction, and practical trial of them,—*That ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.* Whatsoever, therefore, is from, or is accordant to, the will of God, must partake of these three principles : it must be good in itself,—well pleasing to the perfections of the divine mind,—and accomplish or perfect the thing on which it is employed.

“ III. Now, as we came from this all-perfect Being, are accountable to, and dependant on him, we owe the deepest reverence, the highest respect, and the most affectionate and invariable obedience and submission to his will ; or what the apostle here calls, *λογικῇ λατρείᾳ*, a rational service, a worship, which is, in its spirit, principles, tendency, and operation, according to reason. But what is reason ? That wondrous principle or faculty with which God has endowed man ; that faculty which causes him to differ from the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea ! that in which, in all general cases, he can distinguish good from evil, right from wrong, the agreement and disagreement of things, what is suitable or unsuitable, what tends to peace and safety, and what produces misery and wo. Reason here is nearly the same as ‘ wisdom,—that which looks for and discerns the best end, and pursues it by the use of the best and most suitable means.’ In a word, it is the candle of the Lord in the mind of man, or it is the true light which lightens every man that comes into the world. But this gift is dispensed in various degrees to man, according to the different power with which God has endowed him : and it is a talent which, faithfully used, will improve to double, treble, or ten times its original sum ; for it is not only an incipient power, but a recipient, or a receiver of influence from the source of light, and is regulated and directed by the operations of the divine Spirit. It is to this reason in man that God directs his revelation ; and it is by this reason that man judges of religion, and of all that professes to be a revelation from the God of both worlds ; and it is by this that man distinguishes all false religions from the true one, the earthly chaff from the heavenly wheat.

“ As religion is prescribed by revelation, and revelation proceeds from the will of God, whatsoever is agreeable to that will must be that which is prescribed by revelation : hence revelation prescribes and enjoins the reasonable service. Revelation and reason have been often placed by injudicious persons in opposition to each other ; but that they should be contrary to each

other is impossible ; because they both come from the same source. Nor can any thing in divine revelation, or in other words, in the Holy Scriptures, be fairly proved to be contrary to reason ; though, as it is a divine science, revelation must contain much that is far above the reach of reason. But even these things neither exhibit, enjoin, nor assert any thing contrary to pure unsophisticated reason. Reason and common sense ever agree, and are often one and the same thing. Common sense says, 'As God made, preserves, and provides for us by his grace and providence, so should we love, reverence, and obey him.' His revelation shows the obligations under which we lie to him, and points out the worship and service which he requires from us. He who is our Sovereign has a right to command us, and it is highly reasonable that we should obey him ; and as it is certain that his word never prescribes any thing that is not for our own advantage, nor proscribes any thing but because it would be injurious to us, hence it is perfectly reasonable that we should 'obey him in all things.' Thus, then, speaking even generally, the religion prescribed by the Holy Scriptures is our 'reasonable service.'

"IV. But God particularly points out what that reasonable service implies, viz., 'That we present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God.' As the terms in this verse are all sacrificial, that is, taken from the Mosaic law, it is from that law that we are to learn their signification. In all legal institutions for the government of countries and states there are laws for the punishment of crimes, as well as ordinances which enjoin obedience : for capital offences there is the punishment of death. God has declared, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' Every sin against God, the supreme Sovereign, is a capital offence, and consequently the life of every sinner is forfeited to divine justice. This is what is particularly recognised by the doctrine of sacrifice : the life of an innocent animal taken in the place of a guilty man. God chose to prescribe and accept this for a season, in order to represent and point out that Lamb of God which was slain, in the divine purpose, 'from the foundation of the world.' The animal offered in sacrifice was slain, his life's blood was poured out, and thus life was offered for life, and the death of the victim was considered the redemption-price for the life of the sinner, by whom and in whose behalf it was offered. The mode of offering was this : a male, without any kind of blemish, the best of its kind in the flock, was chosen ; the offerer brought it to the temple, delivered it to the priest, put his hands on its head, confessed his sins over it, and then the priest slew it, and poured out its blood before the Lord ; and thus presented, it was a holy sacrifice, and acceptable in God's sight. He received it in reference to its object and its end ; and all being done according to the command of God, the service was considered to be a reasonable service,

as it is the highest reason to do what God commands, and as he commands. The sinner, fully and deeply convinced that he is such, first, by faith in the infinite atoning merit of the passion and death of Christ, offers these to God as a sufficient atonement and sacrifice for all his sins; and as such God receives it, and blots out his sins; and sends his Holy Spirit to witness with the spirit of this pardoned man that he has accepted him, and brought him into the heavenly family, in token of which that Spirit enables him to cry, 'Abba, Father,' leaving no doubt upon his mind of the pardon which is now sealed upon his heart.

"Thus redeemed, he becomes himself a sacrifice and offerer; 'he presents his body unto God a living sacrifice.' As the sacrifice for sin is given wholly to God, so the man who is saved by the blood of the cross offers himself to his Maker as a living sacrifice; that is, a sacrifice that is always before the throne, and is living to God, dedicating himself, the whole man in all his powers and faculties, to serve, obey, honour, and glorify God for ever.

"V. As he is no longer his own master, but is bought with the great price, he feels that he is not his own property, that he is not to do his own will, nor the world's work: he is 'not conformed to the world,' to the vain, wicked customs and manners of an ungodly age; he is to be 'transformed from it;' his body, soul, spirit, practices, objects, aims, and ends being totally changed. He has new habits and a new form: the exhortation is *μη συσχηματιζεσθε, αλλα μεταμορφουσθε*. This may be an allusion to the case of prisoners coming out of the pit; their 'prison garments' are to be changed: they are to be clothed with clean and new garments; but this is metaphorical; for the garments represent their moral state, and is not literally to be understood; therefore the change consists *τη ανακαινωσει του νοου*, in the 'renewing of the mind,' in a total spiritual change; for they who are in Christ are new creatures:—'Old things are passed away, and behold all things are become new!' and being thus renewed, they are capable of 'proving what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.'

"VI. It might reasonably be supposed that, when these great privileges were properly laid before the people, and freely offered to them, they would gladly and eagerly embrace them. But this is not the case. A sinner's heart is alienated from God: he has a carnal mind, and this is enmity to God. It is therefore necessary to use strong arguments and powerful persuasions to induce him to come to God for salvation: therefore the apostle says, 'I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God.' He might have said, 'I command you by the authority of the sovereign Jehovah; by the penalty of the fiery law that issues from his right hand; by the thunders of his power; by the terrors of his throne; by the flaming fire in which he is shortly to

be revealed from heaven, to take vengeance on them that know not the Lord, that are rebels against him :—this the apostle might have done, and have penetrated the soul with terror and dismay ; but he most graciously addresses himself to the softer passions. He threatens not, but promises ; he commands not, but entreats,—‘ I beseech you, brethren.’ I am your flesh and blood, was once a sinner, like yourselves, against my own soul ; but I turned to God, and he has had mercy upon me : you are my brethren according to the flesh ; return then unto God ; believe in his Christ, and ye shall become his children : and be my brethren in the Spirit. And the apostle is not only affectionate in his manner, but deeply so in the motives which he proposes : ‘ I beseech you by the mercies, *δια τῶν οὐκ ἐκλείπων τῶν Θεοῦ*, the tender mercies of God ;’ such kindnesses and such compassions as the most affectionate fathers show to their children ; and especially that tender mercy which caused him to give up his Son to death for the salvation of the souls of men. By these mercies I entreat you to give yourselves to God, that you may be made holy, happy, and glorious, to all eternity, &c.

“ Such was an outline of my sermon ; and during it, I afterwards learned, a woman who had long been in a state of almost despair, on account of sin, was, under this sermon, brought fully into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

“ *April 11.*—I set off from *Belfast*, and reached *Antrim*, where I had to preach at seven o’clock. The chapel was full of deeply attentive hearers. I preached from Col. iii., 16 and 17 : *Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly,—teaching one another, &c.* The word of Christ means the doctrine of Christ crucified, purchasing salvation for man, breaking the power, pardoning the guilt, and purifying the soul from the pollution of sin. The present state of Christianity is not creditable to its Author : men are industrious to find out with how little real holiness they can get to heaven ; of the riches of God’s grace they know little ; and of the riches of his indwelling Spirit they know nothing. Professors are, alas, in a state of extreme spiritual poverty.

“ *April 12.*—Set off from *Antrim* for *Ballymena* in an open car ; thence in another to *Ballymony* ; thence to *Coleraine* in a similar conveyance, and endured a piercing cold wind, coming over the hills from the penetrating N. E. On my arrival I got a very pleasing and encouraging account of the schools that we have endeavored to establish. I found myself greatly wearied with my long journey in these wretched vehicles.

“ *April 13.*—Mr. Holdcroft and myself left *Coleraine* pretty early, in a *jaunting car*, and proceeded to *Port Stuart* and *Port Rush*, in order to see the state of the schools at the latter place. I have scarcely ever seen a sight more lovely : though the children are all miserably poor, and only half clothed, yet



they are all quite clean, their hair combed, and even their bare feet and legs clean also. There are fourscore children, in about the same proportion of males and females, and all behaving with the utmost decorum, thus strangely changed in their conduct, spirit, and habits; wicked words are no longer heard, and decency of behaviour is everywhere observable: they have not only learned prayers, but also how to use them. The teacher is a man of decent manners, and seems not merely qualified for his work, but his heart is also in it: he loves the children, and the children love and reverence him. I discoursed with some of the principal inhabitants of the place, who bore the strongest testimony to the great good already produced by this school, not solely among the children, but also among their parents. They are at present ill off for a place sufficiently large, and I am struggling hard to get them a piece of ground on which a chapel and school-house may be erected, and I believe I shall ultimately succeed.

"O what a pity, and what a most ruinous evil it would have been to have permitted this noble mass of children to have continued in a state of mere nature, worse indeed than the wild asses' colts; for they were evidently filled or filling with the seeds of every vice, and the deceitfulness of all unrighteousness! They are now brought under teaching and discipline: all learning to read, and improving rapidly: several were acquiring writing, and casting accounts; the eldest were thirteen and fourteen years of age, and but few of them; for the most part, the children were down as low as six or seven years old. Some ladies in the place earnestly begged me to raise up a *female school*, and to bring a proper teacher from England, in order to set the school on a proper plan. I see that female education is exceedingly wanting in Ireland, particularly in reference to cleanliness, industry, order, and economy; teaching on these points, they agreed with me, was the great desideratum in Ireland. May God find me out means for *this* farther extension of this institution. When I got back to my lodging I was much fatigued, having now been two days knocked about in these wretched cars.

"*April 14.*—We set off again this morning in another of those wretched vehicles termed jaunting cars, to visit the schools in the *Hill Country*, in the upper part of the parish of *Mocosquin*, to a place called *Cashel*, where a school for the poor is just commenced. Here were seventy-five children, about equal numbers of boys and girls, and not one pair of shoes among the whole. Though the school is but recently begun, the children are in fine order, and promise exceedingly well: they were from ten to four years of age, average perhaps seven. The aspect of the country would almost affright one; the most bleak and wild that can be imagined. Never did charity sit down in the form of an *instructress* more in her own character

than in this waste. The school-house is large, and will easily contain between two and three hundred people. It was originally intended for a school, but the people are too poor to pay for the education of their children, and there were found no persons of sufficient public spirit or means to patronise it. Thus it has been offered to me for the use of a school, with £11 of debt upon it, and in a bad state of repair through total neglect. I have agreed to take the place, pay the debt, and give £1 10s. to put it in repair, on condition that the school shall have full and quiet possession of it for the term of nineteen years, which the present claimant has in it, without charge of any *rent* or *taxes*. Every Lord's day it is now full of attentive hearers; for the man we have as teacher is not only master of the school, but he has a very respectable talent for preaching, and exercises it on the Sabbath morning in exhorting sinners and edifying believers.

"My friend Mr. Holdcroft has the gout; but he perseveres in accompanying me. I pity him greatly, especially when in our conveyances. I am anxious about my dear wife, whom I left poorly, and from whom, owing to my migratory operations, I cannot easily hear; this keeps my mind constantly in great anxiety. If I hear she is worse, I will return to her at once, even were I at the earth's end, if return were possible.

"My visit to this school was wholly unexpected; but I found the greatest order on entering the place, each boy and girl conning its lesson in silence. There were a few boys and girls of ten years of age; the rest varied from that to four; and even these infants were diligently employed on the alphabet and syllables. There are one hundred and eight now on the books. This school is also about half and half of males and females, mostly Protestants, there being but from eight to ten the children of popish parents; the master gave me a good account of the progress of the children, both in moral deportment and learning. The plan of opening the schools is this:—the day previously to that appointed for the purpose, the children get warning of it, and the parents and children assemble, sometimes in a barn, or, if fine, in the open air, under the shelter of a hawthorn hedge. The intense interest of all on these occasions is wonderful, and the gentry offered with zeal and rivalry, land or houses on their estates, in the recesses of the bogs and mountains, scarcely indeed accessible, owing to the bad roads, but still swarming with a vast population of children, who, on announcement, come pouring down the hills; the parents were all on my right hand, the children on the left, and I then gave them an impressive address for half an hour, sung, prayed with and for them, and blessed them. I felt that the whole scene was impressive, and all present appeared deeply interested.

"In reference to one of these schools, I learned that, the

first Sabbath after it was opened, a considerable number of the adult population met the master in the school-house, to whom he read a chapter out of the New Testament, and gave them a warm exhortation, which they heard with deep attention and feeling. The following Sabbath a still greater number attended, and the results from the same course were of like nature with the preceding, but with increased moral effects. The third Sabbath he met them again in the morning: after the public exhortation he invited as many as wished to learn the way of God more perfectly, to tarry, that he might give them more personal instruction, particularly adapted to their respective spiritual necessities. Twelve or thirteen persons remained, to whom he spoke pointedly on their lost estate by nature, and the salvation Christ had wrought out for them; they appeared much affected. In the evening the house was so crowded that the people were obliged to stand upon the seats, and a row between them; and so closely were they packed, that it would have been vain attempting to introduce another individual; notwithstanding which all was deep and silent attention: some of the principal and influential people present declaring afterwards that, 'If they could have such preaching as that, they would never desire any other.' There is no place of worship except a Roman Catholic chapel within three miles of the school-house. One observed, 'Any religious excitement here is extraordinary: for even the Protestants themselves have hitherto been as still as death for ages past.' In this place we have also begun a Sunday school, which is well attended; last Sabbath there were 104 present; but we are sadly ill off for want of teachers, as scarcely one is to be found who can teach another: the master's family alone can attend to this school; but there is a blessed prospect that in a short time some of the bigger children of the daily school will be able to instruct the mass on Sunday. God has already wrought wonders in this place.

"April 15.—I spent the chief part of this day in writing respecting the schools and giving information of their progress to my charitable helpers in this benevolent work in England. In the afternoon I took a drive out into the country on a bad car, but which was better horsed than most of them; and made inquiries about the state of the poor, and the want of education. I find that even where there are schools, the general inertness of the people prevails so much, that much good is left undone, which might otherwise be performed. The Irish want method, and it is difficult to teach it them.

"April 16.—Waited this morning on H. Lyle, Esq., the mayor of Coleraine, about a school which he wishes to have established on one of his estates; but on considering the place, I find that we are likely to have a school near it, so that

another appears not absolutely necessary ; but I shall inquire farther. The rector of *Ballintoy* has just called upon me, and seems quite willing to give his countenance to the undertaking. I purpose, please God, to go and examine the place next Monday, and see what progress is making in our new building.

" *April 17.*—The *forty-third* anniversary of my wedding-day. I preached this morning the missionary sermon in our chapel at Coleraine. The text was 2 Pet. iii, 14, 15: *Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless. And account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation.*

" I. The *doctrine*.—The things which the people looked for were those solemn and awful things which the apostle had just before mentioned ; first, the day of the Lord ; the dissolution of all things ; the mode in which the dissolution should be effected ; the fire that should be used ; the reduction of the earth to its primitive elements ; those primitive materials not annihilated, but dissolved and refined ; the agents, the electric and galvanic fire ; the principles of gravity suspended ; the dissolution of the corporeal fabric ; the re-edification of the human body ; of the microcosm and universe ; the analogy between both. The end for which the terrene fabric was built ; for the habitation of human beings : for what end the microcosm was built ; to be a habitation of God, through the Spirit ; the earth to be refined, and become the habitation of righteous spirits ; the soul to become the habitation of the righteous God.

" II. The *exhortation*.—" Be diligent," *σπουδασατε*, think deeply, get into action, be intensely in earnest, put forth all your strength, and continue in earnest. Such is the import of the original. " Be found of him in peace." As sinners, ye are out of the king's peace ; rebels against his laws and government ; the deplorableness of this state ; the necessity of re-entering into the king's favour. Peace, the first effects of justification. " Without spot," *ασπιλοι*, no spot on the garment ; i. e., in the outer conduct. " Blameless," *αμωμητοι*, without stain in the soul ; show the long-suffering, *μακροθυμιαν*, the long mind, God's continuing to wait to be gracious. While God waits, all may obtain mercy. Arise, therefore, and seek while he may be found !

" *April 18.*—We set off this day to a place called *Croagh*, where the whole youth of a large and populous district have long been, and still are, totally without education, for there is no school existing of any kind for many miles. It had been published in the county that I was expected there this day in order to form a school. When we got within a mile of the place we saw several squads of children, with their mothers, coming down the hills and over the moors, from all quarters, in *radii*, from a mile and a half to two miles, to the school-house, which is

little more than half finished, and which is to serve as a centre for the conglomeration of these various masses. As we could not go into this half-built house, we were told that a farmer had prepared a small barn for the accommodation of the children in the mean time. I then proclaimed an adjournment to the barn, which was about half a mile off; and setting off myself, they all filed after me, both the children and their mothers, my companions bringing up the rear. When I got to the place, I addressed the parents out of doors, and laid down the general rules and conditions on which the children were to be admitted, and on which they were to be continued in the school. I then, standing at the barn door, admitted them one by one into the place, to the number of one hundred and thirty-three; introduced the school-master to the general assembly; gave his character and qualifications; specified what sort of teaching the children were to receive; the discipline under which they were to be brought; how they were to learn their duty to God, to their parents, and to each other; how to pray to avoid every evil in word and deed, in spirit, temper, and desire; to be industrious, cleanly, orderly, respectful to their superiors, affectionate to their relatives, kind and obliging to their equals. After a good deal of exhortation, I then proceeded to bring all the children out of the barn; laying my hands upon their heads, and praying to God for his blessing upon them all, delivered them again to their parents to be brought back on the morrow in order to be registered in the school, classified, &c. The children were on the whole really a fine progeny: males and females, from fourteen to four years old. I had travelled fifteen miles to reach this place, and fifteen miles back again, on what is called a jaunting-car; and when I reached my inn at night I was sufficiently wearied.

"I have now two kind companions, Mr. Smith, of Reddish House, having joined Mr. Holdcroft and myself for a few days. I am certainly much exhausted with my work, especially having to add to it my journeyings, and the mode of their performance; but I feel like Samson, slaying more towards my death than I did in my life; and yet I have no presentiment that I am about to go the way of all flesh. I shall, I believe, be spared to do much more work. Mr. Holdcroft has the gout in both feet; but he is very patient.

"*April 19.*—Visited the school at *Port Rush*; ninety children present. The place that we have hired, and which is the largest we could get, is not half large enough: I felt much pained on this account; but I cannot tell what way it is to be remedied. I visited Mr. *Bollas*, the gentleman who gave his parlour and adjoining room to commence the school in. He stated most distinctly, that the moral good already produced is almost beyond credibility. He said 'that, on the Sabbaths especially, the children, with their noisy, wicked, and uproarious

conduct, were not only a public nuisance, but a public curse. The peaceable people were obliged to drive them off from depredations by whips and sticks; and that now their voice is not to be heard in the streets, and that order and decorum universally prevail.' This school, on which this moral change has so wonderfully taken place, has scarcely been yet established four months. What hath the Lord wrought! A similar change is fast taking place in the *Cashel* school, and is there pervading the adult population. I have no doubt that the *Croagh* school will be equally blessed of God. Shine forth, O Lord, in thy splendour!

"April 20.—I have written a letter to the agent of Lord *Mark Kerr*, to grant us a plot of ground to build a chapel and school-house on; and a plan is already projected for a building to answer the double purpose of a place in which to instruct the children, and also their parents: the port in this place is undergoing a thorough state of improvement, and the population is increasing rapidly. Before the present time there was neither school nor any place of public worship: I hope, by the mercy of God, we shall soon have both.

"April 21.—I preached this evening, at six, in *Port Stuart*; the congregation was large, and yet select; and there was deep attention while I enforced the apostle's exhortation, 1 Thess. v, 16, 17, 18, *Rejoice evermore; be invariably happy. Pray without ceasing; continually feel your dependant state. In every thing give thanks; let gratitude ever rule your hearts. This is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you; it is his will that you should be holy, without which you cannot be happy; it is his will that you should feel dependance on him; and therefore you should pray, for prayer is the language of dependance. It is his will that you should constantly live in the spirit of obedience; and therefore he wills that you should be thankful: he who feels his obligations will be grateful for his mercies; and he who is grateful for the mercies he has received will ever testify his gratitude by the obedience of his life. But this is his will in Christ Jesus; you could neither rejoice, pray, nor be grateful, had you not been by Christ brought into this state of salvation. His life was laid down as an atonement for your sins; and sin is the cause of all human misery. Christ, by the sacrificial offering of himself, has procured our reconciliation to God; grace to break the power of sin; to pardon the guilt of sin; and to purify from its pollution: through him, therefore, we come unto the Father, get a complete restoration of the divine image, and, consequently, both a preparation for glory, and a right to the inheritance among the saints in light. Therefore, to be uninterruptedly happy in God, to feel constantly dependant upon him by faith and prayer, and to have the heart ever filled with gratitude, and the life with obedience, is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning us.*

"I returned to *Coleraine* after preaching, and took cold : I feel that I am in a poor state of health : I have travelled too much, and laboured too hard ; and though my *spirit* was equal to both, my body has failed in all.

"*April 22.*—Though much indisposed, I had a long conversation with the Rev. Mr. Harpur and Mr. Moffit, the missionary, relative to the most necessitous places for schools : by examining the county, we found several places in a most deplorable state : three of these I immediately selected, and commissioned the above two gentlemen to take a car, and go and reconnoitre them ; but before they went, I examined my list of teachers to select the most proper, and we found three persons for the three places, on each of whom I have every reason to depend.

"I have just met the mayor, who has an estate in a very wild part of the country, but too far from *Croagh* for the poor children to attend the school in that place : he entreated me to send him a proper teacher, and he would give him land and provide a school-house. Knowing the call to be truly necessitous, I told his worship that, so soon as a place was prepared, I would send a properly qualified master, and the poor should have teaching gratis. At this information he appeared highly gratified.

"*April 23.*—My messengers returned last night, having overrun a great length and breadth of country ; following first the river *Bann*, up by *Kilrea* to *Portglenone*, and penetrating the country towards *Maghera*, *Swateragh*, *Garvagh*, and among the hills back to *Coleraine*. In all directions a number of obstacles presented themselves. Education was found scarce and inefficient ; but as my plan is to establish no school where it is attempted on any scale, ever so limited, by other persons, of course I was hampered : and though I am satisfied that this is, in a general principle, a wise regulation, yet there are cases I have met with, where I have had great reason to regret that I am thus bound : besides, where the people are called to pay for their children's education, they do not send them to the school, being utterly unable to defray the expense. My plan would relieve such places, as it affords extensive education without any kind of charge. I went through the market to-day, not only to see the different wares, but also the manner of carrying on business : butter, cheese, potatoes, and some other matters of inferior necessity, might be had : the former, which are the staple of Ireland, in sufficient plenty, and not dear : stalls for hardware and haberdashery, and also prints, calicoes, cambrics, some under shelter, but others exposed on the ground, with only a coarse cloth under them : everywhere there appeared that kind of simplicity which verged on carelessness, and through all a total want of order, economy, and cleanliness : a better education for females would, in time, correct these evils.

"*April 24.*—Preached this morning at the Methodist chapel

to, as usual, a crowded and attentive congregation, from Acts ii, 42: *They continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.* I threw this verse into propositions.

"I. All systems of religion have their first principles or doctrines: doctrine is teaching; and teaching, or the matter taught, doctrine, refers to facts which it is the business of doctrine to explain.

"II. At the head of all facts stands God, the fountain of being and of activity: all systems of religion acknowledge such a being, and the Christian religion acknowledges the true God.

"III. On the doctrines or teaching of Christianity, the *fellowship* called the *Church of Christ*, or the spiritual members of his mystical body, are formed.

"IV. Such communities have certain rites or ceremonies, which keep the original facts in remembrance, and indicate the spirit of the system: the Christian system has baptism, and the holy eucharist, called here the *breaking of bread*, as its indicative and commemorative rites.

"V. To preserve the spirit of the institution, and keep it in connection with Him who is its author, prayer is necessary; prayer for grace to hold what we have, and to gain what we want.

"1st. *The apostles' doctrine*:—this is to be sought for not in our creeds, or confessions of faith, nor indiscriminately in the New Testament, but in the chapter out of which the text is taken. *Peter* is the apostle who teaches the multitudes in this place; and it is in the doctrine that he taught on this occasion, by which the three thousand were converted, that these converts are said to have continued steadfast. Now the doctrines taught here are the following:—1st. The general influence of the Holy Spirit on the souls of men, to bring about the spiritual kingdom of Christ upon the earth: this God had intended from the beginning, and had declared it by his prophets, by Joel ii, 28, 29, eight hundred years before, which the apostle here quotes; also by Isaiah xlv, 3, seven hundred years before; and by Ezekiel xxxvi, 25, 26, 27, six hundred years before. This is the first point of the apostle's doctrine; see verses 16, 17, 18.

"2dly. The doctrine of *general redemption*, verse 21, which should be the consequence of this outpouring of the divine Spirit:—'*Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.*'

"3dly. The *vicarious death of Christ*, verse 23.—Who was delivered up to death for the sins of men.

"4thly. *His resurrection*, verse 24–28.—That being the proof that he had not died as a malefactor, but as a sacrifice; and that the end for which he died was accomplished.

"5thly. *Christ's intercession*, verse 33.—For the apostle



states him as being raised to the right hand of God, and as having, by his intercession, received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, i. e., that which had just now been poured out upon them all, and by which three thousand were now on the eve of being converted. See verse 41.

"6thly. *Repentance* :—*Repent every one of you*, verse 38.

"7thly. *Baptism* :—i. e., without which they could not be saved.

"8thly. *The remission of sins* :—It was in reference *εἰς ἀφεσιν ἁμαρτιῶν*, in order to the remission, or removal of sins, that they were to repent and to be baptized, verse 38.

"9thly. A ninth doctrine which he preached on this occasion was, that those who repented, &c., should receive the Holy Ghost, verses 38 and 39 :—to purify their hearts, and make them fit habitations for God ; and thus the apiritual kingdom would be completely restored.

"10thly. Jesus, proclaimed in his three-fold offices,—Prophet, Priest, and King ; or, Jesus, Lord, and Christ. These were the doctrines preached by the apostles, and received by the people, and by which they were saved, and in which they remained steadfast.

"II. As doctrine, or teaching, concerning God and the souls of men, lies at the foundation of all religion, so fellowship, or communion, is built on the doctrines. Those who heard the doctrines were convinced of the truth,—saw the necessity of the redemption that is in Jesus,—gave up their sins and sinful companions,—associated with those who were like minded with themselves ; and thus was formed the 'communion of saints,' or what was afterwards called the 'Church of Christ ;' and here, *κοινωνία τῶν ἀποστόλων*, the 'fellowship of the apostles ;' all having now by faith in Christ Jesus become one in him ; equally members in his mystical body, and heirs together of the grace of life.

"III. This 'fellowship' was marked and distinguished by certain rites and usages, as continual memorials and testimonials of the facts of Christ's incarnation, death, resurrection, &c., which form the groundwork of the religion preached by the apostles. The rites of the Christian are only two, and to both of these the apostle refers,—viz. 'baptism' and the 'eucharist ;' the former mentioned verse 38 ; the latter in the text, 'They steadfastly continued *τῇ κλάσει τοῦ ἁγίου*, in the breaking of the bread'—that is, eating bread and drinking wine in commemoration of the death of Christ for them. Now these two observances are like two monumental pillars, reared to memorialize the great facts of Christianity, particularly the passion and death of Christ ; and for this purpose the eucharist was specially instituted by Christ himself ; for its observance was to show forth his death till he should 'come again,' that is, to judge the quick and the dead. The argument drawn from Mr. Lealie's

'Easy Method with the Deists,' shows, 'that when any facts are said to have taken place in any distant time, they have been attested at that time by monumental observances, or by the continual repetition of rites then instituted; and which by the same kind of people, attesting in their turn the same facts, are still preserved and observed; thus affording the highest and most incontestable evidence of the truth of the facts themselves. Such are baptism and the Lord's supper, in reference to the inexpugnable facts and truth of the Christian religion.'

"IV. That every divine institution may be kept up to its utmost spirit and usefulness, it is necessary that the divine energy should ever be in action; and that it may be so, it must be sought by humble and fervent supplication: of this these converts were duly apprized; and hence it is said here, 'They continued in prayers,'—prayers for power to 'hold fast' the truth they had credited, to grow in the grace which they had received, and to persevere to the end of life. In reference to all these things they are said to have continued steadfastly,—*ὡς καὶ ἀποκατεροῦντες*, they were head and heart in them, keeping, as it were, watch and ward; they continued in the truth, grew in grace, persevered unto death; and this glorious testimony concerning them is registered in the book of life. From all we have seen, we gather these facts:—

"1st. That the people gladly received the truth.

"2dly. That they joined together in religious fellowship.

"3dly. That they showed forth our Lord's death, by receiving the sacrament of his last supper; and that,

"4thly. They continued instant in prayer: and hence was argued the necessity of praying for an effusion of the divine Spirit, in order to the revival of religion in themselves and in the world.

"April 25.—Some friends who had been discussing the subject among themselves asked my opinion, 'Which among all the different kinds of animal food was the most nutritive to man:—of quadrupeds, whether the ox, the cow, the sheep, the lamb, or the swine?—of fowls, the hen, the chicken, the goose, the turkey, the duck, or the pigeon? and of fowls in general, whether the wild or the tame?—of fish, whether those of the sea or of the fresh water: and of the latter, whether the trout, the eel, or the salmon?—of the sea, whether the cod, skate, haddock, whiting, herring, or pilchard? and among the flat fish, whether the turbot, halibut, brill, fluke, plaice, or the sole?' To which inquiries I answered,—Different constitutions, and persons in different states of imperfect health, require different aliments. A person of robust constitution, much employed in the open air, can thrive on any kind of aliment, the health and strength being more concerned in the quantity, than the quality of the food; and their dispositions, habits, and general character, generally accord with the grossness of their aliment. A man

of gentle manners, and of tenderly affectionate dispositions, was never known to live on bull beef, or full-fed hog. On the other hand, persons of a delicate habit, living in large cities or towns, and obliged to a sedentary state of life, can never enjoy good health, and are not capable of digesting that kind of food which would afford most nourishment. Whatever can be the most easily assimilated to the body to be nourished, is the best for them; the digestive powers being feeble, the stomach should have as little as possible to do; the food, therefore, of whatever kind, should be as ready as may be to be absorbed by the lacteal vessels, that it may be speedily conveyed to the blood for the nourishment of the system. The food of the strong man would soon kill an invalid; such could not digest it; and on the food suitable to these, the strong man would speedily perish.

"As *gelatine* is probably the principle of animal nutrition, whatever contains the greatest proportion of this principle connected with animal fibre and is found by experience to be the most easily extracted, must be the most nutritive, especially to feeble or frail constitutions, and *vice versa*; but even this principle must be admitted with modifications, for there are certain other matters which enter into the composition of animal bodies besides *gelatine*, though not in such large proportions; such as *alkaline* substances, and such aliments as contain it must be wholly excluded. But I must on these points stop, as I am not writing a dissertation on aliments, or a treatise on health or therapeutics; but merely giving an opinion proposed to me in the way of general question: and to return to it, I would say, and lay it down as a general maxim, that the flesh of full-grown animals is the best, because the fibre has acquired its natural solidity and perfection, and the juices are sufficiently elaborated and exalted: and it is from such fibres and fluids that those of the bodies to be nourished are to be recruited and supported. I do not recommend *old* animals, in which the fibre has become too rigid, and the fluids too *acid* to administer proper, healthy, and ready nutriment, no more than I recommend their young, because neither the fibre nor the *gelatine* are sufficiently perfected to yield a sufficiently exalted and wholesome aliment; but I would recommend *full-grown* animals, because in these both the fibre and fluid are matured. Again, as because whatever we eat must be digested and assimilated to our own substance, in order that it may be proper nourishment for us; so the nearer it approaches in its nature to ours, the more apt and ready is it for our nourishment.

"There is such a difference between the flesh of *fish* and that of human bodies, that were it not for the quantity of *gelatine* they contain, I am inclined to think it would be very inadequate, if not altogether unfit aliment for man; but the *gelatine* of fish is little more than a fine mucilage; and though it be very wholesome, yet it does not afford a sufficiency of nourish-

ment for the labourer; hence the common sense and experience of men teach them to unite certain portions of the flesh of quadrupeds with that of fish, thus supplying a mucilaginous matter, which assists in digesting the more solid and nutritive substance taken from the quadruped.

"The flesh of fowls, also, is dissimilar to that of man, and it requires a considerable effort of nature to produce that chymical action by which the change is made from the one into the other, and consequently it is not the aptest nutriment for the human body. After long experience, and the fullest investigation of the subject, it is amply ascertained that the flesh of the ox and of the sheep is the most digestible and the most nourishing, and, consequently, the most proper food for man.

"In the beginning of the world, man lived on the produce of the earth, and the life of the beast was not required for the support of his life; for Adam and his posterity lived on the herb of the field. This state of things existed for upwards of one thousand six hundred years; but after the flood man had a divine permission to eat animal food, in these words,—*Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things*, Gen. ix, 3. This was the first grant of animal food, and it was given because the state of man after the flood was greatly deteriorated, and this additional nourishment became necessary. That this grant was necessary, not only the permission was proof, in consequence of the abridged state of the life of man, but other facts might be adduced in support of its utility and necessity; for those who live on vegetables only,—such as the Asiatics, who thus subsist in whole nations, (but they have neither the physical nor mental vigour of those who live on animal food,) and those in Europe who affect to live thus, are invalid in their whole texture, not above half men, and not capable of performing half a man's functions. I have seen several proofs of this fact.

"The *beee* kind, which are the most wholesome of all quadrupeds, and liable to the fewest diseases, and whose flesh is nearest akin to that of man, is the most proper for his nourishment. The *sheep* of mature age, and free from disease, is nutritive; the *hog* is generally a healthy animal, but feeds coarsely, and is principally composed of grossly fibrous fat, which is difficult of digestion, and fit only for those whose labour lies in the open air, especially in agricultural pursuits. The flesh of the *goose* is good and nutritive, but it is often rendered indigestible by the absurd method of cooking, especially in respect to the fetid matter with which it is stuffed; it feeds as cleanly as the *ox*, and its flesh is nearly as nutritive. The flesh of the *turkey* is wholesome, and it feeds as cleanly as the *goose*. The *duck* is a gross feeder, and its flesh is not easy of digestion. The *hen* is a less cleanly feeder than is supposed: *young pigeons* are as wholesome as *young rooks*; both of them are best left

untouched. *Wild fowl* is more digestible and nutritive than *tame* of the same species; the like may be said of beasts generally, wild and tame, the former are better for man's use than the latter.

"Perhaps, on the whole, *sea fish* are more wholesome than those of the fresh water: *cod* and *ling*, in their proper seasons, and carefully dried, without having their gelatine dissolved and destroyed by too much salting, are very nutritive. *Salmon*, which belongs equally to the sea and the river, is, when of due age, excellent; but the young salmon or grawl, is neither wholesome nor delicate. What has been said of the *cod* and *ling*, may be said also of the *herring* and *pilchard*; they are excellent when fresh, but are generally ruined by too much salting and pressing; the poor feed on them, but they are to be pitied: for in the state in which they are generally sold they are unwholesome, and of them it may be said, 'God sends the meat, but the cooks come from another quarter.' The *mackerel* is never good except when fresh from the sea, and in this state it is not eaten in London. *Flatfish* are in general wholesome; and the larger, such as the *turbot*, *halibut*, and *brill* are highly prized. The fresh *sole*, when of proper size, is deservedly esteemed; and the *ray* is excellent. Crustaceous fish, such as *lobsters*, *crabs*, *crawfish*, &c., are in much use, but are not easily digested. The list of alimentary shell fish is not large: the oyster, when in season, is the best, especially if eaten uncooked, in incipient colds.

"Such is my opinion, judgment, and experience as far as relates to the question proposed to me on this subject.

"In the course of the day I rode several miles into the wild, mountainous, heather country, to form a school for poor children in the parish of *Billy*. The children were assembled in the Methodist chapel; their mothers were on the one side and the children on the other; several of the fathers were present, but the most part of them were employed in their agricultural pursuits. The day, though dry, was stormy, and being much exposed in the open outside jaunting car, one of the humblest manufacture I have yet met with, I was much affected with the wind, dust, and unavoidable fatigue of the way and the vehicle. It was an affecting sight to see so many parents come forward to give up their children to be instructed; and to see the poor children willingly come forward to put themselves under wholesome discipline! The number of children was one hundred and twenty-seven, on none of which was there either shoe or stocking. After praying with them, and giving them my blessing, I resumed my car; but owing to a very kind note received from Dr. Trail, begging me to give him a call on my return, I took that way, and was received by himself and lady with every civility. I found a gentleman there with a *Spurzheim head* on a table, who appeared to have been giving lectures to the lady:

he however almost immediately retired, and then we entered into conversation. The lady, who was sitting rather at a distance, took an early opportunity of shortening it one half nearer to me, most evidently with a design to reconnoitre my head, at which she looked with great and apparently interested attention. I gave her full opportunity of doing so ; what she made out of it I cannot tell. I shortly resumed my car with my companions, and we got back to Coleraine much distressed with the wildness and turbulence of the weather.

"April 26.—A gentle rain began to fall last evening, and continued during the whole night, which has effectually laid the dust and the wind : it will also be a great blessing to the lately sown seeds, for the ground was become very dry, and the young sprouting grain required the moisture which it has now received. The good providence of God is at all times watchful : he giveth rain in due season.

"We drove this morning to a place called *the Diamond*, on the road between Coleraine and Garvagh, and about two miles and a half from the latter place, in order to form a school, the place being wholly destitute of any kind of teaching. Having been detained in the morning before setting out, with the calls and importunities of poor people, and afterwards by a lazy, good-for-nothing horse, we did not arrive at the place till nearly an hour after the appointed time, and then several children and their parents, supposing that we should not come, had returned home. However, about four-score children remained, most of them accompanied by their mothers ; and to them I delivered an address of about half an hour long : the parents heard with attention, and all the children's eyes were fixed on me, scarcely moving from my face. The master I had appointed to the school I had brought with me, and the requisite elementary books. The beginning appeared fair and auspicious ; and rugged as their hills and country are, the soil seemed to be the land of promise. We left the master beginning the work of arrangement, and taking account of the children's names, &c. After having warmly exhorted both old and young, I prayed with, and commended them to God, and returned to Coleraine. At this *Diamond* school there is reason to believe that there will be two hundred children ; but we must make here either two schools, or found another in one of the neighbouring villages. A man who has built a school-house, offered it to me with the children all gathered together ; but as he is a person not calculated to improve the village by visiting, instructing, exhorting, and praying with the people, which it is our plan to combine with the instructing of the youth, I was obliged to decline his offer. Persons appeared also from a place called *Sconce*, where there is a very great want of schools ; but a fear lest I should begin to build and not be able to finish, has caused me to hesitate. The places still earnestly praying for assistance in the esta-

blishment of schools are *Lislea, Sconce, Mayoghill, and Gorry's Flush*, in each of which one hundred children may be considered as being totally without the means of education.

"*Port Stuart, April 27.*—Being almost worn out with continual travelling and labour, and being in indifferent health, I purpose to spend this day in the sea breezes : but I feel that one day can advantage me but little. I must have rest, and, in order to this I must retire from the scene of labour. My youthful days were spent in labour ; my manhood in hard and incessant toil ; and now my old age is consuming fast away in travail and care ; and where care is unavoidably crowned by anxiety, the taper of life must soon sink in its socket. An active mind will ever say, 'Better wear out than rust out ;' but there is a difference between wear out and grind out ; the one implies regular though continual labour, the other extra employment and violent exercise. When I look back upon my three-score and ten years, I must say I find little wearing ; all has been grinding with me : strong attrition has acted on every part, and my candle has been lighted at both ends. Under the blessing of God I have been the former of my own fortune. I have never been importunate for wealth or favour : I have not been troublesome to any : I have not eaten my bread for naught ; nor have I eaten my morsel alone. Often have the necessities of others fallen upon me, and strangely has God supported me under them. The Lord knoweth the way that I take, and when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold : only speak thou the word, and thy servant shall live !

"*April 28.*—I have returned to Coleraine, and as I could not rest, I rose at four this morning, weary, indisposed, and sleepless ; and having many important letters to write, must spend the day in an employment seldom profitable to the writer. Formerly I could bear much cold in my head, but now a very little affects me : I could ill preach out of doors now, though the last time I was officially in Ireland, I preached often abroad, and in one week not less than four times ; but though my head, through old age, has lost much of its once thick covering, yet I am thankful to God that I am thus far saved from the necessity of submitting to, shall I call it, *the disgrace* of ladies and gentlemen, the false covering of human hair, whether plucked from the peaceful dead,—exhumed by the fell resurrection men,—cropped from the scull of the robber on the high seas, who has been gibbeted for the terror of his country,—shorn from the head of the murderer, lately hanged, and whose body has been delivered to the surgeons,—or clipped by the field plunderer from the heads of the French, Austrians, Hessians, Russians, Turks, and infidels ; for, in hair obtained from all such *sculls* do the ladies of England and Ireland, as well as the gentlemen of both countries, dress their heads. Do the ladies ever reflect whence their wigs come ! When I was a little boy, in the

last century, all wore their own hair, of whatever hue, and to all, that hair was an ornament.

"April 29.—Went to-day to *Port Stuart*, to see John Cromie, Esq., who was just returned from England, where he has been for some time. The first thing he did was to visit each of his tenants in the *Port*, going into every house, and inquiring after the health and prosperity of each person. When these domiciliary visits were paid, he mounted his horse, and rode to those more distant for the like purpose, and all this before he ate a morsel of food in his own house: a more amiable man, a more gentle, humane, and excellent spirit, I think I have never met with: his conduct to his tenants and dependants brought to my mind, and seemed fully to exemplify that which one of old gave of himself; and of himself, too, when under the influence of a spirit that was as incapable of boasting, as it was of speaking any thing contrary to truth:—'*I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had no helper: the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy: I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor: and the cause I knew not, I searched out. I chose out their way, and sat chief, and dwell as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners,*' Job xxix, 12–25. Such a character is John Cromie, as I have accurately known from personal observation, and from general and unvarying report. If the gentry of Ireland acted like this man, faction, rapine, and rebellion would soon disappear from all parts of this poor degraded land. I dined with him and his brother-in-law, *Hugh Lyle*, Esq., the present worthy mayor of Coleraine. The conversation was, as it always is at his table, religious and scientific. There are several things in this gentleman's spirit and conduct I can profitably copy; I desire to learn something from all, and to live for the MANY! My old maxim seldom fails me;—to make it a point to learn something from every person with whom I am called at any time to associate. I watch for such opportunities; and whenever any conversation takes place where the speakers have occasion to call up any thing in which character or self-interest is concerned—any thing where party or politics have an interest,—there the speakers speak in character, and the depth of the mind, and the state of the heart, may be often correctly ascertained, and some point of useful knowledge gained, not only in reference to the subject itself, but to the spirit and temper in which it is defended or opposed.

"April 30.—We left this morning for *Tobercarr*, a place about fifteen Irish miles from *Coleraine*, to found a school in that neighbourhood. A great part of the way lay on the same road as that which leads to *Croagh*, but after about nine or ten miles it diverged to the right, and led through one of the roughest, most miserable, most poverty-stricken countries I have



ever seen ; but notwithstanding all this, the whole country is very populous, little wretched hamlets appearing everywhere along the road, and full of inhabitants. I had appointed the children to meet me at eleven o'clock, at the place where the school-house is to be erected, and where we have now a temporary place. This was the longest and most fatiguing journey I have yet had. We walked and rode, according as the horse's strength could supply the power of progression ; and the hills, bogs, &c., showed the necessity of our temporary detachment from our vehicle ; yet, notwithstanding all our endeavours, we were nearly an hour after our time at the place. The people were punctual, and in the present case the fathers as well as the mothers, and many of the surrounding neighbours, accompanied the children. As they could see us on our distant approach, and a long time before we could reach them, (owing to the badness of the road,) expectation was kept up. When we got to the place, we found the poor ragged people as anxious to see as to hear. I had the school-master with me, and the elementary books. The teacher is a decent young man of good appearance, and rather genteel manners, and well educated for the purpose ; for 'I have not employed one rustic in this business.' We proceeded to the house ; but I at once perceived it would be of no use to attempt to enter. What could I do ! Though the day was fair, yet there was a keen north-east wind. I could not ask God to change its direction, or moderate its influence ; but I could ask him to strengthen me to bear it ; so I immediately proclaimed an adjournment to the field ; took the advantage of a stone fence, behind which there was a thorn hedge, and told the children to come all as close to me as they could. I made the girls take one side, and the boys the other, and the parents and neighbours to form the outer part of the semicircle enclosing the children ; and all facing me. Then, for about fifty minutes, I poured out my heart with what knowledge I had necessary for the subject, and I was listened to with such attention, especially on the part of the children, as I never before witnessed. This was remarked by my companions and friends ; and indeed they expressed themselves as never before so deeply affected with any spectacle as they were on this occasion. Not a child took its eye off me the whole of the time I was speaking ; and any person, from the appearance of their faces, and the working of their little muscles, and alternate glance, and condensed look of their eyes, would assert that they perfectly understood every thing that was said. I gave the teacher a charge before them relative to the moral education of the children, and the parents and people a charge relative to that kindness and respect with which they should treat him ; during which, poor fellow ! he was quite overcome. When I had done what I could, I ended ; but not before ; and then proceeded to admit the children, the

issue of which was one hundred and eight, from five to seventeen years of age, several of the latter, and nearly an equal proportion of both sexes ! It was an affecting spectacle to see young women and young men coming forward to beg the benefit of being taught to read ! The sight affected me not a little ; and now, while recollecting the scene, in order to describe it on paper, my heart affects my eye, and the fountains of my head are broken up.

" Having finished this service, and solemnly commended them all to God, we remounted our car ; and as we found that it would be impossible to regain *Coleraine* this day, and the nearest place where we could find a lodging was *Ballycastle*, we directed our course that way. In some places the road was nearly impassable ; and, as at length the strength both of man and horse began to fail, we were obliged to stop on the open road without any kind of shelter, to eat some almost stone-hard ship biscuit and some eggs that we had brought with us, boiled as far as the action of fire and water could reach. Thus we gained a little strength to prosecute the remaining part of our journey ; and at length we, through mercy, got safe to *Ballycastle*.

" *May 1.*—On our arrival we stopped at the only inn the town possessed ; and which, as it was undergoing a thorough repair, was sufficiently out of order. We slept as well as we could, and rose this morning in good time, having but slight inducement to lie longer than necessary. The Methodists, who have a nice little society here, speedily had information of my arrival ; and having got some skeleton placards, with blanks left to be filled up, as occasion might require, they posted some on the present occasion, appointing me to preach for the benefit of the missions. The congregation was exceedingly attentive, and I felt much power while speaking to them from 1 Tim. i, 15. There were proofs present, and not equivocal, that the power of God was present to heal. After preaching, and getting a slight repast at the inn, we resumed our car ; and after several hours of jumping and jolting, we got to *Coleraine* sufficiently fatigued. I thank thee, my God, that thy hand has been upon me for good !

" *May 2.*—I am come down to-day to visit my own house, which I purchased the first day of May, 1830, and which is not yet completed, and perhaps scarcely ever would but be under my own eye ; so that the proverb still holds good, *Oculus Magistri saginat equum*. Even religious people often act with so much want of consideration, that it would appear as if they had not a sufficient tenderness of conscience ; and though people of the world have no clear insight into their own short comings, yet they easily discover whatever is amiss in professors of religion ; and they are our monitors, and we should learn from them, though the malevolence of their criticism may itself be sufficiently evident.

" An excessive shower fell this evening, and seemed to wash

every thing before it. It has penetrated my new house, and proved how far it is from being stanch; but by it we are enabled to see the better what is wanting to its comfortable completion. At the earnest invitation of Mr. Cromie, my friend Mr. Holdercroft and myself went to his house to sleep.

“May 3.—A cold, dry, overcast morning, the wind N. W., with a pretty sharp breeze, and the sky apparently much disturbed. We went into *Coleraine*. On returning, we had strangely broken our linch-pin, and the wheel flew off, so we were all neatly ejected on the road. The wheel, when clear of the axle, fell against the side of the car. My back came in contact with it, and by the force, turned the wheel over upon the road. My clothes were, however, more injured than my flesh, though it did not entirely escape. The boy who drove had a little of the skin of his leg ruffled; but, thank God! we, none of us, suffered harm. The car was a long time before it could be readjusted, so my friend and I walked on to *Coleraine*, three miles, which was the greatest inconvenience we sustained.

“May 4.—The sun rose beautifully this morning; the sea very calm. I walked out a good deal, and superintended the workmen who are finishing some jobs to the house. Unless I overlook them, nothing is done. They will work a day, or a day and a half, and then they are off for double the length of time: there is no worth in them; I am weary of them. I watched the sun set in the sea just beyond *Innishowen*: he sank most beautifully, and with a dazzling and burning lustre.

“May 7.—The day dry, but cold. There is an odd kind of a good-natured woman lives next door to my house, who speaks broad Scotch: she went lately to hear me preach, and came away extremely offended, expressing herself thus: ‘I’ll ne’er gang to hear Doctur Clairk mair; he sais that a’ the folks is sinners! Vera pretty indeed! I’ll na hear him; I’d gae fowr milè sunner.’ To-day, coming past my door, she unfortunately struck her bare foot against the hall-door stone, on which she exclaimed, ‘Deel taak the Methodists! I hae cut my tae against the stane o’ Doctur Clairk’s dour; nevertheless its no Doctur Clairk himsel that I meen. He’s ben lang awa’ ower the watur, an’ he’s keepit his ain tung, an’ they sai its coast him muckle pains to dae sae; but there’s chaps that gang ower the watur for twa or three days, an’ they cume back sae Anglified, that ye canna tell what they sai; I dinna like them!’ Now this poor woman is a pattern of industry, and careful attention to her children’s welfare; but what an odd association have we here: a curse on the Methodists, because she had cut her toe at Dr. Clarke’s door—that Dr. Clarke is a Methodist—she cut her toe against a stone at his door—this stone therefore must be a Methodist stone, for it lies at the door of a Methodist—then, ‘Deel taak the Methodists,’ for having Methodist stones at their doors, against which poor people break their toes! So the proverb ap-

plies in more than one case, *Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi*, 'One sins, and another suffers for it.'

"Had some useful conversation with Mr. Cromie and my friend Holdcroft, before we went to bed: it was on the mystery of Divine Providence in the nutrition of the animal system. They are wise, intelligent men; and they who walk with wise men shall be wise. The giver and receiver are both thereby edified. On this subject I was much at home. I consider the mystery, I acknowledge it, and adore the divine operator.

"May 8.—I was to have preached this morning in the Methodist chapel; but it was quite too small, and they soon brought me word that the Presbyterian meeting-house was open, and at my service. I went thither, and spoke strong, plain, and, I trust, convincing words, from Psalm xxxii, 1 and 2, *Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered: blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile*. There was nothing peculiar in the management of this text. I showed that transgression, sin, iniquity, and guile, were expressions which showed the whole sinfulness of sin; and that forgiving, covering, not imputing, and taking away, expressed those acts by which the soul was redeemed from all the power, guilt, and pollution of all sin; and that his blessedness was great who was made a partaker of all those saving acts. אֲשֶׁר *ashrey*, O! the blessedness! It is indescribably great. I collated the passage with Rom. iv. 6-8; and showed that these acts came through the blood and merit of the Lord Jesus Christ; and from them I drew the doctrine of justification by faith.

"May 9.—*Port Stuart*.—A splendid morning, beautiful beyond praise! The wind south, the sea calm, its surface just undulating, and the various promontories well enlightened by the rising sun, and the noble Deucalionian ocean tempting the beholder to a sea voyage!

"I have amused myself with the mode of the salmon fishery. In fishing for salmon in the sea, a net is attached to the shore, and the other end of it carried straight out into the sea, sunk at the bottom with leads, and supported at the top with corks. A boat is moored to an anchor at the sea end of the net, to which the hawser of the boat is attached. A man stands at the prow of the boat, looking down into the water to observe the fish, which, coasting near the shore, are stopped by the net, seeking an outlet, which is to be found where the net terminates. In the mean time the boatman gives notice, when he discovers any fish, and the men on shore who have the hawser of the sea end of the net begin to haul ashore, with might and main, while the man in the boat casts stones into the water in order to frighten the fish, and prevent them from escaping into the sea. By this time, all the fish that, being stopped by the net, were striving to regain the sea, are so far enclosed by the hauling in of the net

at the sea end, that, being brought into shoal water, and encompassed in the bosom of the net, they can no more escape, but are drawn to shore, and become the prey of the fishermen. But why, it may be asked, is it, that the fish which are seeking to ascend the large rivers in order to deposit their spawn do not steer straight for these, and not keep close to the coast? Two reasons may be given for these: first, The fish may not know the mouths of the rivers, and therefore keep close to the shore in order to find them: secondly, They wish for fresh water, and on this account keep close to the land, that they may taste of every rill that is stealing away to the great deep: for it is thought that they cannot exist out of the vicinity of fresh water. The salmon is, in reference to the salt and fresh water, amphibious; and it is worthy of remark that this fish unites in itself, not only the elegance of shape, and perfection of muscular strength, but also the delicacy and nutritive qualities of both the salt and fresh water fish: in these respects, of all the fish in the sea, salmon is the king.

"May 10.—Though a little cold when I rose this morning, between four and five, the sun soon poured out a powerful heat, and so it has continued to do all day.

"May 11.—I have received a letter from the agent of Lord Mark Kerr, stating that his lordship had made a grant of land to build a chapel and school-house upon. I go, please God, on Friday, to lay the first stone.

"May 12.—There is a great change in the temperature of the air, so that I am again thankful for a fire. This evening I had a visit from Colonel *Edward Nichols*, now going out as governor of *Fernando Po*, with the design, on the part of our government, totally to destroy the slave trade on all the African coast; for which purpose he is furnished with steamers, instead of men-of-war and frigates. He has striven to persuade our government to withdraw all bounties on recaptured negroes; for the plain reason, that bounties always encourage that in reference to which they are given. Recaptured negroes are found in plenty, because there are ten pounds reward per head given to the captor. Consequently it is the interest of somebody to encourage the slave trade, because it is so lucrative! If God should spare his life but two years, he expects to cut up the infernal traffic, both root and branch; and I think he will succeed in his humane design; for his plans, which he fully detailed to me, appear very judicious, and well calculated to accomplish the end. He has persuaded the king of Calabar not to sell any more of his men, for whom he gets on an average £8 per man, as each man is able to collect two tons of palm oil, for which he gets £6; and on an average gathers from two to three elephants' teeth, from twenty to sixty pounds weight, for which he gets 2s. 6d. per pound. Thus, at the least, each man produces to the king £9, and the man still remains one of his efficient

subjects, who otherwise, sold as a slave, is lost to him for ever. The king told Colonel Nichols, 'that he was obliged to provide slaves for the Spaniards and French, for they had threatened to carry away both himself and his family if he did not, and he had no mode of self defence.' 'I will give you an English ensign,' replied the colonel: 'hoist it, and defy them, by stating that you are under the protection of the British government; and I will also give you an eighteen pounder, and help you to construct a one gun battery; and if they do not respect the flag, they will respect the gun!' This was agreed on: the gun was given, and the battery was erected. Not long after, a Spanish slave ship came, and demanded the usual supply of slaves. The king refused, and said, 'I have been a fool for many years in selling my people, who would have been much more profitable to me employed in my own kingdom.' The Spaniard answered, 'Furnish me with slaves, or I will carry both you and your family, and sell you for slaves!' 'I tell you,' said the king, 'to be off, or I will send a gun shot through you!' The Spaniard took this for a bravado, and insisted on the slaves. The king said, 'I am under British protection, and if you do not be off, I will immediately order a gun shot through you!' The Spaniard continuing to insist, the king called to the man placed at the eighteen pounder, to point and fire: he did so correctly enough: the shot went through the ship, struck the mainmast in its passage, and brought it completely down. The Spaniard stormed, and swore great things, to which the king replied, 'Begone, you rascal! I will be a fool no more! Begone! or I will bring down your foremast!' The Spaniard was obliged to haul off as well as he could, and dared not to renew his demands or his threats. 'In this state of mind,' continued Colonel Nichols, 'I left the king of Calabar, leaving with him fifty rounds of shot, having clearly proved to him, that the man from whom he parted for £8, was worth to him from £9 to £10 for twenty years to come annually; and in this persuasion I expect to find him, still continuing to resist all demands made upon him for slaves.'

"May 13.—This being Friday, we went to *Port Rush* this morning, to meet Lord *Mark Kerr's* agent, to have the ground measured out which his lordship has granted for a school and chapel; but, owing to some mistake in the time of appointment, he did not come. However, we saw all the children; and had another view of the school: every thing proves that it is not in vain that we have fixed on this place: much good has been done, much is in progress, and much more in rational expectation.

"May 14.—Finding that I cannot do much more here, without spending more time than I can devote to the purpose from my other avocations, it is my intention, after preaching at Coleraine to-morrow, to set off for *Antrim* and *Belfast* on

"May 15.—I preached this morning at the chapel, from Rom. xiv, 17, 18, *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, &c.* It was a very solemn time, and I was led to speak on the deep things of God: silence and stillness were the order of the day: if the spiritual faculties were not deeply impressed, the animal were not at all excited; but the solemnity which was evident, showed that the seed of life was sown and received in good ground, and there is hope that it will spring up and bear much fruit.—Amen.

"May 16.—I returned to *Port Stuart* to settle the remnant of my concerns, previously to my proceeding on my way to England. I had a violent attack of spasms this morning, which produced extreme agony for about a quarter of an hour, and has left me poorly. I am almost overdone; but, thank God, the pain has subsided.

"May 17.—Left Coleraine by the Belfast coach at seven o'clock, and by a little after one arrived in *Antrim*; but what a dreary, barren country! Cultivated indeed it is; but it ill repays the labourers' toil, and is almost universally unfit for tillage. As you approach *Antrim* itself the soil improves, and about the town the land is fine, and the vegetative strength powerful.

"May 18.—This morning I found myself obliged to go to *Ballyclare* to preach: the people were deeply serious, and I took for my text, Phil. i, 9, 10, 11. The word was felt, and one person who had been seeking redemption through the blood of the Lamb, found peace through believing during this sermon; and many were deeply affected. This place has long been a proverb of reproach,—'Fine Ballyclare, that knows no Sunday,'—being remarkable for the profanation of the Sabbath. A few years ago Mr. Alexander Mackey visited the place: his preaching was blessed, and it was the means of getting a neat chapel, and a Sunday school under it, and now *Ballyclare* knows, and honours too, the Sabbath. I had to return to *Antrim*, eighteen miles, having, please God, to set off to-morrow morning for *Belfast*.

"May 19.—We left *Antrim* at seven, A. M., taking the mountain road, in order as much as possible to avoid the dust, which was flying in almost incessant clouds. We passed through a very beautiful country, well planted, and well cultivated; the ground excellent, the fields well fenced, and the hedges all in good repair. We got to *Belfast* in about two hours and a half, and found that the *Hibernia* steam packet was just arrived from Liverpool in sixteen hours, having had a stormy passage, but the wind fair. The *Corsair*, which was to sail out for the same place at three this afternoon, has postponed her sailing till the morning, the sea being very rough, and the high wind right ahead. In such a state of weather I have made up my mind

not to sail, so I shall avail myself of the continued shelter of the house of my kind friend Mr. Young.

"May 20.—As the packet published the intention of sailing this morning at six, I rose between four and five, finding the wind lulled to rest, and the turbulence of the sea considerably abated, so that I was anxious to sail; but I could not learn where my companion, Mr. Holdcroft, had taken up his night's residence; and thus I am constrained, I will trust for the best, to remain here till to-morrow. A fine shower has fallen, which has considerably revived the grain, which had been much parched by the north and northeast winds; but the shower has been of short duration, and sudden evaporation has taken place, which seems to indicate that the rain will shortly recommence, as what has been so speedily evaporated, will be rapidly condensed, and fall down again in the form of rain. I have spent much of the day in reading '*The Statistical Account of the County Antrim*,' by the Rev. J. Dieubourdieu, and was interested in the account he gives of the formation of *Basalt*, *Zeolite*, and *Ochre*.

"May 21.—Having this forenoon settled some business here, and prepared for my passage, my friend Holdcroft and I entered the *Hibernia* steam packet at six o'clock, P. M., and got under weigh at half past six: finding that there was a heavy swell, I turned into my berth, and lay very uneasily till about four, and walked the deck till after twelve. The *Reform Bill*, and its probable success, seemed to engross almost every mind, and all conversation.

"May 22, *Whit Sunday*.—The morning was very fine, and we got to the Liverpool quay about half past twelve, having been just eighteen hours in our passage. Thank God for all his mercies. I went straight to the house of my son Joseph: he was not returned from church, having, besides his usual work, to administer the sacrament. On his return I had the satisfaction of learning that he had heard lately from my wife, and that she continued increasingly better in health, and that the other parts of my family, with the exception of my daughter Hook's children, were well. I have been absent two months and one week; and even yet I cannot tell how soon I shall be able to get home, having much to do, and many calls for my services in different parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire. I thank God for all his mercies.

"ADAM CLARKE."

Upon Dr. Clarke's arrival in Liverpool, he addressed the following letter to his young friend, Miss Harpur, of Coleraine:—

*Liverpool, May 25, 1831.*

"MY DEAR ANNE ELIZA,—I believe you expressed a wish, that after my arrival in England I should inform you of it, as you



would rejoice to learn my safety. You heard that I sailed from Belfast on Saturday, the 21st, at half past six in the evening. We had some rough weather and high swells at the mouth of the Lough; but after that, we had a good wind and a smooth sea, almost the whole passage.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And now, my dear A. E., having written a great deal on the preceding leaf which I fear does not much concern you, but which I shall be glad if you lay before your excellent father—I will dedicate this leaf to yourself, and write on it as I would on your album. I will lay down a few *general principles*, on which you may at any time profitably meditate; and although I shall not produce them in a poetic form, (which I had at first intended,) yet I shall begin every line with a letter of your name, that the whole may serve as a *dumb acrostic*.

"A nne Eliza, my dear friend, behold some of the privileges with which the holy and blessed God has honoured you :

N o other creature, besides the human being, was made in the image and likeness of God :

N or has he ever designed that any other should be capable of an eternal union with himself :

E ver intent upon *your* welfare, he has filled you with an insatiable desire after happiness :

E ternity alone can ascertain the duration of the blessedness which is suited to the wishes of an intellectual existence :

L ife is a portion of this blessedness, the bud of its being ; but this is only a point, when compared with the boundless ocean of life eternal !

I NFINITY belongs to God : *infinite blessedness* is the lot which he has given to the sons and daughters of Adam.

Z ealous to promote your welfare in all possible ways, and to secure its continuance through all possible periods,

A ngels are your servants ; for, under the highest orders, they minister to the heirs of salvation .

H ence it is evident that there is not only a *capacity* to receive good, of the most refined and sublime nature ; but also,

A n *immense sum of good* provided to meet, and eternally gratify, that *capacity*.

R ational beings should never forget that for this end they were created, and for this purpose are they sent into the world :

P erfect as your heavenly Father, does your divine master command you to be !

U p, therefore, my beloved A. E., lay hold on the already blooming blessedness which he has prepared for you :

R eap now the joys which are clustering from his throne, the *odour* of which shall not be impaired, nor the *beauty* fade for ever !

"I commend you to God, and am, my dear A. E., yours very affectionately,  
ADAM CLARKE."

It has been remarked with what depth of interest Dr. Clarke

entered upon, and continued his exertions for, the establishment of these Irish schools:—he knew that they were calculated to be eminently beneficial to his country now, and to extend their usefulness to future generations, and that they tended directly to the “giving glory to God, and producing peace and good will among men;” and knowing and feeling this, he laboured without ceasing for the welfare of this child of his old age.

Previously to this, the Wesleyan Missionary Society had schools established in Ireland, to which their school superintendent paid occasional visits. The six Irish schools founded by Dr. Clarke did not belong to this establishment; they arose, as we have seen, from circumstances which presented themselves before him, which he sought not out, but of which, when offered, he at once availed himself. It is then deeply to be regretted that on this subject there should have arisen any uneasiness or jealousy in the minds of his brethren of the missionary committee; but that such was the case is well known, as they said many unkind things: as this subject is referred to in the following letter to the Rev. Mr. Harpur, its transcription will best represent the case. The letter is dated,—

*Pinner, Middlesex, June 11, 1831.*

“DEAR HARPUR,—I wrote you word that I had seen the missionary school superintendent at Manchester, and that he said he was ‘to set off the next day to Dublin, intending to visit the missionary schools,’ and added, ‘that he would visit all ours.’ As the missionary committee had not then given me the slightest intimation of their disapprobation of our schools, how was I pained on receiving the following copy of a ‘resolution,’ which I here transcribe for you, and would do so with the letter accompanying it, but my eyes are bad:—

“‘*Resolution of the Methodist Missionary Committee, 77 Hatton Garden, June 8, 1831.*

“‘It having been stated, that Dr. Clarke has established schools in Ireland, and is making applications for their support to various friends, the committee cannot but regret that, as schools in Ireland are carried on under its direction, and may at any time be extended by the increase of its funds, a separate application should be made to our friends for the support of separate mission schools in that country, without any authority or consultation. They therefore request the conference to consider the case, and advise accordingly.

(Signed)

“‘JAMES TOWNLEY.

“Now, you know that the committee's agent was applied to, to know whether the committee would establish any other schools at places which you specified, and where the neces-

sity was the most pressing; and he told you, 'that *they would not*; for they had already consigned to the mission work in Ireland its fair proportion of what was contributed to the mission work in general.' Nor was it till we had this declaration that I took a single step in the business. Again, we established no separate mission schools; ours are mere charity schools, for the support of which, while they lasted, I made myself responsible, because the whole six were established in those districts where I had my birth, education, and salvation; and where, in all those districts from Mocosquin to near Knocklade, between fifty and sixty years ago, I went from village to village, though but a lad, testifying the gospel of the grace of God; and to which, in the way of a few charity schools, I have returned, at the end of half a century, to water the seed which was then sown, and which his servants have been sowing and watering since; and where neither the committee, nor any other society nor individual came forward, either to sow a grain of seed, or afford a drop of water. And so far from my going about to make application to 'their friends to support these schools,' I have not gone to one of them; nor have I a single subscriber or supporter of those schools but three, and there is one of those I have never seen! It is true that three other friends have promised, on my application to them in your behalf, to contribute to help you to build a chapel in *Port Rush*, under which chapel you intend to make a place for the charity school.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Though this 'resolution' was not sent officially to me, but drawn up for the conference, they thought it best to send me a copy; and though from me it deserved no notice, yet I thought proper to send them, the next day, the following general answer directed to their secretary, Dr. Townley:—

*Eastcott, near Pinner, June 11, 1831.*

"DEAR DR. TOWNLEY,—If, before you had so strangely undertaken to direct 'the conference to advise you' what to do to or with me, for having 'established separate mission schools in Ireland, and made application to several of our friends for their support,' you had taken any pains to inquire as to the facts you have stated, you would never have formed the resolution you have just sent to me. Your whole foundation is either perfectly false, or misconceived; and you would have seen that, far from having cause of 'regret,' you would have found that you had cause to thank God that your long-tried, faithful old servant was not yet dead, but was, with a Methodist heart, doing a Methodist work, to God's glory, and the good of those for whom in your official capacity you also labour. Yours truly,

"ADAM CLARKE."

"Our schools, you know, have two grand objects: 1st. The

teaching and salvation of the children ; 2d. The salvation of the adults, and the consequent improvement of the circuits, and hence all our teachers are local preachers, and are at the disposal and appointment of the superintendents. At all events I thank God for them.\* Ever yours affectionately,

"ADAM CLARKE."

\* It may here be observed that, after the death of Dr. Clarke, his family and executors deemed it proper to make an offer of transferring these schools with their funds, to the missionary committee, believing that this arrangement would more permanently and fully secure their being carried on agreeably to the plan adopted by Dr. Clarke himself. To this proposal the missionary committee willingly acceded, and evinced a spirit highly creditable to themselves, and very gratifying to those early and liberal friends of these six interesting and important schools ; and it is believed that the British public will not suffer them to prove a burden on the Wesleyan mission funds. The following account of them is an extract, from the *Missionary Notices*, of a letter written to the committee by their school superintendent, the Rev. Elijah Hoole ; it is dated exactly that day two years from the answer to the preceding "resolution" of the Wesleyan Missionary Committee. The same account is also entered in the *Methodist Magazine* for July, 1833, where, page 529, under the head "Ireland," is the following interesting detail :—

"It is known to our readers, that the late lamented Dr. Adam Clarke, towards the close of his life, established a number of schools in the north of Ireland for the benefit of the children of the poor.

\* \* \* \* \* The Rev. Elijah Hoole is now on a visit of inspection to the schools, and the account which he gives in the following letter of the good condition and state of efficiency in which he found them, is highly satisfactory and encouraging :—

'*Coleraine, June 11, 1833.*—These schools,' observes Mr. Hoole, 'are six in number ; four of them in the county of Antrim ; the two others in the county of Londonderry. Considerable judgment is apparent in the situation of all the schools.' Mr. Hoole goes on to observe : 'At Dr. Clarke's first visit to the *Lissan* school, he was greatly affected by the sight of the number of grown-up young people of both sexes, as well as children, who presented themselves as desirous of being admitted into the school he proposed to establish. Upwards of two hundred have already passed through the school. The young people admitted by the doctor have gone out into the world in various employments, improved by the advantages they enjoyed for so brief a time ; and the crowd of young children who then commenced learning their alphabet now forms a busy and intelligent class of Testament readers. About one half of the children are Catholics. *Lissan* is about twelve miles east of *Coleraine*.

'From thence about two miles to the west, I found the school of *Profish*. Among the most teachable of the scholars was a man between thirty and forty years of age, who stood up to read with the Testament class, and thankfully listened to the instruction given him.

'The third school is at a place called *Billy*. It is conducted in the chapel, and is remarkable for the cleanliness and order of the children.

That Dr. Clarke still held on his way in labouring for the support of these schools, is likewise evident from the following letter, addressed to his friend, the honourable Miss Sophia Ward; and that he was scrupulously anxious to give no cause

of whom there are one hundred and twenty on the rolls. 'This school,' continues Mr. Hoole, 'gave us great satisfaction.

'In the fourth school, *Cashel*, I found about eighty children present. There is a large number on the rolls; but at this season there is considerable labour on the farms, and the elder children are detained from school on that account. A mere glance,' continues Mr. Hoole, 'at this establishment, is sufficient to afford satisfaction as to its importance, its necessity, and its usefulness.

'At the fifth, *Gorran* school, upwards of four hundred children have received instruction since the spring of 1831, when this and the other schools, established by Dr. Clarke, were commenced.

'None of the schools already mentioned presents a more imposing or interesting appearance than that at *Port Rush*. In some respects it excels them all. It is situated nearest to Coleraine, and only a short distance from the place where Dr. Clarke had purchased a house, with the intention of passing at least a few weeks there every summer. The school room and chapel, for it answers both purposes, attracts the attention on entering *Port Rush* on the road from Coleraine. It is a neat and substantial stone building, forty-two feet long, and twenty-two feet broad, in the clear. The entrance, which looks out upon the northern sea, is by several stone steps, on which rests a portico of very neat appearance. The roof is of slate, and leaded; the whole is surmounted by a handsome belfry, supported by pillars, which the doctor promised to furnish with a bell of superior tone which he had received from Russia. This bell is still anxiously looked for by the inhabitants, as a desirable addition to the establishment, and as a memento of the benefactor, whose memory is every way dear to them. [This bell has since been sent.] The interior of the building is fitted up with a pulpit and a few pews, and with benches and desks for the use of the school. This is the only one of the schools the doctor's indisposition permitted him to visit, when he went to Coleraine in the summer of 1832. Since the opening of the school,' proceeds Mr. Hoole, 'I am informed there has been a marked alteration in the character of the place. The poor were generally idle and dissolute, and the children abandoned in an alarming degree to wicked practices and wicked words. A more orderly and well behaved set of children than I found in visiting the school this day, I do not remember to have seen! The school, under the divine blessing, has wrought this reformation, and its influence has extended to the adult inhabitants.'

"In conclusion, Mr. Hoole remarks: 'On a review of the whole, I hesitate not to recommend these schools, affording instruction to upwards of six hundred children, to the superintendence and patronage of the missionary committee, and to the continued support of those individuals who so generously assisted the venerable doctor in their establishment. If those who contributed,' proceeds Mr. Hoole, 'of their abundance to forward this part of the doctor's plans of benevolence could witness what I and my friends have seen this week in the

of uneasiness, or of having his "good evil spoken of," will also sufficiently appear from the annexed letter :—

*Haydon Hall, June 17, 1831.*

"DEAR MADAM,—I acknowledge your letter with gratitude to God and to you; for though your work of charity will increase my labour and care, yet, as this comes in the way of my duty to God and man, I am more thankful to be thus employed. In reference to the method in which it will be best to dispose of your noble gift of £400 for Shetland, I would just observe, that if we had not got places of worship built for the poor Shetlanders, we could have made no moral progress among them; and when I am gone, to have something in store to meet the necessary repairs, alterations, &c., will be a great mercy to those already in existence; to say nothing of any others. If, therefore, as you propose, you transmit the cash, I can, I know, get it securely invested for this purpose.

"Now as to the proposed help for the Irish schools, on which you are pleased to consult me, I would just say, having first most gratefully thanked you for your noble donation of £100 towards them, that in and from the beginning we proposed to establish schools where literally there were none; and where none of the charitable societies,—Hibernian, Baptist, Kildare-place, or Methodist missions,—had made any attempt, or, as far as we could learn, were intending to make any, in the places I have already selected; and which I have known for threescore years; and in which I ministered at an early period of my life. In six of such desolate places we have, with God's especial blessing, established schools containing about seven hundred children; and we have Christian teachers well qualified to instruct the children, and teach their parents the way of salvation. These, then, are additions to what has been done by others; for these additions I have spoken with great caution and delicacy, so much so as not to have made any general application for funds; and in every case refused to take any thing which was accustomed to have been given to other charities. I knew the Methodists were doing all they could; but still many places must have been passed by for want of funds and other help; and I was determined not to take one penny for our schools which would have been given to them; and I would, my dear madam, say, with all gratitude, that if you had destined any of that money which you have now kindly given to our desolate ones, why then, in God's name, let it go to its first destination; for you know it is an essential principle in our schools,

inspection of these schools, they would be satisfied their liberality had not been ill bestowed, and would, I doubt not, have found powerful inducements to continue to supply the means for their support,—not merely for the honour of their lamented and illustrious friend, but also for the moral improvement of their fellow men.' "

that they shall be supplementary to all others,—that both they and the sources of their support shall be all supplementary : very careful have I been in this respect, lest there should be any cause of jealousy in this good work ; and I have been glad when any subscription has been given me, that I might carry it especially to the Methodist mission schools ; and would you believe it, dear madam, that in all the work I have been doing, and in all I am planning, I have but three persons who give me any thing towards this work ; and one of them is the honourable Miss Sophia Ward !

“God, in his mercy, has given me influence ; this is everywhere felt, and strangely opens my way in every place. It causes many who would, in ordinary cases, not be friendly to the work, to give me their countenance, and afterwards their hands, to assist in building school-houses. In Ireland this influence is farther necessary ; and if God restore my health in any tolerable measure, I must return there for a short season.

“My own eyes tell me that I am probably distressing yours. I cannot help it : you are one of my three benefactors and counsellors in this work. Under God, I am your agent.

“I am, dear madam, your obliged, humble, and affectionate servant,  
ADAM CLARKE.”

Dr. Clarke's care for his schools, missions, &c., &c., never deadened his domestic feelings, nor did his unintermitted public exertions and anxieties ever carry his heart abroad ; to home he always turned with renewed pleasure, and his entire satisfaction was only there, and in those who formed his home. A little of this feeling may be seen from the following note to one of his daughters :—

*Haydon Hall, Aug. 7, 1831.*

“MY DEAR MARY ANN,—It appears that I must go again to Ireland to look after my schools ; but my stay there will not, I think, exceed a fortnight.

“Yesterday morning I received a letter from the British museum, stating that two gentlemen belonging to that establishment, and who are employed by government to edit the Bible of Wickliffe, hearing that I had a copy of the original, begged to get leave to examine it, and proposed being with me on the following day : they came, they saw, and they were astonished. They thought, I suppose, that they should find a few books in a corner, and an old man who had been lucky enough to pick up a *Wickliffe* ; but instead of merely this, they found a good library, and in it, first, the finest and most ancient copy they had yet met with of *Wickliffe*, though they had been through all the universities ; secondly, they saw a collection of MSS. exceeding all they had ever seen in any private library ; thirdly, and among them the rarest and finest they had seen in any ; and fourthly, MSS. similar to several in the museum, but better

conditioned and more perfect, and with very remarkable differences and additions. In short, they expressed both great surprise and pleasure, and gave broad hints that such a rare and choice collection should, by some means, become national property. After showing them many of my curiosities, I thought I would exhibit to them your mother, as a great curiosity, she having travelled sea and land many thousands of miles with me, for nearly forty-five years: so I took them into the dining-room, where she sat: they were evidently struck with her appearance and deportment. They admired several of the paintings around the room; but the *original of the old lady* repeatedly carried away their eyes from all the rest. Therefore, my dear Mary Ann, sing, 'Mother for ever, and God speed the pen!' says your very affectionate father, ADAM CLARKE."

In compliance with his purpose, Dr. Clarke left home for Liverpool, on his way to Ireland; but that he did not proceed to the sister kingdom appears from the following letter to his friend Mr. Harpur:—

*Liverpool, August 19, 1831.*

"MY VERY DEAR HARPUR,—I am thus far on my way to Ireland; but the weather had become tremendous during the night before last, so that when I arrived at Liverpool I found a great part of the town had been inundated by the excessive floods. The gale increased last night, and this morning there is a hurricane. A steam packet, 'the *Rothsay Castle*,' went out with about one hundred and fifty passengers; she has perished, and out of that immense number they fear that not thirty souls are saved.

"The friends I expected to have accompanied me have been taken ill, and cannot go: so here I am alone, with no prospect of getting off, unless I go to sea in a storm; added to this every soul of my friends have earnestly counselled me not to proceed; because, 1st. In my state of health it would be imprudent to go alone; 2. If my wife hear of the loss of the *Rothsay Castle*, she will be alarmed to death for my personal safety before she can get a letter from me, (for no post leaves here on Friday,) and the public papers will tell of the loss, and the damage among the shipping, &c.; and though she will take it for granted that I should not have been in the wrecked vessel, yet that I must have been at sea in the same weather, and on the same coast. Hence all conclude that I should take the first coach this afternoon, and carry the news myself. Some of my friends, who know that when I set out on a journey I rarely stop till I get to the end, have been so distressed with apprehensions for my safety, in consequence of the storm yesterday, that they could not sleep all night.

"I crossed the Mersey in a steam packet this morning, and saw a most tremendous sea in the offing.



"Well, I have concluded, all circumstances being weighed, (past counsel, past grace,) that I must put my helm a-lee, and seek providential direction on another tack. Should I persist now to go, and any calamity ensue, it would be useless to say, 'All his friends did what they could to dissuade him from his purpose, but in vain.' The following is a case in the late fearful wreck: A mother, with ten of her family, was going in 'the Rothsay Castle;' the greater number had already got on board; the mother felt an uncommon qualm, and suddenly said, 'I will not go, let us not go:' about three of the others seemed to feel with her, and immediately stepped on shore; before the others could well reflect, the vessel loosed her paddles, and was off! So the few living have to deplore the many dead!

"Yesterday I received your letter, and am pleased to hear so good an account of the schools.

"Now, my dear Harpur, I see that in the present case God has evidently put you in my stead. I pray that his hand may be upon you for good. See that sound teaching and sound discipline go hand in hand. Let the masters be faithful and diligent; let them, as local preachers, be under, and at the command of, the Coleraine superintendent, and consult him in every case that concerns him and his work, and themselves and their work as local preachers; at the same time let him have the chief superintendence in the schools, and treat the masters with consideration and affection, and be loving to the children. I will work while God spares me, and go on. I have not long to live; but I will endeavour to live for God's cause, and for his cause in Ireland.

"May God prosper you in all things, and particularly in your new circuit. Ever your affectionate,

"ADAM CLARKE."

The period for the holding of the annual Wesleyan conference was near at hand, and the Hinde-street circuit, in which Dr. Clarke was stationed, wished to retain his ministerial services for a longer time than comported with the Methodist regulations on this subject; therefore, had Dr. Clarke yielded to their kind wishes, he must have become what is termed a "supernumerary," that is, a preacher past the regular labours of the itinerant plan, and thus, though not shut out of the ministry, still not as usual in the ranks. To this Dr. Clarke ever objected, and often, when speaking on the subject, expressed his desire that it might please God that he should "cease at once to work and live;" for he felt his mind strong to labour, his heart warm to action, and that consequently "supernumerary" could not and should not, in propriety, apply to him.

During the sittings of what is termed the stationing committee, which immediately precedes the conference, and whose

office is to make out the respective removals and appointments of the itinerant preachers, subject to the consideration and final decision of the conference, the following letter on this subject was written to Dr. Clarke, by the Rev. George Marsden, dated,—

*Bristol, July 20, 1831.*

“DEAR BROTHER,—The friends in the Hinde-street circuit have sent a strong request for you to be put down for their circuit, stating that they have reason to believe that some arrangement may be made, that they may still be favoured with your valuable ministry. Not having any directions from you respecting your wishes, you are at present appointed as supernumerary to that circuit. Please to inform me if you wish it to be altered, or what are your particular wishes on the subject of your appointment. I am, dear brother, yours affectionately,

“G. MARSDEN.”

To this communication Dr. Clarke returned the following reply:—

*Bayswater, near London, July 24, 1831.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER MARSDEN,—I do not find it easy to answer your letter. All I ever said to my good friends at Hinde street was this: ‘Were I to become supernumerary this year, I would not prefer any circuit in London to that in which I am.’ I am not clear that I should become a supernumerary this year; but this I must leave with my brethren. I did not go out of my own accord, I dreaded the call, and I obeyed through much fear and trembling, not daring to refuse, because I felt the hand of God mighty upon me: I knew the case of *Jonah*, and feared the transactions of *Tarshish*. I WILL NOT THEREFORE SET MYSELF DOWN; for though I cannot do full work, yet I can do some. I was a local preacher when called out: I am not called to DEGRADE, in order to read for a higher title than that which I have; and a Levite past labour becomes a counsellor, but never enters into the ranks of the Nethinim! I had for some years thought of finishing where I began; though that circuit is now divided into four or six: or in that circuit where the word of the Lord came first to me; and where I found the salvation of God that bought me! In that circuit I have been endeavouring to raise up circuit schools; not mission schools, as has been reported by those who should have known better; but schools in places where *no kind of instruction* was afforded to the many hundreds of totally neglected, wretched children, who, with their parents, were without the words of salvation; to help the circuits in those places, and to help the preachers in large districts, where they had not half strength to enter doors sufficiently opened; and I have prevailed; men full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and who, in their disengaged hours, are put totally under the direction of the superintendent, to be employed when

and where he pleases, and who have already been a sovereign blessing to the places where they are teaching little children, and bringing their parents and neighbours to Christ. If no place is open for me here, (though I might demand, I will not,) *I shall rather travel in the keen blasts, over the mountains, hills, and bogs of Derry and Antrim, than set myself down as a supernumerary in any place in Immanuel's land, even in its whole length and breadth, at least for the present year.*

"Hitherto these schools and local preachers have not cost one farthing to any fund or institution among the Methodists; nor ever shall while I have any thing to do with them. I hope, from the kindness, not of 'our friends,' but of *my friends*, to be able to put something in the hands of the conference to help these schools, when my voice can be heard no more on the mountains of Ireland; and when my plans are ripe, I shall get the conference to appoint those for trustees in whom they have confidence, and who will be faithful in God's house. So much is my strength brought down by my three or four months' labour in Ireland, and also in different parts in *England*, besides *Cheshire, Lancaster, and Yorkshire*, that I do not think I could comfortably, or without farther injury to my health, bear the confinement of conference this year. I am, my dear brother M., yours affectionately,

ADAM CLARKE."

It is deeply to be regretted that the Wesleyan conference did not consult the feelings of Dr. Clarke upon this subject, but that, contrary to his expressed wishes and well-known judgment, it allowed him to be put down as a supernumerary.

The subjoined letter will show that, though he felt he was wounded in the house of his friend, yet he submitted to the treatment with no common forbearance, and evinced himself to be truly the Christian and the minister:—

*Pinner, Middlesex, 1831.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER LEWIS,—I thank you for your letter, and for the information it imparts: I feel that I have been ill-used in that work which God called me to, and which Mr. Wesley with his own hands confirmed me in,—by their setting me down for a supernumerary, against remonstrances made to the president himself, Mr. G. Marsden. When I found how it was, without opening the paper containing the usual annuity given to the superannuated preachers, on their becoming such, I returned it immediately, and told Mr. Stanley not to enter my name on the next preachers' plan.

"Though, therefore, I conceive I have no appointment, indeed a supernumerary properly has none, I go preaching about wherever they call me to work for their charities. Last Sabbath, at Mr. Entwisle's request, I preached for the Sunday schools at Lambeth: next Sabbath, at the president's request, I

am to preach for the charity schools at Queen-street : and on the Sunday following, at Mr. Galland's and the people's request, I am to preach for the Sunday schools at City Road.

"You see, therefore, that though I am hurt, I have not taken that offence which causes me to stumble. My time is nearly done. I have worked hard, borne many privations, and suffered much hardship, for more than half a century, and was still willing to work : and as I could still work with the same energy and effect, for God continued to own my word, it was not well to throw me thus far beyond the working pale ! God is **REVEREND, AND MY SOUL BOWS BEFORE HIM !**

"Poor Shetland, I have worked hard for thee ; many a quire, many a ream of paper have I written to describe thy wants, and to beg for supplies ; and several thousands of miles have I travelled in order to raise those supplies which by letters I had solicited for thee ! It is now 'almost done, and almost over.' May God raise thee up another friend that will be, if possible, more earnest and faithful, and at the same time more successful ! And now I must say, May the **HOLY TRINITY** be thy incessant friend, O my poor Shetland ! Amen.

"So you are now in the first circuit in which I ever travelled : it was a profitable school to me. I was a little boy, and I was received as an angel of God, and many a soul was brought to him while I declared his righteousness and salvation. If there be one alive who recollects me, give my hearty love to that person. But the circuit that then was is now seven. You have had sore affliction : though it be now past, yet my heart aches for you : well, your present station is a healthy one, and I hope God will give the spirit of health to you, sister Lewis, and the little ones : give my love to them. Ever your affectionate brother,

ADAM CLARKE.

"To the Rev. John Lewis, Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire."

With increasing age Dr. Clarke did not relax in his many duties and labours. His body and mind were formed for action, and his benevolence was constantly called upon for the performance of some charitable work. He now rarely preached without its being what are termed "occasional sermons ;" and on his going into the vestry, after the service was concluded, there was almost as surely some deputation or other, from some chapel in distress, or some school, or other charity, pleading for a sermon from him to assist its funds ; and he would sometimes remark to his family, "I am really tired and ashamed of this constant system of begging : it taxes heavily many of my friends who will follow me from chapel to chapel, and I have now rarely the opportunity of preaching the word of life free, without the perpetual horse-leech cry, 'Give ! give !'" As often as the distance rendered it possible, Dr. Clarke walked to the chapel where he had to preach, and rarely conversed on the

road, even with his most intimate friend. His mind was absorbed by the subject of his holy duty, and he would not mingle his thoughts with the things of time or sense. To those who knew not this reverential peculiarity, his manner to their as usual friendly address on meeting him, or in the vestry, before he entered the pulpit, might have appeared distant and unaccountably cold; for on all other occasions he was as accessible as possible, to the high and to the low, to the lettered and to the most unlettered.

He had lately been to the *Isle of Wight*, preaching for Sabbath schools, where he had been most kindly entertained at the house of Mr. Charles Pinhorn, of West Cowes; and on that gentleman shortly afterwards coming to London, he naturally sought to see him where he was the most surely to be found,—in the vestry of the chapel where he was appointed to preach on the next Sabbath morning after his arrival, which happened to be at the Lambeth chapel, for a charity. Thither Mr. Pinhorn went; and the following letter, addressed to that gentleman will explain the reason, not only to himself, but to all others who may have been similarly circumstanced, why Dr. Clarke was so unconversant just before his entering the pulpit; while it will evince the kindness of his heart, which could never be at ease if he imagined he had pained a friend, or appeared ungrateful for any act of kindness:—

*Pinner, November 11, 1831.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—I wish there may have been no mistake in our meeting last Sabbath at Lambeth. When I came down into the vestry after preaching, I looked about to see you; but not finding you, I asked some of the friends did they know whether Mr. Pinhorn, of the Isle of Wight, who was in the vestry when I first entered it this morning, had left the chapel? They said they did not know. ‘Will you look into the chapel and see!’ One and another said they did not know him. I waited several minutes; but no appearance of Mr. Pinhorn! I was vexed: because I wished to speak to you about your new chapel, &c., &c.; and I thought my apparently distant manner might have given you offence. The truth is, I hardly speak to any person before I enter the pulpit. I generally feel the work much on my mind, and I avoid as much as possible speaking even to my most intimate friends till I come down from the pulpit. If, therefore, there appeared in me any slight or neglect towards you, put it away far from your mind, for I assure you it had no existence; and this letter, written simply on the subject, is an ample proof that nothing of the kind was either in the intention or feeling.

“I do not know that I have been in any strange place for these many years in which I was so well pleased with the affectionate respect that was paid me, as in Cowes, the good

people coming to your house to testify their respect by shaking hands with me, and immediately passing away to make room for others. These people I shall never forget; and, probably, may have once more the happiness of visiting them. With the behaviour and friendly hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Claxton, and their family, I was highly pleased; as well as with that of many others.

"You have been once, I am informed, at my house, when I happened to be out on a journey: if you ever come near the place again, and will spend a night with us, and look about you, I shall be glad to see you. Do not forget me to the ingenious young man who made more than ropes of sand, as he made fine pictures and landscapes out of that incoherent material. Perhaps it is only alum bay which affords the same natural colours.

"With love to Mrs. P., and your daughter, and all friends, and kind remembrance to the preachers, and the infirm lady on the hill whom I visited, I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"ADAM CLARKE."

About this time his youngest son had written to Dr. Clarke; and at the end of the letter he begged his parents to send their blessing to his first-born child. In answer to this request, the following letter was written:—

*Haydon Hall, October 10, 1831.*

"To Joseph and Matilda Clarke, }  
on the birth of their first-born. }

"May the blessing, grace, and peace of the eternal, all-glorious, infinitely perfect, and ineffably benevolent Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, one incomprehensible and adorable Deity, the Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer of mankind, rest on, ever support, and eternally save our son, Joseph B. B. Clarke, his wife Matilda, and their first-born child, by whatsoever name she may be called! May he, our son Joseph, in his sacred office, ever preach Jesus the Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost, to the conviction of sinners, the conversion of penitents, and the establishment of believers on their most holy faith! May Matilda, his wife, be ever blessed as a wife, a mother, and a Christian, and live long distinguished by all the graces that adorn those characters! And may their first-born child [Alice] grow up in stature and favour with God and man!—and may she and her parents live long, innocently, piously, and usefully!—and after having served their God in their generation, may they triumph over death in a glorious resurrection! May they be united to the Father of eternity, through the Son of his love, by the eternal Spirit, to contemplate the divine perfections, to see them as they are, and thus to enjoy an unutterable happiness where duration is eternal, and where time shall be no more! Amen! amen!"

“ So humbly, devoutly, and fervently pray their affectionate parents,  
ADAM CLARKE, and MARY CLARKE.”

On another day of family observance he thus wrote to his youngest daughter :—

November 25, 1831.

“ MY VERY DEAR MARY ANN,—This is, if I reckon right, your birth-day ; and a letter from your parents on such a day will, I believe be acceptable to you : for if it be congratulatory, it proves that we are not ashamed of our daughter, and that her best interests lie near our hearts.

“ In the course of divine providence, you have now numerous cares of your own, and, in the way of an occasional help to your father, he can no longer expect your assistance ; and we are thrown too far asunder to have frequent social connection ; but there is for us a very substantial fellowship which is ever within our reach, because ‘ our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ ;’ and as God fills all space, and is ineffably One, all persons and things existing in him are intimately nigh to each other ; for ‘ we who were once afar off are brought near by the blood of Christ :’ and as all holy spirits are one in him, we can, through that indescribable medium, meet with each other, talk with each other, and plead and supplicate for each other : wheresoever we are, we can turn to and feel him ; for in him all distance is abolished, and all limits are annihilated ! To him I can now say, Sovereign of the heavens and of the earth, behold this my daughter on the anniversary of her birth-day ; I bring her especially before thee ; fill her with thy light, life, and power : as in thee ‘ she lives, moves, and has her being,’ so may she ever live to thee. Strengthen her, O thou Almighty—instruct and counsel her, O thou Omniscient !—be her prop, her stay, her shield, and her sword. Put all her enemies under her feet ; deck her with glory and honour ; make her an example to her family, a pattern of piety to her friends, a solace to the poor, and a teacher of wisdom to those who are ignorant and out of the way ; and on all her glory let there be a defence to preserve, and in every respect to render it efficient ! By her may thy name ever be glorified : and in her may the most adorable Saviour ever ‘ see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.’ Amen, amen. So be it ;—and let her heart hear and feel THY Amen, which is, So it shall be—Hallelujah.

“ To all the above my heart says, Amen, and I am sure your mother most earnestly, piously, and affectionately says the same. I need not add that I am your most affectionate father,

“ ADAM CLARKE.

“ Amen to all the foregoing, says your affectionate mother,

“ MARY CLARKE.”

## BOOK XV.

THERE were no cares, however weighty ; no calls, however pressing, that Dr. Clarke permitted to interfere with his domestic engagements : his love of home and all its associations still bore its strong characteristic mark upon his conduct ; and though his children had all long been removed from under his roof, yet, when they occasionally assembled around his table, the bow was indeed unbent, and the evidences of affectionate acts of kindness and interest were manifested, that each might feel a personal concern in the fatherly regard ; this made him appear to lose himself in his love of all : each peculiarity of taste or habit was remembered, and was met without solicitation ; and conversation the most free, the most cordial, and the most affectionately interesting was entered into, and kept up with the instructive ease which perfect confidence inspires, and the tenderest love consecrates to hours like these.

SOCIAL love was accompanied by religious instruction ; the moral was ever found with the tale : he not only did not despise those minuter manifestations of love displayed in the commemoration of times and seasons, days and years, but he delighted himself in their remembrance ; and as he recalled the time or the event referred to, his memory would fly back to the past, and return richly laden with incidents of persons and things new no more.

WHILE on a visit to his daughter, at Stoke Newington, where he was in company with Miss E. T. Tooth, he entered into much conversation with her on the subject of the Wesley family, a theme on which that lady was also perfectly at home, and she kindly promised to forward him several papers to add to the corrected copy of "The Memoir of the Wesley Family," which had been published in 1823, and which he had laboured to complete, and enrich with a great variety of additional matter : to this subject the following extracts of letters to Miss Tooth refer :—

*Haydon Hall, November, 1831.*

"DEAR MISS TOOTH,—I shall be glad to be furnished with any information you can obtain respecting the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Annesley, of Surat : any thing which concerns the Wesley family, or any of its collateral connections, interests me. I have greatly improved and enlarged 'The



**Memoir of the Wesley Family,** having prepared it for a second edition.

"I heartily thank you for the papers you sent, which came to my hand last night; as yet it appears that the story about *Annesley*, from *Surat*, has no foundation on which I can trust; without dates it is without all evidence, unless time, place, and consequence agree. I shall be glad to have any thing farther concerning the *Lamberts*: you will not be displeased to hear that I have hunted up the whole of the male and female children of the rector of Epworth and his excellent wife. If possible, I should like to leave the Wesley Family as perfect as the remains of the records of time, with my utmost industry, can make it. What you can help me in do, and God's blessing be upon you, for I have worked hard to rescue the family from total oblivion.

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"Please give my love to Mr. and Mrs. Camplin, and your other sister; and thanking you for your kindness, and feeling my obligation as I should, I am, dear Miss Tooth, yours truly,  
"ADAM CLARKE."

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To the Same.

*Haydon Hall, Nov. 7, 1831.*

"DEAR MISS TOOTH,—For the great pains you have taken to furnish me with the papers which I received last evening, I feel exceedingly obliged, and far more than what is ordinarily called thankful, and had I a stronger word I would heartily use it, and add, there is more feeling behind.

"When conference appointed me to write the Life of the Rev. John Wesley, I had gone on a good way in those collections which afterwards constituted a part of 'The Memoir of the Wesley Family.'

"That work I then gave to the conference, and when I had interleaved the printed memoir with large quarto paper, in three volumes, and filled up every page with new matter, I offered it to the book committee to be sent to press as soon as they pleased, and was indeed surprised, after several weeks' delay, to receive officially the *sine die* adjournment of the business. These three interleaved volumes are still in my hand, and I suppose I shall let them rest where they are. There are only two alive who had the high privilege of an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Wesley,—the Rev. Henry Moore, and Adam Clarke; my services would have been at the disposal of the conference to have written his Life, but some papers were otherways lodged, which I was informed were necessary to its full and proper execution: these I sought but could not obtain, and I would not write it without them; and now I am informed

Mr. Moore is bringing out a volume : as he long knew Mr. Wesley, he is every way qualified to write a 'standard life.' For a man who has never seen, and never known Mr. Wesley, nor seen or felt the spirit or the *modus operandi* of original Methodism, to write a standard life of that extraordinary man for the Methodists, would be a strange work, however wise and clever the writer might be. With earnest prayers for your prosperity and eternal happiness, I am, dear Miss Tooth, yours affectionately,

ADAM CLARKE."

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Early in January Dr. Clarke heard of the sudden and serious illness of his old friend and bookseller, Mr. William Baynes. Dr. Clarke used often to remark, "Baynes knows a book or a curiosity at a glance, without being acquainted with its exact character, and I have rarely ever found him deceived in his estimate of what he judged to be intrinsically good : his tact serves him as well as laborious knowledge, and makes him what he is, the best old bookseller in London."

When Mr. Baynes found that he was dangerously ill, he desired to see Dr. Clarke ; his son, Mr. Thomas Baynes, wrote to this effect, and that Dr. Clarke immediately complied with the desire expressed, appears from the following note to one of his daughters, dated

January 7, 1833.

"MY VERY DEAR MARY ANN,—It is likely you have heard that I was sent for to see Mr. Baynes, at his own earnest request : I went with all speed : he is on his death-bed : but his mind is in a glorious state of preparation for heaven : he spoke much of God, of Christ, of glory, and expressed himself with a freedom of manner I had never before seen in him : I came into town on the 5th, and remained all night, that I might have the opportunity of seeing him again on the following morning : he appeared, poor fellow ! much pleased to see me, and gave my hand an iron grasp with all his remaining strength. He was perfectly composed and collected, and expressed his strong confidence and peace in God. It deeply affected me to see the strong man thus bound ; for death will never quit his hold on him. I prayed with him, and for him, and for his family ; and then was obliged to bid him farewell, as I was anxious to get home that afternoon.

"I got into Mr. Hobbs's gig, and took the Pinner coach at four. It was dark and foggy, and the man had no lamps. I was apprehensive of danger, for we were full outside, and had five instead of four within. A little short of the 'Swan,' he overturned the coach, projected all the outsides and luggage into the ditch, broke the pole in two, smashed the windows, and,

I think, stove in the side of the coach. I suppose I lay ten minutes, with three persons on the top of me, before they could get us out. I was only bruised a little on my right shoulder : but sadly trampled on while I lay in the coach, and then had to stand about an hour in the rain from above, and the mud from below, before I could get away. I then took my bag, and walked over the hill to Harrow, knocked at a house, but was refused admittance, though I gave my name. This horrible Burkeing business makes every one afraid of being murdered. I proceeded on foot to Pinner, and when I got there I was so poorly that the people of the inn treated me with much kindness ; and the master yoked his gig, put me in, and himself drove me home.

"This morning I received a letter from Mr. Robert Scott, and another from his wife, begging me to come and see him, as his life hung in doubt, and he wished to see me before he died. I have sent into town to take my place for Bristol ; and am going to Bayswater, in order to meet the coach to-morrow morning. After my late shaking, this is a serious experiment ; but your poor father has ever been ready, through God's mercy, to obey such calls. Love to all. Your affectionate father,

"ADAM CLARKE."

In compliance with this arrangement, Dr. Clarke set off the following morning, at seven, for Bristol ; and on the next day proceeded to Pensford. An account of this visit is given in the following letter to his long tried and intimate friend, Mrs. Samuel Tomkins :—

*Pensford, January 17, 1832.*

"MY DEAR MRS. TOMKINS,—You have, no doubt, heard that I was quite unexpectedly sent for to visit my old dying friend, Mr. Robert Scott, of this place, the man who, ever since the commencement of the Shetland mission, has been, under God, its greatest friend. He gave invariably £100 per annum for the support of the missionaries in those islands ; and £10 towards the building of every new chapel, with many other helps. I flew, as it were, to meet the wishes of this man. Through mercy, I got to the place in safety, and found him a little revived after a severe fit of the gout in the stomach ; but I soon found that a dropsy had taken place. However, even this was arrested in its progress ; but death has made a sure lodgment, and will not quit his hold till he has taken the citadel, for already he is in possession of all the outworks. 'But in what state is your friend in reference to the eternal world ?' I answer, 'Happy, incessantly happy ! possessing the strongest confidence, with the clearest testimony of full and present redemption through the blood of the Lamb.' He expresses his own state in that old verse :—

'Not a cloud doth arise  
To darken the skies,  
Or hide for a moment  
My Lord from my eyes.'

His prayers are turned into praises : he does not feel a want which God does not supply : Christ dwells in his heart by faith, and fills his whole soul ; his language is constant praise, expressing at once the deepest gratitude for the unmerited favours of his God, and the highest astonishment at the exuberant goodness of the divine nature : he speaks of him as ' an unlined Fountain of eternal love, manifested in incessant streams of mercy to mankind ;' and he speaks also wonderful things concerning the perfections of God.

"His mind has been well cultivated in divine knowledge ; and with the Holy Scriptures he is very familiar. His very sighs seem mere accents of praise and gratitude to God.

"Yesterday he did the last act, I think, of life. He had been accustomed to give his £100 at two instalments, and generally, when he came to town to receive his dividends. He recollected that one was just now due, but doubted whether he should be able to sign the check : this was on Sunday night, which was comparatively an undisturbed one. Early on Monday morning he seemed to evidence some concern and uneasiness about something, and struggled to raise himself a little more erect in a sort of extended, easy chair in his study, where his man and I had, some days ago, wheeled him, and from which he was not able to be removed. He endeavoured to turn his face towards his writing table ; observing this, I gave his chair a gentle turn, that he might be the better able to face the desk ; and as I saw he wished to write, I placed all his implements within his reach, and put a pen into his hand. Mrs. Scott, seeing what he was about, immediately laid his check-book before him : he said, 'I want to give Dr. Clarke my last check, for the great work of God in Shetland.' Mrs. Scott immediately filled up the body of the check for £50 ; so that he had nothing to do but sign it. Many times did he attempt this ; but his right hand had lost its cunning. I wished him to cease his effort : he would not : he got his pen on the paper, and made something like his name, but in the wrong place : he saw it, and said, 'I must write another.' Mrs. Scott filled another check, and he began anew ; and I am satisfied he was a whole hour in his attempt to sign this. At last he made something like 'Robert Scott,' which was barely legible. When he found he had succeeded, he spoke as well as he could these remarkable words : 'Here, Dr. Clarke, here is my last act ; and this is for the work of God in Shetland ; I send it to heaven for acceptance ; and the inhabitants will see from the writing that I shall be soon after.'

"I turned the chair a little about ; he leaned himself back, and sighed out, 'Glory, glory be to God for his astonishing love

to such a worthless worm! O, God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.' This last act seemed to have closed all his earthly concerns, but it was evident that he could not have been satisfied had he not performed it. He is sinking very fast, but perfectly sensible; he will, to every human appearance, keep his next Sabbath in heaven. Talking of resignation, he said to the doctor, 'My soul is perfectly resigned to the divine will; I have a full assurance of God's love, and it is no odds to me whether I be found in this world, or in the world of spirits, an hour hence.'

"The Rev. Thomas Roberts, one of our preachers, now lies dead in Bristol: I hoped to have seen him, but he was gone before I reached the city. I should have been glad to have seen him. Forty-seven years ago I sent him out to preach his first sermon! He was an amiable, sensible, and pious man!

"I wrote this long before day. I hope you have gone over to see my poor old Mary since my absence. Give my love to Mr. Tomkins, and to all the members of your family, and to your amiable neighbours. May God bless you and yours. I am, dear Mrs. Tomkins, yours affectionately,

"ADAM CLARKE."

The following letter, on the same subject, will interest the reader: it is addressed to Mrs. Clarke, and dated,—

*Pensford, January 20, 1832.*

"MY VERY DEAR MARY,—For some days past we have been hourly expecting the demise of Mr. Scott; he has eaten nothing for a long time. His excellent wife is sadly broken down; for she takes little or no rest, and she earnestly begs me not to go away, and I think I cannot leave her.

"Yesterday Mr. Roberts was buried in Portland chapel. I could not go, and now his widow has sent requesting me to preach his funeral sermon on Sunday morning. Of course I could not consent; for while the breath is in poor Mr. Scott, I cannot leave this house.

"The cold I got in the overturning is now affecting me sadly. I pray God that it may not be very afflictive. We hear that the cholera has got to London; wherever it may be, there is God; and perhaps both you and I are immortal till our work is done.

"January 21.—At half past ten this evening, Mr. Scott changed mortality for life; such a death I never witnessed. We had prayed to God to give him an easy passage, and we did not pray in vain; for he had one of the most placid and easiest I have ever heard of or seen: his wife, and several of the relatives, and myself were kneeling around his bed, I offering the departing prayer, and after it, having just time to rise from my knees, go to him, lay my hands on his head, and pronounce

the blessing of Aaron on the Israelites, Numbers, chap. vi, verses 24 to 26, *The Lord bless thee and keep thee : the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee : the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace*, when his last breath went forth ! Scarcely any one shed tears, the victory over death was so evident and so complete ; every heart was absorbed in heavenly feeling. Thus, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, died this undeviating friend of Shetland. I would not have missed this sight for a great deal ! I seem to have come here in order to learn to die.

" I will to-morrow, if possible, get over to see our son Joseph at Frome, and be back time enough to be present at Mr. Scott's funeral, and after that I will get back to you as soon as possible. May God sanctify this scene to my salvation. Ever, my dear Mary, yours affectionately,

" ADAM CLARKE.

" P. S. Mr. Scott, having loved Shetland, has loved it to the end ; for he has left £3,000 to the Shetland mission in the three and a half per cents., besides the following beneficences to other charities :—

" General Wesleyan Missions, £1000 ; Preachers' Annuitant Fund, £1000 ; British and Foreign Bible Society, £1000 ; Naval and Military ditto, £300 ; Strangers' Friend Society in London, £200 ; Baptist Missions, £200 ; Strangers' Friend Society in Bath, £200 ; Hibernian Missionary Society, £200 ; Moravian Missionary Society, £200 ; London Missionary Society, £200 ; Tract Society, Bath, £100 ; Tract Society, Bristol, £100."

It appears that during Dr. Clarke's sojourn at Pensford, he addressed the following congratulatory address to his royal highness, the duke of Sussex, on the anniversary of his birthday :—

*Pensford, Jan. 27, 1833.*

" MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Encouraged by the condescending notice which your royal highness has often taken of myself and my labours, I beg leave once more to have the high honour to approach your presence with my humble, yet fervent congratulations on the auspicious return of your natal day, a day which should be, on this account, venerated by every true Briton ! by every person to whom science and learning are dear ; by whom civil rights are duly estimated ; by whom the rights of conscience are deemed sacred ; and I may add, by all who devoutly wish for the diffusion of true religion, social happiness, and secular prosperity, throughout the empire.

" Those who have most closely witnessed your public life, are the most fully convinced that, to promote the accomplishment

of those important ends has ever been the prime object of your royal highness; and that, especially in the eventful year which is now closed, the voice of your royal highness has not only been lifted up in its native, as well as in its well-cultivated, energetic eloquence, to recommend, vindicate, and support the soundest and most beneficent measures for the safety and welfare of the state; but they see also, that your widely extended influence, and generous patronage of benevolent institutions, and of the wise and the learned, have been invariably employed to give life and activity to your royal highness's recommendations. Your royal highness has the happiness to see that your exertions have not been in vain, and that you flourish in a better world than that into which you were born; and others witness that your royal highness's share in promoting this general amelioration, is as large as your exertions have been marked, indefatigable, and decisive.

\* \* \* \* \*

"On the last anniversary of your royal highness's birth-day, I was led to augur, from the *signs of the times*, that the period was fast approaching, in which the wisdom and experience of your royal highness must be called forth to assist the counsels and deliberations of the state; as mighty efforts would be necessary to correct a system of corruption which, though even *superannuated*, was still potent and influential; to reduce to order what was confused, and after having purified the sources of civil justice and civil rights, place them, with all their attendant virtues, and concomitant excellences, more conspicuously upon their seat next the throne of the kingdom. The time has arrived, the mighty struggle has commenced, all the outworks of corruption and death have been carried, and the battle is turned to the gate. The citadel, though well posted and strongly fortified, will shortly, by its downfall, more abundantly illustrate the mighty working of the truly patriotic sovereign, *Βασιλεὺς ὁ ἀγαθὸς κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής*, accompanied by his thrice royal brother Sussex, and supported in the field by the veteran bands of the patriotic throne. May the last and most ruinous blow be dealt by the arm of your royal highness, that we may exultingly say, (the last head of the monster of political corruption being lopped off,)—

‘Thou hast done it, royal knight, the hydra lies  
Cursing her fate, and as she curses *dies*.’

"I have lived to see many political changes in this country in the last half century, and *almost all* for the *worse*; but a brighter day seems now to dawn. Your royal highness has long swum against the stream of political malversation, and for a time apparently *studio inani*; but now you stem the torrent, and gain upon the flood. Old as I am, I hope to live long

enough to see the mighty regeneration commence its career of general blessedness; and your royal highness pre-eminently associated with the sovereign of the empire, and king of the people, in the administration of the justice, mercy, and benevolence of the state; that the people may praise God for the king, and laud him for the prince; that the throne may for ever be established in righteousness, and your august person in health and happiness, joying and beholding the order and general welfare.

*' O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima Vile  
Spiritus et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta !'*

"May the Lord of heaven and earth bless your royal highness! May he give you many days, and cause you to rejoice in them all! May you live long a blessing to the nation, and a praise among men! *Et serus redeas in cælum.*

"Begging pardon for this address, may it please your royal highness, permit me still to have the honour to be your humble, obedient, dutiful, and most affectionate servant,

"ADAM CLARKE."

The subjoined letter was in reply to one addressed and signed by order and in behalf of the board of managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of New-York, dated Dec. 23, 1831.

On its reception, Dr. Clarke, regretting his inability to go over to the American continent, to assist in their missionary labours and in their church assembly, expressed his good wishes for that rising state, and for the honour the invitation conferred upon him, in the following terms, to those gentlemen whose names were subscribed to this letter:—

"To Doctors and Messrs. J. Emory, B. Waugh, N. Bangs, F. Hall, and G. Suckley.

February 6, 1832.

"GENTLEMEN AND REV. BRETHREN,—Having been absent in the west of England for a considerable time, your letter did not reach my hand till some weeks after its arrival. Your kind invitation to visit the United States was gratifying to me, and had I been apprized of your intention a few months earlier, I should most certainly have endeavoured to have met your wishes, and by doing so, I have no doubt I should have been both gratified and profited. But the warning is too short, and I am engaged so far both to England and Ireland in behalf of our missionary cause, that I cannot by any substitute redeem those pledges. I had proposed also to have visited the Zetland isles if possible; but as I had not pledged myself to this voyage, I



could have waived my purpose in favour of America, to visit which I have been long waiting for an opening of Providence ; I might add, that I should have wished to have had the appointment of our conference for the voyage.

" Now, although I feel a measure of regret that I am disappointed in this wished-for visit to the American continent, yet I am far from supposing that there may not be a providential interference in the way. I am, as no doubt you have already learned, an *old man*, having gone beyond *three-score years and ten*, and consequently not able to perform the labour of youth. You would naturally expect me to preach much ; and this I could not do. One sermon in the day generally exhausts me ; and I have been obliged to give up all evening preaching, as I found the night air to be peculiarly injurious to my health. My help therefore must have been very limited, and in many cases this would have been very unsatisfactory to the good people of the *United States*. This difficulty I grant might have been supplied by an able assistant, who might have been inclined to accompany me : but even this would not have satisfied the eye or ear of *curiosity*. But as the journey is now impracticable, these reflections are useless.

" I respect, I wish well to your state, and I love your church. As far as I can discern, you are close imitators of the original Methodists, (than whom a greater blessing has not been given to the British nation since the Reformation,) holding the same doctrines, and acting under the same discipline ; therefore have you prospered as we have prospered. There is no danger so imminent both to yourselves and to us, as departing from our original simplicity in spirit, in manners, and in our mode of worship. As the world is continually changing around us, we are liable to be affected by these changes. We think, in many cases, that we may please well-intentioned men better, and be more useful to them, by permitting many of the more innocent forms of the world to enter into the *church* ; wherever we have done so, we have infallibly lost ground in the depth of our religion, and in its spirituality and unction. I would say to all, keep your doctrines and your discipline, not only in your church books and in your society rules, but preach the former without refining upon them—observe the latter without bending it to circumstances, or impairing its vigour by frivolous exceptions and partialities.

" As I believe your nation to be destined to be the mightiest and happiest nation on the globe, so I believe that your church is likely to become the most extensive and pure in the universe. As a church, abide in the apostle's doctrine and fellowship.

" As a nation, be firmly united ; entertain no petty differences ;—totally abolish the slave trade ;—abhor all offensive wars ;—never provoke even the puniest state ;—and never strike the first blow. Encourage agriculture and friendly traffic. Culti-

vate the sciences and arts; let learning have its proper place, space, and adequate share of esteem and honour;—if possible, live in peace with all nations;—retain your holy zeal for God's cause and your country's weal; and that you may ever retain your liberty, avoid, as its bane and ruin, a national debt. I say to you as it was said to Rome of old,—

*'Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,  
Hæ tibi erunt artes pacisque imponere morem,  
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.'*

"But whither am I running! Truly, truly, do I wish you good luck in the name of the Lord, and, therefore, with my best prayers for your civil and religious prosperity, and hearty thanks to each of you individually for the handsome and honourable manner in which you have framed your invitation, I have the honour to be, gentlemen, and reverend brethren, your obliged, humble servant, and most cordial well-wisher,

"ADAM CLARKE."

The subjoined letters cannot fail to prove interesting; they are the reminiscences, if not of kindred spirits, at least of great minds. The first is from Dr. Clarke to Dr. Robert Southey:—

*Haydon Hall, Feb. 24, 1832.*

"DEAR DR. SOUTHEY,—Little as it might merit your attention, I suppose you may have met with a work, the first volume of which I published several years ago, entitled, 'The Succession of Sacred Literature.' This I began at the giving of the law; and in the volume to which I refer I brought it down to the year 345. I projected a second volume, which I intended to bring down to the invention of printing; but my Comment on the Sacred Scriptures requiring much time, and the 'public records' intervening, on which I was obliged to spend ten years, I could no longer go on with my 'Succession,' and thus the work was remitted for about twenty years. The public was repeatedly calling upon me for the performance of my promise in the second volume; and my eyes failed so much in the more than difficult work of examining records in all kinds of hands, in various languages, from William the Conqueror down to Queen Anne, that I found myself too much worn down to commence an examination of all authors and ecclesiastical writers, for twelve centuries, in Greek and Latin; and therefore would have utterly abandoned the work, could I have been able to persuade the public that I could keep good faith with it in so acting. A good Providence, however, removed my difficulty. A few years back, my youngest son, Joseph, having finished his academical studies at Trinity college, Cambridge, and entered the church, having a strong predilection for ecclesiastical antiquities, had begun the reading of the fathers: he soon mastered my intention and design, took up the work

where I had left it, and after the same manner, and in the same spirit, brought it to a close. A few months ago it was finished at press.

"You may well ask, my dear sir, what is my object in breaking in upon your time with such a chronological detail of labour and disappointments! I answer, partly for having a reasonable opportunity of renewing an acquaintance with a gentleman by whom I have felt it an honour ever to have been known; and, secondly, to fulfil my son's 'request to present, in his name, and also in that of his father, a copy of the Succession of Sacred Literature to Dr. R. Southey.'

"I was not a little mortified to find, after my return from Kensington palace, that you were at the royal duke's levee, and I had not the opportunity of making my bow to you in the presence of the mighty ones who crowded those splendid rooms. I hope the next time to have better luck.

"There have been so many singular associations connected with our first meeting, at 5 James's Place, Bristol, that I never think upon them without considerable pleasure; and indeed, I may say, *quoad* myself, with surprise. The amiable Charles Fox is gone; and he died as a Christian should die.

"May the ever-blessed God, in his endless mercy, give to all those who remain of that company, a lot among the sanctified, by Christ Jesus! Amen.

"I beg the honour to be, dear Dr. Southey, your obliged and affectionate friend,

ADAM CLARKE."

Dr. Southey's reply to Dr. Clarke :—

*Kewick.*

"DEAR SIR,—Your book has just reached me; for which, and for the kind letter that accompanied it, I thank you heartily. By this same post I shall express my thanks also to your son. You are happy in having one who treads in your steps, and shows himself so willing and so able to continue your labours.

"The Dr. Southey whom you might have seen at Kensington palace is my brother, who, I suppose, went thither as a fellow of the Royal Society. I am seldom in London, and never at levees when I can with propriety avoid them; yet I would willingly go to one for the pleasure of meeting you there, once more, after an interval of three and thirty years!

"Twelve months ago I passed three days at Bristol, where I had not been for twenty years before. I went into my father's shop, and requested leave to go into the house; and into the room where my cradle had been rocked. I went also to Bedminster, where my mother was born, and where in her mother's house the happiest days of my childhood were passed: there also I asked permission to go in. The house had been remodelled, and the gardens laid out in the manner of these times

I recognised nothing as it had been, except a few trees which my uncles and my grandfather had planted.

"At my good old friend, Joseph Cottle's, I saw an excellent likeness of Charles Fox, his sitting for which I very well remember. It ought to be preserved as the remarkable countenance of a very amiable and remarkable man. I have profiles of himself, of his wife, and of the parrot, of which they were both so fond;—the human likenesses taken by Cottle, and reduced by a pantograph,—the bird sportively cut by him on the same evening. I have also a drawing of the bridge at Almaraz over the Tagus, made by Fox from a sketch which I brought from the spot; and I have his card as a bookseller at Falmouth. Upon the feeling which induces one to preserve such things, what a superstructure have superstition and knavery erected!

"Farewell, dear sir, and believe me always yours, with sincere respect and regard,  
ROBERT SOUTHY."

The following letter, detailing a visit of Dr. Clarke's to his royal highness the duke of Sussex, is highly interesting, and characteristic of the writer:—

*Before day, Feb. 13, 1832.*

"MY VERY DEAR MARY ANN,—The post of the morning you left us brought me the card of his royal highness the duke of Sussex, to attend his levee or conversazione on Saturday evening, at nine o'clock. I set off by the coach on Saturday morning, and spent all the day at Bayswater. I was the forty-first in the arrivals: a number of officers were telegraphs, and the names flew by them to his royal highness's ear. I entered the large room, where, at the threshold, the duke stood, who seized my hand, and said how glad he was to see me; the arrivals became very quick; and for some minutes his time was occupied by receptions; I stood not far from the entrance, speaking to Professor *Lee* and some others; the duke came again to me and said, 'Dr. Clarke, do you know the archbishop of Canterbury?' 'No, sir.' 'Come with me, and I will introduce you to him.' He took me by the arm, and led me through the crowd:—we came to the archbishop. The duke said, 'Here, my lord, I have the pleasure of introducing to your grace, my friend Dr. Adam Clarke.' I bowed, so did his grace, and immediately held out his hand: he said, 'Dr. Clarke, I am glad to see you; I know you well by character, and have often received instruction from your writings;' (you know that he was one of the commissioners on the public records,—and to my papers read before those commissioners, he undoubtedly alluded.) That over, the duke took me through the crowd, and introduced me to the bishop of Chichester, who talked with me for a quarter of an hour, till up came the bishop of London, who shook my hand, inquired after my health, and asked after your brother Joseph.

Before he came up, I had been extolling the exertions of the bishop of London to his lordship of Chichester : who, addressing the bishop of London, said, 'Ah, my lord, Dr. Clarke and I were talking of you before you came up ; but I will not tell your lordship what Dr. Clarke said of you.' Soon after the duke took hold of my arm, and begged to introduce me to some of the foreign ministers, lords, chief functionaries, learned foreigners, &c., &c. After a great many *to's* and *fro's*, the duke, addressing me with great affection, said, (scores being all around us,) 'Dr. Clarke, I am very glad to see you.' His royal highness told me that *Ram mohun Row* would be here this night, and he would introduce me to him. I bowed ; and then it was about twenty minutes after ten, and I was determined not to stay late ; I therefore slipped off, and met *Ram mohun Row* as I came down the steps ; but I passed on to look for my gig. When I came into the ante-room for my hat, one of the gentlemen in waiting came from up stairs,—'Sir, the duke has been calling for you.' I said, 'I am just setting off.' He said, 'The duke has been calling twice for you.' I ran up stairs, my hat in my hand, and my coloured handkerchief about my neck, and entered the large saloon ; the duke spied me in a moment—caught me by the hand, led me to *Ram mohun Row*, and introduced me. As soon as this was over, I slipped out, and away went your father, from a place where he had received the highest honour.

"I must run, or I shall perhaps lose the coach. Your mother will be in on Saturday, I think. Love to Mr. Smith. Your affectionate father,  
ADAM CLARKE."

In the early part of February, Dr. Clarke was officially applied to by the president and Wesleyan missionary secretaries to take a part in the anniversary services of that society, as appears from the following note :—

*Haydon Hall, Feb. 15, 1832.*

"I have just received a respectful and earnest request from the president and missionary committee to preach for them on Friday morning, at Great Queen-street, and either there again or somewhere else, on the following Sabbath morning. I wish to do them any kindness in my power, notwithstanding their '*resolution*' about my poor Irish schools ; and though engaged both to Birmingham and Sheffield at that time, I have written to both to put it off a week later, in order to meet the wishes of the committee. As to the opposition to the schools themselves, I saw some persons who, through the fear of man, drew back from their open support to them ; and many thought I should have been obliged to give them up : but who, being such a one as I am, would flee into the temple to save his life ! To discomfit Adam Clarke in a work which he knows to be good,

and which he feels it to be his duty to perform, is no easy task ; to frighten him from it is still more difficult.

"Mr. Thurston, Captain Ryerson, and the Chip-pe-way chief came here last evening, and remain till to-morrow : the chief is amiable and intelligent.

"Give my love to old father Sundius and all the family ; I must strive to see them when I next run over to Newington. God be with you all,—from Mr. Smith to his fine young men of sons, for I have lost in them the nice little boys Charles and Frederick, the girls, and so on to the young one, not forgetting Madame Tooth. Amen. Ever your affectionate father,

"ADAM CLARKE."

During Dr. Clarke's first abode in London, while then residing in Spitalfields, he had become personally acquainted with that eminently philanthropic man, Dr. Hawes, one of the founders of the Royal Humane Society.

This gentleman had often solicited Dr. Clarke to preach a sermon in aid of the funds of that excellent charity, and he had as cheerfully engaged some time or other so to do : but a suitable opportunity did not present itself during the remaining sojourn of Dr. Clarke in the metropolis ; and in a few years afterward Dr. Hawes died ; but Dr. Clarke felt that the obligation of his promise to that gentleman was not buried with him.

In the month of March, 1839, Benjamin Hawes, Esq., son of the late Dr. Hawes, made, through Mr. Richard Smith, an application for the fulfilment of the engagement so long before entered into with his father for the sermon in question, and obtained Dr. Clarke's consent to preach it, and the use of the chapel in the City Road, from the trustees, for that purpose ; and accordingly on the morning of the 25th he preached at City Road, in behalf of the Royal Humane Society, from John v, 25 ; for which the thanks of this society were afterwards cordially voted to him.

That Dr. Clarke still laboured almost without ceasing, though, as he termed it, in reference to his having been made a supernumerary, "placed beyond the working pale," is fully proved from the subjoined letter, addressed to one of his daughters, dated,—

May 4, 1839.

"MY VERY DEAR ANNA MARIA,—Your mother has been very poorly since our return home, and as to myself, my strength is nearly all gone. In my way to town to-day from Pinner, my fellow-traveller challenged me, saying she knew me well, and had followed my preaching for many years in London. She knew also your mother, aunts, Mrs. Butterworth, and 'the angelic Mrs. Pond.' She is just returned to England, after an absence of sixteen years, spent in France, Switzerland, Ger-

many, Italy, Portugal, the West Indies, St. Helena, the East Indies, &c. Her last residence was in Portugal, where her husband died: he had been ambassador from the Spanish Cortes and the court of Lisbon to that of London: his name was Count de Carrea, to whom she was married in London. With this travelled and intelligent lady I had an agreeable conversation till we reached town. What journeyings have I lately passed through; they have come on in such quick succession that they have overwhelmed me: I have been to Birmingham, where I preached in Cherry-street chapel in the morning, and at Belmot-row at half past two of the same day, and on Monday took the chair at their missionary meeting, from five till ten at night. The next morning I had two miles to walk in the rain, and get into the coach, and travelled till eight at night.

"*Friday, April 30.*—I was at Great Queen-street for missions again, and the word of the Lord was with power.

"*Sunday, May 1.*—I was at Southwark, but I found my strength prostrated; I talked a little, but could not preach; indeed, I almost thought while in the pulpit that I should be able to preach no more. After I came out of the pulpit, however, I had four children to baptize, and in that the remaining spark burnt out afresh; but I was poorly all day: and at the public meeting at Exeter Hall I said but little, and felt it to be to little purpose.

"In this state I am preparing to set off for Sheffield, where I have to preach both Sunday and Monday; then back to Bructon, to preach on the following Sabbath; then go to Liverpool, and across to Donaghadee, and so on to Coleraine; and this without any companion or friend: being without a companion is a great trial to me; and the labour and it together are more than upwards of seventy years should bear. With love to Mr. Rowley and the children, I am your affectionate father,

"ADAM CLARKE."

That such labours as those mentioned in the preceding letter were too great for Dr. Clarke's health and strength, is most certain; but he forgot himself when requested to assist others, and his own age was forgotten too, when summoned to work in the vineyard of his heavenly Master.

His journeyings were not yet at an end, neither were his labours yet terminated, for he says, in a letter to Mrs. Clarke, dated,—

*Sheffield, May 6, 1832.*

"MY VERY DEAR MARY,—I had a wearisome night's journey on Friday, and arrived in this town, thank God, without accident, at three o'clock, P. M. Mr. Beet was waiting at the coach for me, and took me to his house, where several friends have called to see me: but what think you? They have placarded me to preach at Carver-street this morning, and at Norfolk-

street this evening, at six o'clock, and to-morrow for the missionary meeting. I positively protested against this arrangement last night, when I heard of it: the preachers begged and entreated, and at last went off in despair, saying they 'should be ruined.' Faint and weary, I wanted to get to bed; when at supper, in came a *posse* deputation, begging me, if I could not preach in the evening, to preach at Norfolk-street, after I should have finished at Carver-street. I treated them civilly; and after they had worried me for half an hour they went away: then there was a hue-and-cry, many blaming the managers for their precipitancy, others deploring the state of the case.

"I went up to bed, and said, in a kind of anguish within myself, *Let me die with the Philistines.* I told my design this morning; it flew like fire: Carver-street was packed before ten o'clock. I preached on Heb. x, 5-10, and God was present. At about two o'clock I was in Norfolk-street; O what a crowd! I understand many went straight off from Carver-street to be in time to secure a place in Norfolk-street. I took Rom. v, 1, 2: it was a time of spirit and of power: the people are delighted, and say, nothing like this was ever before seen in Sheffield.

"I am just come in, and write this in order for to-night's post. The London post is just now arrived, and brought me a letter from Mr. James, of the mission-house, in answer to one I had written him, begging him not to publish my speech at Exeter Hall, as it was too feeble either to do the cause or myself credit: he has another opinion of it, and conveys the following news:—

"'Yesterday's Jamaica packet brought us most distressing intelligence from the missionaries there: five of our chapels are levelled to the ground, by white men, consisting of magistrates, custadoes, constables, militia, merchants, &c. I fear there is no redress for the loss of property: several of the missionaries have not been able to enter upon the circuits to which they have been appointed, in consequence of the hostility of the colonists.'

"My dear Mary, I see that there is a flame kindled in our inheritance, and I feel that I am needed: the terms in which Mr. James speaks of my services, as he calls them, are affecting. I shall pocket and seal up all my causes of complaint; join myself even to the forlorn hope, at the front of the storming party, and mount the breach for the God of armies in the defence of his people!

"The people here, young and old, are almost ready to eat me in their kindness: what procures me, wherever I go, this influence and love? The truth of God, which I proclaim in the love of it, and which he conveys by his mighty power to the hearts of the people. Let the children know of my welfare. O may God have you still in his holy keeping. Ever your affectionate husband,

ADAM CLARKE."



*To the Same.*

*Bruerton, May 11, 1832.*

"I concluded my work at Sheffield by preaching at Thorncliffe on the 9th. I went and returned (fifteen miles) without eating an ounce of food: I shall soon require none, as my appetite and strength are pretty nearly gone. Our meetings at Sheffield were wonderfully blessed. It has been the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. I set off from Sheffield yesterday, and arrived here by seven o'clock this evening. My letter to them, waiting the answer to which detained me at Sheffield, they had not received, as it had lain nearly a week in the post-office. They knew not how to act about my coming or not coming, and I arrived just before a council on this matter broke up: the result is, I am to preach at Stafford on Sunday morning, ride back, nine miles, and preach at Bruerton at half past two, and thus finish the day.

"I know you will not let poor Mrs. Fox be neglected: while she lives send her something, with my blessing, every day. Ever yours affectionately,  
ADAM CLARKE."

The poor woman referred to in the preceding letter was one who had attended the preaching at Dr. Clarke's little chapel, and became, in consequence of the good effect it had upon her mind, a truly religious woman: but at this time she was ill, and apparently near to death. Dr. Clarke had frequently visited her during her long affliction, which she bore with a patience worthy of the Christian name, and in the steadfast assurance that when the earthly house of her tabernacle should be dissolved, she had a house above, eternal in the heavens!

Dr. and Mrs. Clarke were in the habit of ministering to her few wants from their own table, and it appears from the preceding note, that, when even so far away from home, Dr. Clarke did not cease to remember her; so kindly anxious was he always for the poor and the sick who came under his notice. He has several times been known, when near his own gate, to give away his shoes, in order to cover the feet of another, and to run in without any on to seek a fresh supply for himself.

As the spring was advancing, Dr. Clarke became once more anxious to visit the Irish schools; but though thus solicitous for the education of the youth of his own country, he by no means forgot or ceased to be anxiously careful for the Shetland mission; this he still superintended, and kept up a regular correspondence with the preachers in those islands in reference to the extent and success of their great work. Extracts from these reports Dr. Clarke had been in the habit of forwarding to the editor of the Methodist Magazine, in which periodical they regularly appeared, frequently accompanied by a note from him-

self, begging a continuance of the support of the religious public to this interesting home missionary station : it was, however, so far established as not to press so heavily upon Dr. Clarke as it had done in its infancy. The seed had long been sown, it had taken deep root, and had brought forth a hundred fold. The munificence of Robert Scott, Esq., had placed the continuance of its existence on a sure footing, and consequently it did not claim Dr. Clarke's undivided attention, but rather shared with the Irish schools his affectionate care : nor, after reading his journals in reference to these schools, can we wonder at the interest which they excited in his mind, and the degree of importance he attached to their establishment and prosperity. He considered them as striking at once at the root of moral, social, and civil evil. Education, accompanied by religious and temperate discipline, he viewed as one of the greatest blessings to the community at large, and one of the strongest bulwarks of a nation ; his feelings were on the side of preventing evil before it acquired by habit the superadded strength of maturity ; and hence, throughout the whole course of his long life, schools were invariably an object for which he cheerfully laboured, and one which ever claimed his most affectionate regard.

We have already seen that Dr. Clarke was on his way to Ireland, after finishing his duties at Stafford and Bruerton, where he again received large assistance for carrying on his schools from his friend Miss E. Birch : he proceeded to Liverpool, and at the house of his friends Mr. and Mrs. Forshaw, he was severely attacked with spasms, which for a time threatened his life, and he was earnestly implored by all his Liverpool friends not to proceed to Ireland ; but imagining a steam-packet would not fatigue him, and being exceedingly anxious to see how they were prospering, and what were their necessities, he determined to go ; for in his Journal, dated, *Friday, May 18, 1832*, he says,—

“I left Liverpool in ‘the Corsair’ steam-vessel at half past two, P. M., for Belfast, and after a delightful passage of about fifteen hours, landed at *Donaghadee* on the following morning, at five o’clock : though so ill before I left Liverpool, I have had no farther attack of the spasms. My fellow-cabin passengers were the most dissolute I have ever met with : they talked politics of the most dangerous tendency, and indulged in conversation of a very libertine description. I could not stay in the cabin to hear such horrible stuff, so I walked the deck till a late hour, which was not healthy, and by which I have got a slight cold ; when at last I went down, I could scarcely sleep, for they did not cease their conversation ; I often used the prayer of the psalmist, ‘Gather not my soul with sinners ;’ and that of one of the ancients, ‘O Lord, let me not spend an eternity with such as these, whose company I could never bear while sojourning upon

earth.' I got to Mr. Harpur's in safety, where I was expected, and heartily welcomed by all the family.

"*Saturday, May 19.*—I was surprised to find this little town so much improved since I was here about a dozen years ago : they have built a new and beautiful pier, which in deep water can lodge a large number of vessels, and from which to Port Patrick, in Scotland, a steam-packet runs every day. There is much talk of connecting this place to the Scottish coast by a solid bridge, and in this work to employ convicts, instead of sending them to New South Wales.

"*Sabbath, May 20.*—I preached this morning at half past ten, at the Methodist chapel, to a large congregation: all were deeply attentive. I preached from Matt. xviii, 19, 20. After preaching I baptized a child, according to the rites of the Church of England and Ireland, and the parents, though not brought up to the church, received the service well, and were thankful.

"*May 21.*—A dull, heavy day, depressing the spirit even of the most lively and active. I walked a little by the shore, and saw a little girl picking limpids off the rocks : I asked her for what purpose she was gathering those shell-fish. She answered, 'To feed the pigs, sir.' And will the pigs eat these ? 'Yes, sir, they are very glad of them.' Do they eat them shells and all ? 'No, sir, we boil them a little, and the fish fall out of the shells.' I was farther informed, that for fattening pigs no aliment is equal to the shore shell-fish, and that it requires only a few feedings of these, when the pigs are put up to fatten, to strengthen their appetite, and to improve the flavour and texture of the bacon. I gave the child a penny for this piece of information, of the veracity of which there is, I understand, no reason to doubt. The poor little bare-footed gatherer of this marine meat for the fattening of hogs, at first refused to take this little gift, modestly saying, 'she did not require it.' The moral poor of Ireland are not vitiated by a poor-house education, but feel that spirit of independence which renders them superior to the servile spirit of those who are taught to live on begging, or on legal and systematic charity. This has been the case with England by the operation of the poor-laws ; the noble and independent spirit of the yeomanry is degraded, and nearly extinct ; and when Ireland gets the poor-laws, with which it is now threatened, the present rising sun of its prosperity will sink below the horizon to rise no more for ever.

"*May 22.*—I took a walk up what is called the Moat : it is an artificial hill, on which a castellated building is erected, and serves as the powder magazine, and from it there is a fine view of this extensive and beautiful bay ; also a large part of the Down coast, the county Antrim hills, the lough of Belfast, the Copeland islands and their light-house, the island Magee, and the Scottish coast, especially Port Patrick, which is nearly

opposite; the whole makes a beautiful view, and the town, the houses of which are well whitewashed without, is remarkably neat, and exceedingly clean: the inhabitants are respectful and respectable, and very decent in their attire, and deep poverty is nowhere apparent: this is the consequence of the constant employment of the females in what is called the sprigging business, or embroidering on cambric or muslin: a pattern is first portrayed, or printed with a light, unstaining blue, which is easily discharged, containing all the outlines of the sprigs or flowers that are to be raised by the needle and cotton thread over the marked pattern on the stuff. The sprigging is used to adorn handkerchiefs, aprons, collars, &c.; it is executed with extraordinary neatness, and when finished is sent to be bleached, and then is fit to be exposed for sale. A good hand can earn eleven or twelve pence per diem at this work.

"May 23.—Being rather indisposed with close application to writing early this morning, I walked out in the course of the day, and had an opportunity of seeing a company of spriggers at work: they were all neat and clean, and seemed to be very quick at their work: I fear whether their close confinement be not detrimental to health, as I find several of the young women are consumptive, and that many die of this disease. Alas! alas! that the very means of life should be, in frequent cases at least, the remote causes of its destruction; but by and by mortality shall be swallowed up of life. I went in the evening to *Newton Ards*, about seven Irish miles on the road to Belfast, and had a very crowded congregation at five o'clock; they were deeply attentive during the hour while I explained the apostle's method of confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to '*continue in the faith, and that we must, through much tribulation, enter into the kingdom of God,*' Acts xiv, 22. It was a very solemn time, and I think many were edified; for the great Teacher was among us. After I had done, I walked on my way back to Donaghadee; in about half an hour the car overtook me, and in about two hours more we arrived there.

"May 24.—I took cold last evening, and in the night began to experience its effects. A keen east wind was blowing on my right side; this we had both going and returning, which has given me a rheumatic seizure in my right cheek and jaw, and thence up my whole head; add to this, something like an inflammation has seized on the joint of the great toe of the right foot: it has much the appearance of gout; but as I never had any visitation of this kind, I fondly hope it is not a seizure of that sort. I preached this evening in the chapel here, but could not put my foot to the ground, and it was a time of great refreshing from the presence of God. The subject was Psalm lxx, 4, 5, *Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee.* I had a very bad night, and Mr. Harpur brought his

family physician, Dr. William H. Catherwood, to visit me: he is a very intelligent, pious man, and he has given me some good advice, mixed with many sensible observations.

"*Friday, Saturday, Sunday, May 25, 26, 27.*—I am still bound down with my afflictions: my bowels have become sorely affected. I was to have gone to *Belfast* to-day, but disease has rendered this impossible, which is an additional affliction. Good is the will of the Lord.

"*Sunday, May 27.*—I have passed a silent Sabbath. The rheumatism in my ankle and foot has rendered me utterly incapable of setting my foot to the ground!"

This severe indisposition so increased upon Dr. Clarke, that he was entirely confined to his bed-room, and hindered from prosecuting those active projects which he had proposed by his journey to Ireland; but, though confined in body, his mind was free, and he employed it in laying down rules and plans in behalf of these Irish schools, which he feared personally being prevented from visiting. His journal is frequently interrupted; for as it was intended as a mere detail of operations, when these were stopped by sickness he merely noted in it the passing day, with but a slight, if any observation; but by extracts from his communications to his family and friends at this period, these deficiencies may be made up, and the submissive spirit with which he bore his affliction will likewise appear.

Dr. Clarke says, writing to one of his sons:—

*May 29.*

"MY VERY DEAR THEODORET,—When I left Liverpool, though I had been ill there with spasms, I was so far better as to hope I should have been able to go through my work here, and I have preached when I was scarcely able to stand, and the last time I did so settled the account; for the next day I was unable to rise, and a physician was sent for: he thought the seizure in my foot would turn to an attack of the gout! This was a tocsin to me. I have been confined to my bed, and the amiable physician, for one more so I never met, did all that skill and constant and affectionate attention could do: he is a Presbyterian, and worthy the name of Christian. To make a long and painful story short, here I am, totally useless. I am laid up at Mr. Harpur's, where even angels could not show me greater kindness, and the best society in the place are overwhelming me with their affectionate attentions. I am now sitting in my easy chair: it indeed may be easy, but as for him who sits in it, easiness is far from him."

On the following day, writing to his friend, Mrs. Forshaw, he says,—

"I wrote to you, my dear Mrs. Forshaw, immediately on my

landing; for I knew you were extremely anxious on my account: I was then poorly: I have since been very ill. You know when a man totters he may easily be thrown off his centre of gravity: I was tottering when I came here, and now I am thrown down. I am laid up in the house of Mr. Harpur, where I am treated with the greatest kindness. I have not been across the door since I was first taken, but I am hoping to be able to get to Belfast by the end of the week. I have not done any of the work for which I came over, and time flies. I am sure that I shall be again welcome at Oakfield, and do not wonder if I appear sooner than you had reason to expect. I feel like the poor madman who, when he had broken out of confinement, came straight to me, and when he was questioned by a stranger, then present, how he dared to come to my house, replied, 'Where should a man in distress go, but to his friend?' So may A. C. say in reference to Oakfield and several of his friends in Liverpool.

"My hearty love to Mr. Forshaw, Mr. Comer, and family. May we all live to Him, that we may live with him for ever! Yours affectionately,  
ADAM CLARKE."

Dr. Clarke continues his journal:—

"June 1.—I remain much indisposed. Dr. Catherwood is extremely attentive to me: I have sent him a copy of the likeness of me in my Commentary, in token of the friendly feelings I entertained for his great kindness, as well as medical attention, and he has just sent the following acknowledgment:—

"'REV AND DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for your very highly esteemed present, which I shall keep as a remembrance of one of the most interesting and important epochs in my life,—the having been permitted the privilege of a personal intercourse with its very celebrated original. I am, reverend and dear sir, yours very truly,

"'WM. H. CATHERWOOD.'

"June 2.—My pain has abated, and I have little strength; but what I have I feel anxious to use in order to get to Belfast. Well clothed up, a coach called for me, and has brought me to Belfast, but my disorder has increased. What a poor life this is. Lord, sanctify it to me!

"June 3.—I preached this morning in the Methodist chapel, Donegal-square; the congregation was very large, and deeper attention could not be manifested. At first I thought my voice could not hold out, however I managed it as well as I could, and it flagged but little. My subject was Gal. vi, 15, collated with 1 Cor. vii, 19, Gal. v. 6, Gal. vi, 15, and Phil. iii, 3. The text referred to two grand divisions of the human race, the

**Jews** and the Gentiles, distinguished by the moral state in which they were then found ; the one believing in God, and receiving circumcision as being in God's covenant ; the other not believing in the true God, and not receiving this rite, having gods many and lords many, without revelation, and with only the writings of their philosophers to trust to. The spirit of God's covenant, into which the Jews entered by the rite of circumcision, is here pointed out by the apostle ; the rite was nothing, and availed nothing, unless there was first the keeping the commandments of God, 1 Cor. vii, 19. Love to God and man, the sum of those commandments. Secondly, the faith which worketh by love ; the principle of obedience, without which nothing can be done, Gal. v, 6. Thirdly, the new creation, Gal. vi, 15, a total change of nature from sin to holiness ; and fourthly, the sum of the whole—*worshipping God in the Spirit* ; exulting in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh, Phil. iii, 3. Conceiving aright of God, and giving a spiritual worship suitable to his nature ; acknowledging that all redemption is in his blood, and that we have neither holiness nor happiness but through him. *Having no confidence in the flesh*,—depending on nothing we have done or suffered, nothing we are doing, and nothing that we can do. I strongly inculcated the necessity of union among Christians— inveighed against their polemical disputes—descanted on my favourite maxim, or what I call the sum of my creed,—God has brought thee and me into being, that we may get all the good we can from him, and do all the good we can to our fellows.

"June 4.—I took the coach this morning, and got to Antrim in about two hours and a half ; here I was visited by a young clergyman, who is full of the belief of the near approach of the conversion of Irish Catholics to the Protestant faith ; he found me an unbeliever, and he left me so."

An account of Dr. Clarke's farther proceedings is best detailed in a letter to one of his daughters :—

*Coleraine, June 8, 1832.*

"MY DEAR ELIZA,—I think I told you that the first time I crossed the threshold for about a fortnight, was when I left my chamber to go into the coach which was to convey me to Belfast ; where the next day I was obliged to preach, though scarcely able to stand alone. The following morning I set off for Antrim, (thirteen miles,) where I could not preach : and the succeeding morning, having hired a covered car, purposed to get as many stages as I could towards Coleraine. Mr. Harpur and his daughter kindly accompanied me ; but I was ill enough on the road. Well, we got to Coleraine that evening, a distance of thirty-one miles. The next morning, leaning on the arm of a friend. I went to the bank, and settled all my affairs relative

to the schools. This small exertion was too much for me : I grew worse ; and last evening was obliged again to take to my bed.

"I have kept back my situation from your mother, as I could not bear to distress her ; but now I have mentioned it, though I have made as little of it as I could.

"I am laid up at Mr. M'Alwaine's, and they are all exceedingly kind to me ; but I shall get home as speedily as possible. May God for ever be with you and yours ! Your affectionate father,

"ADAM CLARKE."

The subjoined note, addressed to Mrs. Harpur, will evince the kindly feeling and grateful sentiments of Dr. Clarke for personal favours. It was addressed to that lady on the return of her husband and daughter from escorting Dr. Clarke to Coleraine :—

*June 9, 1832.*

"DEAR MRS. HARPUR,—I return you my heartiest thanks for the innumerable kindnesses which I received from you and your family while I was a helpless prisoner in your house, and for your still farther kindness in lending me your noble husband and daughter, to see me safely to this place.

"How I have got on since I left Donaghadee, you can hear from Mr. Harpur ; and you will find that I am not in much better case at Mr. M'Alwaine's than I was at your house ; and I must own that my own expectation of a speedy recovery is far from sanguine. I find that I can neither go forward nor return ; and I think so soon as I get strength enough to enable me to go on in my work, I shall use it rather in returning to the other side of the great deep ; for it would be a sad thing to be ultimately laid up so far from my family ; and yet, from a letter I received yesterday, I find that the cholera has got to Liverpool, and a universal terror has struck the hearts of the people : all have lost their confidence and courage, and consequently are more likely to receive than to resist infection.

"Now is the time for faith in God ! and where the cholera is, there faith and its object, God in Christ, are of essential consequence. For my own part, though I have suffered much, I am still suffering with but little prospect of a speedy termination ; yet my principal distress arises from my being necessarily a trouble to others. On this account, more than on any other, I pray earnestly to God to return to me in the spirit of health and mercy.

"Please to give my hearty regards to those noble ladies who treated a stranger with such unparalleled kindness : their record is above, and they have my best thanks and my prayers. Give my love to the children ; and believe me, dear Mrs. Harpur, your highly obliged and most affectionate friend and brother,

"ADAM CLARKE."



From his journal it appears that Dr. Clarke continued much indisposed; for he writes,—

“*Sunday, June 10.*—Though very ill, I have been obliged to preach here on behalf of the foreign missions, they having published for me to that effect; but the service has overpowered me.

“*June 11.*—Last night I suffered unmixed anguish, and could not rest for hours. Mr. Cromie came this morning, and wished to take me to his house at Port Stuart; but I am too feeble, and my foot and ankle are in such intense pain, that I could put on no kind of shoe. I must not venture on any more public duty till there be some certainty of my being in a proper state of convalescence. I have suffered several relapses from want of attending to what I must now call my resolution.

“*June 12.*—I am still indisposed, and incapable of proceeding on any business. I have seen two other of the schoolmasters, and agreed with them to commence the schools at nine o'clock in the morning; remit at twelve, that the children may have their dinners; commence again at two, and break up at five. They have reported to me their progress, and I find it to be respectable and satisfactory. Their hearts appear to be in their work; and they labour for the best interests of the children. They also are diligent in visiting the villages, and in exhorting and teaching the people to return to God, and to live for eternity!”

On Dr. Clarke's family learning these melancholy accounts of his continued ill health, his second son, Mr. T. S. Clarke, determined to set off for *Ireland*, to watch over his father's health, and to bring him home, so soon as he should be sufficiently restored to bear the fatigue of the journey. Accordingly, June 12, Mr. T. S. Clarke left London for Liverpool on the outside of a coach, which chanced to be unusually loaded. Taking his seat in the front, there was a deal box so placed as to prevent him sitting erect: of this inconvenience he complained, and at the next stage it was removed, and swung on the side on which Mr. T. S. Clarke was sitting. Between three and four o'clock of the next morning, on descending a steep hill near Leamington, the coach was overturned on that very side, and the whole of the passengers were thrown off, Mr. Clarke undermost, and the iron bar of the coach box pressed upon one of his legs, which would have been shattered, had it not been for the deal box mentioned above, which was filled with clothes, and thus prevented the coach from coming entirely to the ground. Mr. Clarke was conveyed to *Birmingham*, and a surgeon wrote off to his family to communicate the painful intelligence. He was much bruised, and his limb considerably injured; all proceeding on his proposed journey was at

an end, and it was a fortnight after this before he was able to return home, and several months ere he fully recovered from its ill consequences.

Dr. Clarke was not aware of his intention of joining him; but, proceeding in his journal, he says:—

“*June 13.*—I am better to-day; and if I continue to amend, I hope to ride to Port Stuart to-morrow. May I be duly sensible of the mercies of my God!

“*June 14.*—Still feeling a little better, I purposed to attempt a visit to *Port Rush* and *Port Stuart*. I set off on Mr. M'Alwaine's car, and was pretty well secured from the weather, which was still cool. I got to the place where the edifice, which is intended for a chapel and school-house, is now at the square in building, and looks well. I walked about a little, and saw some very poor miserable objects: among the rest, a well-looking girl in her teens, without a whole article upon her body, and not enough of rags to keep her from the cold. It is true she is a little weak in her intellect; but how can the genteel and well-dressed females who frequent this shore bear to see such an object! The very frequency has blunted the edge of observation, and produced a callousness of feeling which proves how easy it is to forget that such persons share a nature common to themselves; and that with the mantle of charity they should cover those forlorn persons, who, perhaps, had they their sense, would rather perish behind a rock than be exposed to every passer-by, soliciting, generally in vain, the icy hand of charity! Frequent sights of misery blunt the feelings of the human heart, and eventually destroy its delicacies. O, how I wished this girl at Coleraine, that I might have got some suitable garments for her. May it yet be in my power to help this forlorn female!

“*June 15.*—Mr. Cromie has this morning called, and informs me that he is going to set off on a trip to the Hebrides, in his yacht, accompanied by several gentlemen. He is to visit *Isla, Staffa, Mull, &c.* May he be preserved in safety! I have not been able to visit him, and I cannot wait his return, so I shall now embrace the first return of strength to return to England. May God direct and support me! Amen.

“Thus far I have had a dismal and unprofitable journey, as far as concerns myself. What strength I had I have freely expended in preaching for the missions. Accept my services, O Lord!

“A letter by this evening's post informs me that my family, learning of my indisposition, have sent off my son Theodoret to bring me home. Probably he will be here either to-day or to-morrow.”

In the intermediate period of expectation, Dr. Clarke addressed the following letter to Mrs. Clarke:—

*Coleraine, June 15, 1839.*

“MY VERY DEAR MARY,—I have just received a letter from Mrs. Tomkins, informing me that Theodoret set off on the 12th

instant from London to Liverpool. I think he will be here to-night by the Belfast mail. I cannot stand alone, I am so exceedingly weak: but I think that I am about to get better. Rest and ease of mind will do much towards my restoration. You recollect I used to praise this Coleraine society as one of the most Methodistical in all our connection; but that generation has passed away, and there is scarcely son or daughter left to light the lamp of the Lord, or to keep watch in the city by night. Order and discipline are now wanting. Preaching does not commence till eight o'clock in the evening. Want of method and order in Ireland is like the withering blast of the desert; it ruins every green thing.

"For want of manufactures, the streets and the country are full of boys and girls, from nine or ten, to fourteen or fifteen years of age, only half clothed, having nothing to do, and not desiring to do any thing. Manufactures are a blessing, independently of the means—the support of life which they produce. The discipline and order which they introduce are unnoticed restraints on immorality and vice; and O! 'Order is heaven's first law.' You cannot conceive how ruinous the want appears in all things to which its influence reaches. I think how much I owe to it: had it not been for this I should have read little, and written less: time would have hung heavily on me, and yet I should not have had enough of it for any purpose of life. As every thing should have its place, so every place should have its proper occupant; and habit and caution should go hand in hand, and, in doing their part, complete the whole discipline of our conduct.

"I cannot close this without testifying to the great kindness which is shown me in this family; but I grieve to trouble it. God reward them! Amen. Love to the children. Your affectionate husband,

ADAM CLARKE."

Resuming Dr. Clarke's journal, we find him thus writing:—

"June 16.—I have just received a letter from the Swan Hotel, Birmingham, stating that my son, on his way from London to Liverpool, was upset near Leamington, and now, bruised and wounded, is laid up at that hotel! Alas! alas! and I do not know the extent of this evil; but, unfit as I am to undertake this journey and voyage, I will set off for Belfast, and take the first vessel there for England. O may God, in his mercy, interpose in this behalf! Spare the life of my son! and give me strength for the journey and voyage before me! O what a providence is this! May God work in his mercy, and silence any irregular feelings or complaints in my soul! Show me, show me, O God, the way that I should take! O, let me not be laid up again, either by sea or by land!

"Sunday, June 17.—The chapel being near at hand, and this

being Trinity Sunday, I wished to preach on the subject, and therefore consented to do so, trusting in the strong for strength. The first lesson of the day I read over, Gen. i, and took the first five verses on which to ground my discourse. The chapel was well filled with deeply serious people; and the doctrine, though an article of their creed and faith, was enforced with arguments not before known to them. I had previously invoked the blessing of almighty God; and his presence was powerfully felt. After having stated and explained the doctrine of the trinity at large, I showed the spiritual uses of it, the relation in which they individually stood to the Father, the Son, or eternal Word, and the Holy Spirit; and how a distinct view of each served to strengthen faith, excite love, and encourage hope. The people triumphed in their salvation; and an impression was made that most probably will never be effaced.

"In the afternoon, four children were brought me to be baptized: I performed the service as I always do, according to the rites of the Church of England and Ireland, only making the parents stand in the place of sponsors. This was also a profitable time, and they seemed all to be highly gratified to have my blessing upon their offspring, which, if God give his, will be of good avail, and not else.

"June 18.—I have to-day visited Port Stuart, but my mind is exceedingly uneasy respecting my son.

"June 19.—I have to-day received several letters from my family, and one from my son John, wishing to come for me; but I have written to forbid it. Being better, I have resolved to set off, before he could arrive, for England!

"June 20.—I left *Coleraine* in an open car, on my way to *Belfast*. After a tedious journey of ten hours, we reached *Antrim*, (thirty-two miles,) and I took up my lodging with my old friend, Mr. Alexander Mackey, where I was most kindly entertained, and where I had four hours' sleep.

"June 21.—Left *Antrim* this morning about half past nine, A. M., and, after a fatiguing ride in a gig, reached *Belfast* about one o'clock, a journey of about seventeen English miles. I saw several friends, and went on board the 'Chieftain' steam-vessel, Capt. Owen, for Liverpool, and sailed at four, P. M. The day is delightful, with a smart breeze, but rather contrary. We have a good many passengers, and all hitherto appear orderly and civil.

"This is the longest day of the year: may it be auspicious, and may God send us his especial blessing! Passing by *Donaghadee* at seven o'clock, I held out my pocket handkerchief from the quarter deck, but could not discern any countersign from my friends on shore.

"June 22.—The whole night has been an inundation of rain, and the wind became right ahead. The morning dismal and wet; but at ten o'clock it cleared up: the wind blew in our favour: we spread all our canvass, and arrived at Liverpool

Wm. J. Lin. "Rev Alex. Mackey. Antrim.

pier at three o'clock, P. M. I crossed the Mersey, and got to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Forshaw's, about four o'clock, very much fatigued, so that I could scarcely stand. On the way I received a letter from my son Theodore, stating that, though still confined to the inn at Birmingham, he can go about with a crutch and stick, and purposes soon to set out for London.

"June 23.—Here I am, laid up at my friends'.

"Sabbath, June 24.—My disorder is increasing. I had entertained hopes of being able to have preached to-day; but now all is over: I can neither walk nor stand. May God give me submission and patience!

"I have taken up Bishop Bull's works, and read his sermon on 2 Tim. iv, 13, *The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring, and the books, especially the parchments.* The learned bishop maintains first, 'that the cloak, *τον φαλκην*, is the same as the *Penulam*, from which word it is taken, and signifies a cloak or upper garment, such as travellers use to defend themselves from the cold or bad weather; secondly, That the books do not mean the sacred writings of the Old Testament, because these were to be had in all the Christian churches, being read constantly in their assemblies, so that the apostles needed not to send so far as from *Rome* to *Troas*, to bring them to the former place.' But is this argument of the learned bishop's of sufficient weight? Supposing I had happened, in taking my journey mentioned in the preceding pages, to have left my pocket Bible in London; should it be wondered at, if, on hearing of a friend following me to Ireland, I had begged him to bring my Bible with him, though I knew that there were copies of the Sacred Writings at every place where I touched, as well as in those where I preached? Again: Might not St. Paul have a copy of the Law and Prophets in Hebrew, or a particular copy of the Greek version of the Septuagint, which had been made about 300 years before, in which he might have had his own marks, or remarks, either in the body of those books, or in the margins, to which there might be a strong necessity to refer; though copies of the texts might be found in all the places where there was a Jewish synagogue, or Christian assembly or church? This argument of the learned bishop's has no weight, and he produces no other hypothesis for its support. Thirdly, He then tells us what he supposes the books to be, viz., books of Jewish learning, written by men of renown, such as *Gamaliel*, at whose feet St. Paul studied, which related to the mysteries of that religion, all which books might have been since destroyed by the Jews, because they seemed to favour the Christian cause; and books of history where the apostles get the names of *Jannes* and *Jambres*; and he might have had books such as those of *Philo*, where a kind of cabalistical philosophy was taught, such as that to which the apostle alludes when he spiritualizes the rock

of which the Israelites in the wilderness drank; and all this the bishop supports by certain expressions which he collects out of *Philo*; but, on the whole, he thinks they were books of Grecian learning, such as the poets, and especially those to whom he refers, and whom he quotes: such as Aratus, quoted Acts xvii, 28; Epimenides, quoted Titus, chap. i, verse 12; Menander, quoted 1 Cor. xv, 33; the epistles of Heraclitus the Ephesian, and some other writings of the Platonists. Fourthly, The *parchments*, *rac μυσταρας*, another Latin word *græcised*, the bishop supposed to have been St. Paul's adversaria, or common-place book, in which he had written down what he had observed as worthy of notice in the reading of the Old Testament, or the books already noted.

"The bishop makes some good remarks on the poverty of the apostles, and the necessity of Christian ministers cultivating their own minds; for if St. Paul, who was an inspired apostle, needed such books and parchments as above, how much more others, who have no direct inspiration to depend upon, should labour both by reading the Scriptures, and other good and learned books, to qualify them for the work of the ministry. Nor has the good bishop forgotten prayer and piety. Bishop Bull was born in St. Cuthbert's parish, Wells, March 25, 1634, was brought up at Blundel's school, Tiverton, entered Exeter college, Oxford, and had for a friend and patron *Prideaux*, bishop of Worcester, who, through the civil wars, got almost nothing from his bishopric, and died poor, in 1650, leaving no other legacy to his children, (as his will expresses it,) 'but pious poverty, God's blessing, and a father's prayers.'

"Mr. Bull was converted to God through the instrumentality of his sister, who is represented as an incomparable woman, 'who, by the strength of her reason, exposed the folly of his worldly attachments; by the frequency of her admonitions prevailed upon him to consider the weight of what she advanced; by her affectionate manner she made a deep impression on his mind; and by the ardour and fervour of her prayers, she prevailed for such a supply of divine grace as enabled him to forsake them;' i. e. his youthful vanities. This is the account given of this business by Mr. Robert Nelson, the writer of his life. Bishop Bull died February 17, 1700, aged 75.

"June 25.—I have had a day and night of pain and anguish, and no rest. The swelling and pain in my feet are increased to a very high degree: I am totally unfit to travel, or to be removed: what is my ailment I cannot exactly say: some think it is the gout: if so, it is the first I have had, and now I am in my seventy-second or seventy-third year. Nor have I heard that any of my ancestors ever had such a disease, and most certainly none of my family ever had it.

"June 26.—To-day I am better; and I hope by taking a little medicine, that my present indisposition will shortly be removed.

"I heard the following case related to-day by a lady of credit:—A wicked little boy stole a pen-knife, and to avoid discovery, sold it to a little black. The knife was missed, and the thief detected; but the knife was not found on him, but was traced to the negro boy: the stolen property being found on him, he was taken before the owner and was interrogated. 'How came you by this knife?' 'Massa, me bought knife.' 'From whom did you buy it?' 'Me bought he from Jim, massa: me no tell lie.' 'But did you not know the knife was stolen?' 'Me bought pickaninny knife from Jim, me tink he stolen, me no tell lie.' 'Well, you little rascal, you must be punished, you shall be flogged for your wickedness.' 'Why, massa, me bought pickaninny knife.' 'But you knew that it was stolen.' 'But me no steal he, massa.' 'But you bought it from Jim, though you knew he had stolen it.' 'Yes, massa, but was dat wrong, massa!—I poor black boy: white man come to my contra, stole poor nigger boy from my fada and modra, brought I over great worra from my contra, and sold I to white man, who knew torra white man stole me poor black boy: what den be done to white man who bought me from torra white man who stole me; and white man who bought me know torra white man stole me, what den be done to dis white man? He no floggy, massa!'

"The owner would of course give the black boy a reprimand, but could not convict, with such an unpunished parallel before him. Stealing a pickaninny knife was a sin against the laws of property; but stealing and selling the bodies of men, women, and children, is a sin against all the laws of God and man!

"*Oakfield, June 27.*—The weather being fine and warm, I have been able to walk a little; but I am as weak as a child, and have little power to move my limbs, but through mercy I have little pain, though much uneasiness. The news from Liverpool is very dismal: cholera cases are increasing, and the inhabitants are afraid to go out of their houses for fear of catching the disorder: business is nearly at a stand, for scarcely any person will enter the town from the country through the same terror. May God take care of my friends and myself: I have not strength to fly from the plague: I resign myself to the Sovereign of heaven and earth; he can keep me from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, as well as the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

"*June 28.*—The cholera continues on the increase; forty-nine cases to-day, and a third ship with emigrants has put back with the cholera on board: the distress is said to be very wretched. Mr. Bunting and Mr. Comer came over to Oakfield to dinner: they wish to persuade me to stop for the approaching conference; and, indeed, in reference to the Shetland Islands it may be necessary, as I can get the promise of no preacher to go over, and four are wanted. We had a good deal of con-

versation respecting the uneducated state of Ireland : we were decidedly against the government plan of leaving the Bible out of the schools, which is proposed merely to please and conciliate the Roman Catholics : to it in no form shall I ever agree : there shall be the whole Bible in all the schools in which I am concerned. I believe government are sincere, but they are greatly deceived.

"June 29.—I have just sent and taken my place for Worcester to-morrow : may God give me strength for the journey, and safety in the way. *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum !*

"Saturday, June 30.—I set off from Oakfield this morning to Birkenhead, to enter the coach for Worcester. In leaving Liverpool I thought I had left the cholera behind me ; but when I came to Chester I found it had got there before me : we drove on to Wrexham, and there also was the cholera. My lame foot I wrapped in a wad of straw ; it soon got very warm, and continued so the whole day, consequently the intense jaculating pain was prevented, and I was comparatively easy the whole passage ; but I was exhausted and greatly fatigued before I got to Worcester, where, through mercy, I arrived about five o'clock, and meeting my son-in-law, Mr. James Rowley, I was led to his house, where I hope, for a day or two, to have some rest and some ease.

"*'July the first, is a morning clear.'*—The memorable day of the battle of the Boyne, fought between James, the abdicated king of Great Britain, and his son-in-law, William, prince of Orange, whom the chiefs of our kingdom had invited over to take the reins of government. James, having procured assistance from France, made a stand in Ireland. William had in his army a number of French refugees, who had taken shelter in Holland from the massacre that followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, about five years before this : these refugees were led on by the illustrious Duke Schomberg. James and his army had passed the Boyne, and possessed the best situation on that side : multitudes of the French were in the army of King James, under the command of Marshal Rosene. As Duke Schomberg was just about to enter in order to pass the river to attack the enemy, he exclaimed, pointing to the enemy posted on the opposite bank, *Messieurs, voilà vos Persecuteurs !* The troops dashed into the water, were opposed by the Irish army, but bore down all before them ; but, hastily firing, shot their own heroic leader through the neck, who fell into the river : this for a moment disheartened his troops, but they rallied ; and the other troops, with the prince at their head, charged the Irish everywhere, who at last, after a brave, but short resistance, fled, and left the prince of Orange master of the field. When the news first reached the prince of the death of the Duke Schomberg, and the consequent disheartening of



the troops, he is said to have addressed them to the following effect : (this rhyming ballad seems to have been penned by one who was himself in the action :)—

'He said, My men, be not dismay'd  
At the loss of your commander ;  
For God will be your king this day,  
And I'll be general under

"King James chose a position to view and direct the battle on the opposite hill, and when he saw the horse, which had been bravely led on by Lord Hamilton, were defeated, and his lordship taken prisoner, he at once gave up the battle for lost, and cried out, 'It is over and done.' From this expression of the king's the hill is called Overdone Hill to the present day !

"July 2.—Left Worcester this morning at six ; I had an intelligent gentleman in the coach with me. Reached Uxbridge at half past five, but not being able to procure a post chaise, I was obliged to take a pony chaise, without apron or covering. Leaving the hot coach in my circumstances, and becoming thus exposed to the evening air, I have had, in consequence, a return of pain : I however got home, and, thank God, found my family who are here well, my son Theodoret much recovered, and the rest all in good health.

"Thus terminates a journey remarkable for affliction, disappointment, and suffering. I went over to Ireland to work ;—I could do nothing, being called to suffer. My soul, hast thou learned any good lesson ? Yes.

"What is it ! It is this : that I have now such evidences of old age as I never had before ; yet I believe my understanding is as clear, and my judgment as sound as ever ! But, during my late detention and sufferings, have I repined against God or his providence ?—felt that my lot was hard, and that I was not permitted by him to do that work which was merely for his glory ? No, I was only disappointed, and I endured the mortification without a murmur. I was merely afflicted, but I was enabled to bow my neck to his yoke, or lie at his footstool. I believe I felt that he was doing all things well ; that I was safe in his hands, and therefore I could say, and did often repeat, that commendatory petition frequent among our pious forefathers—*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*, Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit.

"The cholera was before me, behind me, around about me, but I was preserved from all dread. I trusted in the sacrificial death of Jesus ; no trust is higher ; and none lower can answer the end : therefore I was not divided between two opinions or two creeds. If Christianity be not true, there is no religion upon earth, for no other religion is worth a rush to man's salvation ; if we have not redemption in Jesus, there is no other

Saviour! If not justified through his blood, and sanctified by his Spirit, there is no final happiness. Here is the *Reductio ad absurdum*; for God must have intended the salvation and happiness of man! But there is a Christ, there is redemption through his blood: I have this redemption, and I am waiting for the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Jesus.

"I feel a simple heart: the prayers of my childhood are yet precious to me, and the simple hymns which I sung when a child I sing now with unction and delight; *Εμοι γαρ το ζην. Χριστος και το αποθανειν, κερδος*, Phil. i, 21. *Γηρασκει σε, πολλη διδασκουμενος*."

"May I live to thee, die in thee, and be with thee to all eternity. Amen.

ADAM CLARKE."

The following detail of the six Irish schools referred to in the preceding journal will be interesting to the reader:—

*State of the Schools in the Coleraine Circuit, delivered to me by the masters, June 18, 1832.*

#### I.—Diamond, or Gorrán School.

"George Hughson, master.—Alphabet 21, spelling 29, reading 67, writing 22, arithmetic 7. Of the above 62 are females, 84 are males; only three Roman Catholics: the district is almost wholly Protestant. Here is also a good Sunday school of about one hundred, well attended; and of the 146 on the roll, 134 are regular in their attendance. Total in this school 146.

#### II.—Port Rush School.

"James Devers, master.—Alphabet 8, spelling 22, reading 18, writing 14, arithmetic 12. The school-house, which will serve for a chapel, is now in building: the place at present occupied is too small: in the fine weather several children sit out of doors: they are all remarkably well behaved, and make great progress in learning. Average attendance 74. Total in this school 100.

#### III.—Protisk School.

"George Kevan, master.—Alphabet 10, spelling 34, reading 47, writing 12, arithmetic 3. Of the above 50 are Roman Catholics; 26 are in a religious class, six of whom are Roman Catholics, the whole deeply serious, profiting both in learning and in religious knowledge and feeling. There is besides, under the care of the same master, a Sunday school of 120 children, having nine teachers, two of whom (young women) are

**Roman Catholics.** Both teachers and scholars are delighted with their work, and rejoice in getting forward in religion and learning. Total in this school 106.

#### IV.—*Billy School.*

"*Joseph Devers*, master.—Alphabet 30, spelling 39, (including reading,) writing 29, arithmetic 8: making 106, of whom 60 are females, and 46 males. Here a school-house is much wanted, and the inhabitants are about to build one. Average attendance is from 60 to 80. Total in this school 106.

#### V.—*Lyssan School.*

"*David M'Curdy*, master.—Alphabet 8, spelling 37, reading 31, arithmetic 6, writing 15, English grammar 2. Of the preceding number 40 are Roman Catholics: these improve rapidly, and in no respects are the Catholics inferior to the Protestants; there is a remarkable attachment subsisting between the master and his scholars. Total in this school 99

#### VI.—*Cashel School.*

"*William Read*, master.—Alphabet 9, spelling 42, spelling-book readers 17, Bible readers 16, Testament readers 14, writing and book-keeping 2, fellowship and English grammar 2, working small sums and writing 5, ditto with grammar and writing 2. Gross number on the roll 109; 7 of whom are Roman Catholics. The whole number composed of 42 females and 67 males. Average attendance 84. There is also a large Sunday school, but not entirely under our superintendence; but this subject is under consideration. Total number in this school 109. Whole number in the schools 666.

"In all the schools the sacred writings, Bible and Testament, are fully introduced; but no catechism taught in the schools, the *Conference Catechism* being learned at home with the consent of the parents, both Protestants and Roman Catholics. Sunday schools are not reckoned."

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This account Dr. Clarke transmitted to his friend, the first suggester of these Irish schools, upon his return from Ireland accompanied by the following letter to the same lady:—

*Pinner, Middlesex, July 19, 1839.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I went over to Ireland to visit and help the schools. There I was laid up by severe affliction, first at *Donaghadee*, and next at *Coleraine*, for several weeks. All the teachers came to me and brought a conscientious account

of the state of each school, out of which I have drawn up the preceding report and statement. Great good is done,—great good is being done,—and great good will be done. Could this account be compared with their state when they first came under our care, the progress, moral and literary, would be surprising. God is working, and I am satisfied no man will move a straw against us. The Bible and Testament are universally read; nor have the Catholics made the slightest objection. They seem to delight to see their children profit so much. I am quite willing to give up these schools to the mission, if they will carry them on in the same way; and then, in the name of God, set out and raise up more. Many are called for. Though it is long since I have had any account from yourself, yet I hope that God has blessed you with renewed health. Ever yours affectionately,  
**ADAM CLARKE.**"

In the earlier history of the life of Dr. Clarke, it had been remarked that in the year 1790 he had founded "The Strangers' Friend Society in Dublin." In the annual report of that institution for 1832 there is the following notice of that event, couched in terms highly creditable to the society, and to its venerable founder.

The subjoined is the extract in question:—

"That great and distinguished individual, Dr. ADAM CLARKE, was the founder of 'The Strangers' Friend Society,' and while resident in our city was among its regular visitors. Though his fame be as imperishable as his excellences and his works, it is not the least of his honours, that his name is associated with the friends of the poor, and shall be handed down to posterity, linked with the existence and character of 'The Strangers' Friend Society.'

"The following passage," continues the same report, "from a letter of Dr. Clarke's, addressed to the treasurer, contains his own testimony of the estimate which he formed of the value of the institution:—

*Millbrook, near Liverpool, Aug. 9, 1831.*

"I believe no society has ever done more good, and no society was ever more popular than this; and had I been the means of doing no other good among men than being the original institutor of 'The Strangers' Friend Society,' I should have reason to thank God that I was ever born, and to praise him for ever that he had thus condescended to use me. I need scarcely add that the first society with this name was formed by me among the Methodists at the Methodist chapel, Whitefriar-street, *Dublin*, in the year 1790. I most earnestly hope that 'The Strangers' Friend Society' which I formed in Dublin, and of which I was myself one of the regular visitors, will continue

and flourish while there is real Methodism in the city, benevolence in its citizens, and a stranger in distress to meet the eye of their mercy!"

Upon Dr. Clarke's arrival at home from Ireland, the alteration in his appearance was remarked with deep solicitude by his family, and the prostration of his strength he himself frequently dwelt upon, but chiefly in reference to his fear of being incapacitated to labour for God and man. One of his daughters having gone over to Haydon Hall to see her father upon his return, he said, "See, Mary, how the strong man has bowed himself, for strong he was, but it is God who has brought down, and he can raise up; he still owns the word which I preach; he still continues my influence among the people, and hence it is plain he has yet other work for me to do. I have never fallen out with life, but I have often fallen out with myself, because I have not spent it better: to remedy this, I should be glad, with my present knowledge and experience, to live life over again. I do not admire the thought that

Life does little more supply  
Than just to look about us, and to die.'

This sentiment, practically regarded, would be the creed of the sluggard and the coward. No, there is in life much to be done, much to be learned, and much to be suffered: we should live in time in reference to eternity. This I know, God's mercy has had a great deal to do to bring us thus far; it will have more to do to bring us to the verge of the eternal world; and it will have most of all to bring us to glory!"

On his daughter's remarking, "Father, I wish you would again preach, as you did some years ago at the City Road, on the subject of the vision of Nebuchadnezzar, as interpreted by *Daniel*, ii, 31-35, 'Thou, O king, sawest, and behold a great image: this great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee; and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay. Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet, that was of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them: and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth.'" To this Dr. Clarke replied, "I have not even a note of that sermon, but I well remember preaching it." On his daughter remarking, "Father, how was it possible for you to have got through such a sermon

without the slightest note for date of periods of empires, or for their geographic situation?" He replied, "Mary, I had the whole before me as clear as noon day : I felt as if I was standing on the world, not in it ; it was all spread before the eye of my mind, I saw it all, and therefore I could describe it all." On its being subjoined, "Then I should imagine, father, by the power of your description, that you saw also 'the stone cut out without hands ;'" he answered with energy, "Yes, Mary, I felt, while I was dwelling on the power of God, and on his mercy, as revealed in Christ for the salvation of man, as if I was taking hold of the pillars of eternity, and on them I hung the truth of God, which never can be shaken, and his mercy which it declared, and which can never know an end."

Those who heard the discourse alluded to will remember the uncommon power and energy of spirit and mind which it displayed. On this, and on many other occasions, he did indeed appear to have entered into the holy place, and from the tabernacle of the Most High to have taken counsel of the Lord for man ; it was impossible to resist the Spirit by which he spoke ; it commanded attention, it forced open the doors of the heart. Though the discourse was one of great labour, his mind evidently at once plunged into the subject, and though, by his mode of treating it, it required vast recollection of the relative geographic situations and political circumstances of the various empires and states to which the subject referred, yet he faltered not for a moment, but appeared what he was, complete master of the whole ! Nor will it be forgotten, by those who had the privilege of hearing that sermon, with what power his words were clothed, with what unction his spirit was animated, when he came to describe "the stone cut out without hands." The sermon occupied nearly two hours in delivery, and during the whole time his energy remained unabated.

Discoursing generally, Dr. Clarke remarked, "God ever requires us to do justly : this, as it refers to affairs of business, means, give proper weight ; that is, let your balance be perfectly even : do not give too much, or you are unjust to yourself ; nor the least too little, or you are unjust to your neighbour. As to liberality in business, there is no such thing required. 1st. Because, by its occasional or general practice you may so injure your own interest, as on another occasion to render it scarcely possible to do what God ever requires—justly by all, to ourselves as well as to our neighbours ; let every one give all he can in acts of benevolence, and in order to do this he should act justly to his neighbour, in order to ensure God's blessing upon his property ; justly to himself, that by this means he may have it in his power to communicate of the fair returns of lawful increase. The commands of God to man are all founded in justice and reason, and the injunctions are suited to our individual and relative connection to each other, and to society at large "

In the course of the evening Dr. Clarke remarked, addressing Mrs. Clarke, "I think, Mary, I shall be obliged to go to Liverpool to the conference." To which she replied, "Surely you will not think of it; you are but lately returned from too much labour; you will not spare yourself, and as you have not strength for more labour, God does not require you to work; while you had the power you know I never selfishly withheld you; but in your present state of health, indeed you must not leave home." To this affectionate expostulation, Dr. Clarke answered, "I know, Mary, you never grudged me in my duty and work, and I think, with you, that I am scarcely fit to go; but I have duties yet to perform in reference to Shetland and the Irish schools; and, besides, I earnestly wish to leave my testimony for God and Methodism once more in the midst of my brethren."

Agreeably to this intention, writing to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Forshaw, in July, he says,—“My son Theodoret can yet only walk with a staff: see what disasters were concatenated with my last poor journey to Ireland! And can I, think you, after my late prostration of strength, and loss of physical power, attempt another journey either to Liverpool or Ireland! To answer this, I must first say, my natural courage was always as great as I needed, and in very few incidents in my long life has it ever totally deserted me: I think it still unbroken. *Ergo*, I may see Liverpool even at conference, were it only on the ground that Mr. Bunting recommended it, ‘for the sake of getting proper preachers appointed for Shetland, but this is in the *Eternitas a parte ante*, though not far from *that* which will soon be *a parte post*.”

On the 19th of July Dr. Clarke left Haydon Hall on his way for Liverpool, and on the 21st, writing to his eldest son, he says:—

“MY VERY DEAR JOHN,—I had but one passenger in the coach with me, and he got out after the first sixty miles, so all the remainder of the way to Liverpool I was alone, and able to accommodate my leg in any direction. But I am apparently come into the very jaws of the cholera. Mr. Comer’s servant and his wife have both had an attack, but are recovered. Their cousin came to Liverpool seeking work, went to their house, took it, and was dead in a few hours. Miss Swainson, who kept our charity school, in Brunswick chapel, took it last Sunday, and died in the course of the day. Her sister, Mrs. Meadows, of Aintree, came in to attend upon her, which she did till she died, and then returned: on her way home she was seized with the cholera, at Kirkdale, put into some carriage, was taken to her own house, and was dead before twelve at night. So I am come almost into the fangs of this ruthless disorder. I feel no alarm: to be ever solicitous would answer

no good end. I write merely to tell you all that I am safe I am, my very dear John, your ever affectionate father,

"ADAM CLARKE."

Absence from home, under such circumstances, could not but be a matter of anxious solicitude to his family; but to one or other member of it he daily sent a letter stating his safety.

Writing to Mrs. Clarke, he says,—

*July 28, 1832.*

"MY VERY DEAR MARY,—I have been very poorly, and yesterday was so ill that Mr. Comer would call in Mr. Surgeon Hensman: a distressing cough obliged me to leave the conference, and take to my room at an early hour: notwithstanding my state was pretty well known to the brethren, they took the advantage of my absence to come to a vote that I should preach before the conference in place of the ex-president: this was passed unanimously, and the president, ex-president, Mr. Bunting, &c., came to Mr. Comer's to announce it to me. I refused, saying that, conscientiously, I was not able: this morning they have got the vote repeated, and the president being obliged to go to the revival of the stations, I was placed in the chair, and continued in it till the sittings closed.

"Yesterday I delivered up the Shetland mission to the conference, and it is to be received into the missions, I gave up also the £3,000 of my trustship for the Shetlands, which I hold under Mr. Scott's will, and the £400, which I have from the Hon. Sophia Ward. I have offered also the Irish schools, which I believe will be received. Mr. Clough and Mr. Joseph Taylor are with me here, so that I feel, in every respect, much at home. If I am able to get through to-morrow's preaching, I will let you know. I am, my very dear Mary, your affectionate husband,

ADAM CLARKE."

Writing to one of his daughters, he says:—

*July 31, 1832.*

"MY VERY DEAR MARY ANN,—I left you with your mother, but I suppose you are by this time returned home, and so I send a line to assure you that I am alive. We are getting on with the conference work well, but we regret to hear of the death of our friend and brother, Mr. Storry; he was a holy man, and full of the blessing of the gospel of peace: wherever he went as a preacher, the blessing of God accompanied his word, and the hearts of the people were with him: and his relative, honest George Scarlet, too, is dead: I have known his upright walk for very many years; they soon followed each other into the paradise of God! I have had much conversation about the six Irish schools: their wants, as well as their utility, are almost ever present to my mind. I have received a letter from one of our preachers, Mr. Nelson, who has taken much interest in the



**schools, part of which I will extract for you : he says, 'I forgot to tell you, when I last had the pleasure of seeing you, that there are some poor boys in the schools who greatly assist the masters, and for whom if you could get a few remnants of cloth to make some clothes for them, you would not only encourage them, but stir up others to prepare to assist when these have gone from the schools. I will just mention one boy in Prolisk school : his parents are so poor that they could give him no education : before the Prolisk school was established he went three miles every Sabbath to a Sunday school, and there learned to read : after Prolisk school was opened he went there, and has attended ever since ; and he made such rapid progress that he now assists the master, and is still going on improving himself. I believe he is truly converted to God, and striving to bring his companions to an acquaintance with the Lord who bought them. Now, Dr. Clarke, if you could see this poor fellow who is half naked, walking up and down the school-house, watching the children, and diligently here and there teaching, I am sure you would soon get him some clothing. Giving some articles of dress to those who assist, can give no offence to those who do nothing. I could mention other cases, but it is not necessary. The establishment of these schools is one of the very best things God ever enabled you to do for Ireland !'—Now go to, Mary, we must get some clothing to put on these school assistants : I cannot bear the thought of their being half naked while striving to benefit others.**

**"I keep as close to the conference as possible, and go limping on my staff to Brunswick chapel and back to my lodging, in the Garden of Cucumbers. Poor Mr. Hensman comes frequently to the chapel to examine my state, and does all he can to keep off from me 'the fiery dart of death.' Several of the preachers have been indisposed, but I trust we shall return with our ranks unbroken. To-day I am finally set down supernumerary for Windsor, with this, 'N. B. Though Dr Clarke is set down supernumerary for Windsor, he is not bound to that circuit ; but is most respectfully and affectionately requested to visit all parts of our connection, and labour according to his strength and convenience.' So I have got a roving commission.**

**'The world is all before me where to fix,  
And Providence my guide.'**

**"I must go to help your brother Joseph at his important Frome meeting, if I can. I set off to-morrow to Reddish House, at the earnest request of our excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Smith ; and from thence I purpose going to see your sister Rowley, and after that to Frome. Your affectionate father,**

**ADAM CLARKE "**

That Dr. Clarke did fulfil his intention, appears from the following letter, addressed to Mrs. Clarke :—

*Frome, August 9, 1832.*

"MY VERY DEAR MARY,—I believe that I told you I was obliged to preach before the conference on last Sabbath morning, and a glorious time it was : many of the preachers appeared greatly affected. I went over the water to dine, and remained there all night : I set off the next morning from our friends, the Forshaws, and got to Worcester in twelve hours. The Rowleys were well, and the cholera within a few doors of them. I got some sleep, rose in time and set off for Bath, and the next day proceeded to Frome, where I found Matilda and the child well, and Joseph full of anxiety and labours preparing for to-day's meeting.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I suppose I must preach at Bristol on the 19th, Mr. Joseph Taylor having published me to that effect. This constant travelling and labour, confinement in the conference, &c., greatly fatigue me, and almost every day I am expecting to be knocked up : never was my mind more vigorous, and never my body so near sinking. All here have taken me by the hand : I may live long on invitations. My love to all. I am your very affectionate husband,

ADAM CLARKE."

On August 9, Dr. Clarke attended the public meeting at Frome, and on the following Sabbath preached in behalf of the charity in the Wesleyan chapel, as appears from the following letter to one of his daughters :—

*Weston, Super Mare, Aug. 14, 1832.*

"MY VERY DEAR MARY ANN,—You may wonder to find me here, and I wonder to find myself here. I may tell you a little, but I must do it in order. I have given you some information relative to our operations at Frome on the 9th ; and you had some from Matilda. Give me leave to make a reflection : What is your brother ? Nothing farther than the curate of a vicar ! When you consider his amazing plan to visit the thirteen thousand persons that constitute the population of Frome, and relieving and instructing all those who should be found to need instruction and relief, you may call it Quixotish. When you consider his having penetrated into every lane and alley, and court, &c., and accurately divided it into fifty-three districts ; and when you consider his having gone into every house of all sects and parties ; and prevailed upon a sufficient number to occupy those fifty-three districts as visitors,—you may judge this to be a task Herculean ; and when you farther consider that this young man, without patronage, but by his own moral weight, has projected and established such a work ; and when you add

to this that he was capable of bringing forward to the assistance of an institution that was calculated for the bodily relief and salvation merely of the poor, all the constituted authorities of the place,—the marquis of Bath, the earl of Cork, the lord bishop of the diocese, the county representatives, the clergy, &c., you may well be astonished. I do think there was not an individual in the county that would have produced such an effect beside himself; and I do also think that he could not have produced it, had not God been with him. And then, look at the first effect of this mighty movement, not only in the £160 which were collected then and there, but in the wonderful impression that was made on the minds of all classes.

"Frome continues to wonder still, and to cry out, 'Surely such a day was never seen in Frome! such a fine meeting! such noble effects!—Well, such were the doings and feelings among the great; but it was reserved for me to witness the effects of the same principle among the poor. I was desired to preach among the Methodists the first sermon in behalf of this institution. Sunday morning, the 12th, was the time appointed. I went to the chapel, and it is the largest in Frome. The hundreds of the poor filled it both above and below. I had power in explaining and applying Acts xiv, 22. There was a universally gracious feeling.

"The collection, though apparently small, (for the rich had come forward on Thursday, and given of their abundance,) was noble. Now, look how £15 was contributed by the poor:—

"One half sovereign, 10s.; in half crowns, £1 7s. 6d.; in shillings, £4 11s.; in sixpences, £5 2s.; in penny pieces, £1 9s.; in halfpence, £2 1s. 2d.; one farthing,  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. Total, £15 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. Behold, then, the contributions of the poor!

"A circumstance that occurred just before I left the vicarage to go to the chapel, will be felt by my children. The servant came up stairs, and said that a countryman named Hartford was below, desiring to see me. You have heard of my preaching at Road fifty years ago, when several young persons were convinced of sin, to thirteen of whom I gave notices of admission next morning.

"I went down, and the man who was waiting was quite confounded, and did not know what to say, or how to behave! In my free way I took him by the hand: he said, 'What, be this he! the tidy little boy, that fifty years ago, myself and many other young ones went all about the country to see and hear, under whom I and several others were convinced of sin, and, by the grace of God, continue to this day!' Yes, I said, this is the form into which the labour, wear, and tear of fifty years have thrown that quondam little boy. I then briefly related the circumstances of that night, and some of the following days, &c. I asked how many were still alive of those whom I then admitted. He said, 'Ten were dead long ago; but himself, Lucas,

and Miss Perkins, now Mrs. Whitaker, remained, and that the good had gone on and increased from that day to this.' N. B. When I received my commission from God, these words were contained in it: *I have ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain*, John xv, 16.

"To go on and conclude; Joseph, his wife, and children were to set off for Weston to visit their mother, Mrs. Brooke, who is there with her daughter, Mrs. William Cave, and her children. They wished me to accompany them. They were to go half way in a fly, and be met at Wells by Mrs. Brooke's carriage. We came accordingly. I have taken cold on the road, and have got a rheumatic affection under my right shoulder that does not permit me to breathe but with considerable pain. I am lodging with Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, with whom I am received kindly, as usual. As I am so poorly, I shall soon set off for Bristol. I am to preach at *Westbury* on Sunday morning. I shall then return, and on Monday or Tuesday steer for London. I have to make a collection at Bayswater, and, I think, the Sunday after that at Wilderness Row; so your brother Theodore determines for me. I have heard nothing from home for many days. You may tell Mrs. Brooke's mother Mrs. Robly, that she and her two daughters are here, with all their children, full of health and spirits, and are riding on asses, and sporting with the sea.

"I am, my very dear Mary Ann, with love to Mr. S., and all your family, your affectionate father,

"ADAM CLARKE."

From Frome Dr. Clarke, agreeably with his intention, set off with his son and family to *Weston, super Mare*, where he took up his abode with his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, of Bristol, who were also there at the time, for the benefit of the sea air. On the following Sabbath, August 19, Dr. Clarke had engaged to preach at *Westbury*, near Bristol.

An account of this visit to *Westbury* is thus detailed in a letter to Dr. Clarke's son-in-law, Richard Smith, Esq., by a gentleman of the name of Griffiths, who happened to be at Bristol at the time; and who, having a high personal regard and veneration for Dr. Clarke, had gone over to *Westbury* in order to hear him preach. The letter referred to is as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—It is an occurrence of high gratification to me, that I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Adam Clarke preach at *Westbury*, on Sunday morning, August 19. The doctor took his text from 1 Tim. i, 16, *This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners*. From the commencement of the service the doctor was particularly animated. To me there is every charm in the cheering energy and intonation of his voice, in giving out

the hymns; and this never struck me more forcibly than on this occasion; for, with striking emphasis he gave out that hymn commencing with

‘Ye thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear,  
And take, through his blood, a power to draw near;  
His kind invitation ye sinners embrace,  
Accepting salvation, salvation by grace.’

“The congregation was crowded, and the people sung with great animation, apparently responding to the warm feelings of the doctor’s heart, as displayed in his voice and manner. While exhorting his auditory to ‘accept of the salvation offered to them in the text, and which was urged upon them by his messenger that morning; in charging them to attend to the solemn truths he had delivered,’ he was exceedingly zealous in his manner, and then made an especial allusion to the cholera,—describing it ‘as a mighty scourge in the hand of Jehovah, and a judgment which should awaken all men to flee to God through Christ, as their only safety and sure refuge.’ When the service was ended he retired into the vestry, and several of his friends, together with his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Exley, of Bristol, followed. I was about to do the same, when I perceived him making his way through the congregation, in order to leave the chapel. Having reached the door, Mr. Thomas Wright, of Bristol, requested him to wait until he brought his chaise from the inn: the doctor replied, ‘No, he would walk on,’ which he accordingly did, leaning upon my arm. He very kindly inquired after the welfare of my wife, whom he had known for many years, and then made several remarks on the congregation, the place, and the neighbourhood. Upon my adverting to his leaving many of his friends behind, he said, ‘This has ever been the case with me: if I had always accommodated myself to other people, I should never have accomplished what I have done. I cannot lose time, though by it I had gained the character of being a very good-natured fellow; for it might have been added, I was as harmless as a chicken, and as fruitless as an oyster.’ Dr. Clarke then spoke of his habits and pursuits through life; then changing the topic of conversation, he referred to his new supernumerary appointment, observing, ‘The conference have given me plenty of work, and a roving commission; I am going to begin it next Sunday, by preaching at Bayswater, for the chapel, and the Sabbath following at Wilderness Row; and I have promised Mr. Beaumont that I will preach for him in the Southwalk circuit; so I am in no want of work.’

“The venerable doctor then inquired particularly respecting the late Rev. John Storry’s death; and asked me if he died of ‘Asiatic cholera.’ I told him the medical gentlemen reported it as such. He thereupon made particular inquiries as to the time of his being taken, the mode of the attack, how long he

suffered, and if severely, &c. Dr. Clarke knew I had been with Mr. Storry at the time of his death, and I gave him accurate information on all these points. He then made kind inquiries respecting Mrs. Storry. At this time we were drawing near to the opening of the Down, which lies between *Westbury* and *Bristol*, and he then began walking slower, observing, 'I have no wish to walk beyond these trees and grounds that shelter the road; having been warm in preaching, I should feel the wind cold upon the Down.' Some of his friends then coming up, and the chaise arriving, Dr. Clarke shook hands with me, bade God bless me, and proceeded on his way to *Bristol*.

"Thus, dear sir, terminated my short interview, the only one with which I was ever privileged to be alone with the benevolent, and warm-hearted, and truly apostolic Dr. ADAM CLARKE. I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"H. R. GRIFFITHS."

On the following day Dr. Clarke left Bristol for Bath, on arriving at which city he wrote the following note to his friend Mrs. Tomkins :—

*Bath, August 20, 1832.*

"DEAR MRS. TOMKINS :—I have nearly finished my work in these parts, and must get home as fast as I can. I have to preach the anniversary sermon at Bayswater, next Lord's day, and that at Wilderness Row the Sabbath after. I have had some hard work hereabouts, but it has been owned of the Almighty, though far from being well. I have had either incessant work and travelling, or confinement and suffering, for nearly four months, and now I should have rest; but that I doubt is yet far from me.

"A few days ago my wife sent me an extract from a letter which had been sent me from Shetland, giving an account of a most calamitous event: a terrible storm at sea has fallen upon the poor fishing-boats; about thirty boats, each containing five or six men, are supposed to have perished; many Methodists were in them, and not a few leaders; the misery which has fallen to our lot is nearly forty widows, and about two hundred orphans. I thought I could have had a little rest; but now to meet this calamity I must collect my little strength, and set out afresh to strive to meet and relieve this loud and dismal cry. My dear Mrs. Tomkins, you must endeavour to act with me for them, and try what you can do.

"I hope your noble lads are got well home by this time. My love to Mr. Tomkins and all the family. Yours affectionately,  
"ADAM CLARKE."

The calamity referred to is detailed in a letter to Miss Birch, dated

*Pinner, Middlesex, August 24, 1832.*

"DEAR MISS BIRCH,—I am got home, and am in a very poor state of health, and the following extract of a letter from Mr. Manwaring will show you the distressing detail which has met me on my return. You may naturally suppose how much I am distressed at the account of the ruinous catastrophe described below ; indeed I know not what to do, nor where to turn. Give me any advice you deem necessary. May God almighty bless and save you. Love to Miss Anne. I am, my dear Miss Birch, yours truly,  
ADAM CLARKE."

"DEAR DOCTOR CLARKE,—It is my painful task to give you the most melancholy tidings that were ever sent you from Shetland. Monday, the 16th of August, was a fine day, which tempted the poor men who go to the Haaf, or fishing station, which is far away from the shore ; but about two o'clock on Tuesday morning a tremendous gale arose from the west-by-north and north-by-west, which blew until Saturday. The consequence was, that many of the boats were carried far away from the land into the great sea ; several boats were picked up by the Dutch fishing vessels, but some were seen to perish, and we have still upwards of thirty boats away, of which we have as yet heard nothing ; among these are nine of our class-leaders ; one from Whalsea, a very excellent man, and much beloved by the people : he had for some time expounded the Scriptures on those Sabbaths when we were absent from the island, in conjunction with other leaders there. He has left a wife and four small children. Three other of our members are missing from that island ; two were married men, the one had six, the other four children : they bore a good character for piety.

"*Lunnaess* has suffered much, and there are both in Whalsea and the Ness many families left in a state of deep distress. From *Uland*, South Yell, we have lost another leader, who had just recovered from a fever : he has left a widow, eight children, a mother, and a sister dependant upon him. At Hanister resided Andrew Johnson, whose family for the last three months has been ill of a fever : he has left a wife, sister, and three children. These two latter were leaders at Burra voe. At *Gossaburgh*, Thomas Gunn, a leader : he was a great friend to us, and his kindness to us and the preachers will be long remembered ; he has left a wife and six small children. Adam Cluness and William Pendall were seen to perish : these two brethren have left eight children : three men belonging to the boat were saved from the keel. Magnus Anderson and William Charlson, each leaving five children ; these were all excellent men, and all spoke in our late love-feast at Burra voe, and testified of their possessing the favour of God. At Tenst, Thomas Johnson, a leader, and good man, and his brother-in-

law, Andrew Anderson, are away: one has left two, the other three children. How many members we have lost in all I cannot tell, but we have now about forty widows, and nearly two hundred fatherless children, belonging to our society. Such scenes of wretchedness, such passionate distress, I have never before witnessed. Our own hearts have been wrung with grief: in fact, we are in the midst of widows and poor fatherless children. The poor, as I have told you, have been in the habit of helping the poor; now they are all, or nearly all, in the same circumstances.

"I hope our dear English friends will enable the poor widows to pay their rent, as it was by the fishing alone that they paid it. Yours respectfully and affectionately,

"ROBERT MANWARING."

At the end of this distressing account, Dr. Clarke writes:—

"In such circumstances surely no landlord, even in the most barbarous countries, would attempt to exact the rent, of tenants who have lately perished in his service, from their widows and orphans. Whatever may be sent from this country, will be sent to relieve the present necessities of those most desolate persons, not to pay rents, &c.; as by the destruction of the lives of the men all sources of gain are dried up, and their widows and orphans left to the mere mercy of the public; and of a public, too, ill able to afford effectual or permanent relief.

"I hope that my friends, and the friends of God and the poor Shetlands, will come forward in the present distress, with such help as they are able to afford, and not suffer those most wretched of human beings utterly to perish.

"ADAM CLARKE."

Dr. Clarke left Bath for London on the 30th of August, and arrived at the house of his friend, Mr. Hobbs, the same evening, at Bayswater, where he slept; and on the following morning Mr. Hobbs drove him to call upon his son, in St. John's-square, and thence to one of his daughters at Stoke Newington. He appeared quite as cheerful as usual. His two little grandsons, on hearing his voice, having run down to meet him, he kindly inquired for the rest of the children, and on its being replied they should be sent down directly from the nursery, he said, "No, I will go up and see them, if the little ones are asleep." He accordingly did so; and, on entering, the nurse having been an old servant of his own, he inquired after her health, and friends in the Isle of Man: then, taking up the children, one after the other, he kissed them, and passed into the sleeping nursery, where the two youngest were in bed: he looked upon them,—paused for a minute in silence, and then turned to leave the apartment, after bidding all good morning. As he was



leaving the room, on the nurse saying, "O, master, I am so glad to see you back again," he returned a step, put out his hand and said, "Thank you, Cottier, give my love when you write to the island."

On his daughter's wishing him to remain to dinner, he said, "I cannot, I want to call upon your sister Hook, and to get home to your mother by this afternoon's stage:" according to his usual custom at parting, he kissed, and bade God bless her, and, remounting the gig, was driven to Canonbury-square, to see his other daughter, and thence returned to Bayswater to dinner: after which he took the Pinner coach, and got to Eastcott about seven o'clock in the evening.

Thursday 23d, and Friday 24th, he chiefly passed in writing letters, one, as we have seen, to Miss Birch, in reference to the calamity at Shetland, and another he addressed to Mr. Harpur, respecting the Irish schools, from which the following is an extract:—

*Eastcott, August 24, 1832.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER HARPUR,—I am but lately come home; so your letter has been long in reaching my hand. At conference I had a good deal of conversation with the committee, about the schools. I offered them, with the money in hand; and said, 'I will go over and establish others, if you will give me authority.' They questioned me, whether the schools were 'such as were absolutely necessary, because education of no kind could be found in the place, nor within an attainable distance.' I told them that it was even so, in the places where the six schools were established. They said, 'they would soon have a full meeting of the mission committee, of which I should have due notice, and then the subject of the Shetlands, and my Irish schools, should be considered.'

"There are many letters come during my absence which will require much answering, but the most deplorable case is come from Shetland.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Do not forget to give my best respects to Dr. Catherwood; and give my love to Mrs. Harpur, to A. E., and all the children. I am, my dear brother Harpur, yours most affectionately,

"ADAM CLARKE."

About two months before this period Dr. Clarke was reminded by his friend, Mrs. Brackenbury, of a promise made several years before, to the late Rev. Thomas Roberts, to write his life, should he be, in the course of divine providence, the survivor. This promise was instantly admitted by Dr. Clarke; and, on being informed by that lady that Mr. Roberts had enjoined her to renew the application, assigning, as his reason, "that Dr. Clarke had such generosity of heart, and honesty of nature,

that he could fully confide himself to his hands." Dr. Clarke having returned home, and anticipating remaining there for some time, entertained the purpose of redeeming the pledge to his friend, and accordingly, August 24, 1832, he wrote to Mrs. Brackenbury, requesting from her the documents necessary for the execution of the task. The obligations of friendship Dr. Clarke ever held in the light of sacred duties, which could not be longer left undone than time was wanting for their proper performance.

In the course of the same day Dr. Clarke addressed the following characteristic and interesting note to the lady who had first induced him to take up the Irish schools, and with whom he had, ever since their establishment, kept up a regular correspondence, and to whose efficient pecuniary help the schools were so largely indebted for their support :—

*Haydon Hall, Aug. 24, 1832.*

"DEAR FRIEND,—On my coming home on the 21st, you may guess what I must have felt on receiving the following detail."

Dr. Clarke then proceeds to give an account of the calamities which had so recently overtaken the Shetlands, and adds,—

"What to do I know not, nor where to turn : I have known no calamity in Shetland equal to this. Ireland is bad enough ; but what is all their wretchedness, what is all their misery, compared to the present state of Shetland ! I wrote to — about a school I wished to set up near B——, a very desolate place ; while we can we should work, and what we can we should perform ! But what can I do for Shetland ! Were it not so late in the year I would set off thither. Ever, dear friend, affectionately yours,

ADAM CLARKE."

After Dr. Clarke's return home, in the morning and evening family worship, it was remarked, that he invariably prayed in reference to the cholera, by name, that "each and all might be saved from its influence, or prepared for sudden death : " and as regards the nation at large, "that it would please almighty God to turn the hearts of the people unto himself, and cut short his judgment in mercy."

On Saturday, August 25, he summoned the family as usual, and it was observed he commenced his prayer with these words, "We thank thee, O heavenly Father, that we have a blessed hope, through Christ, of entering into thy glory," and on rising from his knees, he remarked to Mrs. Clarke, "I think, my dear, it will not be my duty to kneel down much longer, as it is with pain and difficulty that I can rise up off my knees."

Being engaged to preach at Bayswater, on the Sabbath morning, his friend, Mr. Hobbs, had promised to go for him in his

chaise, which he accordingly did : previously to their setting off, he called a servant, and gave her a piece of silver, saying, "Take that to poor Mrs. Fox, with my love and blessing; perhaps it is the last I shall ever give her." On the return of the servant from the cottage of this long-afflicted, and then dying woman, he asked with great concern, "how she was, and if her soul was happy:" on its being replied, "She is quite happy and resigned," he ejaculated, with strong emphasis, "Praise God."

He took a little refreshment before he set off, and ascending the chaise, drove out of his own gate—for ever!

On the way to Bayswater his conversation was cheerful; but, on his arrival at that place, he appeared fatigued, and as the evening advanced he was unusually languid. Several friends called upon him; and on the Rev. Thomas Stanley requesting him to fix a time for preaching a charity sermon, Dr. Clarke replied, "I am not well; I cannot fix a time; I must first see what God is about to do with me."

At supper he was languid and silent; and in the hope of gaining upon his appetite, his kind and considerate friend, Mrs. Hobbs, had got for him some fish, to which he was always partial; but he could not eat of it, and took a little boiled rice instead.

Ever since Dr. Clarke's return from Bristol, his bowels had been considerably affected; but as this was his constitutional ailment, an increase of it did not impress his mind with uneasiness; especially as, contrary to custom, he suffered not the slightest pain: on being pressed to take something for it, he took ginger and rhubarb, but refused every other recommendation urged upon him.

On Saturday evening he retired early to bed; but the diarrhoea increased upon him all the night: on the Sabbath morning he was heard to be up very early, but this was no unusual thing: at six o'clock, however, he requested the servant to call Mr. Hobbs, who obeyed the summons with all speed, and, on coming down, saw Dr. Clarke standing with his great coat on, his small travelling bag in his hand, his hat lying on the table, just ready for a journey: and addressing Mr. Hobbs, he said, "My dear fellow, you must get me home directly, without a miracle I could not preach; get me home,—I want to be home." Mr. Hobbs, seeing Dr. Clarke look exceedingly ill, replied, "Indeed, doctor, you are too ill to go home: you had better stay here; at any rate the gig is not fit for you; I will go and inquire for a post chaise, if you are determined to return to Eastcott."

The unusual circumstance of Dr. Clarke's sending for Mr. Hobbs, alarmed Mrs. Hobbs, who went down shortly after, as did also Miss Hobbs and Miss Everingham, the servant having communicated to these ladies Dr. Clarke's indisposition.



## APPENDIX,

BY THE REV J. B. CLARKE.

It will have been seen from the preceding narrative that my father had suffered a very severe illness while in Ireland, where he had gone to inspect the schools which he had established in the north of that country. When he returned home, his usual strength was not only much prostrated, but his constitution must have suffered materially: still, however, to the eye of a casual observer, he seemed fully as strong as men usually are at his time of life: his voice was full, his countenance healthy, and the failure of bodily strength was not more than could well be accounted for by past illness, and not so great as to preclude the hope of his living to a good old age.

For some time before my father's return from Ireland, I had been engaged in drawing up rules and organizing a "Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Poor," in the very extensive parish of Frome: and, naturally wishing to obtain all the help which lay within my power, I wrote a pressing letter to my father, who had gone down to the Methodist conference held at Liverpool, urging him to attend our public meeting, and to preach the first sermon for the society in the Methodist chapel of the town. To this request he at once assented,—for he felt no trouble or labour to be great which was for the profit and pleasure of his children,—and wrote to me to say that he hoped to be in Frome on the 8th of August, or the morning of the 9th, which was the time appointed for the meeting. All this time I had no suspicion that he was not gradually recovering from his late attack.

About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 8th, much earlier than there was any reason to expect my father, I was passing through the hall, when I saw the well-known blue travelling bag resting against the wall; and, filled with unexpected joy, I went to the dining-room, which he had entered just before me.

"The old man, you see, Joseph, is come," said he, with his usual tone of kindness, as he placed his hand upon my head and kissed me; "though battered and tossed about, he has still strength to come at the call of his son." He sat down for a few minutes while I took off his gaiters; and then, as was his frequent custom, he began to walk slowly, diagonally across the room, asking various questions about myself and family, and talking of the occurrences and company he had met with on the road from Cheshire. It was then that I observed a very marked

difference in his appearance; his cheeks had fallen in, and he was considerably thinner than when I had last seen him; his step was slow and heavy, with small remains of that elastic firmness for which his walking was always remarkable; and the muscles of his legs had evidently much shrunk—a sign of old age, which his straight and well-proportioned, limbs had never before shown—his neck also was apparently shorter: and, besides the symptoms of decay, which I never for a moment supposed to be other than the mere effects of recent illness, when walking out with me there was more dependance on my arm and on his staff than had ever been usual with him. All these things pained and distressed me, but did not strike me as being the precursors of his final removal: indeed, I never thought of my father's death with any distinctness of feeling;—like the end of the world, I knew both events would some time happen; but so indefinitely distant did each seem, that neither possessed power to alarm;—I could not realize to my mind the lasting silence of that ever kind, and cheerful, and instructive voice. “Why should such a man die?” was my constant feeling; his work is not finished, his mental powers are brighter and clearer than ever, his will is as active towards the good of others as in the prime of his strength, and his bodily powers are only a little temporarily weakened; then “why should such a man die?” God has assumed to himself his own property, and rewarded his saint sooner than the love of his children would have allowed.

The conversation on the day of my father's arrival was chiefly occupied with family affairs, and with detailing circumstances and events connected with various friends and relations. In the afternoon the plan of the intended society was laid before him; he entered at much length into its object, and appeared particularly gratified at the extensive and influential support which it had obtained. During the course of his conversation, it was impossible not to notice the depth of interest which he felt: his tone of voice, manner of action, strength of expression, all showed that what he said and did were the results of feeling and consideration; nothing dropped, as it were, casually from him. This observation applies to every moment during his stay with me, and to every subject, however trifling, of which mention was made: constantly cheerful, and pleasant, and even playful; but then there was mingled with them such blandness, and mildness, and holiness, as at once won you to affectionately love the man who thus felt, and looked, and spoke; a touch of heaven seemed to have passed upon all his feelings; the individual appeared as one, who was not preparing to be, but had already been, beatified; his joy was so pure,—his kindness so heartfelt,—his piety so intense,—his manners and voice so expressive of inward peace. Many times while we stayed together, was I compelled to give way to the emotions of my heart, in the mental exclamation, “Thou God of love, I bless

these for my father!" These are not feelings and observations created subsequently to his death; but are recorded as what was both experienced and expressed before the calamity was even thought of: his fitness for heaven I both saw and mentioned; but I had no expectation of its being preparatory to its enjoyment.

On the morning of the public meeting, the 9th, he arose as usual, at about five o'clock, and though he had passed a bad night, he was evidently better than on the preceding day, and complained of nothing but a slight tendency to dryness of mouth, an affection which sometimes very seriously inconvenienced him, which he trusted would pass away: it fortunately did. On the platform, where many, both speakers and hearers, were assembled, he sought out and obtained his usual situation—a place far back, behind the front ranks, where he could remain unobserved by any one. It so happened that the resolution which he was to move had been forgotten to be handed to him; and when he had been announced and rose to address the meeting, he came forward with a smiling countenance and open hands, addressing the marquis of Bath, who was in the chair,—“My lord, I have been summoned from far to recommend and support the objects of this society; but I find myself in rather an awkward situation—expected to make a speech, and not a line given me as a foundation for observation, or as a peg on which to hang a speech:” the oversight was of course instantly remedied and his resolution handed to him.\*

#### \* RULES OF THE FROME DISTRICT VISITING SOCIETY.

##### PATRON.

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF BATH, K. G., &c., &c.

##### PRESIDENTS.

THE EARL OF CORK.—THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

##### VICE-PRESIDENTS.

THE REV. CHARLES PHILLOTT.  
J. A. WICKHAM, Esq.  
THOMAS SHEPPARD, Esq.

GEORGE GEORGE, Esq.  
JOHN SHEPPARD, Esq.  
DR. ADAM CLARKE.

##### TREASURER.

THE REV. J. B. B. CLARKE.

The Frome District Visiting Society knows nothing of sect or party, its sole object being the amelioration of the condition of the poor.

The whole parish is divided into 52 districts, to each of which one or more visitors are appointed.

It is not my design, even were it in my power, to record the speech which he made on the above occasion. The effect produced by it was surprisingly great; none seemed to listen to him as to a stranger, but as to one with whose moral worth they were well acquainted, and whose intellectual dignity they revered. He spoke of the exceeding usefulness of such societies in all places, but especially in manufacturing towns, where the evils incident to a fallen nature were frequently condensed upon a wretched population; and while detailing the rise of the Strangers' Friend Society under his own directions in the city of Dublin, he accounted for his feeling in favour of *active* Christianity much in the following manner:—"When I came forth, my lord, among my fellows as a public minister, I felt the importance of not making any man my model, and not taking any

Both male and female visitors are employed.

Each visitor is expected to visit every house within his district, the circumstances of the inhabitants of which require his visit, at least *once* every month.

If any house be let into lodgings, the visitor should inquire after each occupant.

The object of the visitors is *fourfold*:—1st. Strongly to exhort the people visited to go regularly to *some* place of public worship; the visitor being *PLEGDED* not to recommend or name any place in particular. 2d. Earnestly to strive to induce them never to drink, *on the premises where they have been bought*, the beer, ale, or other liquors, which the people may see fit to purchase. 3d. To receive *weekly*, at the visitor's own abodes, or wheresoever they may appoint, *deposits*, however small, from any who have *pawned* and wish to redeem their goods. And 4th, to give such religious, moral, and economical advices as the various cases may need, concerning domestic worship, sober and orderly conduct, education and management of children, cleanliness, savings, &c., &c.

A written statement of any *particularly* pressing case of distress or affliction, may be given at any time by the visitor to the treasurer, at the vicarage.

Each visitor has, placed at his *own* disposal, a number of *relief tickets*, monthly, which number will be proportioned to the ability of the district fund.

The relief tickets are of *three* sorts, entitling those to whom the visitors give them to a certain specified portion of *bread, meat, or groceries*, on application at the place named on the ticket.

The relief tickets are to be signed by the visitor who gives them, and endorsed with the names of the persons to whom they are given.

The treasurer will be in attendance on the in  
every month, in the national school-room, at o'clock in the  
morning.

In order to encourage those who are *desirous of redeeming* the goods which they have pledged, the visitors are authorized to promise from the funds of this society *the sum of two pence for each ten pence* deposited by weekly pence or larger amounts in the visitors' hands, by those who wish to redeem articles in pawn.



peculiar creed as the standard of my faith. As I was to explain and enforce Scripture on my own responsibility, I resolved that all should be the result of my own examination. The Scriptures therefore I read through repeatedly in their primitive languages, with all the collateral helps of ancient tongues which I could command; I analyzed, compared, sifted, and arranged; I stretched my intellect to its widest grasp of comprehension to understand the nature and attributes of God, together with the reasons and demands of his word. But there was a necessity that all should be reduced to some kind of creed; that it should not be a scattered host of unconnected thoughts, but a combined and irrefragably deduced series of incontrovertible doctrine, agreeing with truth and fitted for use: this compelled me to arrange my particulars into generals, to concentrate my forces,

The same allowance of *two pence upon each ten pence* will be made to those who deposite money weekly into the visitors' hands for the *purchase of clothing*.

The visitors will, *monthly*, give to the treasurer a *list of such depositors* as may have paid money sufficient, with the aid of what is allowed by the society, to redeem any article in pawn, or to purchase any article of clothing; when also the allowed money will be paid to the visitors.

No person to be *assisted a second time* to redeem goods from pawn unless the person has been under extraordinary circumstances of distress; of which circumstances, and of the relief to be afforded, the treasurer will judge, on the report of the visitors.

A *floating lending fund* is established for the purpose of keeping out of the pawn shop what has been redeemed from it; thus assisting well-disposed, sober, honest people to keep free from pawning.

Those who persist in pledging their goods, after having been relieved by this society, are of course excluded from any farther benefit.

The *funds* of this society are proposed to be raised from two sources: 1st. From *sermons* annually preached with that object, in the several churches and chapels in the parish of Frome;—and, 2dly, From the *voluntary contributions* and *donations* of any who may be disposed to support the society.

The *clergy* belonging to the parish, and those *ministers* in whose chapels sermons are preached for the benefit of this society, are entitled to attend the monthly meetings, exactly as though they were actual visitors, recommending cases, giving advice, &c., &c.

A public *annual meeting* will be held in the national school-room, on in every succeeding at which meeting the treasurer will give an account of the receipts and disbursements of the society, together with a general statement of its operations; and the objects which the society has in view will be detailed and enforced by its friends present on the occasion.

*Subscriptions* and *donations* will be received at the public meeting by the treasurer, and also at any time at the vicarage.

J. B. B. CLARKE.

Vicarage, Frome.

and call in my stragglers: nor did I ever cease thus to condense my creed till I had reduced its several parts under the two grand heads, LOVE TO GOD AND LOVE TO MAN. Here I found that I had a rule to which I could refer all my conceptions of the great and holy God, and all my endeavours for the welfare of mankind; it was a creed of practice, and not of theory, capable of being drawn into use at a moment's notice; and, under the influence of that short creed, LOVE TO GOD AND LOVE TO MAN, I began that society, in a great measure similar to this, the well-known, far-spread, and long-tried Strangers' Friend Society."

Alluding to the pleasure which he felt at seeing at the meeting, as the society's active supporters, the heads of the Church, with many of its clergy, he spoke with much strength and emphasis of his regard for the Church; and, turning to the bishop of Bath and Wells, who had spoken before him, he said, "that Church which I so highly reverence, and of which I pray to God its head may enjoy an endless prosperity and a still increasing purity."

It was in this part of his speech that he uttered a sentence, the conclusion of which, as connected with the awful event that afterwards occurred, I shall never forget: the tone of assurance with which it was spoken, and the calm glow of rapt devotion which accompanied the few last words, carried them almost overwhelmingly to my heart, and there was not a soul in the thronged room who did not deeply feel them. Speaking of the various grades of society which were united as the officers and supporters of the institution, he said "in your lordship and your noble and right reverend supporters, the earl of Cork, and the bishop of Bath and Wells, I behold the representatives of the highest ranks in the land, peers spiritual and temporal: I am told that there are present here members of parliament; clergy and gentry, and all grades have united and come forward as the poor man's friends, and as officers of this society:—it is a grateful sight. Thus also it is even with the economy of heaven; since, concerning it, we hear of thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers; for *orderly* government seems to be well pleasing to God; and what other degrees may be required to constitute the harmony of the celestial hierarchy I know not, but—I shall soon be there, and then I shall know the whole!"

He addressed the visitors on their duties, the objects of distress they would see, and the feelings they must have: he spoke of the reckless *improvidence* of the poor, and mentioned some singularly amusing instances of it; and concluded with an appeal to the meeting to contribute by their money to render effectual a society so auspiciously begun.

Though my father spoke long, (yet who felt it so?) and the weather was oppressively hot, he did not seem much exhausted by the exertion, but at the conclusion of the meeting walked

down to my house, where the marquis of Bath and the bishop of Bath and Wells, with many others, had already arrived to partake of some refreshment; and he pleasantly met the humorous address of the bishop on his entrance, "Dr. Clarke, come forward here; many good things have come out of your mouth to-day: let me help to put some of our good things into it in return."

During the whole of the afternoon and evening, he spoke with unmixed pleasure of his satisfaction; and at our evening family devotions he prayed most fervently and individually for its welfare, and for a blessing upon all who conducted or were engaged with it; and this was a petition which he never ceased to put up while he stayed, when the family was gathered together morning and evening. I felt no little encouraged by my father's frequently expressed approbation, and by the blessing repeatedly invoked on the society; it was to me an assurance of success, and an incitement to praise God and take courage.

After returning from a friend's house, where we had dined on Friday, we had much conversation on my family affairs, and particularly on my ministerial duties and conduct; their importance, and the method of so discharging them that they should lose nothing of their efficiency by a weak performance or an injudicious manner. The counsels were such as only deep acquaintance with the things of God, and a thorough knowledge of the weak and strong points of human nature, could have rendered a man qualified to give; but the *son* and the *father* were so inextricably mingled with the advices, that they cannot be subjects of public detail, though this is the very fact which will cause them ever to live within my memory. At the conclusion of the conversation he rose from the sofa where he had been sitting, and coming up to me, he paused for a few seconds, as if in meditation, or perhaps engaged in mental prayer, then, raising his hands, he placed them on my head, and in a solemn voice, full of affection, he said, "God bless thee, my son!"

It would be impossible for me to describe my emotion, or to utter one millionth part of my thankfulness to God that I possessed my father's solemnly bestowed blessing. The reader will understand something of the reasons for my feeling when I state the following circumstances: I had always considered a parent's *spontaneously* bestowed and *religiously* performed blessing as a most important possession; as being the most entire dedication to God, and as placing the individual blessed more immediately under the protection of the Almighty,—close, as it were, beneath the covert of his wing. I looked upon it as an act which said, "I will do all which an earthly parent can, but still will place my child under the care of that heavenly Father who will more than fulfil my office when I am gone." This protective rite was thus mine. This is the reason why I prized it; and a knowledge of a peculiarity in my father caused me

to rejoice that it was secured to me. My father's bodily constitution was of such a nature that the attack of any severe pain or illness completely prostrated his strength, and with it fell his animal spirits, leaving nothing behind but uncomplaining endurance and patient resignation; it therefore always struck me that the blessing so earnestly desired could never be given by him on his death-bed, when in all probability his animal powers would be unable to obey the dictates of his own will.

The same feeling which prompted him to give his blessing to me induced him to bestow it also upon my wife: who gave me the following account of the occurrence, which took place while I was out on some parish duties. "After inquiring from me the detail of many parochial plans and duties, he drew me to him, and said, 'Matilda, you remember I ordained you to be a helper to your husband in your first parish in Liverpool; but here I must add, may the Lord bless and strengthen you to do his work in this place, for you have indeed a wide sphere of usefulness both among the rich and poor.' The circumstance in Liverpool to which he alluded was the following:—On his visit to us soon after our marriage, he took an early opportunity of conversing with me on the importance of the duties to which I had pledged myself by my union with a minister of the altar, then, laying his hand on my head as I sank down on my knees before him, he said, 'My dear child, you do not now belong to yourself, or even to your husband; the people of God have a right in you; and, as a helper in the work of the ministry, I ordain you in the name of the Lord Jehovah. It will be your part especially to visit the sick, to comfort the mourners, and to lead the young in the paths of righteousness: God grant you his Spirit to be your teacher, and his blessing to prosper the holy work.'"

In the evening some very intimate friends had called, and the conversation turning upon the liturgy of our church, he remarked that "it is a form so Scriptural, and so filled with the spirit of holiness, that it ever claimed and received my heartfelt tribute of love and admiration." One of our friends having made some observations on the very great difficulty, for any length of time, of so sustaining the devotional feelings as to do justice to the spirit of the church prayers, he replied, "I think that the failure in devotional feeling, in some instances, is necessarily produced by too much being required from us. This has always appeared to me as being a strong objection to the repetition of the *Gloria Patri* at the conclusion of each psalm. That short form of words, in its comprehensive force of language, comprises the whole mystery of godliness: the expression of it *ought* to raise the soul far above all earth's confines, to the very footstool of Jehovah; its words embody the essentials of the Christian faith as regards the ever blessed Trinity, and the pronouncing them is an act of adoration offered

to the triune God in all his several offices undertaken for man's redemption. *Glory to the Father*, who so loved the world;—*to the Son*, who gave himself up a spotless sacrifice;—*to the Holy Ghost*, who makes the heart of a child of Adam a pure temple of the Spirit of God:—to these, glory and praise, throughout all ages, are ascribed; and by whom? even by the subjects of such unfathomable love. Yet this form, which should raise us to the very heights of devotion, recurs every few minutes, and is repeated, perhaps after psalms descriptive of the vengeance of the Almighty on the rebellious nations. These things should not be stumbling-blocks in the way of the weak."

During the whole of Saturday, with the exception of the evening, my father was nearly entirely engaged in writing letters,\* and I was so occupied with parish affairs, that there were

\* The following letter, which he wrote at Frome, to the wife of one of his oldest and best friends, is well worthy of preservation:—

*Frome, August 11, 1832.*

"DEAR MRS. COMER,—When I was an inmate at the *cottage*, where I received all kinds of attention from mistress and master, from children and servants, I often felt grieved that such was my voice, because of the heavy cold with which I was afflicted, I could not speak so as to enable you to hear. But, thank God, you can *see*, and I can *write*; and I can say that *duty* and *affection* prompt both my hand and my pen. Far as I have travelled, I had, out of my own family, but few places which I could call *homes*, and in which I could feel at home:—the first and longest was yours, in which I never received an unkind word nor saw an unkind look. But to this should be added many, many acts of kindness and beneficence which, ever lying out of my power to return, I have carried to God in many prayers and entreaties, that, as he knew my obligations and my inabilities, he would take up my debt to you and your most generous husband; and in the course of his providence reward you a thousandfold—and the more particularly because, as to a prophet coming to you in the name of a prophet and messenger of his own, your love, kindness, and bounty were exercised towards me. And when you fell upon evil times, and perhaps on evil men, my soul went into the deep with you, and continued to wade in it till I had evidence that you had all got safely to land; and then my prayer was and is, that you might ever be enabled to maintain your footing: and a confidence that it would be so was increased by the occurrence of a portion of Scripture which struck my mind as an answer to my supplications in reference to you and the family circumstances:—'And the Lord turned the captivity of Job—and the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before—so the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning—and he saw his sons, and his sons' sons.' Amen, amen! so be it! *Selah!*

"Of my other *homes* I shall not speak particularly:—one was of your finding for me, and turned out to be all that you could wish, and indescribably more than I could ever deserve. And when these *homes* were out of my reach, another was found for me at Bayswater, near London. These *homes* remain to me at the present day! and in these

but few opportunities for conversation : one observation, however, I remember, as well worthy of preservation. We had been speaking of that sect of religionists who maintain that a period will arrive when even the penal fires of hell shall be extinguished, and the spirits of the condemned shall be received into happiness. He spoke of the tenet as being unscriptural, and of the utter folly of making our *feelings* tests of God's justice, as though what was awful in idea, must, therefore, be

respects, no man on earth, as I think, is more privileged than I ! Hallelujah ! Amen.

" And now, as I left Liverpool in not a very good state of health, (yet much better than when I came,) I am sure you will like to know how I got on. As I had not spared my strength at Stanhope-street on Sunday, I slept little that night. The next morning, that blessed man of God, Mr. Forshaw, had a gig ready to carry me to Birkenhead. I entered the *Hirondelle* with a *quantum sufficit* of passengers, and the farther we travelled the *more* we *collected*, till soon we had the inside crammed ; and never less than sixteen on the outside, with an enormous load of luggage. Some of the passengers complained, remonstrated, and threatened, but all in vain ;—*load on* and *drive off* were the order of the day. God, in his mercy, kept the coach together,—and though in several cases we were obliged to have *six horses*, yet we did not get to Worcester till about an hour after our time. When I reached Worcester I found the *cholera* rife, and within a few doors of Mr. Rowley's house. I set off the next morning, and reached Frome by twelve o'clock : found Joseph, his wife, and child well, but he was busied about the approaching meeting to found his projected *District Visiting Society* : my arrival cheered him and gave him hope. The hour came, (twelve on Thursday,) and the nobility and gentry whom he expected were there to the moment ! A little time was spent in arranging and appropriating the different motions. The chair was taken by the most noble the *marquis of Bath*, supported on the right by the *earl of Cork*, and on the left by the right reverend the *bishop of Bath and Wells* : some *members of parliament* were present, several of the *clergy* and *ministers* of all denominations, the principal *gentry* of the place, titled and other *ladies*, *lawyers*, &c., &c., and, that nothing might be wanting, *cloth-workers*, *porters*, and—*Methodist preachers* ! The marquis constituted the meeting by a short speech. Joseph then, in a long *viva voce* speech, gave an account of the origin, necessity, objects, and probable utility of the projected society, dwelt on the general disposition of the town and parish towards it, the *readiness* with which several had offered their co-operation, and in a very marked and prominent manner eulogized the *Methodists*, as coming forward with their whole force to be *helpers* and *visitors*. The *earl of Cork* proposed the first resolution, which was seconded by the *bishop of Bath and Wells*, in a very simple, neat, and impressive speech. Other motions were made and seconded by different persons, to the number of five motions. Some of the persons spoke *little*, all spoke *well*, and none *long*. I was called up to the *sixth motion*, and when I came forward all eyes were directed to the old gray head, and I was looked at as if I had been some strange nondescript animal which had been often spoken of but never before

untrue in fact; "but," said he, "an anecdote that I have heard of the celebrated Whitefield has always appeared to me to be an admirable answer to such reasoners; and though merely an *anecdote*, it possesses all the force of an unanswerable *argument*. Whitefield, in one of his sermons, had been combating the error we have just been speaking of, and wound up the discourse thus: 'So, then, it would appear that the time will at some indefinite period arrive, when those who have been redeemed by Christ's blood, and the damned spirits, will be inhabitants of the same heaven, and sit down together upon thrones of glory! There must, therefore, instead of one, be two

seen! For a few seconds I stood the silent object of general attention, after having made my humble bow to each of the constituted authorities,—the marquis, the earl, and the bishop, and then the assembly, *en masse*. Having broken silence, I addressed the marquis, and humbly begged leave to ask for what purpose I was called before his lordship, having nothing to *ask*, nothing to *argue*, nothing to *recommend*, either from private communication or written document, not even a *resolution* or *motion*, to serve as a *peg to hang a speech on*. I spoke this pleasantly, and in a moment it was perceived that the secretary had neglected to send me the resolution that I was to bring before the meeting. The pleasant manner in which I treated my own embarrassment, tickled the fancy of all, and I had a general cheer. The resolution was handed along the platform, and when it came to my hand I read it aloud: it treated of the *visitors*, and its chief object was the collection, which was to be made at the end of the meeting. I spoke of charitable institutions in general,—of that now recommended, and of its great and paramount necessity, as had appeared from the reasons alleged for the institution:—told several anecdotes, with which all seemed pleased exceedingly. When I came to the *visitors*, I strongly recommended that *females* should be employed: and in doing this, mentioned the case where a number of men had been sent into a particular district, of which they could make little or nothing; and when, after several trials, it was still unproductive, at the suggestion of a friend a number of *women* were sent to the same ground, who laboured faithfully and to good effect, and when an inquiry was made and a balance struck, it was found that one woman was equal to seven men and a half! Here the emotion was intense, and the effect general. The *marquis laughed downright*, and the *bishop smiled aloud*, and the *earl joined as heartily as the rest*. The eyes of the ladies sparkled like *diamonds*, and even the face of thick-lipped moping melancholy was gathered into a smile, and laughed ere it was aware, and cheers proceeded from all quarters. Finding that I had got the *key of their hearts*, and the *strings of their purses*, I announced the collection: the countess of Cork, the bishop's grand-daughter, and some other ladies, took the plates and received the contributions, and the effect was such that nothing like it had ever appeared at Frome, for the collection amounted to about 160*l*. To-morrow I am to preach for it in the Methodist chapel.

"With hearty love to Mr. Comer, &c., &c., and all other my long-tried friends, I am, my dear Mrs. Comer, your much obliged and grateful friend,

ADAM CLARKE."

songs in heaven ; one will be, *Glory to the Lamb for ever and ever* ; and the other, *O rare damnation !* That such must be the case, is evident ; for, according to this doctrine, the punishments of hell will have done that for the condemned spirits which the sacrifice of Christ and the influences of God's Spirit had effected for the just."

On Sunday morning, about an hour before service time, there called upon my father an elderly man, a Mr. Harford, of Road, who was most eager to see him, who, it seems, had been one of those who had received good from his preaching when he first came into England, had maintained his uprightness among the Methodists from that time till the present, fifty years, and was the individual who frequently conducted my father to the various places in the neighbourhood where he had to preach. The astonishment, and confusion, and joy of the man, at sight of my father, were extreme ; he could hardly trust his senses that the gray-headed man was the same person as the "little tidy boy," as he called him, whom he had accompanied to the country towns to hear him preach. The man's joy, and confusion, and bluntness, and fear of offending, formed a curious medley : however, he was soon made perfectly at home, and my father felt much pleased with his simple honesty, and with seeing one who had continued a consistent member of the Methodist society, ever since he had been first joined to it by my father himself, who felt very strongly his thus coming again under the present circumstances to preach in the place where so many years before he had published the tidings of salvation.

The following account of some parts of the sermon which my father preached in the Methodist chapel of Frome, on the Sunday morning, I received from my wife. That very large chapel was thronged, almost entirely with poor, long before the service began. My father took for his text : "And when they had preached the gospel to that city, and had taught many, they returned again to Lystra, and to Iconium, and Antioch, confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith," Acts xiv, 21, 22. In the early part of the sermon he dwelt principally on the *gospel* which was to be preached, and on the wonderful superintending providence which had preserved, during so many ages, the records of our salvation ; and then, more minutely illustrating the text, he explained and enforced the word *disciple*, or scholar ; and, in a strain of the most fervid, impressive eloquence, taught his deeply attentive audience how *all* should be learners in the school of Christ. To the young, either in age, or in the ways of godliness, he first addressed himself, and, while showing them that they had much to learn, pointed out to them the rich treasury whence all wisdom descends, the ever-ready aid promised to those who seek, and the still-enduring, all-patient spirit of Him who bears with the contradiction of sinners, and is *satisfied* when he sees of the travail of



his soul. Then changing his discourse to those who had long enrolled themselves under the banners of Christ crucified, he urged on them the necessity of following on to know the Lord, and daily adding to their faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance; concluding this part with a retrospective view of his own past career, which must have come home to the hearts of all who heard: "Fifty years have now passed since I first came to this place preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ: then your preacher was a boy in years, unskilled in experience, untaught in knowledge,—but not wholly unlearned in that truth which maketh wise the simple. Since that time I have been always learning; I have studied my own heart, and there is yet work *there* to be done; I have been observing the ways, and striving to know the love of God, in which is indeed a height to attain, a depth to penetrate, a breadth to understand, which increase in magnitude as we draw nearer to the fountain of light and glory. And *now*, my brethren, I come again before you; my hairs are now gray; yet I acknowledge it as my proudest boast, that Adam Clarke is still a *learner* at the feet of his Master."

After he had fully treated and explained his text, which he always did before he even alluded to the charity for which he might be about to plead, he read the rules of the society, and spoke ably and successfully in its behalf, pressing on the poor the necessity of their co-operation towards rendering effectual the liberality of the rich, who having nobly done their part, it remained for the poor to do theirs; the respectable inhabitants of the town had *pressed forward* to be employed in administering counsel and relief, he now exhorted the poor to follow that counsel, that they might receive that relief—to come steadily and to come constantly to the *public worship* of their fathers' God, to hear his gospel, and to feel his power; to cease from their ruinous system of *pawning*, which was pledging present comforts and earning future misery; and to give up all which was contrary to *temperance*: "Is there here a drinking husband, a spendthrift father? Can *you* love the wife of your bosom? You have sworn before the altar of God to cherish her through all the trials of life; she is the mother of your children; on her falls all the burden of your household toils, the wearying care of helpless infancy: and yet this wife, this mother, you can leave to drink her cup of water, lonely, poor, or feeble, while *you* spend your children's and their mother's means of life in rioting and drinking with the drunken. Shame on you! Shame on you! Hence to your houses, and make those houses your *homes*! where love, and peace, and sobriety, and godliness flourish, and where may there always be found husbands, and mothers, and children, who have kept the faith, as becomes the disciples of Christ Jesus!"

The collection, which was made after the preaching, was

more than *fourfold* what was accustomed to be raised for their most popular charities. A *strong* man was obliged to be sent to bring it down, for it was mostly in halfpence! When I was counting it, there was found a *farthing*, which my father put into his waistcoat pocket with these words, "Zeal can always find means of doing *something*; I will purchase from the collection this proof of it," which was handed to him, on his giving the shilling that was deficient in the specified amount of the collection. This *farthing* was found in his pocket after his death, carefully wrapped up in a paper containing its history!

On Monday morning my father, my wife, and our little daughter Alice, with her nurse, and myself, all set off together for *Weston super Mare*, where we were intending to spend a few days with my mother-in-law, Mrs. Brooke: I thought that rest and sea-air might do my father good. He was in very excellent spirits, and had not suffered from his Sunday preaching. Most part of the way he nursed and played with the little child, delighting in her sagely important look when he placed his large broad-brimmed hat upon her head, and making sportive observations on the vehicle we were obliged to occupy to Wells, where Mrs. Brooke's carriage was to meet us. He arrived at Weston rather wearied. Next morning we took a walk, when he was evidently not much delighted with a bathing place, which he called "a congeries of mud, varied by barren sands;" and having nothing particularly gratifying in the surrounding prospect to engage his thoughts, he seemed to turn with the greater delight to recollections of past scenes, dwelling with great pleasure and much affection on the universally kind feeling shown to him by his brethren at the conference. This was a subject to which he often recurred, and expressed his thankfulness to God that he had been enabled once more to meet the preachers, and that the meeting was such as to be remembered with the utmost satisfaction; indeed, he several times *abruptly* introduced a mention of the joy he felt, which clearly proved what great hold the circumstance possessed on his mind. No man was ever more devoted in his love to Methodism than my father; though *individuals* might be wrong or unkind, yet still he always clung to Methodism with the entire affections of his heart, sanctioned by the confirmed approval of his understanding: any members of the body he considered as entitled to his best services, and any token of regard proceeding from the society he felt as his fullest and best reward for either arduous service or personal sacrifice.

In his few and short walks on the sands of Weston, he several times noticed and pitied the state of those who were obliged, by age or indisposition, to use *wheeled chairs* for exercise: often he exclaimed, "God forbid that I should ever be reduced to that!" His feeling on this point was intense. So far as he himself might be a subject of them, he viewed debility of either

body or mind with distress and horror; and often have I seen him suffer much pain at the bare notion of being incapable of serving himself, or of his mental powers being weakened or obscured. I believe that he never saw a person shattered, either in frame or understanding, without a temporary pang, nor without putting up a mental prayer to God that such might never be *his* case.

As we were one morning walking out, there chanced to be mentioned a clergyman who, by an injudicious conduct in private, had destroyed in some measure the good effect which his public teaching was calculated to produce.

"It is impossible, Joseph," said he, "that a minister of God should *ever* be a *private* man; even in his most trivial intercourse with others, it is never forgotten what his office is: the *habit* of every one's mind is to expect information or example from the company and conduct of a public minister: such as we are constantly living under the observation of mankind, and he who is always observed should never venture on dubious conduct, or suppose for a moment that what he does in the view of another can ever be a matter of indifference, or be regarded as a trifle. I will tell you a curious circumstance that happened to me some years ago. In a day or two from the time that I refer to I was about to set off from London to Ireland: a friend desired me to take charge of a young lady to Dublin, to which I readily agreed, and she was sent to me at the coach. I soon found from her conversation that she was a Roman Catholic, and I also quickly perceived that she had been led to entertain a very high opinion of me. After we had travelled some distance, talking occasionally on various subjects, the daylight began to sink fastly away, when she took out of her reticule a small Catholic book of prayers, and commenced most seriously her evening devotions. While she was reading such thoughts as these occurred to me: 'I believe this lady to be sincere in her religious creed, which I think to be a very dangerous one; she appears to be of an ingenuous temper, and to feel much personal respect for me; is there not here, then, a good *opportunity* as well as *subject* to exercise my influence, and to deliver her, if possible, from her erroneous creed? But,' continued I, in my thoughts, 'was she not intrusted to my care? Would her friends have so intrusted her had they ever suspected that an attempt at proselytism would be made? Would not the attempt be a breach of trust, and should I, even were ultimate good to accrue to Miss —, be a *morally honest man*?' I instantly felt that *my own honesty* must be preserved, though the opportunity of apparent good might be lost. In a short time Miss — closed the book with this observation, 'We Catholics, Dr. Clarke, think it much better to believe too much than too little.' I replied, 'But, madam, in our belief we should recollect that we never should yield our assent to what is *contradictory* in

itself, or to what contradicts other ascertained truths.' This was the only observation I made that looked at all towards Catholicism : in process of time we arrived at our journey's end, and I deposited her safely in the hands of her friends.

"From that time till about two years ago I never heard of Miss —, till we met in the following way : I had been preaching at Chelsea chapel ; and entering the vestry, after the service, a lady followed me, shook hands, spoke with much emotion, and said, 'Do you not recollect me, Dr. Clarke ? I am Miss —, whom you kindly took care of to Ireland : I was then a Catholic, now I am a Protestant, and have suffered much in consequence of the change.' I inquired how the alteration in her views was effected, and she gave me in detail the account which I will shortly sum up to you. When she heard to whom she was about to be intrusted, she resolved closely to watch and observe this eminent Protestant minister ; she was pleased with the conversation and the friendliness shown to her, and was so struck with the observation I had made in the coach, that she said it absolutely afterwards haunted her, caused her to examine and think for herself, and at last led her to freedom from her thralldom : 'but,' said she, 'I should never have been induced to examine, had it not been for the examination which I had previously made of you. From the first moment you entered the coach I watched you narrowly ; I thought, Now I have a fair opportunity of knowing something of these Protestants ; and I will judge if what I have heard of them be true. Every word, every motion, every look of yours, sir, was watched with the eye of a lynx : I felt you could not be acting a part, for you could not suspect that you were so observed : the result of all was, your conduct conciliated esteem, and removed prejudice ; your one observation on belief led me to those examinations which the Spirit of God has blessed to my conversion ; and I now stand before you the convert of your three days' behaviour between London and Dublin.'

"You see from this account, Joseph," continued my father, "how all ministers should ever feel themselves as public men ; how cautious should be their conduct, and how guarded their conversation. Had I attempted to proselytize this lady, all her prejudices would have been up in arms ; had my behaviour been unbecomingly light, or causelessly austere, she would have been either disgusted or repelled, and her preconceived notions of Protestants would have been confirmed : she saw and heard what satisfied her : thus, even in social intercourse, the public minister may, and should always be, the Christian instructor."

The day before my father left Weston he was not quite so well as he had been hitherto, and was anxious to be in Bristol, in the neighbourhood of which place he was engaged to preach on the following Sunday. He was much pressed to stay a day or two longer ; but his desires were set upon being more in the

direct road homeward. We all dined together on the day preceding his departure—for Bristol, the party being Mrs. Brooke and my father, my sister-in-law, Mrs. W. Cave, my wife, and myself. The conversation was of a general nature, till the passing of some ladies before the window, who were believers in the “lights, gifts, manifestations,” &c., of Irving, Armstrong, Erskine, and others, led the discourse to that subject. My father stated that he had that morning given a serious warning to an acquaintance of his who was tainted with that evil leaven, and hoped it might be of advantage to her, for she had fallen into a “gloomy croaking;” uncharitable feelings were indulged towards all who did not see as she saw; they were considered as being merely in the outskirts of Christianity, or as being blindly ignorant of its privileges: such people possess a kind of spiritual pedantry which excites them to a vain confidence of themselves or undue undervaluing of others. He expressed himself very strongly and decidedly against the pretensions and speculations of the above-named individuals, as well as against their “spurious sort of Christianity;” he considered it only as a temporary evil, which probably would not last out the lives of its inventors, and from which the church of God had nothing to apprehend;—its own pretensions would be its own confusion.

On Thursday morning I went with him to the Bristol coach, waited till he was driven away, and—never saw him more! In ten days after this his own prophetic words were verified;—he had become an inhabitant of the world of spirits, and was knowing the length and breadth, the depth and height of that love whose fulness it was his delight to proclaim to all the sons of Adam. Almighty God, thou Saviour of the lost, thou purifier of the soul, *so* manifest thy power that all those who belonged to him here may again meet the husband and the father in endless peace, and enter as one *whole* family into the joy of their Lord!

Though accompanied by every circumstance which could assuage grief, yet the departure of such a father must ever be felt by his family as a dire calamity: they were supported under it, for they knew whither their father had journeyed before them; but they felt that the fell destroyer had made a breach upon their peace, and that they had sustained a loss which was irreparable. The blow *must* at some time have come, and God in mercy so ordered events that it fell with no additional force, but merely *with its own dead weight*.

Besides the *certainly* of knowing where now is our father's present home, there are many things which evidence the merciful dealings of God, both to the individual himself, and also to his family, in the manner and circumstances accompanying and preceding his departure. His constitution could not endure severe pain;—therefore, by a lingering illness producing no suf-

fering, and never suspending any of his powers of activity, he was reduced to such a state of weakness, that his frame had not power to struggle in pain with the disease, but gradually sank with full consciousness into his last sleep. He thought upon decay of either body or mind with very little short of real anguish; therefore he was called away when he was active in his Master's service, and with all the powers of his mind in undimmed brightness. He was far from desiring a *sudden* death, and yet a protracted dying would have been to him most severely afflictive;—therefore, his body was not harassed by pain, and he had all the time granted him for preparing to meet his God that, I believe in my soul, he ever desired. On the subject of *sudden death*, he once thus expressed himself:—"That sentence, frequently applied to the death of the righteous, 'Sudden death is sudden glory,' is a foolish expression: no man should desire to be taken off at a moment's warning: when my time comes to go the way of all the earth, I should pray not to be taken *suddenly* into the presence of my God; gladly would I have time to brace on my armour, and to take my shield; then would I meet and struggle with the monster in the power of my Redeemer, and to the last gasp, death, though conqueror, should possess no *victory* over Adam Clarke." Though his animal powers had failed, and his speech was gone, yet entire consciousness remained, as many of his actions proved; his knowledge of persons around him evinced it also; and, from the posture of his hands, it was seen that he was indeed "bracing on his armour and taking his shield." He had met his brethren, the preachers, in love, and in the most satisfied friendship, receiving individual marks of unabated regard, and the highest token of respect which, as a body, they would show,—the whole of Methodism being appointed as his circuit. All his children had seen him, for events had brought him to abide with me for several days; and in coming to me he had chosen to pass through Worcester, where my eldest sister, Mrs. Rowley resides, and thus had spent some time with the only two of his children who could not be with him in his last moments. His going to Worcester when there was nothing particular to call him, and when his weak state would more naturally have induced him to take the shorter and more direct road through Bristol, is one of those events which convinces me that my father knew his end was not far distant, and that he acted with reference to it. There is much in the preceding narrative to prove the same. He was in all things prepared to obey the summons of his Lord to enter on a higher scene; when his Master called, the servant was found watching.

In all these and various other circumstances attending his demise, his family see and acknowledge more than a *general* superintending providence: they see that God dealt with him according to his wish; there was no rough dismissal from his earthly

tabernacle, and but a short interval between the full enjoyment of life and the attainment of a blessed immortality : they grieve, (and God forbid that they should ever reflect on their loss without a sigh,) yet still they feel that every possible alleviation of their sorrow has been granted, and with mingled grief and thankfulness they confess—"Thou hast done all things well:" the righteousness of the father will even still be visited upon the children, and the "generation of the just shall be blessed!"

In *personal appearance* there was nothing particularly remarkable in my father: he was about five feet nine inches high, and in the latter years of his life had a tendency to a full habit of body; his frame was one of considerable strength, his limbs straight and well proportioned, and his person unbowed to the last hour of his life. His features were characteristic of the benevolence of his mind; his smile inspired a confidence which the kindness of his manner confirmed, and no one could feel distrustful in the presence of his cheerful frankness, nor fail to do reverence to a dignity resulting from piety and wisdom, rendered more venerable by his gray hairs.

His personal habits were those of unintermitted industry, unencumbered by busy haste, and directed by the exactest order: what he had to do was performed at once and to the best of his power, his mind never giving way to that sort of hesitating examination of a difficulty or duty which only discourages from its conquest or performance without affording any additional power or wisdom to undertake the task. I never once saw my father idle: even in his relaxations his mind was occupied either in contriving and affording entertainment for others, or else in deriving healthful pleasure to himself. A listless enjoyment he never knew; and whether recreating himself with his friends at supper (a favourite meal) when the toils of the day were over, or playing with his children before their bed-time, every thing partook of his constitutional activity; his conversation was directed to the object of cheerful and profitable amusement, and he gained a game at marbles with as much delighted satisfaction as any of the children with whom he played.

My father's mind never rested still upon its acquirements: "onward" was its motto, while perseverance and method enabled him to overcome every obstacle and difficulty. Knowledge was his grand pursuit through life, and into almost every branch of it he more or less inquired; knowing that each particle of information was useful to a man who had to instruct others, and that the knowledge could neither be too great nor too various for one who had to gain immortal spirits for his God, and to make the things of earth help forward the service of his heavenly Master. His memory for *things* was great and accurate, but he never much exercised himself in *verbal* recollection; hence he seldom *quoted*, his own mind always affording him sufficient originality, and his memory readily suggesting any sentiment

which he might have read and approved : a verbal quotation would have been in his case rarely of any advantage, because his clearness of apprehension and capability of clearly imparting, united to his own strength of language, precluded the likelihood of a sentiment's being either misrepresented or impaired. So great indeed was his accurate apprehension of whatever was laid before him, that it may be considered as one of the remarkable features of his mind, where every power was ready in its distinct place, and prompt to exercise its distinct office ; hence a confused intellect was unknown to him, and never was he heard to use any thing like that foolish expression of superficial readers and teachers, "I understand it, but I cannot express it." On all hands he sought information ; he ransacked every attainable place of its abode, and he believed that no situation and no company was entirely destitute of something which could improve or instruct a person who was busy in the attainment of knowledge. But one chief excellence of his power consisted in his ability to use knowledge : greater critical scholars than he there have been, and many, possibly, more deeply versed in the various departments of learning and science ; but I believe that there never was an individual who could use to such purpose all the stores which he possessed : what he understood, that also he could apply ;—there was not an unfruitful seed in his mind ; and he possessed an astonishing power of gathering together rays of light from the whole circuit of his knowledge, and pouring them in one bright beam upon any point which he wished to illustrate or explain : his faculty in this respect was truly surprising, and gave an originality to his conceptions, and a strength to his arguing, and a body of such unexpected, yet clear evidence to his facts, that delighted conviction was almost universally the result of his reasoning.

The treasures of knowledge which his unwearied industry had drawn together, were all made subservient to the more effective execution of his ministerial office. Next to the securing the salvation of his own soul, it was felt by him to be his duty to labour unceasingly for the salvation of others : this he considered to be his business in life ; and though he filled various offices, and executed many works not immediately connected with his station as a preacher of the everlasting gospel, yet nothing of this kind interfered with the performance of his higher duty ; and even the estimation in which he was held as a man of learning was, in some measure, made tributary to the advance of piety ; for, in his view, the chief value of his fame consisted in his being able to reflect the light with which he himself shone upon that excellent body of Christians with whom he was identified. His deep acquaintance with the human heart made him a good *spiritual visiter* to the sick and the disconsolate : as he himself says, he had been made to pass through many scenes of mental distress and spiritual trial, not so much



with reference to himself, as for the good of others, to whom he was afterwards to be sent; therefore no case of temptation, difficulty, or doubt, could come before him, for which he was not, in some degree, prepared, having himself known such sorrows and passed through such conflicts: he first won the heart by his kindness, then instructed the mind by his counsel, and finished his work by building up the believer in his most holy faith, or directing the broken-hearted to the Friend of sinners, the "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

A tolerably correct estimate of my father's diligence in *preaching* may be formed from the following statement:—From the year 1784 to 1785 he preached five hundred and sixty-eight sermons, independently of lectures, expositions, &c.; and from 1782 to 1808 he preached no less than six thousand six hundred and fifteen sermons, also exclusive of exhortations, &c. During his abode in London, for three years, commencing 1795, he walked more than seven thousand miles, merely on journeys to preach in the city and its neighbourhood, not reckoning his walking on other private and public business. Another remarkable fact concerning that period is, as stated by the late Mr. Buttress, of Spitalfields, his invariable companion, "though preaching at widely distant places, he never preached the same sermon twice, excepting on one occasion, at my particular request." He hardly ever wrote a line as a preparation for preaching; and when he did commit any thing to paper, excepting in some half dozen instances when he traced a short outline of his intended discourse, he never wrote more than references to a few of the leading texts which were designed to illustrate or prove his subject. I have now in my possession a slip of paper, about three inches long by one wide, containing the first words of a number of texts, and this was the sole list of memoranda on which he preached seven occasional sermons in various parts of the country. Study and meditation were his only preparation for the pulpit, and of those sermons which were published, not a word was written till after they had been preached, when my father embodied the substance of his arguments and thoughts in the form in which it now appears in print. He never entered the pulpit but with diffidence, and with almost a painful sensation of his responsibility as a messenger of the gospel of Christ Jesus: I have heard him say, that the thought of so inadequately declaring the counsels of God as to make the gospel of none effect to the salvation of sinners frequently drank up his spirit and made his soul tremble; and this, perhaps, operating as such a feeling ought to operate on a well-constituted mind, caused that fervour of exhortation which frequently marked his discourses when all the energy of his mind and power of his language were drawn forth to describe the infinite mercies of the God of love. His manner and method of preaching were totally different from those of others; he was no copyist him-

self, and his peculiarities were of such a nature that none but a mind like his own could imitate them, for they did not consist in bodily gesture or rhetorical art, because he held those things in contempt, considering that the alterations in the voice and the countenance would more than compensate for the absence of studied action, and that depth of feeling and certainty of conviction would always impart a due degree of warmth and vigour to both the sentiment and the expression. All artificial aid for creating an effect he utterly despised, and this caused him to undervalue that assistance which a judiciously used art will sometimes render to nature. The appearance of my father, and his effect, while in the pulpit, upon a stranger, would probably be something like this:—he would see a person of no particular mark, except that time had turned his hair to silver, and the calmness of fixed devotion gave solemnity to his appearance: he spreads his Bible before him, and, opening his hymn book, reads forth in a clear, distinct, full voice, a few verses, after the singing of which he offers up a short prayer, which is immediately felt to be addressed to the Majesty of heaven: the text is proclaimed, and the discourse is begun:—in simple yet forcible language he gives some general information connected with his subject, or lays down some general positions drawn from either the text or its dependencies: on these he speaks for a short time, fixing the attention by gaining the interest; the understanding feels that it is concerned; a clear and comprehensive exposition gives the hearer to perceive that his attention will be rewarded by an increase of knowledge, by new views of old truths, or previously unknown uses of ascertained points:—he views with some astonishment the perfect collect-edness with which knowledge is brought from far, and the natural yet extensive excursions which the preacher makes to present his object in all its bearings, laying heaven and earth, nature and art, science and reason, under contribution to sustain his cause:—now his interest becomes deeper, for he sees that the minister is beginning to condense his strength, that he is calling in every detached sentence, and that every apparently miscellaneous remark was far from casual, but had its position to maintain, and its work to perform; and he continues to hear with that rooted attention which is created by the importance and clearness of the truths delivered, by the increasing energy of the speaker, and by the assurance in the hearer's own mind that what is spoken is believed to the utmost and felt in its power:—the discourse proceeds with a deeper current of fervour, the action becomes more animated, the certainty of the preacher's own mind, and the convinced feelings of his own heart, are shown by the firm confidence of the tone and a certain fulness of voice and emphasis of manner; the whole of the economy of God seems laid open before him; the infinite nature of Jehovah,—his unchangeable being, as a God of mercy and

truth, are made manifest ; the counsels of the Most High for the salvation of the human soul are displayed ;—all the attributes and perfections of the Deity are exhibited, as engaged to accomplish the designs of his love to man ; the heights of heaven are ascended, and the propitiation for sin is seen before the throne ; the recesses of the heart are pierced, its state, its wants, its helplessness are made known ; the God of love, Jesus the Saviour, the Spirit of power and of holiness, are displayed as the source, the hope, the fulfilment of all that truth has promised, of all that love can do :—the soul thus informed, or established, or alarmed, feels as in the immediate presence of its God, and beholds the Lord as a God of knowledge, or as the confidence of the ends of the earth, or as that Being towards whom all its changed affections turn with the cry, “The Lord he is the God, the Lord he is the God.” Such was the general nature and tendency of my father’s preaching.

As regards the *religious feeling* of my father, little needs to be said :—the religion of Christ Jesus, in all its fulness of saving power, and renewing influence, and sustaining might, was all his enjoyment, his hope, and his trust ; it was not merely a general, controlling, and directing influence, but a guide which he took with him into every action and circumstance of life. He lived, as it were, in a constant intercourse with heaven : it was not that the habit of devotion had become a second nature, it was the element in which his soul lived, evidencing itself by the constant tenor of his conversation, and especially shown in the manner and substance of his prayers. When with deep reverence and solemn awe the father knelt among his household to offer up the daily tribute of praise and supplication to the Majesty on high, it was felt to be the pleading of “the friend of God,” so firm was the assurance, so strong the confidence of his faith in the realized presence and love of Jehovah.

There have been few men whose views were so clear concerning the straight course of *honest uprightness*, and whose conduct was so little warped by interest or expediency : moral honesty was the life of every purpose and performance, a disposition of his mind which was splendidly illustrated by the case of Miss —, narrated at page 810 ; with him no good end could ever sanctify evil or doubtful means of attaining it. As the motive of his action was ever unimpeachable, so the exactness of his word was ever true ; his word once passed, he would no more accept of a refused offer than he would be induced to break a positive commandment. His moral courage partook of the same inflexible property ; whatsoever he thought it right should be done, that he possessed resolution to do ; and though a proper reason could turn him from even a favourite purpose, for pertinacity was foreign from his nature, yet no difficulties or dangers could make him hesitate for a moment in pursuing

the path of rectitude or duty : he always possessed the dominion of his own mind ; in personal dangers fear never betrayed the resources of reason, but the calmness of self-possession left him power to endure, or to resolve, or to act.

The turmoil and disquietude, as well as the heartlessness of *public life*, my father universally strove to shun, unless where positive duty called, or the real advantage of others was concerned ; hence, though constantly living before the public view, he seldom personally appeared before it ; for his time was his invaluable treasure. His object through life was the single purpose of the glory of his God, and so disinterested were his feelings that he never once used the influence which he possessed with some of the highest and the worthiest in the land in behalf of his own family ; therefore there was no inducement for such a one to submit his liberty to the disposal of others ; and, however much he himself or his family may have lost in consequence of such acting, I am persuaded that he derived no little satisfaction from the thought that he was never looked on as an expectant or dreaded as a requisitionist.

It was impossible for any one who knew my father in *private life* not to love him, so cheerful was he in his intercourse, so sociable in his feelings : a kindness proceeding from his heart won its way at once, and the small attentions which show the watchfulness of love were ever ready to prove to his guest that the house of the friend might also be his entire home. That such was the fact is evident from this, that persons of all ages, capacities, and conditions in life, have at various times been inmates at his house, and none ever left it but with regret, so much could he win upon all classes by his affable manners, cheerful and informing conversation, and the unintermitted kindness of his considerate attention. It was on this account that his friends were many, and his acquaintances few.

As the *head of a family*, his conduct was most exemplary : regularity kept every thing in order ; kindness was the ruling power, and the observance of every religious and moral duty made all the inhabitants of his abode unitedly a Christian household. None who were in want left his door unrelieved, for his heart was tenderly compassionate, and his spirit was under the influence of Him "whose ear is always open unto the cry" of the distressed ; he considered the poor as a legacy left by his Saviour to every one of his sincere followers ; and I have seen him in the height of his greatest enjoyment, when he has been actively engaged in parcelling out to succeeding applicants gowns, petticoats, shoes, coats, blankets, food, &c. : listening to the tales of sorrow, cheering the care-worn, patting the heads of the children, shaking hands with their poor parents, blessing and blessed of all. To his *servants* his behaviour was perhaps over indulgent, his natural kindness making their situation, want of education, imperfect acquaintance with moral

obligation, all so many pleas for allowances and reasons for the excuse of errors.

The devoted affection expressed in the following letter, will be the best proof which I can give of his tenderness as a *husband*; and the present feelings of my mother are testimonies that the choice of her youth continued to the last the object towards which all her affections turned and were satisfied. The letter was written to my mother from Liverpool, Aug. 13, 1791, when he had been obliged to leave her in Dublin, and she was detained from joining him much beyond the time when she had been expected, owing to having been becalmed for five days at sea: my father was waiting on the pier to receive his wife and two infant sons, and finding provisions had entirely failed the ship, he ran to a baker's shop, bought a loaf, and tearing it in two, gave it to his half-famished children, who, as he expressed it, "buried their little heads in it," with an eagerness he ever felt pain in recalling to mind, knowing how much they must previously have suffered from hunger:—

"I know not whom I am about to address—whether the *living* or the *dead*. O, my Mary, thou blessed among women. my soul is distressed for thee. *Five days* have I already waited and watched for thee, and He who sits in heaven alone knows what my spirit has in that time endured. Mary, many doleful journeys have I taken to the docks to search for thee, and I have wearied the people of the packet-house by my reiterated inquiries. In the earliest and latest hours have I attended at the beach, looking out for the appearing of a packet till my eyes have literally failed. Every sight of the adverse winds tortures my feeble heart. My imagination strives in vain to twist it into the right point—I cry to God in this behalf, but my prayers find no place before him—he seems utterly to have rejected my suit—it is *just* that thou shouldest do so, O God! I bow my soul to thy determination,—and sink under this dispensation. Longing and fearing have almost overcome my nature, and sore disease preys upon my body; and through the increasing affliction I feel that my constitution suffers exceedingly. My soul longs to know where thou art, my ever dear Mary—beyond description I long to be reunited to thee—and if thou and my precious little ones are in the bottom of the great deep, my whole nature gasps to be with you, and prefers that watery grave with my Mary to the most excellent appendages of life possessed in ivory or golden palaces. Sometimes I am ready to think thou art no more, and that thought nearly swallows up my soul: at other times I am led to fear that thou art on the great deep, where thou hast been tossed for many days, and that through thy long detention from the wished-for port the necessities of life have failed; and the anguish I feel in seeing in idea thee and thy little ones look up in vain for bread is only known to God. O my God, sustain this poor sinking spirit!

Thou man of sorrows, remember me!—Every thing contributes to my distress; I am here alone; all have gone to their respective appointments; and A. C., poor desolate A. C., is left to complain alone. In one sense at least I have a sorely broken and contrite heart, and its sighings are many; great God, despise them not! send me help out of thy tabernacle by helping and bringing to me the helper and partner of my soul. All this day there has been the appearance of rain; now it is come, and I had hoped it would have been a means of causing the wind to change, but it remains nearly the same. A trader went out for Dublin to-day: O how glad should I have been to have accompanied Messrs. Barber and Armstrong, could I have entertained the smallest hope of seeing thee, my dear Mary, on the other side. Here I *must* wait.

"The wind has changed. Hopes and fears alternately elevate and depress me—I hope you are coming, and am sorely afraid of a disappointment—my deferred hope has hitherto made my heart sick; what utter disappointment may do I cannot tell. The Lord perhaps foresees that evil might happen to me, and therefore has probably provided for its prevention; I will lay my soul and body at his feet."

Such as this letter bespeaks him, my father was to the last hour of his life.

His conduct as a *parent* to his children, was such as to endear him to them from the earliest age: he was their companion in their play, and often devoted hard-earned time to their amusement, assembling them all around him of an evening and relating some moral tale; and so interesting did he make it, that no sound was more joyfully heard than his summons to hear,—*"Come all about me, come all about me."* when all flocking together, with my mother on one side of the fireplace and my father on the other, the children formed a semicircular link before the fire between them, and listened with the intensest interest to the story, which was so told as to make the virtuous character an object of love, while the malevolent and the wicked met with very summary condemnation from our childish justice. He very seldom *directly* praised any of his children; in several instances having seen the ruinous effects of this practice: a dread of evil from this quarter made him perhaps over cautious, so that while steering them from conceit, they sometimes lost a commendation which would have proved a healthful stimulant to praiseworthy exertions and success. Apparent trifles he believed to have no small influence in the formation of the character, and therefore he forbade to us some things in which other children were indulged, but which he thought had a tendency to lower or to destroy their moral dignity; among other things, he would never allow us to *receive money* from visitors at his house, as he desired his children to feel that *whatsoever* in this way was proper for them their parents would give;—that

the value of good conduct was far beyond the reward of money, and that a covetous and craving spirit should not be created or encouraged. Another instance may partially show how he planted and cultivated the seeds of great virtues by attention to the merest trifles : had he a top, or a whip, or a hoop to give away, he would always make even the least *do* something before he obtained it ;—he must run a certain distance, or jump a certain height, or perform some other feat : thus in all things striving to create a wholesome spirit of independence by making the gift *so far* the result of their own exertions.

But the considerate, kind, affectionate father is gone ; he who could enter into all our sorrows and joys, who was looked up to with the most confiding love, and honoured, with our mother, next to our God, is now no more ! Alas, my guide, my friend, my father ! He who reads the heart knows the feelings of thy son while he recalls scenes, and words, and looks, now passed away for ever ; while he brings back to life, for a few moments, a parent on whom the strong affections of his soul will ever rest. My God, I bless thee that I *had* such a father.

END OF VOL. III.

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